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MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,
Author of 'The Wreck of the Grosvenor,' etc.

CHAPTER I.—DOWN CHANNEL.

We had left Gravesend at four o'clock in the morning, and now, at half-past eight o'clock in the evening, we were off the South Foreland, the ship on a taut bowline heading on a due down Channel course.

It was a September night, with an edge of winter in the gusts and blasts which swept squall-like into the airy darkling hollows of the canvas. There was a full moon, small as a silver cannon-ball, with a tropical greenish tinge in its icy sparkling, and the scud came sweeping up over it in shreds and curls and feathers of vapour, sailing up dark from where the land of France was, and whitening out into a gossamer delicacy of tint as it soared into and fled through the central silver splendour. The weight of the whole range of Channel was in the run of the surge that flashed into masses of white water from the ponderous bow of the Indiaman as she stormed and crushed her way along, the tacks of her courses groaning to every windward roll, as though the clew of each sail were the hand of a giant seeking to uproot the massive iron bolt that confined the corner of the groaning cloths to the deck.

The towering Foreland showed in a pale and windy heap on the starboard quarter. The land ran in a sort of elusive faintness along our beam, with the Dover lights hanging in the pallid shadow like a galaxy of fireflies: beyond them a sort of trembling nebulous sheen, marking Folkestone; and on high in the clear dusk over the quarter you saw the Foreland light like some wild and yellow star staring down upon the sea clear of the flight of the wing-like scud.

The ship was the *Countess Ida*, a well-known Indiaman of her day—now so long ago that it makes me feel as though I were two centuries old to be able to relate that I was a hearty young fellow in those times. She was bound to Bombay. Most of the passengers had come aboard at Gravesend, I amongst them; and here we were now thrashing our way into the widening waters of the Channel, mighty thankful—those of us who were not sea-sick, I mean—that there had come a shift of wind when the southern limb of the Goodwin Sands was still abreast, to enable us to keep our anchors at the cathead and save us a heart-wearying spell of detention in the Downs.

The vessel looked nobly by moonlight; she was showing a maintopgallant sail to the freshening wind, and the canvas soared to high aloft in shadowy spaces, which came and went in a kind of winking as the luminary leapt from the edge of the hurrying clouds into some little lagoon of soft indigo, flashing down a very rain of silver fires, till the long sparkling beam travelling over the foaming heads of the seas, like a spoke of a revolving wheel, was extinguished in a breath by the sweep of a body of vapour over the lovely planet. I stood at the rail that ran athwart the break of the poop, surveying this grand night-picture of the outward-bound Indiaman. From time to time there would be a roaring of water off her weather-bow, that glanced in the moonshine in a huge

I lighted my pipe and sat myself down on the coamings of the booby hatch to enjoy a smoke. I was alone, and this moon-touched flying Channel night-scene carried my memory back to the times when I was a sailor, when I had paced the deck of such another vessel as this as a midshipman of her. It seemed a long time ago, yet it was no more than six years either. The old professional instinct was quickened in me by the voices of the fellows aloft, till I felt as though it were my watch on deck, that I was skulking under the break of the poop here, and that I ought to be aloft jockeying a lee yardarm or dangling to windward on the flemish horse.

Presently all was quiet on high, and by the windy sheen in the atmosphere, caused by the commingling of white waters and the frequent glance of the moon through some rent in the ragged clouds, I could make out the figures of the fellows on the fore descending the shrouds. A little while afterwards a deep sea-voice broke out into a strange wild song, that was caught up and re-echoed in a hurricane chorus by the tail of men hauling upon the halliards to masthead the yard. It was a proper sort of note to fit such a night as that. A minute after, a chorus of a like gruffness but of a different melody resounded on the poop, where they were mastheading the topsail yard after reefing it. The combined notes flung a true oceanic character into the picture of the darkling Indiaman swelling and rolling and pitching in floating launches through it, with her wide pinions rising in spaces of faintness to the scud, and the black lines of her royal yards shearing to and fro against the moon that, when she showed, seemed to reel amidst the rushing wings of vapour to the wild dance of our mastheads. The songs of the sailors, the clear shrill whistling of a boatswain's mate forward, the orders uttered quickly by the chief officer, the washing noises of the creaming surges, the sullen shouting of the wind in the rigging resembling the sulky breaker-like roar of a wood of tall trees swept by a gale—all this made one feel that one was at sea in earnest.

I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and went on to the poop. The land still showed very dimly to starboard, with here and there little oozings of dim radiance that might mark a village or a town. You could see to the horizon, where the water showed in a sort of greenish blackness with some speck of flame of a French lighthouse over the port quarter; the September clouds soared up off the edge of the sea like puffs and coils of smoke from a thousand factory chimneys down there, now and again a bright star glancing out from amongst them as they came swiftly floating up to the moon, turning into a silvery white as they neared the glorious planet.

There were windows in the cuddy front, and as I glanced through one of them I saw the captain come down the companion steps into the brightly lighted saloon and seat himself at the table, where in a moment he was joined by the fiery-eyed little Colonel. Decanters and glasses were placed by one of the stewards on a swing-tray, and the scene then had something of a homely look spite of the cuddy's aspect of comparative desertion. Captain Keeling, I think, was about the most sailorly-looking man I ever remember meeting. I had heard of him ashore, and learnt that he had used the sea for upwards of forty-five years. He had served in every kind of craft, and had obtained great reputation amongst owners and underwriters for his defence and preservation of an Indiaman he was in command of that was attacked in the Bay of Bengal by a heavily armed French picaroon full of men. Cups and swords and services of plate and purses of money were heaped upon him for his conduct in that affair; and indeed in his way he was a sort of small Commodore Dance.

I looked at him with some interest as he sat beside the Colonel with the full light of the lamp over against him shining upon his face and figure. There had been little enough to see of him during the day, and it was not until we dropped the pilot that he showed himself. His countenance was crimsoned with long spells of tropic weather, and hardened into ruggedness like the face of a rock by the years of gales he had gone through. He was about sixty years of age; and his short-cropped hair was as white as silver, with a thin line of whisker of a like fleecy sort slanting from his ear to the middle of his cheek. His nose was shaped like the bowl of a clay-pipe, and was of a darker red than the rest of his face. His small sea-blue eyes were sunk deep, as though from the effect of long staring to windward; and almost hidden as they were by the heavy ridge of silver eyebrow, they seemed to be no more than gimlet holes in his head for the admission of light. He had thrown open his peacoat, and discovered a sort of uniform under it: a buff-coloured waistcoat with gilt buttons, an open frock-coat of blue cloth with velvet lapels. Around his neck was a satin stock, in which were three pins, connected by small chains. His shirt collar was divided behind, and rose in two sharp points under his chin, which obliged him to keep his head erect in a quite military posture. Such was Captain Keeling, commander of the famous old Indiaman *Countess Ida*.

I guessed he would not remain long below, otherwise I should have been tempted to join him in a glass of grog, spite of the company of Colonel Bannister, who was hardly the sort of man to make one feel happy on such an occasion as the first night out at sea, with memory bitterly recent of leave-taking, of kisses, of the hand-shakes of folks one might never see again.

THE LABOUR COLONIES OF HOLLAND.

THE great problem of Society has always been, and probably always will be, what to do with the poor and the vagrant classes. And of all the many experiments which have been made towards a solution, certainly one of the most interesting is that which is still in progress in the Labour Colonies, as they are called, of Holland. Without attempting any economic discussion, we invite our readers to follow us in a visit to institutions which are unique in the history of philanthropic effort.

Some seventy years ago—namely, in 1818—the 'Society of Beneficence' in the Netherlands proclaimed the belief that pauperism might be minimised, if not prevented, by providing both agricultural training and employment for able-

bodied persons who while destitute might be also deserving. It is but right to say, however, that the Society adopted the idea from a Dutch philanthropist, General Van den Bosch, who, again, seems to have had it suggested to him by Robert Owen. It seems, at anyrate, that a scheme of Robert Owen's for the employment of pauper populations was brought to the attention of the Dutch Government by their ambassador in London. This was in 1816; but several years previously Van den Bosch had been experimenting with pauper labour on barren soils upon a farm which he had in Java, where he was governor. Coming home in 1816, the General seems to have seen Owen's scheme, to have applied to it his own experience, and then to have developed the plan which has since been followed out with various modifications.

The objects which he had in view may fairly be stated in the words of Sir John M'Neill, who in 1853 made a special visit to, and report on, the Dutch Labour Colonies, for the information of the Board of Supervision for the Relief of the Poor in Scotland. M'Neill says: 'General Van den Bosch appears to have set out from the position that if the savage man, without having instruction, implements, habitation, or capital provided for him, could make the earth yield him the means of living, much more would the indigent classes of civilised men, provided with all these advantages, be able to maintain themselves by tilling the soil. He thence inferred that able-bodied indigent persons of good character could be made self-sustaining by employing them to reclaim waste land, provided funds could be obtained to purchase the waste land and to maintain the families upon it until it became productive. He believed that by occupation in agricultural labour, under the training and discipline of a well-regulated establishment, the moral character and the habits of the class of persons might be greatly improved, and that they would give employment to industry in supplying their wants, instead of being, as they then were, a burden upon the community.'

These were the objects with which the Society was at length organised, with a membership subscription of 2·60 guilders (4s. 4d.) per annum. Its organisation was ratified by the king in 1818, and members joined rapidly. Within twelve months there were over twenty thousand members, and the amount subscribed was over £4500 (55,000 guilders). With this comparatively small capital-fund the Society had an ambitious programme. It included the formation of Colonies for the repression of mendicity, Colonies for indigent persons and veterans, Free Colonies, Colonies for inspectors of agricultural works, Colonies for agricultural instruction, and Colonies for orphans and foundlings. As a matter of fact, however, the Society was only able at first to found two Colonies—one at Frederiksoord, near Steenwijk, where some one hundred families were located to cultivate the waste land; and a second, about the same size, called Willemsoord, after the then Prince of Orange. By the year 1821 four more Colonies were formed, and the management of the whole was placed under a director with one assistant, three under-directors, and other officers. Each Colony was divided into districts of twenty-five farms each, under a district-master, with two subordinates, whose duty was to give instruction in agricultural work to the colonists. Each allotment was laid out in a rectangle, with a brick house of the familiar Dutch pattern at one end, and a wooden house for byre and barn. The houses were better built and better furnished than those of the independent labourers of the district, and the whole organisation of the Colonies was very symmetrical. But the Society was never a success from a financial point of view; its expenses were too heavy, and there were many defects in its whole system which we need not go into just now. In fine, Commissioners were appointed by the king to examine into its affairs and to afford it some assistance by loans and otherwise.

In 1859 the whole scheme was reconstructed. There were then the three Free Colonies of Frederiksoord, Willemsoord, and Wilhelminasoord, comprising about two thousand nine hundred and sixty persons; and the two Beggar Colonies of Veenhuizen and Ommerschans, with a population of about six thousand. The entire capital expended upon them had been six hundred and four thousand pounds, of which about four hundred and sixty thousand pounds was borrowed, and remained as a debt upon the Society. The Government now agreed to wipe off this debt and take over both the Beggar Colonies, with their lands, buildings, &c., as a 'going concern,' and thus to enable the Free Colonies to make a fresh start.

So much by way of history; and now for a brief visit to each of these two classes of Colonies.

And first, the Free Colonies, which may be described as private philanthropic organisations for the relief of the poor. To the visitor, Frederiksoord appears as an oasis in a desert, a smiling district some sixteen miles long, set in the midst of the dreariest moorland one can conceive. Frederiksoord was itself a waste before General Van den Bosch began his work. Now, it is a settlement of compact fertile farms, joined together by good roads, shaded by fine trees, peopled by an apparently contented and certainly industrious peasantry. If ever wilderness was made literally to blossom as the rose, it was at Frederiksoord. The Colony now comprises five thousand acres of land, including six large model farms employing some ninety labourers, and two hundred and twenty-four small farms, each capable not only of supporting a family, but also of affording a margin, in the way of rent or contribution, towards the support of the new arrivals and the infirm. There are five schools, each with accommodation for over one hundred children; a College for gardening; two Protestant churches, with houses for the ministers; one Roman Catholic church, with a house for the priest; and a Jewish synagogue and teacher's house.

The total available land of the Colony is divided into two parts. The Society retains about two thousand five hundred acres, appropriated for the large model farms, each about two hundred acres, which are worked by the Society with the labour of the colonists; for workshops, managed on the same principle; and for churches, schools, dwellings, woods, &c. The colonists have among them fifteen hundred acres,

appropriated to the 'free farmers' and 'labourer colonists,' as we shall presently explain. The population averages annually between seventeen and eighteen hundred, being mainly composed of 'free farmers' and their families, and labourers and their families; but there is also a proportion of orphan boarders, and also the officials and their families, to be provided for.

It is a cardinal rule of these Free Colonies that candidates for admission must be destitute, and must have some knowledge of farm-work or craft or business. Families are preferred, and a normal household contains two adults and four children. When there are less than four children, boarders may be taken into the house.

When a family first arrives in the colony, the head is employed as a labourer, at a wage which is decreed not to be higher than the market-rate of the district. In general, the rate for field-work is about eightpence per day in winter and one shilling in summer; but some of the handicraftsmen may earn one-and-sixpence or one-and-eightpence per day. If the work is bad, the wages are stopped or a fine imposed. After serving two or three years as a labourer, the colonist may be made a 'free farmer' if he has behaved and worked well; and as a 'free farmer' he receives about seven and a half acres of land to himself, a cow on easy terms, a supply of potatoes and seed, and a certain quantity of manure, which he has not to pay for until the expiry of the year. This farm he has to work for the benefit of himself and family, but under the supervision of the authorities. He may work for wages outside the Colony if he likes, as many do; but he is not allowed to send hay, straw, and manure out of the Colony. If he does not succeed as a farmer, he may return to the condition of labourer. Both labourers and 'free farmers' are provided with houses and gardens, and with an outfit of clothes, utensils, and furniture. All this is provided at the cost of the district, but remains the property of the Society.

A labourer pays for rent of house about sevenpence per week; for medical fund about one farthing per head per week; for clothing fund about twopence per head per week; and for his garden such rent as may be agreed on. A free farmer pays for rent from three to six pounds a year; for cow about twelve-and-sixpence a year; for medical fund eleven-and-sixpence a year; and an agreed sum for insurance of furniture, &c. If a colonist falls into arrears, he is not charged interest; but no help is afforded to the lazy. Liquor is not forbidden, but it is not sold in the Colony. There are shops in the Colony, but the colonists are free to make their purchases outside if they prefer. There is no uniform, and they can buy clothes from the Society, who make cotton cloth and shoes, and import other articles. Once there was only 'token' money; but now the ordinary Dutch currency circulates. The old and infirm are pensioned off, usually at from five to six shillings per week.

There is no steam-power in the Colony; but in the Society's workshops employment is afforded to carpenters, smiths, besom-makers, basket-makers, mat-makers, tailors, shoemakers, bakers, &c. The surplus produce of the agricultural and miscellaneous labour is exported for sale in the open markets.

All the farms at Frederiksoord have the neatness peculiar to Dutch farms. Cattle and implements alike look in good order and well cared for. The houses are clean and comfortable; the fences are well kept up; the land is kept free from weeds. The general appearance of the Colony gives one the impression of good cultivation and of orderly industrious living. There are 'black sheep,' of course, in the community, and there are both offences and punishments; but the general conduct is reported to be excellent. The colonists are never forced to leave except for drunkenness or misconduct; but they are compelled both to educate their children and give them some technical training. Great attention is paid by the Society to the condition of the young ones, whether they are to remain in the Colony or to be placed in situations outside. The College for gardening is said to have been a great success.

We have taken Frederiksoord as a type of the Free Colonies; and now we will pay a visit to Veenhuizen, as a type of the Government or State Beggar Colonies.

This settlement lies in the province of Drenthe, and to reach it we have to leave the railway at Assen, and travel along the canal-banks through a plain and uninteresting country. As we near Veenhuizen, however, the scene improves, and meadows and gardens and smiling corn-fields cheer the eye. Yet this was all once, and not so long ago, a barren, dreary, unproductive waste.

One does not pass through any formidable walls or guarded gateway to enter this Government preserve; but one soon perceives that the inhabitants are on a different footing from those we have just left at Frederiksoord. They are all clad in a uniform kaki-coloured mixture of wool and cotton cloth, which is woven in the Colony; and they all wear the same wooden shoes. Here, also, we find three separate establishments—one for women; one for men working at handicrafts; and one for men engaged in farm-work. In the second establishment there are carpenters, cabinet-makers, smiths, &c.; but the principal work is in making mats and sacks for export and clothing for the Colony. All the Government plantations in the East Indies are supplied with bags for coffee, sugar, &c., from the Beggar Colonies.

At Ommerschans there are now no women, and the Government are gradually transferring the whole of the Colony to Veenhuizen. At Veenhuizen the population has averaged about fifteen hundred, one-fourth being women: at Ommerschans the population has been heretofore about nine hundred. Nearly the whole of these have been sent to the Colonies for the offence of begging, but some for drunkenness, and there are also some who have gone of their own accord.

In some respects these Beggar Colonies are really penal settlements; but yet they are very different from the penal settlements which we used to maintain across the seas. When first organised by the Society of Beneficence, the object of them was to create places of work where the mendicant who is willing to work can be provided with healthy labour, good food, and moral surroundings. By the law of Holland,

mendicancy is punishable by imprisonment; but since the Government took over these Colonies mendicants are sent thither instead of to prison. Yet there is a prison in the Colony, and at Veenhuizen a guard of soldiers is thought to be necessary. It is said, however, that the inhabitants rarely attempt to escape; while, on the other hand, there are repeated instances of men who have served their term deliberately offending, by public begging, for the express purpose of being sent back. Indeed, life in the Colony seems to unfit the beggars for any other life.

The usual term of sentence is two years. During that time the men receive a small weekly wage, not as remuneration for the work they do, but by way of encouragement. It varies from sevenpence to one-and-eightpence per week, and they are obliged to deposit one-third of it to make provision against the day of their release, by which time it may amount to a pound or two. The rest they can spend as they please. Otherwise, they are well lodged, well clad, and have a liberal allowance of plain food.

On the farms of the Colony are grown rye, potatoes, beans, oats, and fruit; but pauper labour is not estimated highly in agricultural matters. According to Sir J. M'Neill's calculation, it takes about fifteen colonists to do the work of one good field-labourer. In the workshops, weaving employs some forty or fifty men, and about the same number are usually employed in straw-plaiting and mat-making. In the carpentry department there will be twenty or thirty men at work making tools, household furniture, &c. The men all sleep in one large building, with tiled floor and whitewashed walls; and they sleep in hammocks, which are folded up during the day. The arrangements and amenities of the Colony are decidedly pleasing, and in many respects attractive.

This, indeed, seems to be the fault of the system. The Colonies are too comfortable, and men and women beg in order to be sent to them, or to be sent back to them after they are released; and thus there is just as much vagrancy in Holland as ever.

On the other hand, the mendicants who are sent to these penal settlements do really make some return to the State. They work, and they are not adding to the vagrant population, because they are compulsorily separated from their wives while undergoing probation. The Beggar Colonies, nevertheless, cost the government about thirty thousand pounds a year; for they include many persons too old to work, and many who are sick; while hospitals and churches have to be provided, and a large effective establishment maintained. The Colonists are not allowed to employ their labour in manufacturing things in competition with outside labour; and it has been urged that if these restrictions were removed, the Beggar Colonies would be self-supporting.

Whether the Free Colonies are or are not self-supporting it is difficult to say, as they receive large contributions from outside for special purposes.

With regard to the social and reforming effects of these Colonies, opinions greatly differ. They have certainly not been an unqualified success; and we believe the feeling in Holland is that if they had them not on hand, they might be better without them; but having got them, it is wiser and better to continue them than to give them up, and so to lose the results of all the labour and expenditure of the past. It is not our purpose, however, to discuss here the social and economic aspects, but to point social reformers generally to a series of experiments from which they may derive much instruction if they care to study them.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.'

CHAPTER I.

ON a Saturday afternoon in the middle of the London season a concert was held at Grosvenor House for the benefit of a Children's Hospital. Patronised by royalty and supported by 'Society,' the event was, at least from a financial point of view, a great success; but although a Princess took part in a duet and a Duchess played on a violin, and other ladies of high rank contributed their accomplishments with more or less conspicuous effect, the great triumph of the occasion, long afterwards haunting the memory of those who were present, was the singing of two homely songs by the governess of the Countess of Southfort's family.

When Miss Neale—a delicate, very pretty, and very modest-looking young woman—concluded *Robin Adair*, there was deep silence of a full minute's duration: an effect in striking contrast to the prompt appreciation awarded to the 'classical' performances which preceded. It was so odd and impressive that the singer herself, instead of courtesying off the stage, stood, unconsciously, half shy and half embarrassed, staring at the silent audience. Then the spell was removed, and, blushing to the eyes, she retreated before the applause.

Could that have been the old melody with which they had all been familiar from childhood? It was a revelation of hidden sweetness which produced that silence of enchantment; a surprise not often experienced.

To bring Miss Neale forward again was not easily done, but the audience would be satisfied with nothing less. This time she was fluttered and nervous; the applause had frightened her—and, to look at her changing colour and wondering timid eyes, you could well have believed she did not know why they had applauded. And now, statuesque save for the motion of her lips, and the rise and fall of her bosom, and the tender and plaintive melody that flowed tremulously from her sweet throat, she sang *Auld Robin Gray* as it seemed never to have been sung before. She touched a chord of enthusiasm in the unemotional and cultivated audience which no prima donna could have reached with all her power.

Amongst those present at the concert was a young man who went there as a press representative. He crossed the road after leaving the great

mansion, and was walking thoughtfully and rather slowly along the footpath beneath the trees in Hyde Park, when an umbrella touched him on the shoulder.

'Oh—is it you, Mr Clayton?' he said, slightly confused, to a middle-aged gentleman who now walked on with him. 'I hope Mary is quite well? I saw you at the concert.'

'Mary is quite well. But you seem to have forgotten us, Frank.'

'I have been busy; I work very hard now,' he answered, looking away with the blood mounting in his face against an unjust reproach.

'I know you do, Frank; it is all you have to look to now. You are turning your work into money too.'

'I suppose so; I really don't know exactly.'

'But I know—exactly,' said the banker laughing. 'I don't, as a rule, look at the current accounts of the bank's customers; but you know I have always had a special interest in yours. You ought to invest a little now.'

The young man put away the subject by an impatient and somewhat disdainful gesture.

'I hadn't fancied my affairs to be so flourishing,' he dryly observed; 'but perhaps I may call some day at the bank and see one of your people about it.'

Nothing further was said for a minute or two, till Mr Clayton inquired: 'How are you going to describe Miss Neale's singing, Frank?'

The young man did not answer at once. 'I am not going to describe it,' he then said shortly. 'How could I describe it? I never before heard anything like it.'

'I tell you what, Frank,' said Mr Clayton, striking his umbrella on the path, 'I would give a hundred pounds to hear her sing those two songs again!'

'Doubtless, Mr Clayton; but, you see, there are things money cannot command.'

'Do you mean that Miss Neale would not sing these songs for a hundred pounds?'

'I don't know to what extent such a sum would influence her—perhaps a great way. But then, the effort might mar the execution. Didn't you notice that she was quite unconscious of the effect she was producing? I believe myself, Miss Neale was not listening to her own voice while she sang.'

'I shall never forget it,' said the banker.

They were now near to the statue of Achilles, and there was the usual block of carriages in the road. The younger man wanted to get across to Piccadilly, while the other's way was down by Albert Gate. But as the former was about to retrace his steps and cross the road farther back, Mr Clayton put his hand on his arm. 'Frank,' he said very earnestly, 'I want you to call on me on a very special matter. I suppose it would be too much to hope that you would dine with us—this evening?'

'Thank you, Mr Clayton; but it is quite impossible,' he answered, powerless to conceal a look of pain. 'A literary friend of mine is out of town, and I am doing his work for him—we go to press this evening.'

Mr Clayton did not suggest another evening, for he understood it all. 'Well, well, Frank,' he said with a sigh, 'could you look in at any time? For just a few minutes with myself?' he added.

'Yes. Would half-past eight do?'

'That will do.—Why, there is our carriage, standing not thirty yards off. That is my sister, Mrs Morant, who is with Mary; you must come and speak to her.'

'A thousand pardons, Mr Clayton; I would rather not!' the young man quickly replied. 'I know you will understand.'

'They have seen you, Frank,' Mr Clayton remarked gravely, and then said no more; for now he, too, observed—what had immediately caught the other's eye—a young man in the carriage opposite to the ladies.

'I will make any apology for you, Frank, that you wish,' said Mr Clayton. 'But I am sorry for all this. You are too hard on Claude Faune, I think.'

'Do you remember, Mr Clayton, calling me into your private room at the bank one day when I was drawing money there? You gave me an emphatic opinion of Claude Faune then.—I do not recall it now,' he added, with a proud flash of his eyes, 'to suggest that you were right then, and that you are wrong now, but merely to justify my own right to change my opinion—and to make you understand how entirely I am able to appreciate your present feeling. What has taken place is only what I might have looked for, so that I am not surprised.'

'If you expected it, why did you bring him to my house and aid him with all your influence?'

'I did not say I expected it. I was not thinking of such results.—But no matter, Mr Clayton,' he said, laughing, as they approached the carriage. 'I owe reproaches to nobody, and am well reconciled to life as it is.'

Was he? Mr Clayton just glanced in his face when he broke into that unreal laugh, and saw a great deal there. Other eyes were looking too, and the fairest face in that throng of fashion grew pink with some other feeling as well as surprise.

Frank Holmes stepped over the low railing and shook hands with the ladies very composedly for all the war that was within his breast.

'I am very glad to see you again, Mrs Morant.—I hope you are well, Mary?—I am so busy a man now, Mrs Morant, that I never meet a friend except by accident.—I am sorry you have not been to the Grosvenor House concert.'

'We thought of going, at first,' the younger lady observed, but stopped abruptly, in some embarrassment, and merely said, in a hesitating way: 'Was the singing very good?'

'Your father will tell you about it, Mary. It was *Robin Adair* and *Auld Robin Gray* that worked the enchantment.—Is that too strong a term, Mr Clayton?'

'Was it a Princess or a Duchess that enchanted?' Mrs Morant asked.

'Neither; it was only a governess.—Fancy that, Mrs Morant! But I am sorry you missed it.'

'So am I, now.—Mr Faune,' she said, addressing the gentleman opposite, whom Frank Holmes

had merely nodded to without looking at him, 'you are answerable for this. It was you who dissuaded us from going.'

'Because concerts as a rule are a bore, Mrs Morant. One cannot foresee surprises,' he replied languidly.

Holmes shook hands with the two ladies again, and was turning away, when Faune, with a smile, held out his hand to him. Mary Clayton made an unconscious movement, as if to prevent the meeting of the two men's hands, for she knew how one had done the deadliest wrong to the other, and was filled with superstitious fear that something would happen. But nothing apparent happened; Holmes, after a moment's curious hesitation, touched the offered hand, looking as he did so a proud challenge in the other's effeminate eyes, which the latter lacked the courage to meet. Then taking off his hat to the ladies, he walked away.

Mary Clayton's gray eyes followed the tall retreating figure with a silent pathetic look, such as no true-hearted woman could have withheld on witnessing a brave and loyal man struck down for her sake. Such are the ashes that sometimes fall on orange blossoms.

The perfidy of the friend whom you have loved with your whole heart, and whom you have been generously loyal to in spite of disappointments, is less merciful than death, which at least leaves consolatory memories to soften the pain of loss. As Frank Holmes drove to his Adelphi lodgings he felt that even resentment would have a wholesome and stimulating influence upon him; but there was no case for resentment—it was too bad even for that.

At Rugby, he had formed a deep and singular attachment to this schoolfellow, Claude Faune. The boy was the younger son of an Earl; but he was an orphan, and his relations, though aristocratic, were poor. Faune was a lad of girlish gentleness of manner—the robust boys contemptuously called it effeminacy—yet a certain winsomeness, which he could exercise when he had opportunity or occasion, was hard to resist by natures partial to such blandishments. Holmes, having championed the delicate lad in one or two school quarrels, gave way to the potent influence of Faune's grateful gentleness, and grew to love the boy with more than the affection of a brother for a favourite sister. And Holmes had no brother or sister to dispute the place won by Claude Faune.

Holmes's father died while the young fellow was at Rugby, and after this event Frank did not go back to the school except to say goodbye. Faune shed tears as freely as a girl at parting from his friend. Holmes came up to London to settle matters with his late father's solicitors, and found himself left with six thousand pounds in the bank of Messrs Clayton and Clayton as his entire worldly wealth. By the advice of Mr Clayton, his father's old friend, this sum was invested so as to give an income of two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

Holmes took lodgings in town, and for a good while did nothing. Mr Clayton's house was always open to him; but Mr Clayton was a busy man and a widower, and his society of an evening, though good-natured, was not cheerful. Mr Clayton's daughter was away at school, and when she had holidays, spent them in the country.

Perhaps the greatest pleasure of Frank Holmes during his first idle year in London came from his correspondence with Claude Faune. Sometimes he saw him; but the happiest days Holmes ever spent were the three or four which his school-friend passed with him before entering Sandhurst. Faune resembled in one respect the sex to which his character bore so close an affinity—he was expensive to amuse. Frank Holmes had just received his half-year's income; and after parting from his friend, he found that, what with amusements and expensive presents during these few days, he had but twenty pounds left.

Holmes was surprised, but not annoyed; he was half sorry not to have had more money to spend on Claude Faune. A very pretty letter of thanks in a day or two, more than compensated for all. But the incident had one important effect; to earn money now became necessary, and the first work that Holmes put his hand to proved so successful as to decide his career—if such a term is suitable to an occupation taken up and left aside by irregular starts. This first effort, unconsciously inspired by a singular knowledge he had acquired in the course of an idle but observant year in the streets of London, was a series of magazine contributions illustrating the unravelling and detection of supposititious crimes. These attracted so much attention that when he wanted money he had now enough opportunities of earning it.

In due course Faune obtained his commission, in a regiment which was on service in India. After a few months at the depôt, the young officer was ordered to join his corps. One week of the preparatory leave he spent with his friend in London—the last week in England. The parting of the two young men on board the white troopship at Portsmouth was more like the parting of lovers than of friends. Frank Holmes returned to his London lodgings with a heavy heart. He had never before felt the depth of his attachment for his schoolfellow as he did in the loneliness that fell upon him now.

Always solitary and thoughtful in his habits, Holmes, after Faune's departure from England, worked less and walked more. Being observant and full of interest in human life, he acquired, almost unconsciously, an exceptional knowledge of the highways and byways of London existence. In this way, following the bent of his talents already indicated, Holmes became deeply interested in the study of crimes. He made a name for a morning newspaper in this department. Disdaining vulgar sensation and coarse detail, he went out of the beaten track of policemen and reporters, and twice in the course of a few months startled the professional acumen of Scotland Yard by the light of fairly directed intelligence which he threw upon dark and baffling tracks. Detective officers came to know and respect him, and he had the offer of more literary work than he cared to undertake.

These occupations supplied him with sufficient interest to fill up to some extent the void occasioned by the absence of his friend; and as Faune, for the first few months, wrote to him

almost every mail, these letters were delightful incidents in his solitary life. Faune had the gift of writing charming letters.

And now there arose upon the life of Frank Holmes another brighter and purer influence, which was destined to change all things for him. This was Mary Clayton, the banker's only child.

But at this point Holmes began to detect from time to time a note of trouble in his friend's letters. They grew shorter and less frequent; sometimes weeks passed without one, until an apparent sense of delinquency brought home a longer letter than usual, full of pretty penitence and sparkling all over with bright things. But the sky did not keep clear: the note of trouble came again. At last a letter arrived which would have proved an awakening blow to another man. It was only a passing trouble to Frank Holmes. Faune had got into difficulties in India—he did not clearly indicate how—and he had drawn upon his friend for five hundred pounds. The money to meet this draft had to be obtained by realising a portion of Holmes's capital. Mr Clayton looked grave; but the thing was done; and then Holmes wrote a kindly letter to Faune to inform him that the draft had been honoured, making no further reference to the matter. Nor did Faune further refer to it beyond expressing effusive thanks.

It was a day or two after the transaction of the draft that Mr Clayton called Frank Holmes into his private room at the bank and had that conversation which is referred to in the early part of the present chapter.

'Frank,' he said, 'who is Mr Claude Faune?'

'Oh, Claude Faune?' replied Frank Holmes, laughing: 'he is an old schoolfellow, and the dearest fellow in the world.'

'He costs you a good deal, Frank. Now, my dear boy, what I would wish to put to you is this: Is Mr Faune worth it?'

The young man was astonished. 'Worth it, Mr Clayton? Why, I would give him my right hand!'

'And probably—if it were any value to him—he would accept the gift,' said the banker dryly. 'I hope I am not misjudging your friend, Frank, and I know you will understand why I mention this matter.'

'Of course I understand, Mr Clayton; I know your regard for me too well,' he answered sincerely.

'I do not know Mr Faune, and have never seen him,' continued Mr Clayton gravely. 'I judge him only from the point of view of a man of the world. I see that you give him a large part of your income—and you remember what you had to do a day or two since. I am afraid your good-nature is being deceived.'

It was a difficult thing to answer Mr Clayton—the facts were with him.

'All the same, Mr Clayton,' he said after a pause, generously warming with the words, 'if you knew Claude Faune as I do, you would be won by him just the same.'

The banker shook his head.

'You couldn't help it, Mr Clayton. Faune has no money, and has expenses; and in giving him what I don't require for myself I give more pleasure to myself than to him.'

'I quite understand that, Frank. But it does not alter the case, or alter my opinion of Mr Faune.'

'Some day, Mr Clayton,' the young fellow answered, laughing, 'when you know Claude Faune, you will change your opinion. And I shall not forget to remind you of it.'

'Very well; do so,' said Mr Clayton with a sceptical smile.

The reader knows how Frank Holmes 'reminded' the banker in the Park. The incident was full of food for reflection to both of them.

'By the way,' Mr Clayton observed as Holmes was leaving the bank, 'Mary has come home to me for good. Run over to Cadogan Place; she will be glad to see you.'

'I will go at once,' he said, flushing with new pleasure. 'I suppose we shall hardly recognise each other now!'

'You had better try,' replied Mr Clayton good-humouredly.

CURIOSITIES IN OUR ANCIENT CHURCHES.

In many of our ancient churches there are objects preserved that are curiosities in every sense. In some few instances, as in the case of whispering galleries, they form part of the fabrics; in others, though incorporated with the buildings, they are independent of any necessity in their construction, as in the matter of the Dutch cannon-balls built into the tower of St Clement's Church, Hastings, as memorials of the attack upon the port under De Ruyter, and the horses' heads built into the belfry of Elsdon Church, which were probably placed there only for the purpose of improving the sound of the bells; and again, in others they are movable and not connected by any link with their situation, except by association of ideas in a remote degree, as in the case of the plain wooden chair of the Venerable Bede, so reverently preserved in Jarrow Church; and in that of the Scone Coronation Stone, on which so much store is set in Westminster Abbey.

Before passing to a consideration of examples of any of these varieties of curiosities we may mention two fine whispering galleries: one in St Paul's, London, and the other in Gloucester Cathedral. The former, like every other feature in Wren's masterpiece, from his grave in the crypt to the golden ball at its summit, is well known; the latter is less so. It was, however, described by a writer in the early days of George I. as 'a remarkable curiosity in the cathedral of Gloucester, being a wall built so in an arch of the church that if a man whispers never so low at one end, another that lays his ear to the other end shall hear each distinct syllable.' And it is still pointed out, admiringly, to visitors.

Beacon turrets on churches are curiosities of the description that form part of the fabrics. They are small turrets rising above the roofs for the purpose of displaying beacons, and are not to be confounded with the stalwart church towers on the Northumbrian and Scottish border that were used for defence, and were provided with narrow window-openings and battlements, and, sometimes with corbelled out parapets, of which there are many examples. Beacon turrets are of very rare occurrence. There is one at Hadley Church,

and another on the south-east angle of the chancel of Alnwick Church. The example at Hadley had, till recently, and probably still has, the iron receptacle for the blazing beacon raised on high so as to show over the battlements. This has disappeared in the Alnwick turret. There is a narrow winding stone stair leading up to it, with access through a low narrow door in the south-east angle of the interior of the church, and those who ascend step out on to the roof, where there were formerly indications of a small chamber, and whence there is a wide prospect of country from which a lighted beacon could be seen for many miles.

Another curiosity forming part of the fabric is a hearse-house. In some few country parishes extending over large sparsely-inhabited districts, it has been found expedient in some old time to build hearse-houses against the churches for the convenience of keeping a hearse for the use of the parishioners. There is one built against the shady north side of the chancel of Elsdon Church, in Northumberland, and another against the old Saxon church of St Peter's, Bywell, in the same county. The latter stands likewise on the north side of the chancel, only it is closer into the angle formed by the chancel and the east end of a chantry chapel. On Easter Monday, 1791, a rate of a penny per pound was laid on the parish for making a hearse and for building a house for placing the hearse in. In Llanbedr Church, Merionethshire, stands a bier, which though belonging to a different category, is also intended for the convenience of mourners.

We have not so many 'galilees' but that they may be looked upon as rarities. The words, 'He goeth before you into Galilee; there you shall see him,' have been quoted as an explanation of this term. In two of our examples of galilees they are placed at the west end of the nave, a third is at the west side of the south transept, and a fourth is on the north side of the nave, which facts prove that the exact position was of no material consequence. The galilee forming part of Lincoln Cathedral is a porch on the west side of the south transept, with an upper chamber. The galilee of Beverley Minster is also a porch with a chamber above it, in which the porter of the monastery had a bed that he might be within call of the unfortunates seeking the safety of sanctuary. Ely galilee is now also a porch or entrance. The galilee at Durham is a vast chapel which extends along the west front, and is divided into a central avenue with two aisles by rows of richly ornamented arches on clustered columns. In a conspicuous position in it is an altar tomb, with an inscription recording that the bones of the Venerable Bede rest below it.

Sepulchre chapels are still rarer. There is one at the north side of the nave of Kingsland Church, Herefordshire, to which access is gained through the north porch. This contains a tomb-like erection between five and six feet in length, that would also serve as an altar-table. Besides window openings in the north-east walls of the chapel, the north wall of the nave is perforated with four lancet openings, so that any one in the chapel can see into the end of the nave, and persons in that end of the nave can see into the chapel. Here, it is supposed, a commemorative service was annually performed, whilst the faithful assembled in the nave assisted in its celebration. The positions of the very few examples we possess of these chapels differ, showing, as in the case of galilees, it was more a matter of convenience than consequence. It is possible that more of the small chapels adjutting from ancient churches may have been made for such celebrations than we have ascertained, and that some that are called anchorages were in reality sepulchre chapels, or Easter sepulchres.

A stirrup-stone or mounting-block at a church door must now be looked upon as a curiosity, though in former times, when there was less wheeled traffic, they may have been common. There is one adjoining the porch on the north side of Edlingham Church, by means of which, doubtless, many a hardy Borderer has dismounted and then mounted again at the conclusion of the services he has attended, having perhaps his wife or daughter on a pillion behind him, with several miles of mossy, boggy, heathery moorland between him and his home. There is also a mounting-block remaining at the gate of Duddingston Church, near Edinburgh.

Sun-dials on church porches are of more frequent occurrence. They are not ecclesiastical features; but the terse mottoes upon them of warning and incentive, and their general air of tranquil serenity, have charms that put out of question any doubt as to their propriety. There is a solemn yet placid-looking gray church standing in a green churchyard by the roadside near the mouth of the river Alne. It is Lesbury Church, and Lesbury is a wide, neat, and new-looking village, though in reality it is of hoary Saxon antiquity, but is in good hands and has no marks of the decay of age about it. There is a strong steeple at the west end of the church about twenty feet square, with a low slate spirelet surmounted by a weathercock. All the window-openings are narrow and small and plain and long like lancets, and there is a massy chancel arch, very heavy and hoary, in the centre of the interior, which makes the chancel as long as the nave. The whole aspect of the venerable edifice is that of peaceful strength, and on the gable of the porch on the south side, a sun-dial adds to the genial though mute invitation to enter. On the south side of Pittington Church, Durham, there is a very ancient dial, divided into six divisions of daytime, which is deemed a reminiscence of dialling when the time of day was indicated by blocks of stone arranged in a circle on the ground. Kirkdale Church, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, has a sun-dial made in the days of Edward the Confessor.

The purpose of the openings generally known among antiquaries as 'low-side windows' has often been a matter of conjecture. These features are generally found low down on the south side of the chancel, though in some very few instances they occur on the north side. That they were not intended for additional light is evident from the circumstance that they are placed in positions in which the extra light that is gained by them falls chiefly on the church floor. We have therefore to accept an explanation that has been made which suggests that they must have been intended for the purpose of being opened easily from within, to admit of some person, appointed to do so, ringing the Sanctus bell out of them, so that those

parishioners who were not able to attend the services might be aware of the exact moment when the supreme part of them was taking place. One of these low-side windows in Wensley Church, Yorkshire, is actually appended below another window which forms part of a set at the usual height. But for the most part they stand alone, as in another example in the old parish church in Morpeth. In some ancient churches the Sanctus bell was hung in a turret specially made for it over the chancel arch. In Brancepeth Church, Durham, for instance, the little turret for the Sanctus bell is still standing.

As hagioscopes occur so seldom, they may also be accounted curiosities. These are narrow slits, sometimes called squints, made through walls and piers in a slanting direction, so planned that persons on one side of the masonry can obtain a view of what is passing on the other side at a considerable distance from it. They appear to have been made to enable people to direct their gaze to the altar without entering the chancel, as they are always directed to the eastern part of the building. In Morpeth Church these curious slanting slits are to be seen piercing both jambs of the chancel arch, and must have been intended, consequently, for the use of worshippers already in the building. In Staindrop Church, Durham, there is a small square-headed opening, divided into three trefoliated lights, high up in the north wall of the chancel, the mullions of which are cut not square, but slantwise, which must have been made for the use of spectators in some upper chamber, adjoining the church, which no longer exists. In Bridgewater Church there is a hagioscope that passes through three walls in the same direction. Sometimes a sedile is found thus pierced; and in other rare instances chantry piscinæ may be met with through which hagioscopes have been opened.

Anchorages in churches have been mentioned. They were not always, as might be supposed, the residence of anchorites, but were, at all events in some cases and at some times, used for the housing of widows and paupers. The churches of Warwick, Thirsk, Gateshead, and Chester-le-Street have interesting examples. They are generally adjoining the chancel. The Chester-le-Street anchorage, though, is in the nave, and access to it is placed in the porch. There is an opening from it into the church through which the anchorite could speak or in other ways communicate with those within; and there is also an ambry or cupboard in it where food could be kept, and a place where a lamp could be hung. In the Thirsk example the only access is from within the church. This is also the case in a similar chamber attached to Warkworth Church. In the old church at Morpeth there is likewise a small chamber opening out of the chancel, with no external access save a small quatrefoiled aperture which is made slantwise like a hagioscope.

Among the curious items preserved in churches, that are no part of them, we may mention frid-stools, or seats of sanctuary. Three of these old stone seats of peace and safety are known to have been in York Cathedral, Beverley Minster, and Hexham Abbey Church respectively. The two last mentioned are still to be seen in their accustomed places. They are low squarish stone chairs with low backs and solid sides or arms. In the lofty structures in which they stand, with vistas of columns and arches and beautiful traceried windows appealing to the eye on all sides, and vaulted roofs springing above them like high canopies, and floors spread around them full of memorials of noble knights and their dames, and of other local worthies and their wives, they seem in their archaic sturdiness and sparseness of ornamentation to be but little more than a rude fashioning of seats out of the great boulders to be chosen from myriads more on the nearest hillside amongst the bracken, ferns, and heather. If Durham had one, and it most probably had, it has disappeared, as that at York has done.

Among minor curiosities may be numbered the tongs kept in some old country churches for the purpose of pulling dogs out of the hiding-places in which they wished to ensconce themselves, that they might be near their masters. There is a pair of oak extending tongs, with nails in the claws, in the little church at Gyllylliog, in Denbighshire. And finger-stocks may still be met with.

Most churches have their ancient carved or elaborately iron-bound oak chests for the custody of the parish books and registers, but few can boast the preservation of the large flat semicircular receptacles for ancient vestments known as cope-chests. In this particular, Wells Cathedral is fortunate, for out of everyone's way, quietly reposing upon the reputation of its usefulness in the old times when religious observances and ceremonials were a part of everybody's daily occupations, and esteemed, too, for the beauty of the iron scrollwork with which the hinges are strengthened and beautified, it is a fine example.

In a secluded spot in Westminster Abbey, in careful keeping, are preserved some of the effigies of our kings and queens that, according to old custom, formed part of the pageantry of their state funerals. Some of the very oldest, perhaps of Plantagenet times, are stripped of their robes; but some others that are not much more than two hundred years old are still invested with the antique clothing with which they were made to represent the forms of the royal dead to their sorrowing lieges. As a realisation of history, teeming as our ancient churches are with testimony, these relics must be regarded with surpassing interest. They are memorials of seasons in which the land was stricken with a great awe, and no man knew what the day might bring forth.

JIM THE TRAMP.

He was a bad lot! Magistrates, jail chaplains, and police had all at various times told him so, and he quietly accepted their judgment, knowing it to be pretty near the truth. An outcast from his very babyhood, what chance had he ever had? Left by an unfeeling mother to die in a roadside ditch, he had been taken to the nearest Union, to be brought up a workhouse foundling, until he was old enough to be bound 'prentice and the guardians could wash their hands of him entirely. A drunken saddler covenanted to clothe, board, and teach him his trade; and at his hands poor Jim had a dog's life, until, goaded to madness by every species of ill-

treatment, he struck his master and fled. For a while he tried hard to get work in the villages through which he passed; but no one would take on the strange friendless lad, and so he made up his mind to enlist for a soldier.

If only he had reached York an hour or two earlier, Her Majesty's army had gained a useful recruit, and poor Jim would have had a chance to rise and become a credit to the service. But ill-luck would not let him go. He was routed out of an old stable by a zealous member of the city police, and charged next day with sleeping out at night or some equally heinous crime, the result being that he was committed to prison for seven days. This broke down his last shred of self-respect; and when that happens to man or boy, Heaven help him, for his doom is sealed.

Jim came out of jail utterly reckless, with a wild hatred of everybody and everything. He thought no more of soldiering or getting work, but let himself drift resolutely to the bad. He soon got into vicious company, and before many weeks were over was again in the clutches of the law. The downhill road is an easy one and the pace always rapid, and so at thirty years of age he was pretty widely known to the authorities as a confirmed rogue and thief who would not stick at trifles when once he was roused.

Yes; there was no doubting it, he was an out-and-out bad lot! And he looked it, too, as he slouched along the country lane with hands deep in his empty pockets and his head bent to meet the rain which the November wind drove in his face. But he was too much used to discomfort to heed the weather, and plodded sullenly on through the puddles in the deepening gloom, half asleep, and so utterly careless of everything around that he never heard the beat of hoofs until a cheery voice cried: 'Now, my good fellow, if you do not want the whole road to yourself, perhaps you will let me pass.'

Jim never looked round, but slunk closer to the dripping hedgerow, expecting the horseman to ride on without another word, but something quite unexpected happened, for the cheery voice said 'Thanks!'

It was the first time any one had ever thanked the good-for-nothing, and he stared up in blank amazement, and saw a man of about his own age, in red coat and top-boots plentifully bespattered with mud, looking down at him from the back of a weight-carrying hunter without the least gleam of aversion or suspicion on his pleasant fresh-coloured face.

'You look rather done up; been long on the road?'

'A week an' more!' The reply was surly enough, not that Jim resented the question, but simply because he was so used to insults and rough speaking that the idea of a 'blooming swell' speaking civilly to such as he took him utterly by surprise.

'Going home?'

Jim gave a contemptuous grunt. 'Never had yan, guv'nor!'

'Poor chap! But you live somewhere, I suppose?'

'Oh yes'—with a grim chuckle—'I lives somewheres—anywheres. I'se not like some folks, must have everything tip-top. No; that's not my style. Ye've a big house, in course, and lots of slaveys to wait on ye. I lives just where I can, and has to fend for mysen, and don't often get my meals reg'lar.'

And the cruel contrast between himself and his companion filled the tramp's heart with bitter thoughts. Why have some folks all the good things of life and others none of them? Here was a man no older than himself with fine clothes on his back and a horse to carry him; whilst he, poor fellow, had to trudge along ankle deep in the mud with scarcely a whole thread to cover him. Why, the very horse was a long way better off and more cared for; it at least had a warm dry stable and plenty of food waiting for it, whilst he had never a resting-place nor a crust of bread to eat.

Again the cheery kind tones startled him: 'But you have friends somewhere, I suppose?'

'No; not me! There's never a single soul, guv'nor, in this wide world as cares a rap for me; and when I ligs down some day and dies in a ditch, there'll noan be, man, woman, or child, as'll miss me. None'll be sorry, 'ceptin' the parish bums as'll have to put me underground, and they'll grudge doing of that even.' Jim gave a short ugly laugh and slouched on, the water squish, squish, squishing out of the gaping rents of his old boots at every step. He quite expected the 'swell' to ride off now and leave him to the rapidly-deepening gloom and the wild cheerless night; but the horse was kept steadily alongside of him, and his rider spoke again.

'Can't you get into regular work and leave this tramp business?'

'No; there's none'll have the likes of me. I don't look respectable enough.'

'Nonsense, man. Don't get down on your luck, but pick yourself up. Now, look here; I will give you a chance myself, if you will take it.'

Jim could not believe his ears. Some one actually talking to him as if he was an honest man, and not some sort of vermin or venomous beast. A real 'tip-top gentleman' too. He must be muddled. But the brown eyes were looking coolly enough at him and their owner was saying: 'Well, what do you say?'

'Yer don't know what I be; I'm a bad lot! I 've been in quod oft enough,' blurted out Jim, feeling somehow he could not take his new-found patron in.

'I daresay you have, and deserved it too. But I believe you can pull round yet if you like; and as I said, I will give you the chance of regular work and pay. Will you take it?'

In the depth of Jim's warped nature there glimmered something like a spark of gratitude and a dim longing after a new life, for a moment; but old habits were too strong for him, and the clouds closed darker again as he shook his head and said in tones which tried to be civil: 'No, guv'nor; yer mean well; but it's no go now. I'm no good for anythink but cadging and tramping, an' I noan want to work for any master—an' won't neyther.'

He expected an angry lecture and round abuse for refusing; but the other said quietly, stroking his boot with the handle of his hunting-crop: 'That is a dangerous way of thinking, my friend, and will get you into trouble again. You are a fool not to try and pull up a bit; but you know your own affairs best.—Well, here is supper and a bed for you anyway.—Look out.' He tossed a

half-crown to Jim with careless easy good-nature, and shaking up his horse, trotted off with a nod and 'Good luck.'

How costless a word or two of sympathy are, and yet how priceless they may become. How easy to be gracious, and yet how far-reaching the results. We scatter kindly greetings here and there as we journey on Life's roadway, and lo! they spring up bright flowers to gladden some sad weary wayfarer. We perform thoughtlessly now and again trivial services of courtesy and forget them; but they shine in lone loveless hearts as glittering stars to cheer the midnight sky.

Hugh Boynton, smoking his high-priced Havana after dinner that evening in the luxurious ease of his favourite lounging-chair, had utterly forgotten all about the few words and the silver coin which he had thrown to the tramp whom he had overtaken as he rode home from hounds. Jim, curled up under the lee of a clover rick, turned the half-crown over and over in his hand, and thought of how for once in his life he had been spoken kindly to by a real gentleman.

Five dreary years passed over Jim's luckless head, their monotony broken by police-court, prison-cell, and vagrant-ward experiences. He had wandered up and down some dozen counties, and seen the inside of most of their jails, and now, as Christmas drew near, had drifted towards York; not that he had any particular reason for getting there, but because it lay in his way north, and he happened to be making in that direction; why, not even he himself knew, for north, south, east, and west were alike to him. He had had a run of bad luck lately. Once or twice he had found a casual's welcome and slept under cover; but he had a rooted objection to its concomitants, and chose rather the cold and exposure of the open air. He had scarcely tasted food for a week, and had almost forgotten the feel of a copper coin; for somehow the near approach of the festival of peace and good-will seemed to have shut up men's pockets, and sharp refusals and scornful silence were all he got from those of whom he asked help.

The afternoon was closing as he found himself in the long straggling village of Marston, footsore and done up. The lights at the grocer's shop threw a broad band of brightness across the road, and Jim could see a man in a white apron busily piling up a pyramid of loaves which a boy had just brought in crisp and hot from the bakehouse. The sight was too much for the famished fellow, and he pushed his way into the shop. 'Now, then, what is it?' cried the shopman sharply as he scanned Jim's tattered appearance.

'Will yer give me yan ov them little uns, guv'nor? I'm nigh clemmed;' and he nodded towards the bread-pile.

'No, certainly not; I never give to beggars or tramps.'

'I've not tasted bite nor sup this blessed day, God knows.'

'Can't help that! Come, get out of the shop—do you hear?—or I'll set the constable on to you. The likes of you ought not to be allowed to go about the country. Come, off with you!'

So the social outcast went forth into the night hungry and insulted, and the sleek tradesman rubbed his hands and stacked his loaves, congratulating himself the while on his refusal to countenance a worthless vagabond, who, regarded from the lofty stand-point of political economy, had no right to live on the earth. And yet Mr Jonathan Binner was wont to pose on political platforms as the heaven-sent champion of the masses. Then, indeed, his sympathy flowed out in such a mighty torrent towards the universal brotherhood of man that there was not so much as a drop left to give a crust or even a civil word to a starving tramp at his door.

Three times did Jim try his luck down the length of the village street, with no better success; and then he gave it up and bitterly left the houses of his fellow-creatures behind him and faced the bleak open country again. He dragged himself along for a few weary miles, then opening a gate, crawled into a half-ruined cowshed and flung himself down upon some bracken and straw litter in the farthest corner, and dozed off. When he woke up, the moon had risen, and was shining in through the chinks of the roof, and Jim could see the country-side was white with snow. He shivered, and buried himself completely in the bracken and tried to sleep again and forget the cold and his hunger. He had almost succeeded, when the sound of voices came to him on the still night-air, and a minute later three men entered the shed.

'Curse the cold!' growled one as he drew back just within the shadow.

'Curse *him*, you mean,' said another, as he leaned a thick oak cudgel against the wall and began to blow upon his numbed fingers.

'I'll do more than curse him when th' time comes,' answered the first speaker.

'Ay, he'd best not have taken us i' hand. Says he, when with the rest of t' beaks he sentenced Tim and Jeff: "The poaching rascals shall be stopped, if I have to do it single-handed."'

'Well, he'll be single-handed to-night anyways, for he's no groom wi' him. So he can try what he's good for wi' three ov us; eh, Jack?'

'He'll find it a tough job, I'm thinking.'

'Is t' wire right, Bob?'

'Surely! His mare steps high; but I've 'lowed for it, and she'll catch beautifully. It's past twelve now; he oughtn't to be long.'

'Hist! mate: there's wheels. Now for't. Come on.'

The three men went out quickly, and Jim following to the door, saw them leap into the road and hide in the hedge on the opposite side; then he stole down to the gate, out of mere curiosity to watch what their game was. In a few minutes the ring of hoofs grew louder, and a high-wheeled dogcart spinning round a corner came rapidly down the lane. It was occupied by one figure only, the red glow of whose cigar gleamed in the frosty air; and just as the scent of it reached Jim he saw the horse suddenly plunge and stagger forward. The wire-snare had done its work, the animal fell heavily, and the driver, thrown off his balance by the shock, shot out on to the snow. Before he could rise, the men were upon him; but somehow he managed to shake them clear and struggle to his feet. He faced them boldly, and met their rush with a right and left hander

which sent one to ground, but the other two closed in upon him.

Jim looked on with languid interest. Evidently it was some magistrate waylaid by three men who had a score to settle against him. It was no business of his, anyway, and though three to one was hardly fair, he was not going to interfere. The gentleman fought well, whoever he was, and again sent an assailant backward with a well-got-in blow. But the odds were too heavy and the cudgels told. He began to stagger and give ground, and a blow on the head beat him down. 'Give it him, lads, if we swing for't,' cried the tallest of the three villains, jumping upon him, mad and blind with rage.

A ray of moonlight fell upon the upturned face of the fallen man: it was that of the gentleman who five years ago had talked with Jim in the lane! In an instant he was over the gate and at the men like a tiger-cat, and so sudden was his onset that they gave ground; then, seeing he was alone, they rushed at him with oaths and threats. Weak from want of food and half dead with cold, poor Jim had never a chance. For a few seconds he held up doggedly against the shower of blows; then feeling he was done for, stooped suddenly, flung his arms round the senseless Squire, and with one last effort managed to roll into the deep ditch, keeping himself uppermost. The brutes jumped down and strove to make him loose his hold of their victim; but stunned and blinded with blood, he clung fiercely to Hugh Boynton, sheltering his body with his own.

The world began to spin round—another and another heavy blow—a chiming of far-off bells—a hollow buzzing—and then—black night for ever!

Next morning, they were found together in the trampled blood-smeared ditch—one living, the other dead.

Hugh Boynton often wonders, as he looks at the white cross which he put up over a nameless grave, who his preserver was. But the recording angel will one day tell how Jim the Tramp, the 'out-and-out bad lot,' gave his life for the man who once spoke kindly to him.

COMPLIMENTS.

To be addressed in words of rank flattery is not really gratifying to right-minded people; but a neatly-expressed compliment, that has in it the backbone of truth, is a very different affair. It has been said that 'politeness is the oil which makes the wheels of society turn easily;' and a witty, happily-conceived compliment has often been found to assist the process. It is well sometimes for people to be put in good-humour with themselves as a means of making them in good-humour with their surroundings. There is often despondency in quarters where it is least suspected, and a few gracious, appreciative words—especially from a superior—may give hope and encouragement at a moment when they are much needed.

We propose to give a few instances of happy compliments, some of which may be called historical, though perhaps they are not so widely known as they ought to be. It is related of Dr Balguy, a celebrated preacher, that after having preached an excellent sermon in Winchester Cathedral on the text 'In much wisdom is much grief,' he received the following extempore compliment from Dr Watson, then at Winchester School:

> If what you advance, dear Doctor, be true,
> That wisdom is sorrow, how wretched are you!

The following compliment, though delivered in plain prose, must have been quite as acceptable to the brave soldier to whom it was addressed as the above couplet was to the learned preacher. When Frederick the Great of Prussia dined with the Emperor of Germany on the occasion of their meeting at Neiss, General Laudohn, who with other officers had been invited to join the party, was about to place himself on the side of the table opposite the king; but Frederick prevented his doing so, and pointing to a seat beside himself, exclaimed: 'Come and sit here, general, for I have always wished to see you at my side, rather than facing me.'

Boswell tells a very characteristic story of Dr Johnson and George III. Johnson was allowed the privilege of reading in the royal library. On one occasion, the king hearing of his presence there, entered the room in order to see and converse with the great author. After much interesting conversation about books and the universities, the king asked him if he were writing anything. He answered that he was not, for he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and must now read to acquire more knowledge. The king replied: 'I do not think you borrow much from anybody.' Then Johnson said he thought he had already done his part as a writer. 'I should have thought so too, if you had not written so well,' retorted His Majesty. Johnson observed that 'No man could have paid a handsomer compliment: and it was fit for a king to pay.' When some one asked him if he made any reply to the king's speech, he answered: 'Sir, when the king had said it, it was to be so. It was not for me to bandy civilities with my sovereign.'

In a conversation between George IV.—when Prince Regent—and Sir Walter Scott, the Prince, knowing the Jacobite tendency of the author of *Waverley*, asked him if he would have joined the Jacobites. 'It would have been wretched taste of me,' said Scott, when relating the anecdote to Thomas Moore, 'to have said I would; and I merely answered that I should at least have wanted one motive against doing so in not knowing his Royal Highness.'

With all his faults Louis XIV. knew how to conduct himself as a great king; among his other qualities he was a master of the art of paying noble compliments. On one occasion he stood at the top of the grand staircase to receive the heroic Condé after the battle of Seneff (1674). The Prince, then in his fifty-fourth year, was troubled with gout, and ascended the stairs slowly. When he had reached the top, he apologised for keeping His Majesty waiting so long. 'My cousin,' replied the monarch, 'make no apologies; one who is so laden with laurels as you are cannot move quickly.'—In an interview with the celebrated preacher Massillon, Louis remarked: 'I

have heard many great preachers, and the effect they produced on me was that I felt thoroughly satisfied with them. Every time I have heard you I have been dissatisfied with myself.'

Perhaps one of the grandest compliments ever paid by one human being to another was that rendered by Nicholas the Emperor of all the Russias to Mademoiselle Rachel, the celebrated French actress. When she was introduced to him she knelt; but the Emperor raised her, and himself falling on one knee, said: 'Thus should the royalty of rank pay homage to the royalty of genius.'

There is another form of compliment, not so delicate in quality as the foregoing, though often very amusing, and which may be termed the hyperbolic. The exclamation of the dustman to the 'beautiful Duchess of Devonshire' is a case in point. 'Lord love your grace,' said the man; 'let me light my pipe at your eyes!'

Though so different, still of the same class are the following polished lines, said to have been written by the father of the late Lord Palmerston on presenting a white rose to a lady:

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
It on thy bosom wear,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

Or if thy ruby lip it spy,
As kiss it thou mayst deign,
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
And Yorkist turn again.

Compliments which express high approval by implication are especially noteworthy. When the great Duke of Wellington said 'He always slept well when Stapleton Cotton was on guard,' he paid a sterling compliment, which must have gratified that officer—if he heard of it—as much as a promotion in rank would have done.

Sailors have rather a happy knack of saying pretty things to ladies. We remember long years ago spending a week at Plymouth in the company of a lady who was especially enthusiastic about maritime affairs. Ships, that is to say the great men-of-war, if not so redoubtable as they are at present, were certainly more beautiful, and we were enchanted with naval sights, and especially with going over the *St Vincent*. We had established quite an acquaintance with the boatmen employed by us on various occasions, and these were delighted with the enthusiasm of our companion. One day, when helping her to step ashore, the more loquacious of the two men exclaimed: 'Ah, you ought to be an admiral's lady!'

Some time ago we were in Greenwich Park with a very beautiful American lady. It was the time when there were still many Greenwich pensioners to be seen lounging about, old men who remembered Nelson and talked of Trafalgar. Mutilated heroes they often were, who richly deserved the repose they had found. They always loved talking, and appreciated good listeners, and with one of them the fair American got into animated conversation. She listened well, but spoke well also, telling the pensioner what she was and many things about America. After the good-bye had been said, he looked at her so examiningly that she could not but pause a moment by the gate. Then the old sailor said, as if he had just made a discovery: 'They've sent you over for a show; they are not all like you.' At which we laughed and hurried off.

A little absurdity about a compliment often gives it point. A Spanish lover is reported to have said to his mistress: 'Lend me your eyes; I want to-night to kill a man.'

Mrs Moore, the wife of the poet, was noted for her benevolence to the poor in the vicinity of their country residence. On one occasion a guest observed: 'I take it for granted that no one is dying in our neighbourhood, or we should not be favoured with Mrs Moore's company.'

Not long ago, when a brief matrimonial engagement was broken off, a near relation of the gentleman, one who fully appreciated the high qualities of her from whom the sometime lover was sundered, said to the young lady: 'You have only lost an ideal; he has lost a reality.' A very sweet compliment this, under the circumstances, it seems to us.

One more little anecdote we will give, and it is a husband's compliment to his wife. They were visitors for a few days at a country-house, and on being shown into their room, the lady, who was nearer forty years of age than thirty, prepared to take off her bonnet. Now, be it observed that looking-glasses vary very much in quality; some distort, and some flatter the countenance. These different qualities in glass-making are no new things, for we may remember that when Queen Elizabeth was dying she asked for a *true* glass, into which she had not allowed herself to look for twenty years. The glass that was on the dressing-table on the occasion to which we refer was a delightful one—that is to say, a 'flattering' one, and as the lady saw herself reflected in it she merrily exclaimed: 'Oh, what a charming glass! I look about eighteen in it.' 'It is just like my eyes, then,' the husband promptly replied.

On the whole, we think that well-expressed, well-applied compliments have their uses, and that society would be very dull and life very bleak without them.

WAITING.

'In winter, Earth wears a pathetic aspect, because she is waiting for Spring, and this is better than Autumn, which looks so hopeless.'

'Better calm death than dying life,' I thought,
As on the sodden earth the brown leaves lay,
Or, fluttering from the boughs, day after day,
Were still by wandering winds in legions brought,
And cast on fields and woodland ways, and tossed
From hedge to plain—and back in wild unrest.
Now, in this scene, by silence all possessed,
No leaves appear, for, swept away and lost,
Those sapless forms and dry no more are here,
But yielding their sweet lives (once deemed so fair),
Give nurture to the flowers and roots, and wear
Themselves to dust, that in the New-born year
Fresh beauty may arise: thus Nature weaves
A crown of glory from her own dead leaves.

J. C. Howden.

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LEPERS IN CANADA.

The pathetic story of the late Father Damien's life and work amongst the lepers of Molokai has excited a world-wide interest in that large and unfortunate portion of our race, numbering many thousands, who suffer from the dreaded and hopeless disease of leprosy in India, South Africa, the Sandwich Islands, and elsewhere. It is not, we think, so generally known that the fair Dominion of Canada has also its Molokai at Tracadie, in the province of New Brunswick.

Sixty years ago, a missionary priest of the Roman Catholic Church, while on a short visit to the members of his church in Tracadie, buried a woman who was commonly said to have died of some strange disease, to which none of her neighbours could give a name. Hearing of the case, a physician resident in one of the New Brunswick towns went to Europe and searched its hospitals if by chance he could find a patient suffering from the same malady; but in vain. Before returning to Canada, however, he visited Norway, and almost by accident he found several parallel cases on the shores of one of its fjords. Upon his arrival in the Dominion he presented a Report to the Canadian Board of Health, whose members unanimously agreed that the disease which had killed the unfortunate woman in Tracadie was unmistakably that of leprosy.

The body of this the first leper of New Brunswick was carried to the grave upon the shoulders of four fishermen; and as the weather was warm, one of them was in his shirt sleeves. The weight of the coffin upon his shoulder was so great that it cut through his shirt into the skin, and a poisonous discharge from the ill-made coffin entering the punctured flesh, the disease was communicated to the unfortunate bearer, who, not very long afterwards, died a leper. In the space of sixteen years from the date of this funeral, Tracadie possessed twenty lepers, who were at that time placed by the Provincial Government in a miserable building little suited to the wants and pitiable condition of the patients. So terrible, it is said, were the sufferings of this stricken band from cold, hunger, and dirt, that the Lazaretto was deliberately fired and burned to the ground by one of them.

In the summer of 1849, the lepers, who had now increased to the number of thirty-one, were transferred to a similarly comfortless building near the seashore, where, for three years, as a recent writer states, 'death and disease stalked triumphant,' until October 4, 1852, when, as before, one of the patients to whom the condition of himself and his companions in disease had become intolerable, driven to despair, burned their living tomb to the ground. This ill-judged proceeding on the part of the poor frantic leper could have but the one effect of increasing the miseries and privations of himself and his criminally-neglected fellow-martyrs. Accordingly, the lepers, now numbering thirty-six, were huddled together with no regard whatever to age, sex, or relationship, in a miserable outhouse of but two apartments (the entire dimensions of which were thirty-two by thirty), where their sufferings were tenfold greater than ever before. There was no nurse to attend to their wants, to alleviate their agonies, or to soothe their sorrows; and, to make matters worse, they were allowed but two changes of clothing in the year, with what result the reader may be left to imagine. Their only friend at this time was Father Gauvreau, a devoted French Canadian priest, whose exertions and privations on behalf of the lepers for a long period have been known to few. An old patient at that time, who is still living, relates that the good *curé* one day found a dying girl in such a state of filth, that with his own hands he took a sponge and dressed her sores before administering to her the consolations of religion.

In the following spring the Lazaretto was rebuilt; but the condition of the lepers was in no sense thereby or therein ameliorated. The windows were filled with iron bars, and the yard in which the poor sufferers were permitted to take their daily exercise was enclosed by a high wall, while an armed sentry paced outside

the entrance. Worst of all, there was neither work, recreation, nor amusement for the inmates of this gloomy prison, to whom, therefore, day and night were alike unwelcome and cheerless. Thus, terrible to relate, did the condition of the Tracadie Lazaretto, with its constantly increasing number of inmates, continue from year to year until 1866, when a brighter day dawned for the poor lepers.

In this year, as the result of certain representations which were made in Montreal, by Dr Bayard of Tracadie, relating to the wants and condition of the Tracadie lepers, the good Sisters of the Hôtel Dieu in that city, headed by their noble and heroic Superior, asked to be permitted to undertake the sole charge of the Lazaretto. This offer was laid before the authorities in New Brunswick, and, of course, immediately accepted. The next step in this noble effort was taken by Dr Rogers, Roman Catholic Bishop of Chatham, who, instructed by the Provincial Government, formally invited the Sisters of the Hôtel Dieu to enter upon the sole charge of the Lazaretto. Dr Hingston thus describes the scene at the Hôtel Dieu, Montreal, upon the arrival of the Bishop's invitation: 'The Superior submitted the matter to her community. She laid before them the dangers of the undertaking, and dwelt on the hardship and privations to which they would be exposed. She then asked for three volunteers. How many do you think responded to her appeal? The quarter or the half of those present? No; every one of them came forward! Three were chosen, one of whom was my clinical assistant, Sister St John. The Superior accompanied them, and remained there four months to arrange matters. The others returned only when failing health rendered their recall necessary. Sister St John remains there still. Who knows their names? Have the papers ever spoken of their self-sacrifice? Are they ever mentioned as examples of charity worthy of imitation? I may safely say that, with the exception of my own words, the names of those heroines and of the others who have voluntarily replaced them, have never been mentioned outside of this building.'

The good Sisters arrived in Tracadie on the 29th of September 1868, and as their fame had preceded them, the welcome they received was most demonstrative and hearty. The Board of Health still maintained and managed the affairs of the Lazaretto; but compulsory entrance was abandoned, the bars were taken from the windows, the walls surrounding the yard rased to the ground, and the stately armed guard was given his *congé*. Everything in and around the Lazaretto was changed under the chaste and gentle though firm and vivifying régime inaugurated by the brave women of the Hôtel Dieu. The sexes were separated, needles and thread provided for the women, and a garden laid off for the purpose of affording employment for the men. So long, however, as the Board of Health held the reins of government the work of the Sisters was much impeded by red-tapism and the farming-out of contracts. This was all remedied in November 1880, when the Lazaretto was wholly transferred to the Dominion Government, and made subject to the Department of the Minister of Agriculture, 'who placed unhesitatingly in the hands of the Sisters the entire charge and administration of the money voted for the maintenance of the hospital.'

Since this eventful period, matters have permanently improved for the inmates of the Tracadie Lazaretto, and looms, carpenters' tools, a fishing-boat, and several violins, have been provided for the recreation and employment of its inmates. The total number of lepers who have died in the Lazaretto since it passed into the hands of the Sisters of Charity is seventy-six. There were twenty patients when they arrived, since which time forty-one men and forty women have been admitted. Of these, seven have left the hospital, which now contains eight men and ten women. The fact that eight years ago the inmates numbered twenty-seven is a proof that the preventive measures adopted by the Government against the spread of the dread disease are effectual.

In an interesting article recently published in the Montreal *Star*, some amusing instances are given of the devotion inspired by the good and heroic Sisters in the hearts of the country folk of the neighbourhood, with a few examples of which we may fitly conclude.

Some days after the arrival of the nuns, a woman rang the bell at the entrance to the Lazaretto and demanded to see the Superior. Sister Pagé went to the parlour; and the poor woman, untying the corner of her handkerchief, took from it twenty-five cents, which she handed to the nun. 'What is this for?' asked Mère Pagé. 'Do you want some medicine?' 'Oh no,' replied the woman; 'I give you that just in return for the pleasure of seeing you.'

Again, a poor woman having brought to the Sisters her little boy, aged ten years, who had cut his finger badly with a fish-bone, said to the child, who was afraid to allow his wound to be examined: 'Do not be afraid, dear; you know that the Sisters are next best to God!' Another little boy, who was a leper, had a rather startling habit of genuflecting every time he met a Sister.

Lastly, on another occasion one of the community was escorting an aged clergyman from Montreal to the entrance door, when an old man appeared at the grating. He paid not the slightest attention to the priest, but fell on his knees before the nun, saying: 'C'est la confiance qui m'amène à votre sainteté.'

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER II.—THE FRENCH LUGGER.

My pipe was out; the quarter-deck bulwarks hid the sea, and so I mounted the poop ladder to take a look round before turning in. Away to port, or *larboard*, as we then called it, was a full-rigged ship rolling up Channel under all plain sail, with such a smother of white yeast clouding her bows, and racing aft into the long line of her wake, which went glaring over the dark throbbing waters, that it made one think of the base of a waterspout writhing upwards to meet the descending tube of vapour. She was the first object that took my eye, and I

hurriedly crossed the deck to view her. Mr Prance, the chief-mate, stood at the rail watching her.

'A noble sight!' said I.

'Yes, sir, an English frigate. A fifty-one gun vessel, apparently. Upon my word, nothing statelier ever swam, or ever again will swim, than ships of that kind. Look at the line of her batteries—black and white like the keys of a pianoforte! What squareness of yard, sir! Her main-royal should be as big as our top-gallantsail.'

He sent a look aloft at the reeling fabric over our heads, with a thoughtful drag at a short growth of beard that curled upwards from his chin like the fore-thatch of a sou'-wester. The noble ship went floating out into the darkness astern, and her pale heights died upon the gloom like a burst of steam dissolving in the wind.

'What is that out yonder upon the starboard bow there, Mr Prance?' said I.

He peered awhile, and said: 'Some craft reaching like ourselves—standing as we head—a lumpish thing anyhow. What a blot she makes, seeing that she has no height of spar!'

'We are overhauling her,' said I.

'Ay,' he answered, keeping his eyes fixed upon her. 'Doesn't she seem a bit uncertain, though?' he muttered, as if thinking aloud.

I had wonderfully good sight in those days, and after straining my eyes awhile against the heap of scarce determinable shadow which the craft made, I exclaimed: 'She'll be a French lugger, or I'm greatly mistaken.'

'I believe you are right, sir,' answered the mate.

He drew a little away from me, as a hint, perhaps, that he desired to address his attention to the vessel on the bow, and suddenly putting his hand to his mouth, he hailed the forecastle in a sharp clear note. An answer was returned swift as the tone of a bell to the blow of its tongue.

'Show a light forward! Smartly now! That chap ahead seems asleep.'

There were no side-lights in those days. Some long years were to elapse before the Shipping Act enforced the use of a night signal more to the point than a short flourish of the binnacle lamp over the side. In a few moments a large globular lantern in the grip of a seaman, whose figure showed like a sketch in phosphorus to the illumination of the flame, was rested upon the forecastle rail, with the night beyond him looking the blacker for the rising and falling point of fire. The hint seemed to be taken by the fellow ahead, and the mate walked aft to the binnacle, into which he stood looking, afterwards going to the rail, at which he lingered, staring forwards.

I crossed over to leeward to watch the milk-white race of waters along the side. The foam made a sort of twilight of its own in the air. Under the foot of the mainsail that was arched transversely across the deck the wind stormed with a note of hurricane out of the huge concavity of the cloths, and made the rushing snow giddy with the whipping of it, till the eye reeled again to the sight of the yeasty boiling. Never did any ship raise such a smother about her as the *Countess Ida*. Our speed was scarce a full five miles, and yet, looking over to leeward, when the huge fabric came heeling down to her channels to the send of a sea and to the weight of the wind in her canvas, you would have supposed her thundering through it a whole ten knots at least.

On a sudden there was a loud and fearful cry forward. 'Port your hellum! port your hellum!' I could hear a voice roaring out with a meaning as of life or death in the startling vehemence of the utterance.

'Starboard! starboard!' shouted Mr Prance, who was still standing aft: 'over with it, men, for God's sake, before we're into her!'

Next instant there was a dull shock throughout the ship; a thrill that ran through her planks into the very soles of one's feet, while there arose shrieks and shouts as from three-score throats under the bows, and a most lamentable and terrifying noise of wood-splintering, of canvas tearing, of liberated sails flogging the wind. I bounded to the weather rail and saw a large hull of some eighty tons wholly dismasted—a wild scene of wreck and ruin to the flash of the moon at that moment shining down out of a clear space of sky—gliding past into our wake. The dark object seemed filled with men, and the yells left me in no doubt that she was a Frenchman—a large three-masted lugger, as I had supposed her.

In an instant our ship was in an uproar. There is nothing in language to express the noise and excitement. To begin with, our helm having been put down, we had come round into the wind, and lay pitching heavily with sails slatting and thundering, yards creaking, rigging straining. The sailors rushed to and fro. All discipline for the moment seemed to have gone overboard. The captain had come tumbling up on deck, and was calling orders to the mate, who re-echoed them in loud bawlings to the quarter-deck and forecastle. Lanterns were got up and shown over the rail, and by the light of them you saw the figures of the seamen speeding from rope to rope and hauling upon the gear, their gruff harsh chorusings rising high above the terrified chatter of the passengers—many of whom had rushed up on deck barely clothed—high also above the storming and shrilling of the wind, the deep notes of angry waters warring at our bows, and the distracting shaking and beating of the sails.

But a few orders delivered by Mr Prance, whose tongue was as a trumpet in a moment like this, acted upon the ship as the sympathetic hand of a horseman upon a restive terrified thoroughbred.

'Haul up the mainsail—fore clew garnets—back maintopsail yard—tail on to the weather-braces and round in handsomely. Mr Cocker' (this was addressed to the second mate, who had tumbled up with the rest of the watch below on feeling the thump the *Countess Ida* had given herself, and on hearing the uproar that followed), 'burn a flare—smartly, if you please! Also get blue-lights and rockets up.'

I ran aft to see if the vessel that we had wrecked was anywhere about. The moon was shining brilliantly down upon the sea at that time, and the swollen Channel waters were

lifting their black heights into creaming peaks in an atmosphere of delicate silver haze, that yet suffered the eye to penetrate to the dark confines of the horizon. The wake of the planet was a long throbbing line of angry broken splendour in the south; but the tail of it seemed to stream fair to the point of sea into which the lugger had veered, and I was confident that if she were afloat I should see her.

'Who is that to leeward there?' called the captain from the other side of the wheel in a tone of worry and irritation.

'Mr Dugdale,' I replied.

'Oh, beg pardon, I'm sure,' he exclaimed; 'do you see anything of the vessel that we've run down?'

'Nothing,' I responded.

'She must have foundered,' said he; 'yet though I listened, I've heard no cries after the wreck had once fairly settled away from us.'

Here the mate came aft hastily, and, with a touch of his cap, reported that the well had been sounded, and that all was right with the ship.

'Very well, sir,' said the captain. 'I shall keep all fast with my boats. The calamity can't be helped. I'm not going to increase it by sacrificing my men's lives. The poor wretches will have had a boat of their own, I suppose. —Show blue-lights, will ye, Mr Prance, and send a rocket up from time to time.'

They were burning a flare over the quarter-deck rail at that moment—some turpentine arrangement, that threw out a long flickering flame and a great coil of smoke from the yawning mouth of the tin funnel that contained the mixture. There was a crowd of terrified passengers on the poop, some of them ladies, hugging themselves in dressing-gowns and shawls; and out of the heart of the little mob rose the file-like notes of Colonel Bannister.

'These collisions,' I heard him cry, 'never *can* take place if a proper lookout be kept. It is preposterous to argue. I'd compel the oldest seaman who contradicted me to eat his words. Why, have I been making the voyage to India four times'—— But the rest of his observations were drowned in cries of astonishment and alarm from the ladies as a rocket, discharged close to them, went hissing and sheering up athwart the howling wind in a stream of fire, breaking on high into a blood-red ball, that floated swiftly landwards, like an electric meteor, ghastly against the moonshine, with a wide crimson atmosphere about it that tinctured the very scud.

'What has happened? Everybody is so excited that one can't get at the real story.'

I turned quickly, and saw the tall figure of a lady at my side. She was habited in a cloak, the hood of which was over her head, and darkened her face almost to the concealment of it, saving her eyes, which shone large, liquid, with a clear red spot in the depths, from the reflection of the flare at the quarter-deck bulwark.

I briefly explained, lifting my cap as I gave her her name—Miss Temple—for I had particularly remarked her as she came aboard at Gravesend, and asked who she was, though I had seen nothing more of her down to that moment. I ended my account pointing to the quarter of the sea where the lugger had disappeared.

'Thanks for the story,' she exclaimed, with a sudden note of haughtiness in her voice, while she kept her eyes, of the rich blackness of the tropic night-sky, fixed firm and gleaming upon me, as though she had addressed me in error, and wanted to make sure of me. She moved as though she would walk off, paused, and said: 'Poor creatures! I hope they will be saved. —Is our ship injured, do you know?'

'I believe not,' said I, a little coldly. 'There may be a rope or two broken forward perhaps, but there is nothing but the French lugger to be sorry for.'

'My aunt, Mrs Radcliffe,' said she, 'has been rendered somewhat hysterical by the commotion on deck. She is too ill to leave her bed. I think I may reassure her?'

'Oh yes,' I exclaimed. 'But yonder, abreast of the wheel there, is the captain to confirm my words.'

She gave me a bow, or rather a curtsy of those days, and walked aft to address the captain, as I supposed. Instead, she descended the companion hatch, and I lost sight of her.

A disdainful lady, thought I, but a rare beauty too!—marvellous eyes, anyhow, to behold by such an illumination as this of rockets and blue-lights, and flying moonshine, and the yellow glimmer of flare-tins.

All this while the ship lay hove-to, her main-topsail to the mast, the folds of her hanging mainsail sending a low thunder into the wind as it shook the cloths, the seas breaking in stormy noises from her bow; but *now* there fell a dead silence upon the people along her decks: nothing broke this hush upon the life of the ship saving the occasional harsh hissing rush of a rocket piercing the restless warring noises of the sea and the whistling of the wind in the rigging. The bulwark rail was lined with sailors, eagerly looking towards the tail of the misty wake of the moon, into which the black surges went shouldering and changing into troubled hills of dull silver. The captain and two of the mates stood aft, intently watching the water, often putting themselves into strained hearkening postures, their hands to their ears. Most of the lady passengers went below, but not to bed, for you could catch a sight of them through the skylight seated at the table talking swiftly, often directing anxious glances at the window-glass through which you could see them. There was one majestic old lady amongst them with gray hair that looked to be powdered, a hawk's-bill nose, and an immense bosom. The lamplight flashed in diamonds in her ears, and in rubies and in stones of value and beauty upon her fingers. She was Colonel Bannister's wife, and was apparently not wanting in her husband's fiery energy and capacity of taking peppery views of things, if I might judge by her vehement nods and the glances she shot around her from her gray eyes. It was a cabin picture I caught but a glimpse of—standing out upon the eye amidst the wild dark frame of the seething clamorous night.

All at once there was a loud cry. I rushed back to the weather rail.

'There's a boat heading for us, sir—see her, sir? Away yonder, this side o' the tumble of the moon's reflection!'

'Ay, there she is! It'll be the lugger's boat. God, how she dives!'

Twenty shadowy arms pointed in the direction which had been indicated by the gruff grumbling cries of the sailors. The second mate, Mr Cocker, came hastily forward to the break of the poop.

'Stand by, some of you,' he shouted, 'to heave them the end of a line. Make ready with bowlines to help them over the side.'

I could see the boat clearly now as she rose to the height of a sea, her black wet side sparkling out an instant to the moonlight ere she sank out of sight past the ivory white head of the surge sweeping under her. She seemed to be deep with men, but I could count only two oars. She was rushed down upon us by the impulse of the sea and wind, and I felt my heart to stand still as she drove bow on into us, whirling round alongside in a manner to make you look for the wreck of her in staves washing away under our counter. She was full of people, with women amongst them—poor creatures, in great white caps and long golden earrings, the men for the most part in huge fishermen's boots, and tasselled caps and jerseys that might have been of any colour in that light.

There was no magic in the commands even of British officers to British sailors to put the least element of calm into the business. It was not only that at one moment the boat alongside seemed to be hove up to the Indiaman's covering-board and that at the next she was rushing down into a chasm that laid bare many feet of the big ship's yellow sheathing: there was the dreadful expectation of the whole of the human freight being overset and drowning alongside in a breath; there were the heart-rending shouts of the distracted people; there was the total inability of captain and mates to make themselves understood. How it was managed I will not pretend to explain. By some means the boat was dragged to the gangway, grinding and thumping herself horribly against the Indiaman's rolling, stooping, massive side; then bowlines and ropes in plenty were dangled over or flung into her; and through the unshipped gangway, illuminated by half-a-dozen lanterns, and crowded by a hustling mob of sailors and passengers, one after another, the women and the men—most of the men coming first!—were dragged inboards, some of them falling flat upon the deck, some dropping on their knees and crossing themselves; a few of the women weeping passionately, one of them sobbing in dreadful paroxysms, the others mute as statues, as though terror and the presence of death had frozen the lifeblood in them and arrested the very beating of their hearts. Two of them fell into the sea; but they had lines about them and were dragged up half dead. They were all of them dripping wet, the men's sea-boots full of water; whilst the soaked gowns of the women flooded the deck on which they stood, as though several buckets of brine had been capsized there.

Old Keeling's pity for them would not go to the length of introducing the wretched creatures into the cuddy, to spoil the ship's fine carpets and stain and ruin the coverings of the couches. They were accordingly brought together in the recess under the break of the poop, where at all events they were sheltered. Hot spirits and water were given to them along with bread and meat, and this supper the unhappy creatures ate by the light of the dimly-burning lanterns held by the sailors.

There never was an odder wilder sight than the picture the poor half-drowned creatures made. Some of the women scarcely once intermitted their sobs and lamentations; the men talked hoarsely and eagerly with many passionate gestures, which suggested fierce denunciation. The mate coming down to the booby hatch, stood looking a minute at them, and then sent a glance round, and seeing me, asked if I spoke French.

'Yes,' said I, 'but not such French as those people are talking.'

'We have three passengers,' said he, 'who, I am told, are scholars in that language; but the steward informs me they're too sea-sick to come on deck.—Just ask these people in such French as you have, if their captain's amongst them.'

As he said this, a little old man seated on the hatch-coaming, with a red nightcap on, immense earrings, and a face of leather puckered into a thousand wrinkles like the grin of a monkey, looked up at Mr Prance, and nodding with frightful energy whilst he struck his bosom with his clenched fist, cried out: 'Yash, yash, me capitaine.'

'Ha!' said the mate, 'do you speak English, then?'

'Yash, yash,' he roared: 'me speakee Angleesh.'

Happily he knew enough to save me the labour of interpreting; and *labour* it would have been with a vengeance, since, though it was perfectly certain none amongst them, saving the little monkey-faced man, comprehended a syllable of the mate's questions, every time the small withered chap answered—which he did with extraordinary convulsions and a vast variety of frantic gesticulations—all the rest of them broke into speech, the women joining in, and there was such a hubbub of tongues that not an inch of idea could I have got out of the distracting row. However, in course of time the leathery manikin who called himself captain made Mr Prance understand that the lugger belonged to Boulogne; that she had the survivors of another lugger on board, making some thirty-four souls in all, men and women, at the time of the collision, of which seventeen or eighteen were drowned. After he had given Mr Prance these figures, he turned to the others and said something in a shrill, fierce, rapid voice, whereat the women fell to shrieking and weeping, whilst many of the men tore their hair, some going the length of knocking their heads against the cuddy front. It was a sight to sicken the heart, the more, I think, for the unutterable element of grotesque farce imported into that dismal tragedy by their countenances, postures, and behaviour; and having heard and seen enough, I slipped away on to the poop.

But long before this, our rockets, blue-lights, and flares had been seen; and a moment or two after I had gained the poop I spied the figure of

Captain Keeling with a few male passengers at his side standing at the rail watching a powerful cutter thrashing through it to us close-hauled, with the water boiling to her leaps, and her big mainsail to midway high dark with the saturation of the flying brine. In less than twenty minutes she was rising and falling buoyant as a seabird abreast of us, with a shadowy figure at her lee-rail bawling with lungs of brass to know what was wrong.

'I have run down a French lugger,' shouted Captain Keeling, 'and have half her people on board, and must put them ashore at once, for I wish to proceed.'

'Right y'are,' came from the cutter; but with a note of irritation and disappointment in the cry, as I could not but fancy.

Then followed some wonderful manœuvring. There was only one way of trans-shipping the miserable French people, and that was by a yardarm whip and a big basket. Hands sprang aloft to prepare the necessary tackle; Prance meanwhile, from the head of the poop ladder, thundered the intentions of the Indiaman through a speaking-trumpet to the cutter. I could see old Keeling stamp from time to time with impatience as he broke away from the questions of the passengers, one of whom was Colonel Bannister, into a sharp walk full of grief and irritability. Meanwhile they had shifted their helm aboard the cutter and got way upon the fine little craft. She came tearing and hissing through the billows as though her coppered forefoot were of red-hot metal, and when abreast of our lee quarter, put her helm down, and swept with marvellous grace and precision to alongside of us, clear of our shearing spars, and there she lay.

It was hard upon midnight when the last basket-load had been lowered on to her deck. There was no hitch; all went well; a line attached to the basket enabled the cutter's people to haul it fair to their decks; but the terror of the unfortunate Frenchmen was painful to see. The women got into the basket bravely; but many of the men blankly refused to enter, and had to be stowed in it by force, our Jacks holding on till the order to sway-away was given, when up would go poor Crapeau shrieking vengeance upon us all, and calling upon the Virgin and saints for help. In its way it was like a little engagement with an enemy. Some of the Frenchmen drew knives, and had to be knocked down.

Then, when the last of them was swayed over the side and lowered—'Are you all right?' shouted Captain Keeling to the cutter.

'All right,' responded a deep voice, hoarse with rum and weather. 'I suppose your owners 'll make the job worth something to us?'

'Ay, ay,' answered the captain.—'Round with your topsail yard, Mr Prance.—Lively now! this business has cost us half a night as it is.'

In a few minutes the great yards on the main were swung slowly to the drag of the braces with loud heave-yeos from the sailors as the ship, feeling the weight of the wind in the vast dim hollow of her topsail, leaned with a new impulse of life in her frame and drove half an acre of foam ahead of her. We had resumed our voyage; and with a sense of supreme weariness in me following the excitement of the hours, and chilled to the marrow by my long spell on deck and incessant loiterings in the keen night-wind, I entered the saloon, called for a tumbler of grog, and made my way to my berth.

HOW OUR DRUGS ARE IMPORTED.

It would be impossible in a short paper on this subject to give even a brief description of the manner in which the bulk of our drugs are imported, so we must content ourselves with a few notes on some of the more commonly used of these commodities.

Barbadoes aloes is usually imported in gourds or calabashes, into which receptacles the juice is poured when in a semi-fluid condition. Each gourd when filled weighs from ten to thirty pounds, according to size. Socotrine aloes comes to us from Zanzibar, sometimes in skins and casks; but now more generally in kegs, containing from seventy-five to one hundred pounds; or chests, holding from fifty to seventy-five pounds. When a vessel puts into the island of Socotra and aloes is asked for, as the drug is not kept ready for sale, the leaves of the plant are forthwith cut and the juice allowed to drain into goatskin sacks. These are taken on board and fastened to the mast, or elsewhere, in such a position that they are constantly exposed to the sun. By this means the process of drying is facilitated.

The bulk of medicinal barks are imported in bales and serons. We need, however, only make mention of the cinchonas. The South American barks are first of all cut up into lengths and made into bundles of nearly equal weights. These are then sewn up in specially prepared canvas of a coarse texture, and conveyed to the depots on the backs of donkeys. There they are further enveloped in coverings of fresh hides; and by the drying of these, hard compact packages, called serons, are formed, varying in weight from one hundred and fifty-six to one hundred and seventy-six pounds. The East Indian or 'Druggist's' quill bark is now largely imported in cases or chests, each containing about one hundredweight and three-quarters.

The various flowers, such as arnica, chamomile, Dalmatian, and lavender come from abroad packed in pressed bales, varying in weight up to three hundredweight. Most of the gums are imported in cases; gum-thus, however, comes in barrels, and gum-arabic, sorts, in bales. Gum-benzoin mostly comes by way of Singapore or Bombay, though it is collected in Sumatra. The Sumatra benzoin is packed in chests containing about one and a half to two hundredweight each, and occurs in squarish blocks, on which the impressions of a mat are visible, and which are covered with a thin white cloth made of cotton. The Siam variety has not this covering. Gum-myrrh is procured in Arabia and the north-east coast of Africa. Thence it is shipped to Bombay, and there reshipped in cases or chests, each containing about two hundred and fifty pounds. It used to be imported by way of Turkey, and thus gave rise to its common title 'Turkey' myrrh. Camphor reaches our market in barrels containing about two hundred pounds or in boxes of one hundredweight each.

Manna comes principally from Palermo and Messina in deal boxes. Each box is divided into

compartments, and, not infrequently, these are lined with tinplate. Nutmegs are dried by a special process, and then packed in tight casks, which on account of the liability of the nutmeg to the ravages of insects are smoked and painted over internally with a coating of fresh limewash. They are imported from Banda Island and the Malay Archipelago.

There are several varieties of opium, the official ones being the 'Smyrna' and the 'Constantinople.' Although the former variety is imported from Smyrna, it is collected in Asia Minor, and comes to us thence *viâ* Turkey (hence called 'Turkey' opium) or the Levant. It is packed in cases, each containing one hundred and forty pounds. It occurs in irregularly rounded flattened masses, varying in size, and seldom exceeding two pounds in weight. Each cake is enveloped in poppy leaves, and studded with reddish-brown chaffy fruit of certain species of rumex or dock. Constantinople opium occurs in smaller masses, and the midrib of the poppy leaf which envelops the cake is placed over the centre of the mass.

Aconite, buchu, and senna leaves are imported in bales; those of Tinnivelli senna weigh from two and a quarter to three and a half hundredweight; of Alexandrian, about two hundred and fifty pounds.

Oils, such as caraway, anise, bergamot, lemon, and cajeput are imported in tins, coppers, lead tins, or bottles. Oil of roses comes in vases holding from fifteen to fifty ounces; Malaga olive oil in barrels of from forty to sixty gallons, or in stone crocks of five-gallon capacity.

Tamarinds are shipped in kegs or barrels holding from a half to three and a half hundredweight. Vanilla beans are packed in tins. Each tin contains twenty-four bundles, each bundle weighing eight ounces.

Quicksilver comes in iron flasks, some weighing twenty-five, others seventy-seven pounds; while calomel is imported in one-pound bottles, of which fifty are packed in each chest.

Of the roots, aconite, alkanet, gentian, liquorice, orris, and others are imported in bales; ipecacuanha in serons; calumba, East Indian and African gingers in bags; Cochin and Jamaica gingers in barrels. The jalap plant, from which the tubercles are obtained, grows in Mexican woods at an elevation of six thousand feet. It obtains its name from Xalapa, or Jalapa, a city of Mexico. The tubercles, commonly called roots, are imported in bags or bales, weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds. The roots of Jamaica sarsaparilla being lengthy, are folded up and packed into bundles from one foot to a foot and a half long, and four or more inches broad. These untrimmed bundles are then tightly packed into bales to the weight of about a hundredweight and a half.

Several varieties of rhubarb root are brought into English markets, the cases varying in weight from one hundred and sixty to three hundred pounds. The best known is the so-called 'Turkey' rhubarb. This is imported from Russia, but collected in China. The root is dug up, washed, bored, threaded on string, and hung up in the sun to dry. It is then taken in horse-hair sacks to the dealers, whence it is conveyed in chests to the Russian depots, each chest being coated on the outside with pitch, and enveloped in hempen cloth and a hide; and on each is fastened a paper label, having the year of collection and contained weight of root printed on it. The Russian Government has a ten-yearly contract with the Bucharians, engaging to purchase (by barter) all that they can produce.

Of the perfumes, civet is brought over in cows' horns. The opening is covered over with skin, on which are marked the number and weight. Each horn is wrapped up in a coarse cloth, and contains from one to three pounds.

Shanghai exports the bulk of Tonquin musk. It reaches our buyers in boxes which are known as 'caddies.' This term is derived from the Chinese weight catty, which is equivalent to about one pound and a third. The boxes are made of brown cardboard, and usually measure nine by five by six inches. Externally, they are covered with the usual silky paper of Chinese manufacture, and, as might be expected, the designs upon them are gaudy in colour and very quaint. The colours most in use are red, blue, and green. Each box contains a soft leaden receptacle; in this are placed the musk pods, severally wrapped in rice-paper. About twenty-five to thirty of these pods are packed in each caddy, the weight being from twenty to thirty ounces net. Some idea of the immense value of this importation may be gained from the fact that from Shanghai alone, in 1887, two thousand three hundred and forty-four caddies of musk were exported, the market value of which would be nearly one hundred and sixty thousand pounds.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER II.

FRANK HOLMES made his way to Cadogan Place. With this charming girl, who blushed red with pleased surprise on seeing her old playfellow in London, Frank Holmes quickly resumed in the most natural and unconscious way his former familiar relations. Not that in resuming the friendship of childhood they thought of love or marriage; but all the world knows how such relations end. On the part of one of them at least the result was coming as surely as flowers in June.

Meanwhile, it was not long until the patent affection of Frank Holmes for his absent friend grew to be a subject of curious interest to Mary Clayton. Holmes talked about him on every suggestion, described his appearance, and read his letters to her, until she knew as much about Faune as Frank Holmes himself did. Frank was too honest himself to pause and think whether he was acting wisely. Miss Clayton could not help being deeply interested in this young man from hearing so much about him—and, as already hinted, Faune was a charming letter-writer, a gift which goes further with women than might be supposed. If Frank Holmes had been wiser or less generous, he would have felt the danger of creating so much interest in this girl for a man who might some day come back—especially when, as was inevitable, Holmes himself was already in love with her.

After that affair of the draft for five hundred pounds, all went well for some time. At length, one morning when Frank Holmes was looking for a letter by the Indian mail, instead of a letter came Claude Faune to him in person.

The first surprise of his friend's unexpected appearance over, Holmes advanced with open arms.

The glow faded quickly from the other's face, and his hands dropped by his side. 'Frank,' he said slowly, 'I ought not to be here. I ought to be at the bottom of the sea—where I should be now, only for a longing, which I could not resist, to look in your face once more.—And now, Frank,' he added, bowing his head, 'I am ashamed to look at you!'

The story was soon told. Mr Claude Faune had got into troubles in India—had, to put it with a plainness which Frank Holmes generously refrained from adopting, fallen into disgrace. He had been compelled to leave India and resign his commission. The manner in which he made the confession presented many suggestions of excuse, and these Holmes was willing to make the most of. He thought himself in a manner responsible for this weak being, who had gained such a hold upon him.

The worst of the matter was—and it was the last of it confessed—that Faune, before he was permitted to leave India, had to draw upon his friend again. This time it was for three thousand pounds!

It was a staggering blow to Holmes, and it was wonderful that he bore it. He did bear it, however, and even recovered from it. If Faune had been less prostrated and apparently hopeless with the sense of his disgrace, the affection of his friend might not have withstood so severe a test. But he could not look upon Faune's condition without raising him up. For a few days he suffered keenly, and then shook it off. His stronger character softened towards his friend's weakness. He defended him bravely to Mr Clayton when he had to see that gentleman about procuring the three thousand pounds—defended him so warmly that the banker's interest was strongly moved as to the manner of man this Faune must be to inspire such feeling in Frank Holmes.

And so the matter ended, and was soon forgotten. But that which might have been expected soon came to pass. Faune was introduced by his friend to Mr Clayton's house; and having all his time on his hands, he availed himself of the privilege with a zest that gave pleasure to Frank Holmes. And the pleasure grew to a feeling of friendly triumph when the engaging ways of Claude Faune thawed even the banker's prejudice against him.

That Faune employed all his arts to win his way in the house in Cadogan Place was undoubted, and the generous and confiding friend to whom he owed everything was delighted with his success. Coincident with his introduction of Faune to Mary Clayton, Holmes realised for the first time the strength of his own love for the girl. Faune was quick to discover it, and the way in which he spoke about it was characteristic.

'What a charming girl Miss Clayton is, Frank!' he exclaimed one night after they had both dined there. They were smoking in the Adelphi lodgings of Frank Holmes; Faune had rooms in the more aristocratic quarter of Mount Street.

The words seemed ingenuously spoken, and Holmes was pleased.

'Are you in love with her already, Claude?' he asked, laughing.

'No,' he answered; and then added, with a certain shy hesitation that was interesting, 'but—may I say so, Frank?—I know who is!'

Frank Holmes blushed to the temples and laughed again. 'I am not sure,' he said, 'how it is with me exactly. You see, Miss Clayton'—and here we may remark, as worthy of note, that without specially meaning it, Frank Holmes never spoke of her to Faune as 'Mary'—'you see, Miss Clayton and I have known each other since we were little children; and the recollections of those old days are the most frequent and interesting subjects of chat that we have even still. It is hard to know where one feeling ends and another begins—or, in fact, whether there is another at all.'

'Oh, I don't know,' exclaimed Faune doubtfully. 'Of course, you mightn't notice it so soon in such a case—yourself; but that would not prevent others from seeing how it was.'

Holmes did not care to discuss the subject further; he certainly would not encourage Faune to give his opinion as to the young lady's sentiments, interesting as it would have been to know. But Holmes had not yet had the serene course of his love disturbed by the possibility of rivalry. Once or twice, indeed, he had reasoned with himself that it was natural he should love her, but not necessarily that she should cherish any such sentiment towards him; there was all the difference in the world between the two things. So he was content as matters were, and would so continue until he saw her love going to some other man.

The subject dropped, and left only two thoughts with Frank Holmes after Faune's departure. The first was, that perhaps it was as well that Faune knew so much—Mary was so lovable a girl, and he was now aware that he must take care of himself. The second thought was that it would be good for Faune if he did fall in love with some girl like Mary Clayton, and win her for his wife.

A bare six weeks after the prodigal's return, Frank Holmes made a discovery which petrified him: Faune was laying siege with all his powers to Miss Clayton. At first, he distrusted his senses. It was incredible that Faune could be so false to him. But it was true.

The shock was a terrible one to Holmes. He believed in his soul that no woman, or man for that matter, could resist Faune's charms of person and manner, and when quickened to closer observation by the discovery of Faune's purpose, there was no reason to doubt that Mary Clayton and her father were won—as he had been. But he had not believed in the possibility of such perfidy.

Holmes, a proud and bitterly wounded man, withdrew in silence. In the solitude of his lodgings he groaned and threw up his hands. The trial had more than the agony of death in it, for it was not an ordinary tragedy. He rushed

into work with an energy that astonished his friends. It was marvellous the quantity he got through. He was making a name for himself without knowing or caring. The work gave him occupation and an excuse for keeping away. For he was not the man, now that he had retired, to be drawn back again so much as an inch by any delusive hope. He kept out of their way, especially out of the way of Faune; and Faune made this easy to do. Frank's withdrawal seemed to have been understood and accepted even by Mr Clayton and his daughter.

Only once, some weeks after his last call at Cadogan Place, Frank Holmes accidentally saw Mary Clayton in her carriage in the street. She smiled to him, pink with embarrassment or surprise, and he raised his hat and passed on. There had never been aught between her and him to give him the right to an explanation; and as the maiden was free, he went his way and left her to her own.

And so matters went on till that Saturday after the concert.

Had he known the business on which Mr Clayton wanted him, he assuredly would have spared himself the pain of again entering that house.

While the footman took in his card, Holmes heard Mary's sweet familiar voice in the drawing-room, singing; she stopped suddenly after the servant took up his card. Then Mr Clayton came down, shook hands with him, and said: 'Come into my study first. We can join them afterwards.'

Frank saw at once how the matter stood. Faune had good birth and aristocratic connections, and for these Mr Clayton probably thought it was worth while giving some of his money. But he kept his thoughts to himself, and followed the banker. Mr Clayton, as soon as the door was closed, opened the business kindly and promptly. 'Frank, I don't affect not to know why you have dropped us. I have been sorry for it; but perhaps you were right. If things had turned out otherwise—as I once fancied they would—perhaps I would have been better pleased; no matter about that now.'

'No matter at all, Mr Clayton, only it is good of you to say as much. Of course it is no matter at all now. But I presume—I am to understand that you have decided to accept Claude Faune in a new relation?'

'I have so decided, Frank; I have given him my sanction to address Mary. I suppose there will be no difficulty there. Only,' he added wistfully, 'it would be very gracious of you, Frank—for sake of auld lang syne—to say a kind word to her. I fear Mary thinks that—I don't understand these things—that she has not repaid you for your friendship.'

'The indebtedness was all on my side, Mr Clayton. Of course Mary shall have some little token of my good wishes on the occasion of her marriage.'

'Thank you, Frank. I suppose that will do. I will tell her of it.'

Holmes, who had not changed a feature or varied the steady tone of his voice, now waited for Mr Clayton to proceed, which that gentleman had evidently a slight difficulty in doing.

'Faune is very uncomfortable concerning you, Frank,' he said; 'but there is one matter at least which can be put right. He is most anxious to pay back the money you have so generously given him—before he marries my daughter—and of course I will enable him to do so.'

'I would rather he waited till after his marriage, which would be quite time enough. But he can do as he pleases.'

'Very well.—And now, Frank, that I have got you here,' said Mr Clayton, rising and placing his hand on the young man's shoulder, 'will you come in and see them both? You do not know how they, and I, will appreciate it.'

Frank Holmes rose too; but he declined this invitation in a manner which made Mr Clayton regret having given it.

'Will you not even see Mary?'

'There is no occasion. Give her my best wishes, Mr Clayton.—I must go now, as I have work waiting.'

Of course the prime object which Mr Clayton had had in view was that indicated in his concluding invitation. He was sorry he had failed; because, in truth, he was secretly not quite at ease in regard to the replacement of Frank Holmes by Claude Faune. Faune was very winning; but there was an immense difference between the two young men; and Mr Clayton now clearly saw—what before he had only feared—that poor Holmes was mortally wounded.

It took Holmes half an hour to reach the adjoining thoroughfare of Knightsbridge. The interview had given him enough to think of—more than enough—and, rooted to the flags of the neighbouring square, he had slowly and silently drained the last of the bitter draught, with his eyes on the stars above Hyde Park. The chiming of the quarter after nine on a public clock awoke him with a start, and he passed on slowly to Albert Gate. Here he halted a moment, as though deliberating on his next movement, when a young man crossed the road behind him, hesitated, and stopped within four yards of him. Holmes glanced at him, and recoiled.

'If you have followed me, Faune, you have done an unworthy act. If this is merely accident, I wish it had not happened.'

'I can quite understand your sentiments; but it is quite an accident. I have not followed you. I am glad at the same time to have met you—if you will let me explain.'

'I desire no explanations from you.—Go your way; it is not for your own worthless sake I keep my hands off you,' said Holmes, with deep passion.

Faune coolly regarded him for an instant, and then burst into a laugh. It was a revelation which stung Holmes to the verge of madness. He made a quick movement forward, and then as quickly drew back again, locking his hands behind him.

'Go out of my path! That I should have wasted my friendship on so perfidious a scoundrel will be a humiliation to me while I live. Go out of my path, man! and for the rest of your worthless life keep out of it!'

Faune only shrugged his shoulders. Then he lightly stepped away, and passed through the gate on the way to his lodgings in Mount Street across the Park.

'Strong words them, Mr Holmes,' said a man

who now stepped out of the shadow close by. Holmes started, and looked hard at the intruder, whom he immediately recognised.

'Is that you, Burton?—Yes, as you say, strong words,' he observed, rolling a cigarette in his fingers. 'A deeper-dyed scoundrel doesn't live.—But no matter about him.'

'I know him well, Mr Holmes; he often comes this way.'

'Ay, so he does.—How is your child, Burton?'

'Much better, sir; many thanks.'

'Perhaps I'll call to see her some time to-morrow. I've been very busy lately. Good-night.'

The young man disappeared rapidly up the street in the direction of Hyde Park Corner, leaving the detective officer—for such he was—to his thoughts, which, it may be noted, revolved round the general conviction that 'there was a woman in it.'

But neither the detective officer nor any other person concerned in the foregoing narrative ever forgot that quiet summer night of the 10th of June.

The Sunday newspapers came out next morning with their regular supply of popular news and sensation; but they were too early to catch the mysterious influence which moved the crowds in the fresh and sunny Park during the day. What was the explanation of the small groups of men everywhere visible eagerly discussing, forgetting even their pipes in the absorption of the topic? Women stood outside those knots of men, listening in silence, and children left their play. From the Serpentine and the favourite gardens adjacent, from the western glades and distant Kensington, came the general movement eastward; meeting on the way with quickening interest excited parties returning, and impenetrable policemen looking straight before them over people's heads. The fountain, which stands in a circular hollow within the Park opposite the top of Mount Street, was the objective point of the mysterious movement. Numbers stood round the railings, staring down. There was nothing unusual to be seen; but there was a wild report, uncontradicted so far as was known, all over west London of an awful tragedy in the hollow by the fountain, only discovered by the police at daybreak that morning.

A MEMORABLE GAME OF CHESS.

Fifty years ago, in Mehemet Ali's time, Suleiman Pasha—a naturalised Frenchman—was commander-in-chief of the Egyptian artillery, and universally acknowledged to be the best chess-player in Cairo. As a soldier he stood in high favour with the court as well as with the people; for in the war waged by the Sultan of Turkey against Mehemet Ali in 1839, the Egyptians owed their victory in the notable battle of Nisib to the prompt decision and strategy of Suleiman Pasha. The Egyptian army had already taken to flight, carrying its commander, the heroic Ibrahim Pasha, away with it, when suddenly, as if by magic, the battle took a favourable turn, changing the fleeing masses into pursuers, who succeeded in completely vanquishing the Turkish troops. This blow proved fatal to Mahmoud, the unhappy Sultan, whose supreme power hitherto had been unquestioned. He took the loss of his brave army so much to heart, that he died of grief barely a week afterwards.

When peace had succeeded war, Suleiman Pasha returned to the city of the califs to enjoy there his favourite pastime of chess. Punctually every afternoon he made his appearance in a café situated on the banks of the Nile, where, on the terrace, under the shade of mighty palm-trees, a seat was specially reserved for him, and there he fought a daily battle with the venerable Ulema, Reshid Aga. The field upon which the battle was fought was the sixty-four black and white squares of the chessboard, where ivory armies strove with each other, each trying hard to decoy his opponent into some hidden trap. They only ceased fighting when the evening twilight descended, and when the cry of the muezzin from the minaret of the mosque called the faithful to prayers, to resume it again the next day, and to continue for weeks and months until one of the combatants was defeated. But it was never the Pasha who was beaten, though Reshid Aga was not only highly considered on account of his great learning, but also far famed for his masterly playing of chess.

The two masters were generally surrounded by all the best players of Cairo, who followed their moves with eager and attentive looks. One afternoon, while Suleiman Pasha was waiting for Reshid Aga, a stranger stepped up to him and addressed him as follows: 'Pasha, may I propose a game of chess to thee?'

The persons who as usual had gathered round the latter were so much startled by this unexpected proposal, that their chibouks nearly dropped from their grasp, while a gray-bearded Cadi was almost choked in the act of gulping down his Mocha. For who could be so daring as to venture to challenge the conqueror of Reshid Aga?

Suleiman Pasha, however, only casting a searching look upon the stranger, quietly replied: 'I am at thy service.—What is the stake thou art accustomed to play for?'

'For nothing the first time; for a great stake the next. But it is for thee, Pasha, to name the stake now.'

'A hundred ducats won't be too much then?' Suleiman Pasha replied, again looking inquiringly at the stranger, whose face remained quite unmoved while he calmly took his place.

The board was brought and lots were cast for colours: the Pasha drew Black, the stranger White.

A great crowd of enthusiastic spectators soon collected round the players. After the very first moves it was clear to all that they had a master-player before them. The ivory figures seemed to grow into life in the hands of the stranger; it was as if real soldiers moved on the black and white squares, blindly obeying the commands of their leaders. Suleiman Pasha also soon became aware of the crushing power of his adversary; he felt as if the grip of an iron fist held him in bonds. In vain he tried to shake off his opponent; vain was his sacrifice of Knight and Castle; the stranger's power did not seem to weaken a bit. The Pasha sat in deep earnest thought; opposite to him the stranger, calm, but with a proud look, like the marble statue of a commander-in-chief. A gleam

of joy spread suddenly over the Pasha's features; he saw the chance of a capital move, and, quite excited, he placed his Queen right in front of his opponent's Queen. A murmur of discontent arose amongst the spectators; the game seems lost for the Pasha; he must have overlooked that his Queen is left unprotected. The face of Reshid Aga, who also looked on, beamed with pleasure; at a glance he had thoroughly mastered the combination of his friend. The stranger took a much longer time to consider than usual before he slowly lifted his lean hand.

'No doubt he will take the Queen,' the spectators whispered to each other.

'Then he will be mate in eight moves,' Reshid Aga said, gleefully rubbing his hands.

'And if he does not take her?'

'Then he will lose his own.'

For a moment the stranger appeared undecided; but suddenly like lightning his hand descended on the board. Quietly and calmly he moved one of his pawns a square ahead.

All looked surprised at each other, muttering: 'To lose the Queen is losing the game!' while Suleiman Pasha, smiling triumphantly, removed the hostile Queen from the board.

The onlookers, who mostly sided with the Pasha, breathed as if they had been relieved from a heavy load. In their opinion the game was decided, for White could not hold out without the Queen. Several of them were already on the point of withdrawing, when they were suddenly startled by the clear ringing voice of the stranger, who called out: 'Mate in twelve moves.'

Suleiman Pasha's looks grew dark—the smile died on his lips. A change had as suddenly overcast the features of Reshid Aga; almost beside himself, he jumped on a seat to follow the game from a more elevated point, while the spectators, barely daring to draw breath, counted the moves as they followed each other.

With masterly skill White now led his force into the field, encircling the hostile King in a powerful grasp and keeping him within an iron ring. At the tenth move the Pasha tried to break through the blockade by sacrificing his Queen, but in vain. White declined to accept the sacrifice, and moved his Knight with 'Check to the King.' Eleventh move! The spectators, whose excitement had nearly reached fever-heat, now saw that their Pasha, never before vanquished, would be checkmated the next move. Suleiman's King was compelled to withdraw into a corner, and with the twelfth move, as he had predicted, the stranger pronounced 'Checkmate!'

A murmur of admiration was heard from the spectators, while the Pasha sat there with bent head, as if trying to search in his memory, when suddenly, as if a thought had flashed upon him, he turned upon the stranger. 'Once already in my life,' he said, 'I have seen chess played in the manner in which thou hast played to-day. Thy masterly moves are not unknown to me, but I was unable to resist them. The game, however, which was then played before my eyes was a great deal more beautiful even than to-day's. Guns of the heaviest calibre represented the Castles, fleet cavalry were the Knights, and in place of the Pawns well-armed infantry formed the vanguard. And when the guns on the one side thundered their "Check" to the other, the ground beneath our feet seemed to shake, as if burning lava was thrown from a volcano. At that time we stood opposed to an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, a terrible number, which, led by the genius of a single man, threatened to crush us completely. And this man whose genius made our brave soldiers take to flight, and whom it was impossible to withstand, was a son of the cold North. It was only to the recklessness of Hafiz Pasha, the Turkish commander-in-chief, who envied the youthful genius his brilliant success, and who, though fully warned, wildly pursued the Egyptians, that we owed the victory of Nisib, which otherwise we never should have gained.'

The Pasha stopped, and casting a long and penetrating look on his adversary, suddenly cried out enthusiastically: 'Stranger, thy incomparable play of to-day recalls to my memory afresh the game of chess at Nisib and its skilful player. Only one man can play like that, and that man is—Colonel Moltke!'

'Thou hast hit it, Pasha,' the stranger calmly replied. 'My name is Moltke.'

This indeed was Count von Moltke—alive still, and with the reputation of the greatest soldier in Europe. While a young man he went to the East, and was in the service of Sultan Mahmoud from 1835 to 1839. He was present at the battle of Nisib, when, as above said, the Turkish commander-in-chief, jealous of the great abilities of the young soldier, refused to follow Moltke's advice, and so lost the battle.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN-HATER.

Colonel Frederick Chalmers was not a marrying man. Society in Little Belminster had long ago given up all hopes of him; and his sisters, Miss Sophia and Miss Janet, sighed deeply whenever the subject was broached by their elderly maiden friends, and shaking their gray corkscrews sadly, replied that 'it *was* a pity, certainly, but poor dear Frederick had such very peculiar ideas.' —'Indian climate, you know,' they would add mysteriously, looking knowingly at each other as they spoke. And their elderly friends would try to look knowing too, although not one of them quite understood how the climate of India had anything to do with the Colonel's views on matrimony. The society of the severe-looking spinsters with whom his sisters associated did not tend to remove the Colonel's aversion to marriage or his dislike to the weaker sex generally. If he detested all women, his sisters excepted, he trebly detested his sister's friends. 'A parcel of gossiping old women,' he said contemptuously.

Report had it that one Miss Barbara Pratt, a maiden of fifty-eight, had once, kindly ignoring her eight years' seniority, contemplated taking the recreant Colonel in hand and finally marrying him. But the Colonel saw through her little scheme, and fled precipitately to Boulogne, where he remained in hiding until he heard that the fair Barbara was safely married to the senior curate, an anxious careworn widower with three children, and a stipend of two hundred a year and expectations. Colonel Chalmers had never cared for the senior curate before; but when he

heard of his marriage with Miss Pratt, he positively loved him, although he expressed contempt for a man who allowed himself to be caught a second time—'and by such a woman,' he added mentally.

But alas for the unfortunate Colonel's peace of mind! When he returned from his Boulogne trip, expecting to find life going on as peacefully as before, his sisters greeted him with the information that the house next door had been taken by a widow with a large family of children, most of them quite young. 'And really,' added Miss Janet plaintively, 'fond as I am of children, I cannot stand the annoyance of having them continually in our garden—it does spoil the beds so!'

The Colonel, who was eating his supper, looked up angrily, for he hated children, although, having no nephews and nieces, he knew very little about them. 'Have they been walking over my flower-beds?'

'No, no, dear Frederick,' broke in Miss Sophia. 'Janet doesn't mean that.—Do you, Janet?'

The corkscrews at the other side of the table nodded an emphatic negative, and Miss Sophia continued: 'We were only thinking of those dreadful children of Mrs Ildersley's who were here five years ago. And I am sure,' she added consolingly, 'these look re-markably nice children, re-markably nice.'

'Humph!' ejaculated her brother; 'I hope so, I'm sure.' And with that he extended his hand to each of the ladies in turn as they prepared to retire. He never by any chance kissed them; even when a boy, he was not demonstrative; and when Miss Janet sometimes sighed over this 'peculiarity of dear Frederick's,' and contrasted him with other people's brothers, Miss Sophia rebuked her sharply. 'Would you have Frederick slobber over us in public as that odious Mr Green does over *his* sisters?' she would demand sternly, squashing Miss Janet's murmured 'Only in private, you know,' with the unanswerable argument: 'Men can't see when to do a thing and when not to do it; and Frederick, my dear, is no better than the rest.'

As far as the Colonel could judge during the first two or three weeks after his arrival home, the conduct of the children next door certainly bore out Miss Sophia's statement that they were 're-markably nice children.' They never disturbed him as he sat in the garden by uttering those unearthly shrieks and yells which he imagined were the chief amusements of youth; nor did they chase his sisters' cat, nor roll their balls along his trimly-kept gravel paths. Indeed, he was fain at length to acknowledge that 'for children' they were not bad; and he speedily forgot their existence.

The fact of the matter really was that the children were busy at their lessons during the greater part of the day, and their governess, an orphan who lived almost all the year with them, did not permit any shirking of duty, so that the combined effect of strict lessons and a wholesome awe of their crotchety neighbour served to keep the children from disgracing themselves in his eyes.

We do not think Colonel Chalmers would have felt flattered if he had known the feelings of fear and awe with which the children regarded him. 'The Ogre' they called him among themselves; and although their mother and Miss Grant always rebuked them if they heard them speaking of him as such, yet even they looked upon him as a most peculiar and decidedly disagreeable neighbour, and kept the children as much as possible out of his way.

But lessons do not last for ever; and about a month after Colonel Chalmers' return, Mrs Tracy told Miss Grant that it would be as well to begin the Christmas holidays. The children were wild with glee at being let off their studies, and began elaborate preparations for Christmas, which occupied them so well that they were quieter than ever.

Mrs Tracy was relieved. She had feared that, freed from restraint, the children would begin to annoy their neighbours, but so far they were as good as gold. It was therefore with a mind quite at ease that she set off the day after New-year's day to pay a long-promised visit to her sister, leaving Miss Grant in sole charge. Her last injunction to the children was to be very good; and certainly they looked very demure as they bade her farewell at the garden gate. Miss Grant, having something to do in the town, went with her, and they were left to their own devices.

It was a cold day, but not snowy, and Colonel Chalmers was taking a constitutional up and down the gravel path, reflecting as he did so on the corrupted state of the army at that time, always a pet grievance of his, and now doubly so since his young cousin, Geoffrey Markham, was always sending him accounts of how 'things were done now,' which made him boil with rage. The children could just see the top of his hat as he marched slowly up and down by the dividing-wall; but after a whispered remark that 'the Ogre was cooling his Indian temper again,' they took no notice of what was becoming a daily occurrence, and devoted all their attention to a new game of ball, which Jack, the eldest boy, who was home from school, had taught them. It was not a noisy game, and although occasional ripples and bursts of laughter were wafted over the wall, the Colonel found them rather soothing than otherwise, so that so far everything seemed to go all right. But, alas! this state of things couldn't last long, and an extra hard hit from Jack's racket sent their only ball flying right into the centre of the Ogre's lawn. The children looked at each other in consternation. Here was a pleasant state of things and no mistake! At last Molly said in a low tone: 'The Ogre has gone indoors; I can't see his head any more. We might get it if we climbed over.'

Jack looked at her, and the others stood round in anxious suspense to hear what he would say; for thirteen-year-old Jack was considered an oracle by his six brothers and sisters. 'There was silence for a minute, and then the oracle said mournfully: 'We can't *all* go, you know; the Ogre might catch some of us. Besides, what's the good? No; I threw it over, so I suppose I must fetch it.' Then turning to Molly, he bade her bring him a chair from the school-room, and not to dawdle on the way. 'The Ogre might come back, you know,' he said gravely, 'and I don't want to be nabbed.'

Molly flew indoors, and returned with a high chair, which they succeeded in planting firmly

against the wall. Jack clambered up. 'I must jump, I suppose,' he said, after surveying the land on the other side; 'it won't do to spoil his flower-beds.' With that he gave a spring and alighted on the path just as the Colonel, who had gone to get a cigar, re-entered the garden. His rage knew no bounds: he seized the astonished Jack by the collar and gave him a good shaking, much to the terror of that worthy's partisans, who were watching the scene in silent dismay from some steps on the other side. 'You young scamp you!' he exclaimed at length when he had recovered his breath, 'how dare you come into my garden like that?'

'I wanted our ball,' muttered Jack, who felt sore both morally and physically from the shaking. 'It came over here.'

'It had no business to,' returned the Colonel, picking up the offending article; 'and since it's here, I'll keep it, I think.—And now, be off with you, d'you hear?—No; not that way,' as the boy made for the wall. 'Can't you see the gate?'

And through the gate Jack went, feeling highly indignant with the Ogre for his rude reception of him, and fully persuaded that he was quite the martyr the others thought him.

But the Colonel was not disturbed by any remorse. In his eyes, other people's boys were a nuisance; he did not understand them, and felt decidedly aggrieved if they were allowed to trouble him. So he lit his cigar and walked thoughtfully up and down, as if no such person as Jack existed. He had completed ten turns in undisturbed peace, and was walking towards the house for the eleventh time, when a slight noise behind him made him turn round. To his utter astonishment he beheld, standing in the middle of the path, a little boy. The Colonel was too much taken aback to speak, but stood staring at his small visitor in speechless amazement. He was not a pretty little boy, but he had a dark attractive face, and grave wondering eyes, which seemed to scan the tall Colonel from head to foot. 'So,' he said at last when he had finished his scrutiny,' *you* are the Ogre, are you?' Then, without waiting for an answer, he continued: 'Well, you are not pretty. Are all ogres so ugly, I wonder?'

'Upon my word!' ejaculated the astonished Ogre, letting his cigar fall from between his fingers—'upon my word!'

'And you are jolly unkind,' continued his small accuser—'jolly unkind,' he repeated, eyeing the object of his remarks gravely. 'You hurt Jack awfully, and you prigged his ball. I call that mean.'

'But it came into my garden,' protested the Ogre. 'I had a right to keep it.'

'You hadn't,' exclaimed the small boy; 'you hadn't any right. Jack bought the ball with his very own money, and you stole it.'

The Ogre blushed beneath his sunburn.

'Yes,' repeated his tormentor impressively, 'you stole it! And mother says it's wrong to steal.—Perhaps, though,' he added suddenly, 'you haven't been told that; perhaps ogres don't have mothers. Do they?'

A far-off memory of a little fellow hardly older than this one saying his prayers at the knee of a sweet-faced gentle woman he called 'mother' rose before the Colonel's mind, and his voice faltered as he answered slowly: 'I had a mother once; but she is dead: she died long, long ago;' and a mist rose before his eyes, and he was obliged to rub his gold-rimmed eye-glasses with his handkerchief.

A little hand was laid on his arm, and a little voice cried sorrowfully: 'Poor, poor Ogre!—Don't cry, please. Of course you are cross if you have no mother; for she can't comfort you if you are sad. But Jack won't mind when I tell him; so, please don't cry.' And as the Colonel stooped to pick up his fallen cigar, a pair of soft childish arms were pressed round his neck and a warm kiss was imprinted on his rugged cheek.

He raised the child in his arms and said softly: 'Never mind, little one; you shall comfort me. Will you be my friend?' And then, as the tightened clasp of the hands round his neck told of the child's acquiescence, he continued: 'Here is Brother Jack's ball. Give it to him from me, and tell him I am sorry I was cross, but I am only a gruff old Ogre who doesn't know any better.—And now,' he added, 'will you stay and talk to me a bit?'

The child nodded; and setting him down on the ground, the Colonel walked along beside him, becoming every moment more astonished at himself for being interested by the childish prattle of his companion, whose name he learnt was Norman Francis Tracy—'After grandpapa,' the boy added proudly. He was just in the midst of a story of their aunt's cat, 'who is called Manky 'cause she's got no tail,' when the garden gate opened and a tall lady-like girl came quickly up the path. It was Miss Grant, who, on her return, had found all the children in a great state of excitement, for they said 'Norman had gone to the Ogre's, and had never come back.' They implored Miss Grant to go and see what had happened at once, 'or he may be half-roasted,' they cried; for, having retired indoors on Jack's return, they knew nothing of what was happening.

Poor Miss Grant looked aghast; not that she imagined the child would come to any harm, but the idea of his going to Colonel Chalmers and bothering him was a dreadful one. So, depositing her parcels, she rushed off then and there to the 'enchanted castle,' as the children called it.

The Colonel looked rather alarmed as he saw a fresh visitor approaching. Had Miss Sophia or Miss Janet been at home, he would probably have rushed indoors for them; but, unfortunately, they were both out calling, and as he couldn't leave a lady standing in the middle of his path without addressing her, he advanced courteously, hat in hand, towards her, hardly reassured by Norman's whispering, 'It's only Miss Grant; she's come for me.'

'I beg your pardon, I'm sure,' exclaimed his visitor, almost as much disconcerted at the sight of the renowned Ogre as he was at the sight of her. 'I have been out; and when I came home the children told me Norman had come here. I am so sorry he should have troubled you;' and she looked reproachfully at the culprit, who looked up penitently. 'Did I bother you?' he inquired.

'Not at all—not at all,' returned the Colonel, patting the dark head reassuringly.—'I assure

you, madam,' he continued, turning to Miss Grant, 'I have enjoyed having him immensely. He is quite a companion.'

'It is very kind of you to say so,' answered the girl. 'I was afraid he had been in your way.—No; I won't come in, thank you,' in reply to the Colonel's polite invitation to come in and rest. 'It is time for tea, and I must be quick.—Come, Norman.'

The Colonel bent down. 'Well, good-bye, little man,' he said kindly. 'Come and see me again soon, eh! Perhaps mother will let you come to tea with me to-morrow and bring Master Jack too.—May they, d'you think?' This to Miss Grant, who was waiting very much astonished at the sight of the Ogre allowing Norman to kiss him, and not only allowing, but evidently enjoying the process. 'Oh, certainly,' she answered, 'if you care to have them.'

The Ogre walked to the gate with them, and as he bade them good-bye, he said suddenly: 'I hope my sisters will call on you all soon.' Then, lifting his hat, he retreated into his garden, saying to himself as he walked slowly up the path: 'Nice girl that, very—a sensible nice girl.'

His sisters on their return were electrified by his announcing casually that he had invited some boys to tea the next day. 'And you'll have to get some cake or jam or something,' he added; 'for I believe that is what children eat.'

Miss Sophia paused in the midst of pouring out the tea and gazed in astonishment at her brother. 'Do you feel quite well, Frederick, my dear?' inquired the elder lady, while her sister looked anxiously at his eyes, to see if they were rolling insanely.

It was the Colonel's turn to look amazed. 'Quite well?' he echoed. 'Of course I feel quite well. Why shouldn't I?—Sophia, I should like my tea, if you please.—Why shouldn't I feel well?' he continued.

'Of course there's no reason why you should not,' replied Miss Janet; 'only, it's very odd, you know;' and the two sisters looked despairingly at each other.

Their brother stared. 'Well,' he said at length, a grim smile playing over his features, 'it is odd, I suppose. But you see I didn't know before how nice boys were.'

Whatever their feelings were upon the niceness of boys in general, his sisters did not express them; and greeted the boys very kindly when they appeared the next evening washed and brushed into a state of Sunday tidiness; and certainly the little fellows, when the first shyness wore off, were very amusing. They told their hosts that 'mother' had gone away for a fortnight, and they were afraid Miss Grant found it very dull at home. 'We don't know many people, you see,' Jack explained, 'and of course she must get tired of talking to us sometimes.'

When Miss Janet had taken the boys into the dining-room to get some cake before going home, the Colonel turned to Miss Sophia: 'You had better ask that girl in here sometimes,' he said quietly; 'it would do her good.'

'But I thought you objected to girls?' exclaimed his sister.

'Not to girls like that. I don't like old women. Besides, I can go to my study when I like.'

The result of this was that Leslie Grant, as she was called, became a frequent visitor at the enchanted castle, and very soon shared the boys' opinion that the Colonel was 'an old buck,' and his sisters 'two of the jolliest old girls in the world.' Indeed, when Mrs Tracy came home, she was very much astonished at the degree of intimacy which had sprung up between her family and the neighbours. So great, indeed, had this intimacy become, that when Colonel Chalmers was tied to the fireside with a bad cold, the children were always running in with little gifts and words of consolation; while the two sisters found Leslie's help invaluable in the matter of chess-playing, reading aloud, and otherwise amusing the invalid, who gradually came to look for her coming and to feel that she was as necessary to his comfort as his sisters. He never owned this feeling even to himself, for he would have considered it disloyal to those good sisters who were so devoted to him.

The winter drew to an end. The Colonel's cold had departed, but his affection for the children did not vanish with the snow. They were so constantly running in there, that Mrs Tracy grew quite uneasy lest they should worry the Chalmerses, and Miss Sophia could hardly persuade her that they enjoyed having them. 'Dear Frederick' was so much brighter since he had known them, she assured her; and indeed no one would have believed that the courteous, pleasant man who sat chatting with the four ladies almost every evening was the same man as the Frederick Chalmers of a year ago.

One morning, as he sat reading his papers and letters at the breakfast table, he looked up, saying: 'Here, Sophia; I've got a note from Geoffrey. He is coming here for his furlough, if we can have him. Shall I write and tell him to come?'

'Of course, my dear Frederick,' replied his sister. 'I see no reason why he should not come. We are quite prepared to have him.'

And thus it came to pass that a few days later, when Leslie came in, in the evening, to speak to Miss Sophia she found a tall handsome youth seated on the drawing-room sofa. She was rather surprised, and began retreating towards the door. 'I thought Miss Sophia was here,' she said hastily. But the young soldier sprang up, saying: 'Pray, don't go. Allow me to call Cousin Sophia for you.' Then, as the light from the lamp fell on the girl's face and figure, he exclaimed joyfully: 'Why, it's Mary's friend, Miss Grant, isn't it?'

'Mr Markham!' exclaimed Leslie. 'This is indeed a surprise. How did you come here?'

'By the train,' he replied gaily. 'The fact is Mary is away in Scotland, and so, having no one to go to, I volunteered a visit to my cousins—at least my mother's cousins they are really.—I'm awfully glad I came, though,' he continued.

'Oh,' said Leslie demurely; and at that moment the door opened and Miss Sophia came in.

'I hope, my dear Geoffrey,' she began; but catching sight of Leslie, she stopped. 'Has my cousin been introducing himself?' she inquired pleasantly.

'Oh no,' answered the young man; 'we are old friends.—Aren't we, Miss Grant?'

'Very,' returned Leslie, smiling; and then, seeing the look of surprise on Miss Sophia's face, she explained that she and Mary Markham had always

been great friends, and thus she had become acquainted with Mary's brother, Geoffrey. Then, having delivered her message from Mrs Tracy, she went off home, to ponder over the strange chance which had brought her old friend and playfellow into her neighbourhood.

Of course, after this the intercourse between the two houses became greater than ever. The Colonel was a great gardener, and he used to go out long rambling walks with his cousin in search of rare ferns or plants, and very often Miss Grant and her charges were of the party. Needless to say the children stuck by their friend the Colonel, and thus their governess was forced to accept the companionship of Geoffrey.

The Belminster ladies said Mrs Tracy was very wrong in letting her children torment 'that poor Colonel Chalmers;' while they strongly disapproved of the 'fast conduct of that Miss Grant' in going out so often with two gentlemen; and they sincerely pitied 'those poor dear Miss Chalmerses for having such an eccentric brother —'such a peculiar man, my dear! Used to hate women, now positively worships them.'

Had the Belminster ladies seen the adoring glances which Geoffrey cast at Leslie when no one was looking, not even herself—had they seen the girl's happy smile as she sat at night by her bedroom window and recalled the hundred little tokens of a certain person's admiration, they would probably have been still more horrified. The fact of the matter was that Geoffrey was growing more and more in love every day. He had always secretly admired his sister's friend; but by the time his furlough was drawing to an end, he knew that he loved her honestly and sincerely, and he could not bear the idea of going away without knowing his fate. So one day at dinner he announced casually that he would run in next door to take Norman some soldiers he had promised him and to borrow a song from Mrs Tracy. 'I shan't be very long, I don't suppose,' he added as he donned his hat, and the next moment he was gone.

About an hour after this, Colonel Chalmers suddenly bethought himself that he ought to give Mrs Tracy a book he had promised her; and not caring to trust the work, a valuable one, to the servants, he strolled across himself. 'Mrs Tracy in?' he inquired.—'Yes; in the drawing-room, sir,' replied the maid.—'Oh, well; I'll just take this up myself;' and he ascended the softly-carpeted stair to the first floor. The drawing-room door was slightly open, and lifting the heavy crimson *portière*, he glanced in to see if Mrs Tracy were indeed there. But the sight which met his eyes drove all thoughts of Mrs Tracy and her book from his mind; for there, standing with their backs to the door, and thus unable to see the intruder, were Geoffrey and Leslie. The head of the young man was bent over the fair girlish one which leant trustfully against his shoulder, and a low whispered, 'My darling, do you really and truly love me?' smote on the ear of the astonished Colonel. He did not wait for the answer—that was legible enough in the confiding attitude of the bent golden head, and in the movement of a little white hand into the strong brown one near it. Softly he let fall the curtain and turned towards the stairs with a half-stunned feeling, for that short glimpse had shown him that for him at least the world only contained one woman, and she was the affianced of another.

'Fool, dolt that I have been!' he murmured as he turned down the garden path. 'Why did I let her think me nothing but a crusty old bachelor! Why, oh, why didn't I find out how dear she was before Geoffrey came between us!'

By the time he reached home, after a wild and apparently aimless walk, he had come to view the matter from a more rational point; and although his heart was aching as much as ever, he yet managed to summon up a smile and a gruff, 'Wish you joy, lad,' when his cousin came to him with the good news.

But he did not stay in Belminster; he felt he couldn't; and when, a day or so afterwards, he found Miss Sophia suffering from her old enemy rheumatism, he declared that it would be a good plan for them all three to go off to some German baths. So naturally did he make the proposal, that no one except Miss Janet suspected anything; and she having suffered the same sorrow in her time, probably had sharper eyes than the rest.

Very sorry were the children to bid good-bye to their old friend, whom they were never to see again; for about a month afterwards they got a letter from Miss Janet telling them that 'dear Frederick' had passed away, the cause of his death being a cold which had attacked his lungs. To the utter surprise of all Belminster, and of the Misses Chalmers themselves, it was found that after legacies to one or two people, and the sum of five thousand pounds to each of his sisters, the bulk of Colonel Chalmers's fortune, which was not inconsiderable, was bequeathed to Leslie Grant, to be by her received on the day she married Geoffrey Markham.

Only Miss Janet, by the light of past experience, read between the lines of this unexpected will, and very tender was she to the girl her brother had loved. It was she who, at her own request, arrayed the girl in her glistening bridal dress when about a year later Geoffrey led her, a happy and contented bride, to the altar of St Margaret's, Belminster; and it was she who, when the ceremony was over, gathered up a few of the flowers which had carpeted the bride's path and placed them secretly upon a quiet grave in the churchyard hard by, two or three tears trickling down upon their snowy petals as she thought lovingly of 'Brother Frederick.'

THE VACQUERO.

A GREAT many people even in the West confound Vacqueros with Cowboys, some even supposing that the only difference between the men known by these names is that of locality of the country in which they work; in other words, that a man working with range-cattle is a cowboy in the North and a vacquero in the South. Such a mistake, however, is only made by people unacquainted with range-work, because as a matter of fact there is a vast difference between the occupations in which these men are engaged. It is true every vacquero may become a cowboy; but every cowboy cannot possibly become a vacquero.

The name and the occupation it denotes are both of Spanish origin. It is a matter of history that the first horses brought to America were from Spain, and the cow-ponies used in Texas and Old and New Mexico are to-day mongrel descendants from the pure-bred Barbs landed on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico over a century since. The same is true of the vacquero, for he is invariably a Mexican, sometimes the descendant from a pure Castilian family; but more often a 'Greaser' or half-breed, having the blood of the Castilian and Indian mixed in his veins. His occupation is handling and breaking wild horses, and while he inherits the hot-tempered impetuous disposition together with the reckless bravery of his Spanish ancestry, he has also coupled with it the cunning and treachery of his Indian forefathers, in as noted a degree as the wild descendants of those pure-bred Spanish palfreys have inherited their high spirits, speed, and endurance.

In his dress the vacquero gives the strongest outward evidence of his ancestry and occupation. The heavy broad-brimmed sombrero, ornamented with gold or silver braid and cord; the fancifully decorated and embroidered velveteen jacket and trousers, with buckskin shirt and gaily-coloured sash, long-legged boots and big spurs, form invariably the dress adopted by him, no matter how poor he may be or how old and worn his garments.

In choosing his outfit, his saddle and bridle, he is more careful than the ordinary cowboy, and gives less thought to the expense; especially so is this the case with regard to the trappings of his saddle, which are often fastened in place with silver-headed rivets, the heads being frequently as large as a crown-piece, and engraved with monograms, or brands, or any other device which may catch his fancy. His bridle is usually of his own manufacture, of plaited horse-hair of different colours so combined as to give evidence of his natural artistic taste. It differs from the ordinary bridle in being so constructed as to be adapted for use with or without bits, and when used in the latter shape is called a 'hackamoor.' It is in this shape the vacquero invariably uses it the first time he saddles and mounts a wild horse, because then the bits are useless, and only irritate the animal; the first lesson the vacquero desires to teach it being to go ahead without any regard to direction, the hair-cord which passes around the nose and jaws being sufficiently strong to stop its wild race, if such a course is necessary. The lasso or lariat used by the vacquero is, like the cowboy's, made from plaited raw hide or horse-hair, about thirty feet in length, and so heavy that none but a very strong wind is able to alter the course of the noose when thrown at a fleeing animal.

This outfit entire is often worth hundreds of dollars, and represents the vacquero's stock in trade, being as indispensable as a lawyer's or physician's library. We have often seen such an outfit girthed, or 'sinched' as they say, on a horse not worth many more cents than the outfit was dollars. The vacquero takes more pride in the completeness and quality of his outfit than the ordinary cowboy.

Rarely do you ever see the vacquero change his occupation; he is apparently born in the saddle, reared in the saddle, and not unfrequently falls dead from the saddle. He is more accomplished with the lasso than the cowboy, and no vacquero is considered a thoroughly competent lasso-thrower, or roper, unless he can catch a horse running at its utmost speed by any one of its four feet, or its two front or hind feet. Merely to be able to throw a lasso over the horse's head is no qualification for a vacquero. Then, too, an efficient vacquero understands thoroughly the art of braiding horse-hair or raw hide and making therefrom bridles, riding-whips or 'querts,' and lassos or lariats. Every portion of his large and heavily-rigged saddle has its proper Spanish name, which is unknown to the ordinary cowboy of the present day, although some years since, when Southerners were engaged exclusively in that business, most of those were familiar with the Spanish name of each portion or section of the saddle.

Of course, the main difference between the vacquero and cowboy is that the former is employed exclusively with range-horses, while the latter's charges are horned creatures. Besides this, the thorough vacquero is rarely seen in the North. In other respects, however, his life and habits are very similar to those of the cowboy; but he is better paid, and actually his life is in greater danger; for, while the cowboy may have occasionally to break a broncho or half-wild horse, that is the vacquero's regular occupation, and he may be called on to ride five or six a day for weeks at a time.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

You rhyme in praise of my golden hair;
Ah, but the gold will turn to gray.
You vow that no maiden with me may compare;
Yes, but the Spring-time will pass away.

Though my eyes be blue as the deep-blue sea,
Blue eyes can fade through the mist of years;
What if the end of your rhyme should be
Blistered and spoilt with salt, sad tears?

'Then I must find rhymes for snow-white hair,
Dear, if the gold should turn to gray,
For never another with you may compare,
E'en though the Spring-time be passed away.

'If your eyes, now blue as the deep-blue sea,
Should fade, beloved, through the mist of years,
What care I, so together we be;
Only, sweetheart, let me dry those tears.'

F. P.

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THE BELLS OF LONDON.

The bells of London have undoubtedly a significance all their own, as high above the bustle and roar they pour forth a merry peal or solemn strain. The city-man, be he simply performing his allotted task, or entirely intent on money-getting, can in neither case ignore the bells. Ringing and clanging in the high tower above, attention is not only demanded but gained. But it is not every one who gives them a ready ear, for some there be who would, if they could, silence them for ever.

Bell-ringing as now practised is of comparatively modern growth—change-ringing having been introduced little more than two hundred years ago. *Chiming* was, of course, in vogue long before, and the use of bells for various purposes is most ancient.

But as regards change-ringing, it must not, of course, be supposed that present-day 'methods' sprung into existence all at once. At first, only rounds and call-changes were rung—the elaboration therefrom being mainly due to Fabian Stedman, of Cambridge, known as the 'father' of change-ringing. It was in 1677 that Stedman's method was rung at St Benet's, Cambridge, the ringers being the 'College Youths.' These youths were members of a Society of bell-ringers. This Society was founded in 1637, and is known to-day as 'The Ancient Society of College Youths.' The Society is a strong one, and has members in all parts of the country and of all grades of society. Another old Society of ringers is 'The Royal Cumberland Youths.' The 'College Youths' were in the habit of ringing at St Martin's, College Hill, until that church was destroyed in the Great Fire of London. Lord Brereton was one of the first members of this Society.

Now for some reference to the churches where bell-ringing obtains.

Those massive structures which meet one at every turn in the city—its churches—are *par excellence* the home of the bells. These churches are in many instances hidden from view; but for all that, a masterpiece of Wren may here and there be found. But it is not intended to describe the churches, but to glance mainly at the belfry and the bells. Strange it is, too, in this connection, that it was not until the year 1878 that St Paul's Cathedral had its peal. This peal consists of twelve bells. The key is B flat. The tenor bell weighs three tons. The ringers divide amongst them some hundred and fifty pounds a year. This is for ordinary work; extra attendance meaning, of course, additional pay. St Bride's, Fleet Street, one of Wren's finest churches, has a fine peal of twelve hung in its splendid tower. They are in D. A noteworthy circumstance in connection with St Bride's is that it had the first peal of ten bells (afterwards a peal of twelve, two being added) in London. The bells date from 1710. The tenor weighs twenty-eight hundredweight. The 'Bow Bells' of Chepe, that is Bow Church, Cheapside, so famous in London's annals, date from 1761. They are a fine peal in C. The tenor weighs fifty-three hundredweight; the total weight of the set of twelve being upwards of eleven tons. Where would the structures of to-day be with such a weight as this to support? When these bells are ringing there is considerable vibration in the tower. St Botolph's, Bishopsgate, has a peal of eight bells. They are in E flat. The tenor is just a ton in weight. Capital tower here; roomy, square, and sturdy, but not so large as St Bride's. St Botolph's was built in 1732, and the peal of bells was fixed in 1783. The steeple-keeper here has been bell-ringing for fifty-four years, and loves it as much as ever. He is not a clever player, but for all ordinary ringing he is first-rate. He can take a bell for most of the 'methods;' but he has not studied the *technique* of the thing as one would wish. St Giles' Church, Cripplegate, has a fine peal of twelve bells; tenor weighs thirty-six hundredweight. There is a carillon here for playing the bells. A very musical peal of bells is to be found at St Michael's, Cornhill. Twelve bells; tenor, forty-

one hundredweight. The bells of St Saviour's, Southwark, are very fine in tone. The key is B flat; tenor, fifty hundredweight.

It is impossible to enumerate within reasonable limits one-fourth of those bells with which the writer has a personal acquaintance, so only a few more can be referred to, and that briefly, or the remarks on the ringers must be left out altogether.

Shoreditch Church has a peal of twelve bells, key of D; tenor, thirty-two hundredweight. Tower vibrates considerably when bells are in play. Carillon here, but out of order just now. St Martin's-in-the-Fields has a peal of twelve—perhaps the oldest in London. (St Bride's peal of twelve was not all hung at once; ten were at first hung, and two subsequently. The ten were up before St Martin's, but not perhaps the last two. St Martin's twelve were hung at once.) The bells are of fine tone, and the belfry very large. The key is D; tenor, thirty-two hundredweight. Whitechapel Church has a peal of eight bells, key of G; tenor weighs just a ton. St Clement Danes has a peal of ten bells and carillon.

There are scores of other peals in London; but what has been mentioned will suffice as types of the rest.

Outside the city and its environs, peals of twelve are not numerous; for it must not be overlooked that peals are not only very expensive, but require much room, and besides this, towers of great strength. A peal of eight will weigh some five tons, and require some eighteen square feet for their accommodation. Added to the weight of the bells is the weight of the frame, usually of solid English oak, and of great strength. The cost of a peal of eight would be from five hundred to one thousand pounds; so this is usually as much as can be spent, except by richly endowed churches, or unless well-to-do persons come forward. But what of the ringers? An evening in the belfry with them must suffice, and some remarks *en passant* as to matters connected therewith.

Entering the belfry of some old city church, and gazing at the ringers as they are engaged at their arduous task, one cannot refrain from pondering over the many *changes* that have rung without and within since the bells which ring above were hung. Without, kings and queens have come and gone; within, ringers of several generations have passed away, and their death-knell has been rung by their successors. The changes in the position and power of the people since the first change vibrated in the tower above; the many rectors that have preached in the old pulpit; the many happy pairs that to merry peals have passed through the porch, looking at the, to them, all-bright vista of the future: these and a host of thoughts of a kindred character are conjured up in the mind as one stands watching the ringers of the bells.

But, ascending above the ringers and groping up the narrow stone staircase, the bells themselves may be reached. And standing just above the framework in which they are fixed, and when they are being rung, is a sight which lives in the memory. It is night, and the glimmer of an old lantern only serves to light the dark masses of metal in such a way as to make them look weird and uncanny. It is with difficulty their shape is made out, as one peers at the ever-moving loud-tongued monsters just below. The ringers are now out of sight, and only their work is apparent. But, forgetting them for a moment, it would really seem that some wondrous, magic power, not of earth, was at work. The ringing and the clanging; the revolving wheels and bells; the deafening roar; the gloomy tower; the absence of all other sound or sight: these excite the feelings and the senses in such a way that the onlooker may give play to fancy as he will. But there is little to tempt one to stay in such close proximity to the bells, and the ringers below are not without interest. It may therefore be well to return to them.

The ringers of London are, in the main, working-men. It would not do to depend upon their earnings as ringers except in a few exceptional cases. The members of 'The Ancient Society of College Youths' may be considered the *élite* of the class. Their members ring at one church or another once or twice every week. Their chief place of meeting is St Saviour's, Southwark. Members ring here and at certain other churches on a fixed night; many churches besides these being taken for ringing at uncertain intervals. 'Grandsire Triples,' 'Oxford Treble Bob,' 'Kent Treble Bob,' and many other 'methods' are rung by this Society, and a very high standard has been reached. It should be mentioned here that 'Peal Boards' will be found in most of the city churches recording feats in change-ringing by members of this and other Societies. 'Grandsire Triples' is the favourite change—five thousand and forty changes being usually rung in a few minutes over three hours. There are, of course, scores of 'methods' of change-ringing—the 'method' usually taking its name from its inventor or from the town where first rung. There are, for instance, the 'London Surprise,' 'Cambridge Surprise,' and several named after Stedman and others.

Bell-ringing is not altogether safe work or child's-play. Ringers can furnish particulars of cases where men, from want of care or knowledge, have been killed. The bell-rope requires the nicest manipulation, or the ringer may be carried upward with its upward movement, and receive his deathblow from the ceiling above. Several cases of this kind have occurred. A bell-ringer once met his death by the rope getting round his neck, and before his comrades could help him he was strangled. The hanging rope looks the simplest thing in the world to bring into play; but there is the heavy mass above to be considered.

Although bell-ringing is rather popular just now, the 'red-letter days' of the city in connection therewith are not so frequent as of yore. Weddings at most of the churches are few and far between; and the days of public rejoicing come but rarely. There are, of course, ringings for special occasions of various sorts—anniversaries and the like. But with the departure of the city residential population, there is little of local interest—interest, that is, which calls for bell-ringing in connection therewith. A ringer usually receives four shillings for ringing; but several weeks may pass without his services

being required. The steeple-keepers at most of the churches are ringers. They receive their payment for their duties in connection with the steeple—perhaps twenty pounds per annum—besides any sums for special ringing with the other men. The steeple-keeper rings, of course, for the services of the church as part of his duty. But it does not follow from this that he is a 'change-ringer,' though in most cases he is qualified in this way also, but not often found in the very front rank so far as ability in ringing 'methods' goes.

The London ringers are of varying ages—one man now ringing is eighty-three—an exceptional case; but many are of considerable age. Others are not out of their teens, or barely so. They work at their trades in the daytime and practise in the evening. There are postmen, masons, sawyers, bricklayers, shoemakers, gardeners, and, in fact, almost every class of worker. And one cannot help remarking how much better it is to see men spending their leisure in this way than simply wasting time and money in the public-house. Besides ringing at the church, many of the ringers have hand-bells, and are no mean performers on them. An adept may make these latter a source of income, especially in the winter, when such ringers are in request for entertainments. This is, indeed, in many instances the case; and to those possessing the necessary ability, there is ample opportunity, not in London only, but in all parts of the kingdom.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER III.—MY FELLOW-PASSENGERS.

It blew a hard breeze of wind that night. Soon after I had left the deck they furled the mainsail and topgallantsail, reefed the maintopsail, and tied another reef in the mizzen-topsail. In fact it looked as if we were to have a black gale of wind, dead on end too, with a sure prospect *then* of bearing up for the Downs afresh. How it may be in these steamboat times, I will not pretend to say; but my experience of the old sailing-ship is that the first night out, let the weather be what it will, is on the whole about as wretched a time as a man at any period of his life has to pass through.

Mr Colledge was sound asleep in his bunk, his brandy flask within convenient reach of his hand. It was certain enough that he had heard nothing of the disturbance on deck. I undressed and rolled into my bed, and there lay wide awake for a long time. The ship creaked like a cradle. The full dismalness of a first night out was upon me, and it was made weightier yet—how much weightier indeed!—by the recollection of the wild and sudden tragedy of the evening.

I fell asleep at last, and was awakened at half-past seven by the steward, who wished to know if I wanted hot water to shave with. The moment I had my consciousness, I was sensible that a heavy sea was running.

'No shaving this morning, thank you,' said I, 'unless I have a mind to slice the nose off my face.—How 's the weather, steward?'

'Blowing a buster from the south'ard, sir,' he answered, talking with his lips at the venetian of the closed door, 'and the ship going along 'andsomely as a roll of smoke.'

Here somebody called him, and he trotted away.

Mr Colledge awoke. 'By George!' he exclaimed, 'I 've had a doocid long sleep.'

'How d' ye feel?' said I.

'In no humour to rise,' he answered. 'I suppose I can have what breakfast I 'm likely to eat brought to me here?'

'Bless you, yes,' I answered.

'Any news, Mr Dugdale?' he asked, his voice beginning to languish as a sensation of nausea grew upon him with the larger awakening of his faculties.

'We ran down a French lugger last night,' said I, 'and drowned a lot of men. That 's all.'

He eyed me dully, thinking perhaps that I was joking, and then said: 'Well, there it is, you see. Yesterday, you were talking of the *fun* of a voyage; and the very earliest of the humours is the drowning of a lot of men.'

'And women,' said I.

'Poor beggars!' he exclaimed.—'Will you hand me a bottle of Hungary water that you 'll find in my portmanteau?—Much obliged to you, Dugdale: and will you kindly tell the steward as you pass through the cabin to bring me a cup of tea?'

But a very few of us assembled at the breakfast table. Colonel Bannister was there, a very ramrod of a man, with a Bengal-tigerish expression of face as he glared round about him from betwixt his white wire-like whiskers. There were also present Mr Emmett, an artist, who was making the voyage to the East for the purpose of painting Indian scenery, a man with long hair curling down his back, a ragged beard and moustaches, a velvet coat, and Byronic collars, out of which his long thin neck forked up like the head of a pole through a scarecrow's suit of clothes; Mr Peter Hemskirk, who looked uncommonly fat, pale, and unfinished in his attire this morning; two young Civil Service fellows—as we should now call their trade—named Greenhew and Fairthorne; and Mr Sylvanus Johnson, a journalist, bound to Bombay or Calcutta (I cannot be sure of the city), to edit a newspaper—a bullet-headed man, with a sort of low-comedian face, very blue about the cheeks where he shaved, a nose of the shape of a woman's thimble, and small keen restless black eyes, full of intelligence, whose suggestion in that way was not to be impaired or weakened by an expression in repose of singular self-complacency. Captain Keeling, at the head of the table, sat skewered up in his uniform frock-coat in stiff satin stock and collars. Mr Prance occupied the other end of the table. He, too, was attired in a uniform resembling the dress worn by the skipper. He had a pleasant brown sailorly face, with a floating pose of head upon his shoulders that made one think of a soap-bubble poised on top of a pipe-stem. There were no ladies. Once I caught a glimpse of Mrs

Colonel Bannister's Roman nose, and gray hair ornamented with a large black lace cap, fitfully hovering for a moment or two in the wide hatch past the chief-officer's chair, down which the steps led that went to the sleeping berths. But the apparition vanished with almost startling suddenness, as though the old lady had fallen or been violently pulled below. When, later on, I inquired after her, I learnt that she had betaken herself again to her bunk.

It was a mighty uncomfortable breakfast. The ship was rolling violently and convulsively upon the short snappish Channel seas—the most insufferable of all waters when in commotion, making even the seasoned salt pine for the long regular rhythmic heave of the blue ocean billow. The fiddles hindered the plates from sliding on to our laps; but their contents were not to be so easily coaxed into keeping their place; an unusually heavy lurch shot a large helping of liver and bacon on to Mr Hemskirk's knees; and the ship's surgeon, Dr Hemmeridge, came perilously near to being badly scalded by Mr Johnson, the literary man, who, in reaching for a cup of tea, tilted the swinging tray. There was not much talk, and what little was said chiefly concerned the incident of the previous evening.

'Captain,' cried young Mr Fairthorne in an effeminate voice—he was the gentleman, it seems, who last night had been calling upon anybody to smother the ayah—'whath to become of thothe poor Frenchmen?'

'Sir,' answered Captain Keeling in a manner as stiff as a marline-spike with his dislike of the subject, 'I do not know.'

'Frenchmen,' cried Colonel Bannister in a loud voice, as though he were directing the manœuvres of a company of Sepoys, 'are the hereditary enemies of our country, and it never can matter to a Briton what becomes of them.'

'Boot, my tear sir,' remarked Mr Hemskirk, 'you are a Briton, yes—and you are a Christian too, und der Franchman iss your broder.'

'My what?' roared the Colonel. 'Tell ye what, Mr Hemskirk: it is a good job that you cannot pronounce our language, otherwise you might happen sometimes, sir, to grow offensive.'

Mynheer, who seemed to have had some previous acquaintance with this little bombshell of a man, dried the grease upon his lips with a napkin, and cast a wink upon Mr Greenhew, whose face of resentment at this familiarity caused me to break into such an immoderate fit of laughter that there was nothing for it but to bolt from the table.

The second mate warmly clad paced the weather side of the poop, sending many a weatherly glance to seaward, with a frequent lifting of his eyes to the rounded iron-hard canvas; whilst against the brilliant white wake of the ship, roaring and boiling upwards, as it seemed, to the stoop of the Indiaman's huge square counter, the figures of the two sailors at the big wheel stood out clear-cut as cameos, with the broad brass band upon the circle dully reflecting a space of copperish light in the sky over the weather mizzen-topsail yard-arm, and the newly polished hood of the binnacle gleaming as though sun-touched. A couple of midshipmen in peacoats and brass buttons, curly-headed young rogues, with the spirit of mischief bright in every glance they sent, patrolled the lee-side of the poop; and up in the mizzen top were two more of them, with yet another long-legged fellow jockeying a spur of the crosstrees, with his loose trousers rattling like a flag; but what job he was upon I could not tell. The planks of this deck were as white as the trunk of a tree newly stripped of its bark. Four handsome quarter-boats swung at the davits. Along the rail on either hand went a row of hencoops, through the bars of which the heads of cocks and hens came and went in a winking sort of way, like a swift showing and withdrawing of red rags. On the rail, for a considerable distance, were stowed bundles of compressed hay, the scent of which was a real puzzle to the nose, coming as it did through the hard sweep of the salt wind. The white skylights glistened through the intricacies of brass wire which shielded them. Abaft the wheel, on either side of it, their tompioned muzzles eyed blindly by the closed ports meant to receive them, were a couple of eighteen-pounders; for in those days the Indiaman still went armed; not heavily, indeed, as in the war-times of an earlier period, but with artillery and small-arms enough to enable her to dispute with some promise of success with the picaroon who was still afloat, whose malignant flag the burnished waters of the Antilles yet reflected, and whose amiable company of assassins were as often to be met with under the African and South American heights as in the Channel of the Mozambique, or eastward yet on the broad surface of the Indian Ocean.

I crossed the deck to where Mr Cocker was stumping, and asked him if he could tell me off what part of the English coast our ship now was.

'Drawing on to the Wight, sir,' he answered with a sort of groping look in the little moist blue eyes he turned over the lee bow into the thickness beyond.

'Well, we're blowing through it, anyway,' said I. 'I shouldn't have allowed these heels for any conceivable structure born with such bows as the *Countess Ida*. What is it?' I asked with a glance at the broad dazzle of yeast dancing and whipping and slinging off the Indiaman's tall side against the hurl of the weather surge.

'It'll be all eight,' answered the second officer: 'it would be ten had she worked herself loose of the grip of the stevedores. She wants the main-sail and foreto'garn'sail. These old buckets are manufactured to creak, and whilst they creak, they hold, it is said.'

His face crumpled up into a grin that made him look twenty years older under the thatch of his sou'-wester curling to his eyebrows, with the broad flaps over his ears like a nightcap for his sea-helmet to sit upon.

'Pray, Mr Cocker,' said I, 'was any damage done to the ship by the collision last night?'

'There wasn't so much as a ropeyarn parted,' he answered. 'I looked to see the spritsail yard sprung, for it'll have been that spar, I reckon, which dragged the lugger's masts overboard by the shrouds of them. But it's as sound as anything else aboard the ship.'

He shifted uneasily, as though to make off, and turning my head, I spied the captain looking into the binnacle. So, having had already enough of the deck, I stepped below for a smoke

in the cuddy recess, where I found Mr Emmett in a long cloak, such as mysterious assassins and renegade noblemen used to wear at the Coburg Theatre, sucking at a large curled meerschaum pipe, and arguing on the subject of longitude with a little man almost a dwarf, an honest and highly intelligent pigmy, with the head of a giant supported on the legs of a boy of six, an amiable earnest little creature, with a trick of looking up wistfully into your face. His name was Richard Saunders; and I afterwards understood that he was proceeding to India on behalf of some Pharmaceutical Society, to collect information on and examples of Hindu and other medicines, drugs, charms, and so forth.

Well, all that day it continued to blow a very strong wind. The ship's plunging increased as the Channel opened under her bow and admitted something of the weight of the Atlantic in the run of its seas. There was a constant sharp-shooting of spray forward over the forecastle, and the wet came sobbing along the lee scuppers to where the cuddy front checked it under the poop ladder. Very few of us assembled at lunch or at dinner.

During the progress of this last meal Colonel Bannister left the table and went below, and after an interval, uprose through the hatch, with his large distinguished-looking wife holding on to him. Mynheer Peter Hemskirk, on seeing her, cried out: 'Ah, Meestrees Bannister, boot dot iss vot I call plooky!' and Mr Johnson came near to breaking his neck whilst starting to his legs to stand as she passed. She took a chair next her husband, and sat grimly staring around her, her lips pale with the compression of them. She shook her head to every suggestion made by the steward, and then, being unable to hold out any longer, seized hold of her little ramrod of a husband and went staggering and rolling below with him. When he returned, he tossed down a glass of wine with an angry gesture and a fierce countenance, and looking at Hemskirk, cried out: 'I've a great respect for my wife, sir, and she's a fine woman in every sense of the word.'—The Dutchman nodded.—'But,' continued the Colonel, clenching his fist, 'if ever I go to sea with a woman again, be she wife, aunt, or grandmother, may I be poisoned for a lunatic, and my remains committed to the deep. This is the fourth time I've sworn it—my mind is now resolved!'

Out of all this sort of thing one could get a laugh here and there; but on the whole it was desperately weary work, and continued so till we had blown clear of soundings. Altogether it was as ugly a down Channel run as any man would pray to be preserved from; the atmosphere gray, the seas a muddy green, the howling blast chill as a November morn, often darkening to a squall, that would sweep between the masts in horizontal lines of rain sparkling like steel, and with spite enough in the lancing of them to compel the strongest to turn his back. Now and again a lady passenger would show in the cuddy; but though there were some twenty-eight of us in all, not reckoning a couple of ayahs, and a China-man in the garb of his country, who acted as nurse to one Mrs Trevor's baby, never once in those days did above seven of us, barring the skipper and his mates, sit down to a meal.

The thick weather lay heavily upon the captain's mind, held him in fits of abstraction whilst at table, dismissed him after a brief sitting to the deck, and kept him heedful and taciturn whilst there. He had had one collision, and wanted no more; and you would notice how that tragedy had served him, by observing him when in the cuddy to prick up his ears to the least unusual noise on deck, to glance at the tell-tale compass over his head, as though it were the sun which he had been patiently waiting for a chance to 'shoot,' to swallow his food with impatient motions to the steward to bear a hand, and to bolt up the cabin steps without a smile or syllable of apology to us for quitting the table.

But there came a change at last. Ushant was then many long leagues astern, and the night had been dark but quiet, with a long Biscayan swell brimming to our starboard quarter and a play of sheet-lightning off the lee bow, and wind enough to send the Indiaman through it at some six knots with her royals and cross-jack furled and the weather clew of her mainsail up. This was as the picture showed when I went to bed at five bells—half-past ten—and on opening my eyes next morning I found the berth brilliant with sunshine, bulkhead and ceiling trembling to the glory rippling off the sea through the large round scuttle or porthole, and the action of the ship a stately gliding, with a slow long floating heave that raised no sound whatever of creak or straining, and that, after the long spell of tumble-fication, was as grateful to every sense and to all wearied bones as the firm unrocking surface of dry land.

Mr Colledge was shaving himself. I lay eyeing him for a few minutes, admiring the handsome high-born looks of the youth, and thinking it was a pity that such manly beauty as his should lack the consecrating touch of an intellectual expression to parallel his physical graces. He saw me in the glass in which he was scraping himself.

'Good-morning, Dugdale. I feel all right again, d'ye know. I am going to eat my breakfast in the cuddy and then go on deck.'

'Glad to hear it,' said I, putting my legs over the side of the bunk.

'I suppose there'll be some girls about this morning,' said he. 'Who the dooce are the passengers, I wonder? Anybody very nice aboard, not counting that ripping young lady with the black eyes?'

'Nearly everybody's been as sea-sick as you,' said I; 'and the few who have put in an appearance are males—your friend Emmett, the fat Dutchman, and two or three others.'

'Oh, you mean Mynheer Hemskirk, the corpulent chap, whose voice sounds like that of a man inside a rum puncheon talking through the bunghole.'

I asked him if he could tell me anything about Miss Temple, the black-eyed lady.

'Some one told me at Gravesend,' he answered—'but I don't know who it was—that she's a daughter of Sir Conyers Temple. I think I've heard my father speak of him as a man he has hunted with. If he's that Sir Conyers, he broke his head four years ago in a steeplechase.'

'Who accompanies the young lady to India, I wonder?' said I.

'Her aunt, I believe; but I don't know her name.—But I say, though, what makes you so inquisitive?'

'Oh, my dear Colledge,' said I, 'one is always inquisitive about one's fellow-passengers on board ship. The girl came up to me on deck the other night when the row of the collision was in full swing. I see her big eyes now—black as ebony, yet luminous too, with the flame of a flare-tin at the side reflected in each magnificent orb in a spot of crimson which made her pale hooded face as mystical as a vision of the night.'

He turned to stare at me, and broke into a laugh. 'So! *you* are the poet amongst the passengers, eh? as Emmett's the painter! What's to be *my* walk?—Oh, there goes the first breakfast bell! Heaven bless us, what a delightful thing it is not to feel sea-sick!'

We continued to gabble a bit in this fashion; he then left the berth, and a little later I followed him.

The large cuddy wore an aspect it had not before exhibited. The sunshine sparkled upon the skylights, and the interior was full of the blue and silver radiance of the rich and welcome autumn morning outside. The long table was all aglow with the silver and crystal furniture of the white damask, and through the glazed domes in the upper deck you could see the canvas on the mizzen swelling in a milky softness from yard to yard as the sails mounted to the height of the tender little royal.

The passengers came from the deck or up from below one after another; the change in the weather had acted as a charm, and here now was the whole mob of us, one old lady excepted, with a glimpse to be had of the two ayahs sunning themselves on the quarter-deck. The skipper, looking a bit stale, as with too much of all-night-work, but smart enough in the gingerbread trickery of his uniform, made a little speech of compliments to the ladies and gentlemen from the head of the table. There was a courtliness about the old fellow that gained not a little in relish from a sort of deep-sea flavour in his manner and varying expressions of face. I liked the quality of the bow with which he accompanied his answer to any lady who addressed him.

I sat at the bottom of the table on the port hand of the chief-officer, and was able to command a pretty good view of the people that I was to be associated with, as I might suppose, for the next three or four and perhaps five months. There were several girls amongst us—two Miss Jolliffes, three Miss Brookes, Miss Hudson, and four or five more. Miss Hudson was exceedingly pretty—hair of dark gold, and a skin delicate as a lily, upon which lay a kind of golden tinge too—oh, call it not freckles! though I daresay the charming effect was produced by something of that sort. Her eyes were large, moist, violet in hue, with slightly lifted eyebrows, which gave them an arch look. Mr Sylvanus Johnson, who sat next me, after staring at her a little, muttered in my ear in a dramatic undertone: 'Perdita has expressed that girl, sir:

> Violets dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
> Or Cytherea's breath.'

'If that be her mother next to her,' said I, 'fix your attention upon her, Mr Johnson, and Perdita's fancy will exhale!'

And indeed Mrs Hudson was a very extraordinary, and I may say violent contrast to her daughter: a pursy lady of about fifty, with a heavy underlip, puffed-out cheeks of a bluish tint, and a wig the youthful hue of which defined every trace of age in her countenance, till one thought of her as being some score years older than she really was.

But the interior was wonderfully humanised by these ladies. Their dress, the sparkle of jewels in their ears, on their fingers and throats, here and there a turban seated high on some motherly head—it was the age of turbans and feathers—the soft notes of the girls running an undertone of music through the deeper voices of the matrons and the growling of us males grumbling conversation across and up the table, whipped the fancy ashore, and made one think of drawing-rooms and guitars and Books of Beauty.

THE GIANT SUN.

To those unacquainted with the marvels of astronomy the above title may appear a little strange. For surely our sun must be considered a giant, 'giant in size,' as Sir John Herschel says, 'and giant in strength, but withal a benevolent giant, being the almoner of the Almighty, the delegated dispenser to us of light and warmth, the immediate source of all our comforts, and indeed of the very possibility of our existence.' Is there, then, any orb in the heavens superior to our sun, and more worthy to be styled a giant?

In comparing things on earth, we look upon this our planet as a giant, relative to the size of anything terrestrial; our highest mountains, our deepest oceans, are but specks compared with the huge mass of the earth. Then look at Jupiter, the noblest of the planets, acting as a subordinate sun to his system of satellites. This globe is hundreds of times larger than our world, and its mass even exceeds the combined mass of all the other planets. Yet vast as is the bulk of Jupiter, he seems dwarfed into insignificance compared with the sun's magnificent globe; a thousand Jupiters would not make up the volume of the sun nor outweigh his mighty mass. To speak of any other orb as being a giant sun, would seem to imply that there exists in the universe a globe bearing some such proportion to the sun as the sun does to Jupiter, or Jupiter does to our earth. Inconceivable as the idea of such a globe may be, it is, however, such a globe that I now wish to describe. As the late Richard Proctor said: 'Mighty as is the globe of the sun, there is an orb more than a thousand times vaster. Grand as is the scheme ruled by the sun, and inconceivable as are the forces exerted by the sun upon the orbs which circle round him, there is a sun which exerts forces many times more mighty on orbs which themselves probably exceed our sun in mass and volume. Magnificent as is the conception that our sun with his attendant family of planets is sweeping through space at a rate of two or three hundred miles every minute, the sun of which I speak carries a far mightier train through space at a rate many times greater.' Look towards

the south any clear night during the winter months, and you will see, low down, a star which will immediately arrest your attention, not only by its superior brightness, but also by its constant change of colour, at one moment red, at another green, at another white. This is Sirius, the famous Dog-star of the ancients, the most brilliant star in the heavens, and the largest known orb in the universe. It is difficult to conceive that this beautiful star is a globe much larger than our sun; yet it is a fact that Sirius is a sun many times more mighty than our own. That splendid star, which even in our most powerful telescopes appears as a mere point of light, is in reality a globe emitting so enormous a quantity of light and heat, that were it to take the place of our sun, every creature on this earth would be consumed by its burning rays.

Sirius shining with a far greater lustre than any other star, it was natural that astronomers should have regarded this as being the nearest of all the 'fixed' stars; but recent investigation on the distances of the stars has shown that the nearest to us is Alpha Centauri, a star belonging to the southern latitudes, though it is probable that Sirius is about fourth on the list in order of distance. For though there are about fifteen or twenty stars whose distances have been conjectured, the astronomer knows that in reality all of them, save three or four, lie at distances too great to be measured by any instruments we have at present. Astronomers agree in fixing the distance of the nearest star at twenty-two million of millions of miles; and it is certain that the distance of Sirius is more than three and less than six times that of Alpha Centauri, most likely about five times; so that we are probably not far from the truth if we set the distance of Sirius at about a hundred million of millions of miles! What a vast distance is this which separates us from that bright star; words and figures of themselves fail to convey to our minds any adequate idea of its true character.

To take a common example of illustrating such enormous distances: it is calculated that the ball from an Armstrong hundred-pounder quits the gun with a speed of about four hundred yards per second; now, if this velocity could be kept up, it would require no fewer than ten million years before the ball could reach Sirius! Again, take the swiftest form of velocity of which we have any knowledge, light, which travels at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand miles per second, or about twelve million miles a minute, yet the distance of Sirius is so vast that it takes nearly twenty years for its light to reach us; so that if Sirius was suddenly to become extinct, we should not be acquainted with the fact till twenty years hence.

Now, the work the astronomer has to do in order to calculate these distances is one of the greatest problems he has to solve, and the manner of his investigation may not be out of place. By way of illustration, take a room having two windows looking in the same direction; now stand at one window and select a certain object, say a tree, and notice the position in which it stands in relation to its surroundings; then look from the other window at the same object, and you will find that its surroundings have slightly changed; they have apparently shifted their position, owing to your having observed them from a different point of view. This is precisely what an astronomer does to determine the distance of a star; the earth in her wide circuit round the sun is in winter on the opposite side of the sun to what she was in summer, and consequently the earth's distance from the sun being about ninety-one million miles, we see the stars from two different points of view, one hundred and eighty millions of miles apart. But vast as is this base-line, any change in the position of a star is, with one or two exceptions, altogether inappreciable, and Sirius stands barely within the limits of any approximate estimation. In fact, this star, viewed from the two extremes of the earth's orbit, shows a displacement of position equal to about the five-thousandth part of the moon's diameter, so that it is almost impossible for astronomers to determine the distance or dimensions of Sirius by this means.

Bright as the Dog-star appears to the naked eye, in the telescope it appears as a mere point of light; and even in the largest telescopes constructed, though its light is greatly increased, a definite disc or outline, as is seen in the planets, is quite undiscernible; for if the power of a telescope was sufficient to 'raise a disc' on the star, it would be almost an impossibility to distinguish it, owing to its great brilliancy; for as Sir William Herschel tells us, when Sirius was about to enter the field of view of his forty-feet reflector, 'the light resembled that which announces the approach of sunrise;' and when the star was in the field of view 'it appeared in all the splendour of the rising sun, so that it was impossible to behold it without pain to the eye.'

Now, if astronomers could measure the disc of Sirius, they could from that determine its distance and measure its dimensions; but as no outline is appreciable, they resort to comparing the light received from this star with that which we receive from the sun, and by this means they are able to form some conclusion as to its probable size. After the most careful comparison of the light of Sirius, the sun and other stars, astronomers agree in fixing the volume of Sirius as exceeding our sun nearly five thousand times, and his diameter as exceeding our sun's seventeen times, so that the diameter of this giant orb is probably no less than over fourteen millions of miles!

To the philosophers and scientists of the last century, it must have appeared incredible that at any future time scientific discoveries would have enabled us to tell with certainty the composition of the stars. Yet during the last fifty years the science of spectrum analysis has so far advanced, as to give us undeniable proof of the existence of certain elements in the sun and also in the stars, similar to those with which we are acquainted on earth. As Dr Huggins says: 'We now need not teach our children that little couplet "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are!" because we really know; we have in the place of wonder, knowledge.' Of this method of ascertaining the composition of a distant body by its light, it is sufficient here to remark that it is due to the fact that, when a ray of light has by means of the spectroscope passed through a glass prism, it is spread out into a broad band comprising all the colours of the

rainbow. This band or spectrum is in the case of the sun and other similar bodies crossed by a number of fine dark lines, which correspond to the various elements present in their constitution. Now, if certain gases, such as hydrogen or sodium, be burnt and their spectra examined, lines similar to those in the sun's spectrum will be found; and if the two are compared, the presence or absence of such elements in the sun may be inferred. By this means of spectrum analysis it has been found that the sun contains a large number of terrestrial elements, including hydrogen, iron, sodium, magnesium, zinc, lithium, copper, oxygen, and many others; of these, the first four mentioned have been discovered in Sirius; and doubtless most of the others exist also, as the spectrum of this star resembles that of our sun in all essential respects, though it cannot be observed under the same favourable conditions.

By means of the spectroscope a very wonderful discovery has been made respecting Sirius. Astronomers had noticed that this star was in rapid motion through space, as it was found that year by year it was changing its position in the heavens, traversing in about fifteen hundred years a space equal to the apparent diameter of the moon, at a velocity of no less than twenty miles per second. Of course, by actual observation the only motion capable of being detected would be that which was square to the line of sight, so that although Sirius appears to us to move across the heavens, he may really be travelling in a slanting direction, either towards or from us. No one would ever have expected to be able to tell whether a star was approaching to or receding from us, yet even this seemingly insolvable problem has of late years been accomplished by the spectroscope. Dr Huggins, our greatest authority on this subject, having identified certain lines in the spectrum of Sirius as those of hydrogen, found on comparison that these were displaced in such a manner as to indicate that the star was receding from us. It has been estimated that this recession combined with the thwart motion of twenty miles per second, gives as the actual movement of Sirius in space a speed of about thirty-three miles per second.

These, then, constitute some of the chief items of information about Sirius at present within our knowledge.

There seems to be no reason to doubt that in common with other suns he has his system of planets circling round him after the manner of our own sun; and what a system! Vast as ours appears, it is dwarfed into insignificance compared with a system whose ruling orb is five thousand times larger than that which does duty for us. There seems also no reason to doubt that these planets are intended to be the abode of life: it may be that at the present moment none of them present any signs of life; but I think we may safely infer without improbability, that each one of those worlds has a destined period in its development during which, life, similar to that which now prevails on our planet, would be in existence. What a world such an one would be, in size perhaps not inferior to that of our sun, himself a million times larger than our earth; and it may be that as this Sirian world is so vastly superior to ours in size, its inhabitants would be on a scale in proportion to its dimensions, a race of beings of such intellect and civilisation, compared with whom we are but savages.

Such systems as these may possibly belong to a higher order of existence, a state of things to which we can never attain, and a degree of perfection to which we can never hope to arrive. Be this as it may, we have sufficient evidence to prove that Sirius is a sun of the highest order of creation, and an orb well worthy to be titled 'the giant sun,' for of all the stars of which we have any knowledge, none other more worthily deserve distinction than this the great Dog-star, the king amongst suns.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER III.

THE circumstances of the murder—for such it undoubtedly was—were so cruel and exceptional, that a thrill was sent through London when the newspapers were delivered on Monday morning. The victim was Margaret Neale, the Countess of Southfort's governess; and her body had been discovered by a constable, soon after dawn, at the bottom of the flight of steps leading down to the fountain from the side next Park Lane. On first seeing the body, he had thought, from its attitude, that it was a woman sleeping there; but on descending the steps, the constable perceived without touching her that she was dead. On a surgeon being quickly brought to the spot, he pronounced life to have been extinct for several hours; and from the dew upon the dead woman's clothing and certain other appearances, the body must have lain there all night.

The authorities had had all Sunday to prosecute inquiries before the murder became public in the next morning's papers; but as far as could be gathered, they had not found much light. First of all, the identity of the victim in itself made it difficult to get at a clue. She had gone back to Lady Southfort's house in Grosvenor Square after singing at the concert, and had certainly not left the house up to the hour of dinner (half-past eight). At what hour she went out, nobody could say; but it must have been during dinner, because, when sent for by Lady Southfort after dinner to come to the drawing-room, to the general surprise she was nowhere to be found. But a constable who was on duty in Park Lane had seen a lady of the same height and similarly dressed hurriedly cross the road from Mount Street and enter the small gate of the Park at a quarter past nine; he noticed that she went straight across the road towards the fountain. At ten o'clock the gate referred to was always closed for the night.

There was little doubt that this was Miss Neale; but the identification did not go far. She had never been known to leave the house before, except for some well-known purpose and at a usual hour; and the fact of her stealing out—as she must have done—added to the mystery. All her papers and effects were examined; but nothing was discovered to suggest an explanation of her conduct. She was not believed to have any acquaintance in London,

and was shy and retiring in disposition. To Lady Southfort, who knew the governess so well, it was incredible that she should have been in Hyde Park after dark—incredible and incomprehensible, the lady declared; until she saw with her own eyes the lifeless proof of it.

So much the newspaper reports, in substance, contained on Monday morning. During the course of the day many people applied for admission to view the body. To some it was allowed, and to Frank Holmes among others. As he stood, silent, gazing on the white placid face of the murdered girl, Mr Clayton the banker came beside him. They were both listening again, in fancy, to the notes which had moved them so singularly a few hours before the hand of a swift and cruel death silenced her sweet throat for ever.

'It is awful, Holmes,' said the banker in a whisper. 'Only think of her, on Saturday afternoon—and—look at her breast'—— They turned away, and left the place. On the street, Mr Clayton stopped, and laying his hand heavily on the younger man's shoulder, exclaimed: 'Frank, if the murderer is not caught within the next twenty-four hours, I will offer two thousand pounds reward over my own name for his arrest!'

Holmes listened without comment. The banker was powerfully excited; but the other, more experienced, though not less moved, had his faculties cool and under control. He was profoundly interested in this tragedy, not alone on account of the character of the poor victim, but by reason of the dark cloud of mystery which enveloped the deed. He knew privately that the police—for the present—were literally at fault. Miss Neale's manner of life had been so simple and regular and retired, and her character in Lady Southfort's house—outside of which she was not known—so gentle and winning, that even imagination was at a loss to suggest a motive for her death. It seemed possible to be accounted for only as a mistake in the dark; but nobody in Lady Southfort's house or out of it could throw the faintest light upon the unprecedented act of the governess privately leaving the house and at such an hour.

The ever enterprising and eager evening papers failed to add one iota to the information already made public. This was to many a disheartening sign; and the inquest, to take place the next day, was awaited with anxious interest.

The brevity of the proceedings in the coroner's court was significant of dearth of information. Only two witnesses, or at most three, demanded special attention. The first was the police constable who had made the discovery; he was passing near the fountain at half-past three on Sunday morning when he saw the body of a well-dressed young woman lying at the bottom of the steps. At first, he thought she was asleep; but on drawing near, he saw that she was dead—murdered by a wound in the breast. Except some blood upon the stones where she lay, no marks were visible. A surgeon was brought; and a close and extensive examination of the vicinity made, but without result.

The doctor who made the post-mortem examination deposed that a sharp instrument (a knife or dagger) had penetrated the heart, and that death must have been instantaneous; the face retained the calm expression of sleep.

The Countess of Southfort, who was several times deeply affected in the course of her evidence, made some interesting statements. Questioned as to the history of the deceased, she said that Miss Neale was the only child of a clergyman, now dead, and had been in her family as governess for four years. Lady Southfort knew nothing of the girl's relatives—she had no near relations, and had never corresponded with any. As far as she, Lady Southfort, knew, Miss Neale had had no acquaintance outside her own doors. She had habitually avoided strangers, and had been very remarkable in that respect.

Then the following passed:

'Was it from constitutional shyness that she avoided strangers?'

'Yes, to a great extent. Miss Neale was very shy.'

'She sang at a concert on the day of her death?'

'It was a private concert, and I had to use considerable persuasion before I could induce her to sing.'

'Was she in the practice of singing in your own drawing-room for your guests?'

'No; I never asked her to do so, except when the guests were special friends whom she was well acquainted with.'

'I infer from a previous answer,' said the examining solicitor, 'that there was something else besides constitutional shyness which caused the deceased to shrink from notice. Was that the case—to your Ladyship's knowledge?'

Lady Southfort hesitated, and the silence of deepening interest made her hesitation seem more significant. 'There was something,' she said at length, in a low and distinct voice, 'known only to myself, and involving a painful secret of Miss Neale's life. I do not see how it bears upon the case at all—and I would fain preserve the poor girl's secret still.' There was a minute's silence. 'It was nothing to be ashamed of,' the Countess added, 'or it would not have been Miss Neale's.'

'We have no doubt as to that,' observed the coroner; 'and every person in court sympathises with your Ladyship. But we cannot pass the point over. If you would make known to me, privately, the character of the secret in question, I would decide whether or not it should be disclosed in evidence.'

Lady Southfort inclined her head; and amid deep silence, wrote a few words on a leaf of a memorandum book, tore the leaf out and passed it, folded, to the coroner.

He read it with attention, and pausing a moment, said: 'I thank your Ladyship. After reading what you have been good enough to communicate to me, I much regret to say that the information may have a very important bearing upon Margaret Neale's death.'

The solicitor then continued his examination. 'Pray, what was the secret, Lady Southfort?'

'Miss Neale was married.'

'To whom?'

'I do not know. Her husband married her, over five years ago, under the name of Vernon—Julius Vernon. But it was an assumed name.'

'Where were they married?'

'At a Registry Office. (Giving the address.) 'I inspected the register myself, when she told me of it.'

'How do you know that Julius Vernon was an assumed name?'

'After their marriage her husband entered the army. I do not know which branch of the service; but there was no officer of that name in the Army List.'

'Did the wife not know the branch of the service to which her husband belonged?'

'No; she had no idea. He went abroad soon after obtaining his commission, and she never saw him again.'

'Do you mean, deserted her?'

'She never regarded it so. He was poor, and unable to maintain her until he got promotion. She was willing to maintain herself until then. It was her hope that five years' foreign service would be sufficient to enable him to come back to her. Meanwhile, she was very sensitive of observation, and secluded herself as much as possible.'

Pressed further on the point, Lady Southfort admitted that she believed the wife to have been deserted. The man never wrote a line to her after leaving England, or sent her any evidence of being alive and remembering her. Whether any fear of desertion had crept into the wife's breast, Lady Southfort could not say; she was bravely holding on to the hope of the five years, notwithstanding his silence and neglect. Asked if she had noticed any alteration in Margaret Neale's manner of late, she answered in the negative; she had been a little flustered after the applause she won at the concert, but that had passed away in an hour.

'Now, Lady Southfort, kindly think before you answer. Can you remember anything which would throw light upon her leaving your house that evening?'

'No; nothing whatever. I have been constantly thinking upon it since. It was the only time she had ever done such an act, and I could hardly credit it, until there was no room for doubt. She always breakfasted with me; the letters were distributed at the table; Miss Neale had not received a letter for weeks except one, which was from a music-seller. She never appeared to expect a letter, and always took a morning paper to look through.'

'Do you know if her husband is still living, or where he is?'

'I have not the slightest idea.'

This concluded Lady Southfort's evidence. It was deeply interesting, in the dearth of other information; but did it lead any one to a clue to the secret of the girl's death? Nobody could believe so. However, it gave the police something to work upon, and anything was better than nothing, though it was not easy to form a theory from the melancholy revelation made by Lady Southfort. There was still a strong prevalence of opinion that Miss Neale had been murdered by mistake.

Following the report of the inquest next morning in every London newspaper was the offer, printed in large type, of a reward of Two Thousand Pounds, by Mr Clayton, the banker, for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the murderer. Before evening, the sum was increased to more than Five Thousand Pounds by the subscription of others.

It was a remarkable circumstance that, although the most careful and exhaustive search was made both in town and country, no photograph, no letter, no trace whatever of the dead woman's husband was discovered—save the record of the marriage of Margaret Neale, spinster, and Julius Vernon, bachelor, at the Registry Office. The registrar before whom the marriage took place was dead. There was only one noticeable point about the record—the signature of Julius Vernon was much sprawled, as though it had been written with a bad quill, or there had been a hair in the point of the pen. The date of the husband's departure from England it was difficult to fix with any precision. Miss Neale had been four years in Lady Southfort's service, so that she had been a year married when she became governess to that lady's children. A detective officer had an interview with the Countess for the purpose of obtaining further and more definite information than the coroner's inquiry had elicited. When Miss Neale entered her service, Lady Southfort knew nothing of her marriage. It was long afterwards—the Countess could not say exactly how long, but thought it was about two years afterwards—when the governess made the confession to her. What was still more regrettable—from a policeman's point of view, at least—was that her Ladyship—who was always a much preoccupied leader of town and country society—could not remember whether the governess's husband had already gone abroad at the time of the confession, or went abroad after that date. Lady Southfort, on reflection, was inclined to the latter supposition, founding her opinion upon the recollection that it was only within the last two years that Miss Neale's avoidance of society had become so noticeable. All this was very perplexing and unsatisfactory. If the identity of the husband could be established, the police would be better able to see exactly where they were.

As usual, some arrests were made on suspicion, which for a week or ten days kept the public excitement going. Then, from dearth of fresh incidents and the supply of new topics of daily interest, the murder began to pass out of the public mind; but not out of the thoughts of those more immediately interested in the deceased governess. Frank Holmes had it constantly in his mind, for more than one reason. While the public dropped the tragedy with the unsatisfactory conclusion—where there was a conclusion at all—that Miss Neale was the victim of a blow meant for some one else, he, more experienced in such matters, formed no such opinion. We cannot say that as yet he had sufficient grounds for any opinion; but in connection with the tragedy he was somewhat puzzled by the interest felt by Mr Clayton, one of the most practical and unemotional of men. Almost every day brought him an inquiry from that gentleman as to whether anything had been discovered yet. One morning there lay among other letters on his breakfast table one in Mr Clayton's handwriting. Conjecturing its contents, Holmes left it unopened while he glanced through the morning papers. For two or three days past there had been hardly an allusion to the murder in Hyde Park, which a week ago

had been in every one's thoughts; therefore, he received a surprise this morning to read, under a prominent heading, that the police were now very probably on the track of the murderer, and that within the next twenty-four hours it was expected they would have him in custody.

IN A REGIMENTAL ORDERLY-ROOM.

As its name indicates, the orderly-room of a regiment is the centre from which the commanding officer and his chief working subordinate the adjutant promulgate 'orders' or instructions of all kinds. In a word, it may be accurately described as the 'office' of a corps. Here the regimental books are kept, and a variety of correspondence is transacted. Would-be recruits are from time to time ushered in, with—to the eye of the 'trained soldier'—sometimes a very diverting awkwardness of gait and manner, to be 'finally approved' by the colonel; while a few minutes later, perhaps, one or more men may be marched before that potentate to be 'discharged' on the completion of their period of service. Delinquents, too, are here dealt with, or, in barrack-room parlance, 'weighed off;' and it is probably superfluous to note that by such soldiers the orderly-room is by no means regarded as a very attractive quarter.

In the newer barracks there has been some attempt to introduce into orderly-rooms a more luxurious style of furnishing than was previously considered necessary. One of the chief steps in this direction is the laying of floors with linoleum or matting by way of a carpet, a circumstance which may be of interest to etymologists, as these inquirers have long disputed over the origin of the saying, 'To be on the carpet,' or being 'carpeted.' This term, however, has been in use probably from time immemorial among soldiers to describe an involuntary visit to the orderly-room, and the 'carpeting' of the floor has rendered it somewhat more applicable than of yore.

But the typical apartment of the variety in question presents a rather bare and unadorned appearance. Nearly in the middle stands an ordinary barrack table covered with a green cloth. On this, among other things, lies a written paper headed 'Scale,' to which we will refer later on. At one side of the room is another table, covered, not with green baize, but with books and writing materials, as well as by the innumerable ink-stains left on the wood by a long succession of orderly-room clerks. Three or four chairs, of the plain design commonly seen in the kitchens of the outer world, stand beside each of these tables, of which latter the central one with the green cloth is the position whence the commanding officer issues his decrees. The remaining contents of the room do not perhaps call for much notice. They consist of shelves whereon are piled books of ledger-like appearance; and the bareness of the walls is in some degree relieved by lists of names, inscribed in a neat style of caligraphy, which hang here and there. One of these lists is entitled 'Sergeants by seniority,' another 'Corporals by seniority,' and so on. A row of pegs, not in themselves very remarkable, runs along a portion of one wall. A civilian, however, on casually glancing round the place might occasionally have his attention attracted to the pegs on seeing suspended from one of them the belt and 'side-arms' of a sergeant; it is quite within the bounds of possibility that he might even notice an officer's sword monopolising one of these commonplace-looking pins. The sergeant, or officer, on being placed under arrest is disarmed; and the weapon which is symbolical of his rank as a combatant is hung up in the orderly-room; hence the military idiom, 'To be on the peg.'

The orderly-room clerk, who can usually be found at the side-table, is a sergeant who requires to be a very accomplished caligraphist; and he must be able to 'frame' properly the official letters which he afterwards places before the colonel for signature. He is allowed an assistant, a young corporal who has displayed the necessary qualifications, and who is employed on the less momentous kinds of work. The corporal, from much practice, is an adept at the inscription of 'order-boards' for guardrooms and sentry-boxes: he knows precisely where to use black ink and where red, and this is an accomplishment not to be acquired in a day. A stranger, on looking over the corporal's shoulder, might be amused to see him write in red ink on the top of a completed list of orders, 'To be hung up in a dry place and kept clean;' for damp is very injurious to order-boards; and it is quite common to hear a sentinel, on the point of being 'relieved,' report to his successor that the article in question is 'defaced.' Both the orderly-room clerk and his assistant are 'struck-off' duty; they attend no parades, and do no 'duty,' such as guards, pickets, or the like. But they are very fully occupied; and at certain stations, notably at the Tower of London, the corporal will find plenty of 'defaced' boards of orders awaiting renewal.

In the early morning, the orderly-room is put in a state of tidiness, the fire lit, and the ink-bottles carefully filled by the commanding officer's orderly, who, though rejoicing in a somewhat high-sounding title, is merely a private soldier acting as a messenger. Before long, the clerk arrives. He at once proceeds to open the communications which have arrived by post, and having perused them, places the papers in a neat pile on the table with the green cloth. Then he inspects the long quill pens which the colonel and adjutant use, and consigns those which have become unfit for further service to the waste-paper basket. Afterwards the sergeant begins to make out railway warrants, the 'state' of the regiment which is to be despatched to the Horse Guards, or perhaps a 'requisition for stationery,' which no doubt includes a demand for some bundles of quills; and with these matters he is helped by the corporal, who has meanwhile appeared.

In the course of an hour or two the sound of drums announces the return of the battalion from morning drill. Very soon the colonel arrives, accompanied by the adjutant, and closely followed by the sergeant-major. The officers

take seats at the table, and look over the correspondence; while the sergeant-major stands a little to one side and assumes what may be described as an expectant demeanour. After a little delay, the colonel waves his hand—a gesture which puts the warrant-officer in motion towards the door, where he calls out, in tones of extraordinary power, 'Sound orders!' A bugler who has been hovering about in the vicinity quickly executes this mandate; and in a short space of time a considerable number of non-commissioned officers and men assemble in front of the orderly-room, where they are arranged by companies by the orderly sergeants.

The sergeant-major receives from each company a number of printed forms, filled up in certain parts by handwriting, and, returning to the room, he places these in a heap before the adjutant. Known as 'passes,' the forms are applications for leave; and the adjutant proceeds to append his signature to each of them, not with a quill, but by means of a stamp, which very greatly expedites the process. Meantime the 'major,' as he is familiarly termed, again withdraws, and shouts, in the stentorian tone peculiar to his rank, 'March in!' The various soldiers who have to appear before the commanding officer are now brought up in succession. For example, several men have been an hour or two 'absent.' The colonel glances at the 'scale' and awards the amount of extra drill which each case deserves according to its gravity. Then a sergeant is marched in: he has perhaps been guilty of some neglect of duty 'while in the execution of his office;' but merely gets a gentle reproof from the colonel; and as he retires, his sword, which has been hanging on a peg near by, is handed to him by the sergeant-major. Next comes a corporal, who is alluded to in flattering language by the adjutant. He is there and then promoted to the rank of sergeant, *vice* the man who follows, a sergeant to be 'discharged.' When the latter appears, the adjutant turns to the clerk and inquires if the 'parchment' is ready, meaning the certificate of discharge, which is always made out on that kind of material.

'Orders' at length are completed; the officers leave the apartment; and the clerks, who have been in a somewhat highly-strung condition during the past hour, slightly relax the assiduity with which they have been wielding their pens. The sergeant-major, too, casts off the more rigid part of his professional air and relieves himself of his belt and sword; then he takes down from a shelf the 'detail-book,' in which he makes out the roll of non-commissioned officers for duty on the morrow. At the same time the senior clerk is copying into the 'order-book' the instructions which have been given him by the adjutant; and, among a variety of matter, here appears the promotion of the corporal whom we saw marched into the orderly-room.

Towards the evening the sergeant-major can be heard hailing the bugler once more. 'Orders' having been sounded, all the orderly sergeants and corporals assemble in the room and take down from the sergeant-major's dictation the mandates of the day, beginning with the 'parole,' generally the name of a town. This occupies some little time, as a few of the corporals in particular are not very expert penmen, and, moreover, sometimes take diverting liberties with the spelling of the Queen's English. But when all have finished writing, the sergeant-major closes his book with a bang, and as he puts on his forage-cap calls out, 'Dismiss!'

FUGITIVE FACTS FROM NORMANDY.

If an untravelled Briton possessing the smallest powers of observation were suddenly dropped into a French street, say the Rue Jeanne d'Arc in Rouen, at four o'clock on a summer morning before the town was awake, he would instantly recognise that he was not in England, and at the same time be utterly unable to explain how he knew it. Apart from the nomenclature on the shop-fronts, there is a 'je ne sais quoi' about the general aspect of the houses that is essentially foreign and beyond the power of words to define. We have never been able to decide wherein the difference lies; and as familiarity blunts one's perceptive powers, we are less able to do it now than when we came here a month ago. We therefore present the puzzle in its unanswered entirety for somebody else to cope with and solve, if he can.

The first thing that arrests the stranger's attention in a Norman street is the peculiarity common to drivers of all vehicles. On the morning of our arrival we were awakened at ten o'clock by what sounded like a fierce duel with revolvers just outside the hotel door. 'An adventure already!' we exclaimed, and sprang out of bed and rushed to the window, picturing a sanguinary conflict between bloodthirsty Frenchmen on the pavement. The reality was disappointing: a traveller had arrived in a cab, and the driver was cracking his whip in what we have since discovered to be the orthodox fashion, to call the attention of the hotel *concierge*. The proficiency and perseverance displayed by cabmen and carters in whip-cracking are remarkable; they have made a fine art of this innocent pastime. At one time we imagined that the instrument which emitted such pistol-shots must be a masterpiece of its kind, and made an early opportunity of examining one. We found that the Norman jehu constructed his plaything out of an old billiard cue, five feet of frayed clothesline, and a piece of string; whereat we marvelled greatly, and became lost in admiration of the skill evinced in its manipulation. We have called the Norman's whip a plaything; so it is. When a horse falls down, or commits any other equine misdemeanour, his owner does not beat him, as that would spoil the whip. No; he lavishes upon his erring slave a torrent of opprobrious epithets, and sits down to wait till the animal feels inclined to get up, or until a *sergent de ville* hints that it would be advisable to remove the obstruction to traffic. Then he puts the whip carefully aside, uses more drastic language, and kicks the horse. Such severe measures are not often resorted to, however, for your Norman

carter is a kind-hearted man; and if his horse happens to lie down in an unfrequented road, he permits him to remain in a prostrate position till the animal wants to go home himself. This, however, by the way.

It is when the team, numbering from one to five, is in full career, jangling its bells and shaking proudly the blue door-mats that adorn its harness, that the whip comes into liveliest play. Then the carter is in his element; he ties red and blue rags to the handle, making it a thing of unrivalled beauty, and rides along fulminating cracks that fill his simple soul with a deep ineffable joy. A very sceptre is this whip to the man who wields it, and without it he is disconsolate indeed. Disconsolate! He is no longer a *voiturier;* he has lost his caste. We have seen men in various depths of despair from time to time—men who had ruined themselves on the turf in a single day—men whose lives had just been blighted for ever by her final 'No' —and men chasing their best hats along Princes Street through a sea of mud. But we never fully grasped the magnitude of possible human misery until last Wednesday. We were taking a walk on the Bon Secours road, and about five miles from Rouen came upon a burly individual in a blouse, sitting under the hedge in an attitude that betokened the profoundest woe. Drawn up near him on the roadside was a cumbrous country wain with three horses, the latter standing patiently in the sun fighting the persistent flies. We do not know much French; but seeing that the face of the burly man was haggard and pale, we stopped and asked him if he was ill. He thanked us in broken tones, but said he was not ill. He groaned heavily. We inquired if he had, then, a pain. No; he had not a pain; but even as he spoke, he groaned a groan that seemed to come from his boots. He was obviously getting worse; so we drew nearer and begged him to say what afflicted him; why he thus sat here, so *désolé*, so *triste*. Then he fixed his sad eyes on ours, and confided to us the sorrow that ate his soul. He could not drive all the way to Rouen those three fine horses, for from his whip the lash had departed! He paused when he had said this; but seeing the sympathy which we had not French words to express, continued. He was not able to conceive, he said, where the lash had taken itself; he had searched, *parbleu!* he had searched the road and the grass and the ditches and the hedges and the cornfields beyond; but he could not recover the lash—could not recover it! And as his own words brought home to him the terrible reality of his loss, his voice trembled, and he brushed a tear from his cheek with the back of his hand.

We were deeply moved; but happily, most happily, it lay in our power to alleviate his pain. We turned out our pockets, and discovered a small piece of string, diffidently asking if it was of any use. The violence of his joy and gratitude alarmed us, and for a moment we dreaded his relapse into hysterics; but he grew calm ere long, and at our request proceeded to mend his whip. The operation was important enough to demand his full attention, and as the flood of grateful but incomprehensible Norman-French subsided, we attempted to steal away. The movement brought forth another torrent of heartfelt thanks; and when we bade him adieu, he seized both our hands and wanted to kiss us; but that we could not permit. We firmly believe that that fragment of string saved a fellow-creature from suicide.

Among other municipal regulations in Rouen, there is a stringent bylaw which threatens beggars with awful penalties and pains. Frightful things ought to happen to men who beg in the streets; but they don't. At every corner is stationed a man more or less anatomically incomplete who sits hat in hand soliciting charity from the passers-by. Every church of note is furnished with an old blind man, who sits on a stool at the door, rattling a sou in a pint mug with one hand and holding his beads in the other. Sometimes he tells a few beads, mutters an Ave or a Pater by way of a change; but the mug is always handy, and never empty, though, as a matter of policy, he never rattles more than one coin in it at a time. The pavements and public gardens swarm with ragged boys, who appear to emulate Indian fakirs in seeking through dirt the path to Paradise. But one and all make a good livelihood. We gave our pity for them pecuniary shape occasionally, until a wooden-legged man taught us a lesson.

We had been out for a long walk one day, and were hurrying home to escape the rain. We reached the Boulevard where the trams run, and walked on slowly, intending to take a car home. It was raining heavily when we passed the beggar with the wooden legs, and, reflecting how wet the poor creature was getting, met his petition for alms with a ten-centime piece and went on. A few moments later the car passed, and we jumped in. French cars are divided into first and second class, and being of necessity economical, we went in the latter. That compartment was crowded; but there were only two people on the luxurious cushions of the first class. One was our begging acquaintance; he recognised us with a kindly but patronising bow, and resumed the perusal of his evening paper! Of course it might have been that the conductor gave him a seat there out of regard for his inability to stand, and it is more than possible that some one's charity took the form of a copy of *La Presse* which he had read and done with. We say that may be; but nevertheless, since that day we have resolutely closed our ears and pockets to all begging appeals.

Few of this population of beggars make any pretence of doing or selling anything; we must do them the justice to say that they are for the most part transparently honest in their idleness; though even as we write this there rises to our mind's eye the picture of an aged lady who sits at the top of the Rue Jeanne d'Arc trying to sell a match-box. She has offered us that match-box regularly every day for the past six weeks, and now we look forward to seeing it as we do an old friend, we know it so well. We wonder if she would part with it? We should like to buy it as a curiosity, and shall try to make ourselves master of it before we go away. How surprised she will be when we ask the price!

There is one little matter we want to say a word about; but we approach it with diffidence, as people are apt to look askance at a man who admits that he takes any interest in affairs connected with drinking. We use 'drinking' in its most literal sense of assuaging thirst, for in Normandy our 'national sin' is comparatively unknown. We do not wish to qualify the praise that is due to national sobriety, and if it had not been for a certain statement made by M. Max O'Rell in *Friend Macdonald*, we might have passed the subject by unnoticed. M. O'Rell, speaking of whisky as the national drink of Scotland, couples it with the Irish spirit, and says, 'both are horrible.' They may be. Whisky is an acquired taste, and one we are all ready to admit best left unacquired. But the process of acquiring a taste for the French national drink, *vin ordinaire*, is so laborious and the results so unprofitable, that we feel quite justified in stigmatising it as worse than horrible. It has nothing to recommend it; it is sour, and doesn't satisfy one's thirst; its only good point is that the lightest-headed man could drown himself in it before he got intoxicated. If the Gaul wanted an equivalent to whisky, we do not doubt he could supply himself; but he does not, so let us give credit where credit is due. Still, here in Normandy at the height of summer, the pampered British throat does crave at times for something wet that is not nasty. When first we came, the luxuries promised on the hotel wine-card deceived us; and one afternoon we set out for a twelve-mile walk, bent on seeing the country and getting up a splendid thirst. We did our twelve miles in three hours, and came back with a thirst which in India we would not have taken ten rupees for. During the last half-mile, we earnestly weighed the question, What shall we drink? The beer, the *vin ordinaire*, and the whisky were all bad, and we put a black mark against them. We were very hot when we got in, and the waiter, who is a thoughtful man, remarked it. He said: 'Monsieur would enjoy doubtless some *cidre glacé*.' It sounded promising, and we said we should. A stranger who saw the bottle set before us told us not to ''ave that stuff—it was 'orrid;' but advice without '*h*s' had no weight with us, and we ignored it. We drank a glass of the cider straight off, for it dimmed the tumbler, and fizzled, in a wickedly deceptive way. Then we dropped the glass and made a dash for the water-jug: when it was empty, we could breathe again; but it was hours before we got rid of the taste of flat sweet beer and sand, which appear to be the ingredients of Norman cider.

It is a waste of time to cultivate a thirst in this country unless, like the 'Marchioness,' one has the power of 'making-believe very much.' Personally, we should much prefer that historic small servant's orange-peel and water to cider and *vin ordinaire*. They make far more of the latter beverage than they can drink in France, and turn the surplus to various useful purposes for which it is more or less adapted, notably vinegar and ink. We are not romancing, we assure you. It makes very tolerable vinegar, but the most shockingly bad ink; it clots in the bottle, and dries in lumps on the pen, as if determined *not* to be degraded from its first intended sphere. We don't know whether they ever reconvert ink into wine; we have no information on this point, but we think it not unlikely, after tasting several different brands.

The Frenchman of the labouring class is at heart a sportsman, and in default of any other means of gratifying his taste, endeavours to satisfy it by fishing. Take a stroll any fine evening along the quays that confine the Seine at Rouen, and you will find scores of patient men dangling their legs over the water, watching with pensive interest their red quill floats. The humble follower of *le sport* does not embarrass himself with elaborate tackle—indeed, his engine of would-be destruction is simplicity itself. A long slender stick, a few yards of string, the float aforesaid, and a hook baited with a fragment of toast, complete his outfit. We noticed one evening an angler going down to the quay with a sack neatly folded over his arm, and in our ignorance supposed that it was destined to convey home the finny spoil; but we were wrong; our deductions very often are, we find. The angler had a prejudice against hard stones, and wanted the sack to sit upon. And indeed, after spending many evenings watching the fishermen, while smoking our pipe, we are regretfully compelled to record that a very small sack would contain the entire catch made in a week on all the quays in Rouen. We admire patience, are fond of fishing, and should be glad to see better success attend the assiduous angling we witnessed every night. Where the fault lies we cannot determine; perhaps the fishes of the Seine are not addicted to such luxuries as toast. It is quite within reason to suppose that the Norman's occasional practice of beguiling *le sport* with song has a deterrent effect. Looking at the waters of the river itself, one might doubt whether a fish having regard for personal cleanliness would reside in such a stream, it is so wofully dirty.

We do not know whence the supply is brought, but our fish-market is always bountifully stocked with eels. The most prominent feature upon every stall is a large shallow tub, into which a thin trickle of water is kept running from a tap, and wherein a slithing, squirming, wallowing mass of live eels awaits the destroying hand of the fish-woman. Selling eels is not a sedentary occupation by any means; that aquatic reptile may be a peaceful creature in his free state; but in captivity he is the most restless and quarrelsome of created beings, and when he is not crawling out of the tub himself, he is sure to be busily engaged in evicting a neighbour. The natural consequence is that the pavement of our fish-market is the scene of an interminable eel-hunt; and everybody who has caught, or tried to catch and retain, a wild eel can easily picture the result. You can't stand still for three minutes near a fish-stall without finding one of the slippery escaped prisoners coiling under and round your boot, apparently seeking refuge up the leg of your trousers. We don't know whether there is anything peculiar in our appearance that attracts eels; but we do know that we never pass through the market without being chased by one or more. We say 'chased,' because we make it a point of honour to run away when an eel comes after us; having discovered that unwritten law demands that every citizen within hail shall turn to and help to recapture the fugitive. We like eels stewed; but

they have no charms for us when in full enjoyment of life and health. Latterly we have avoided that sphere of industry altogether, and don't intend to be lured back again.

SOME PREDICTIONS AND COINCIDENCES.

WRITING of predictions, other than divine prophecies, Bacon wisely observes: 'That that hath given them grace, and some credit, consisteth in three things: first, that men mark when they hit, and never mark when they miss; as they do, generally, also of dreams. The second is, that probable conjectures, or obscure traditions, many times turn themselves into prophecies. The third and last, which is the great one, is, that almost all of them, being infinite in number, have been impostures, and by idle and crafty brains merely contrived and feigned after the event passed.' Nevertheless, in the same Essay he admits that they may well serve 'for winter talk by the fireside,' and therefore records a few 'only of certain credit, for example.' These include the following singular prediction, which was fulfilled in the lifetime of the great philosopher: 'The trivial prophecy, which I heard when I was a child, and when Queen Elizabeth was in the flower of her years, was—

When Hempe is spun,
England's donne;

whereby it was generally conceived, that after the princes had reigned which had the principal letters of the word Hempe, which were Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip (her consort), and Elizabeth, England should come to utter confusion; which, thanks be to God, is verified only in the change of the name, for that the king's style is now no more of England, but of Britain.' The king referred to is of course Elizabeth's successor, James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, under whom the two kingdoms were united.

In the good old times, however, omens, predictions, and the like were plentiful as blackberries, and are the less worthy of attention in proportion to their number. But with the dawn of the nineteenth century, people awoke to the realities of scientific marvels, and there arose an impatient scorn of occult mysteries. Remarkable coincidences and fulfilments of predictions are therefore now comparatively rare; and the following instances, which relate to or have occurred within the limits of the present century, will perhaps be the more interesting on that account.

Some curious manipulator of figures discovered a rule for determining the duration of the reigning pope's life during the earlier half of the present century. The rule is, to add to the pope's number that of his predecessor, to the total of which add 10, and the result will give the year of his death. Thus, Pius VII. succeeded Pius VI. in 1800: $6+7+10=23$, and Pius VII. died in 1823. Leo XII. succeeded Pius VII.: $12+7+10=29$, and Leo XII. died in 1829. Pius VIII. succeeded Leo XII.: $8+12+10=30$, and Pius VIII. died in 1830. So far the rule holds good; but even in this instance it is best to follow the advice given more than two hundred years ago by Sir Thomas Browne to 'study prophecies when they become histories.' For the next pope, Gregory XVI., ought, according to the rule, to have died in 1834, whereas he did not actually vacate his seat until 1846; while his successor, Pius IX., reigned until 1878, and thereby disposed of a well-known ancient tradition which forbids the hope of any of St Peter's successors reigning twenty-five years. Except in the case of the late pope, the longest reign appears to be that of Pius VI., who reigned twenty-four years, six months, fourteen days.

From popes we naturally come to princes, whose lives and deaths the celestial bodies have been supposed to hold in their keeping. Thus Shakespeare tells us that

When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes;

and prophetic almanacs founded on this and kindred beliefs have a wide circulation even at the present day. Before the days of cheap literature, the largest impressions ever sold of any single book were those of Moore's Almanac, which often reached four hundred and fifty thousand copies, and this when the price was two shillings and threepence per copy, which included a stamp duty of fifteenpence. About the year 1820, the editors made the experiment of discarding the monthly column containing the moon's supposed influence on the members of the human body; but after printing one hundred thousand copies, the omission was detected, and nearly the whole edition returned on their hands; thus obliging them to reprint the favourite column. This almanac claims to have predicted the death of Selim III., Emperor of Turkey. In April 1807, referring to him, it said: 'If he can save his life, let him. I gave him fair warning.' The Emperor was deposed on May 29, 1807, and murdered on July 28, 1808. But for prophesying the deaths of princes the palm must be given to Zadkiel, whose almanac is to-day perhaps the most valuable property amongst these remnants of superstition. In Zadkiel's Almanac for 1861 occurs the following entry: 'The stationary position of Saturn in the third degree of Virgo in May . . . will be very evil for all persons born upon or near the 26th of August; among the sufferers I regret to see the worthy Prince Consort of these realms. Let such persons pay scrupulous attention to health.' Now, the Prince Consort's birthday was on the 26th of August, and he was in perfect health until towards the close of the year, when he suddenly sickened, and died on the 14th of December. The prediction apparently referred to May, in which case the event was not a fulfilment, but as an approximation it caused a great demand for the almanac for the next two years.

M. Arago, who was not indisposed to favour popular notions, once observed that 'whatever may be the progress of the sciences, never will observers who are trustworthy and careful of their reputations venture to foretell the state of the weather.' Nevertheless, 'weather almanacs' are even now common enough, and in the multitude of their predictions they have sometimes hit the mark very exactly. Thus, in 1838, Murphy's Almanac contained the following entry against the 20th of January: 'Fair. Prob. lowest degree of winter temp.;' and by a happy chance that day proved to be one of the coldest of this century.

It is not generally known that the great Tichborne trials followed upon the fulfilment, in a manner, of a prophecy respecting that ancient

family said to have been made more than seven hundred years before. The story briefly told is as follows: The Tichbornes date their possession of the manor of Tichborne from so far back as two hundred years before the Conquest. When the Lady Mabella Tichborne, wife of the Sir Roger who flourished in the reign of Henry II., was lying on her deathbed, she besought her husband to grant her the means of leaving behind her a charitable bequest in the form of an annual dole of bread. He accordingly promised her the produce of as much land in the vicinity of the park as she could go over while a certain brand was burning; he supposing that, as she had been bedridden for years, she would be able to go round only a small portion of the property. But when the venerable dame was carried out upon the ground, she seemed to regain her strength, and to the surprise of her anxious and, let us hope, admiring lord, crawled round several rich and goodly acres, which to this day retain the name of 'The Crawls.' Being reconveyed to her chamber, Dame Mabella, summoning her family to her bedside, predicted its prosperity as long as the annual dole was observed, and left her solemn curse on any of her descendants who should discontinue it, prophesying that when such should happen, the old house would fall and the family name become extinct from failure of heirs-male. Further, that this would be foretold by a generation of seven sons being followed immediately after by a generation of seven daughters and no son. The custom of the annual dole was observed for six hundred years on every 25th of March, until, owing to the magistrates and local gentry complaining that vagabonds, gypsies, and idlers of every description swarmed into the neighbourhood under the pretence of receiving the dole, it was discontinued in 1796. Strangely enough, Sir Henry Tichborne, the baronet of that day, had issue seven sons, Henry, Benjamin, Edward, James, John, George, and Roger. His eldest son Henry, who succeeded him, had seven daughters and no son, namely, Eliza, Frances, Julia, Mary, Katharine, Lucy, and Emily. The prophecy was apparently completed by the change of name of the possessors of the estate to Doughty, in the person of Sir Edward Doughty, who had assumed the name under the will of a relative from whom he inherited certain property. Finally, 'the Claimant' appeared, and instituted one of the most costly lawsuits ever tried, in which the Tichborne estate was put to an expense of close upon one hundred thousand pounds.

Curious coincidences associated with dreams are common enough; but the following incident in connection with the assassination of Mr Perceval, the Prime Minister, on the 11th of May 1812, although well authenticated, is little known: On the night of the assassination, Mr Williams, of Scorrier House, near Redruth, Cornwall, dreamt that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a man with a pistol shoot a gentleman who had just entered the lobby, and who was said to be the Chancellor. The next morning Mr Williams related the dream to his friends, upon which one of them, Mr Benjamin Tucker, of Trematon Castle, observed that it would do very well in a dream to have the Chancellor in the lobby of the House of Commons, but that he was not likely to be there in reality. When, however, Mr Williams described the appearance of the gentleman assassinated, his friend observed that it was not at all a description of the 'Lord' Chancellor, but very exactly that of Mr Perceval, Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, whom Mr Williams had never seen. Late on in the day, a messenger arrived from Truro announcing the assassination of the Prime Minister by Bellingham at about the time of the occurrence of the dream, and exactly in the place indicated.

Anagram-makers are given to prophesying after the event, and have sometimes succeeded in wresting very significant deductions from the names of their heroes. These literary conceits have, however, fallen upon evil days, being now mostly relegated to the corners of children's magazines in company with rebuses, enigmas, and charades. But in times gone by, distinguished literary men considered the making of anagrams a pleasing and elegant recreation; and even during the present century, Southey in *The Doctor*, and D'Israeli in his *Curiosities of Literature*, have entertained their readers by dissertations on this subject. The latter author states that 'Plato had strange notions of the influence of anagrams when drawn out of persons' names. . . . Chimerical associations of the character and qualities of a man with his name anagrammatised may often have instigated to the choice of a vocation, or otherwise affected his imagination.' The following is an instance of the possible truth of such a conjecture. When George Thompson, the eloquent anti-slavery advocate, was solicited to go into parliament with a view to his more efficiently serving the cause of negro emancipation, he submitted the matter to the consideration of his friends, one of whom found the following answer in the letters of his name: 'O go—the negro's M.P.' This was perhaps as ingenious as the celebrated anagram made by the Rev. Wm. Holden, rector of Chatteris, when the news of the victory of the Nile reached England: Horatio Nelson: 'Honor est a Nilo' (Honour is from the Nile). One of the most appropriate anagrams ever written is that upon the name of Florence Nightingale: 'Flit on, cheering angel.'

A WINTER DITTY.

No green may show thro' drifted snow,
No frozen flower may peep;
The buds that blossomed long ago
Have folded up, and gone below
To sleep.

The seed men sow, and never know
Whose hand may chance to reap;
In frosty fallows lying low,
Fall softly, golden grain! and so
To sleep.

Chill airs that blow so keenly now
Across the roaring deep—
Poor streamlet, frozen as you flow,
Farewell a while! We meadows go
To sleep.

M. C. GILLINGTON.

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ABOUT COMMON COLDS AND THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC.

BY A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

There hangs around what are popularly called 'Colds,' and the catching of these colds, so deep a mystery that one is more than half-inclined to saddle that broad-backed nightmare the 'bacterium' with their origin and cause. The question, When, where, or how does a person catch cold? is one which it is somewhat difficult to answer definitely. The question puzzles laymen, and on it doctors themselves differ. The supposed causes of colds are of course too numerous to mention here, though we may instance one or two. A sudden chill, it is said, drives the blood from the surface of the body towards the interior, to be spread out on the mucous surface of the bronchial or lung tubes, causing erythema (redness) and a consequent discharge, which is increased by a very bad fit of coughing. Hence, a cold in the chest, and a cold in the head, in the nose, eyes, &c., is explained by the same physiological reasoning. But how seldom do we remember anything about this particular chill, or when we began to sneeze or cough. A sceptic might turn to the doctor and say: 'I take a cold bath every morning all the winter through, and surely that is a sudden chill, yet I never catch cold.'

It would really seem that a slow chill—as when one leaves a warm room to sit or stand inactive for some time in a cold one—is far more dangerous than any sudden chill, for it acts as a depressant on the nervous system. But supposing that out of a dozen people so exposed three were ill after it, only one perhaps of the three would be attacked by 'cold;' the others might have a kidney or bilious attack; for in cases of slow chill it is always the weakest organ of the body that is sought out and affected.

Sitting in a draught when hot. There is something of the bugbear about this assigned reason for cold-catching. A man has run half a mile to catch a train, for instance; but it does not follow that he is sure to catch cold if he sits at the open window for a time. In fact, the cooling down will do good, so long as it is not carried to excess. A man has been spurting at boating; he is in a bath of perspiration, and hurries on thick jacket and wraps as soon as he gets on shore. Here the bugbear again appears; it would be better far to enjoy the tonic bracing cool air a *short* time, before hurrying on the nerve-depressing heavy clothing.

If we believe, then, that it is the slow chill rather than the much-dreaded quick chill that is apt to induce colds, we have a finger-post pointing to many dangers we must avoid if we are to keep free of them.

We mentioned the cold bath. This is a sudden chill at first, and a glorious tonic for mind and body; but stay not in the water a moment longer than necessary, or the consequences may be disagreeable, to say the least. On the other hand, if the bath, even on a bitter wintry morning, has been brief, the thorough rough-towelling, if done, remember, by one's own hands, not only restores surface circulation, but combines the good effects of dumb-bell exercise and massage. Is the back a little weak or inclined to lumbago?—rub the loins extra hard. Is the chest liable to be attacked by trifling colds or hoarseness?—rub the front and along the neck and between the shoulders till red.

A damp bed will produce the slow chill in the strongest constitution. So will a damp room. It matters but little how cold the bedchamber is, if we are tolerably young and fairly healthy, so long as it is not actually damp, and so long as the bed is comfortable, and that portion of the back between the shoulder-blades kept protected.

The slow chill is produced also from damp or wet clothing or feet; not while we keep moving, but after we sit down or stand about, especially if the stomach be empty. Colds are ten times more easily caught if one be fasting.

On the other hand, those who sleep in too warm beds or in overheated rooms, and who wear

heavy clothing to walk in, or those dangerous abominations called waterproofs and goloshes, weaken the nervous system, make hothouse plants of themselves, and open the door not only to colds but a variety of other complaints.

The best way to cure a cold is to prevent it. But when one has got it, wise is he if he tries to banish it right away at once. Bed, for rest, may well be enjoined; and an aconite mixture taken every two or three hours, with but little food—though soda water may be drunk—will usually frighten off the disagreeable visitant in a single night. When there is shivering or a feeling as if cold water were coursing down the spine, three drops of the essence of camphor every half-hour till relief is experienced often act like magic.

Then there is the old-fashioned but good treatment by the liquor of the acetate of ammonia. This may often be adopted with success. But we have our doubts of the efficacy of the hot-drink, extra blanket, and mustard-and-water-to-the-feet method of cure, especially in cases where the sufferer has to go to office next day.

After acute symptoms have been banished, probably by the aconite mixture, and a chronic bronchitic cough remains, there is nothing better than inhalations of medicated steam or spray. The efficacy of such treatment lies in the fact that the drug so applied goes directly to the seat of the trouble itself. An ordinary water-jug or decanter, or, better still perhaps, an earthenware teapot, may be used. The water should be about one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit. Fifteen drops of the tincture of iodine or the same of laudanum added to a pint of water makes a good inhalation. The steam is simply breathed about five times to a minute, the inspirations and expirations being deep and long. The remedy may be used three times a day. The compound tincture of benzoin, usually called Friar's Balsam, is used in the same way; a dessert-spoonful to a pint will be enough. In all druggists' shops, proper inhalers are sold, and these are best.

We rather deprecate self-doctoring as a rule; but the simple remedies we are now mentioning may save much suffering, or life itself, when medical men are not at hand. There are two instruments, then, that no family living away in the country, and no sailor, captain, or yachtsman, should ever be without. The first is the clinical thermometer. It is so easily used; and a rise in temperature to one hundred degrees, or a degree or two over, means danger. Great pain in the side, for example, with a normal temperature, may be caused by neuralgia or pleurodynia; but with a great rise of temperature it means inflammation, and we are to treat for this. The other instrument alluded to is Dr Siegle's spray-dispersing apparatus. The spray is slowly inhaled, the face being some eighteen inches from the nozzle. Breathing, for instance, a warm medicated spray of ipecacuanha wine, one part to three of water, may at first cause a little irritation and coughing; but if this remedy is not 'rushed,' and if used, say, twice a day, relief will nearly always result. It is well to keep to the house for an hour after each inhalation.

We purposely dwell longer on the subject of inhalations than we should otherwise have done, because they are useful in the treatment not only of common colds but of the New Epidemic that may now be said to have gained a footing on our shores, and which was at first called the Russian Influenza. What we have now to say concerning it we shall put in the form of replies to questions that we daily hear from every one's mouth.

What is it, at all? On this question doctors are inclined to disagree somewhat. We ourselves hold neither with those who designate the ailment 'a simple influenza rather more rife than usual;' nor with those who consider it a modified species of the West Indian Dengue fever. This last has at various times prevailed in South America, and even in the East Indies, and is not entirely unknown in our own country.

Dengue—called also Breakbone Fever, Dandy Fever, and Rheumatic Scarlatina—begins rather suddenly, as a rule, with nausea and chilliness, pains in the limbs, and headache. There may be swelling of the glands of the throat and other glands, and also of the joints—the knees, toes, and fingers being most commonly affected. Pain in one eyeball or in both may accompany the headache; there are also severe cramps of various groups of muscles; aching of the body; the skin, though generally hot and dry at first, may afterwards be bathed in profuse, sometimes cold, perspiration: the pulse is rapid, feeble, and even intermittent, and the tongue very foul. Prostration ensues about the third day; exacerbation of the pains and an efflorescent rash about the fifth; and about the eighth, improvement takes place, and gradual recovery goes on, though the patient is terribly weak.

Influenza—so called because in Italy a person suffering from it was supposed to be under some evil *influence* caused by the stars—has broken out in an epidemic form half-a-dozen times at least in this country during the present century; and in this Russian Epidemic or French 'La Grippe' we behold its return.

What is it caused by? This question is difficult to answer. For our own part, we are inclined to the bacterian theory, the extraordinarily rapid spread of the disease being favoured by exceptionally damp and mild weather; and just as on a day even in winter we sometimes see the air filled with dancing midges, so may the bacteria of influenza spring into life and activity in numbers that there is no name for, and be disseminated speedily over continents, and carried by ships to distant lands.

Probably, in Russia these bacteria exist always; the insanitary arrangements, the overcrowding and under-feeding prevalent in towns there, might at any time cause the ailment to leap at one bound from the mere sporadic to the epidemic form.

There is no actual proof, we think, that certain soils or geological formations favour the outbreak of epidemic influenza, or that either ozone or electricity has much to do with it. It is strange, too, that the disease spreads as rapidly against the wind as with it. It has been noted, also, that thick and strangely-smelling fogs have often prevailed during its commencement.

Is it infectious or contagious? We are inclined to believe that its terribly rapid spread throughout the length and breadth of large cities is due rather to the prevalence of the same influences,

whatever they may be, than to contagion or infection. We cannot really isolate influenza in a house, as we may scarlatina and smallpox. Its appearance, however, at different places—distant from each other in the same country and at the same time—may be due to the fact that ships *may* have carried the infectious influenza thither.

When thinking about this remarkable Epidemic, people must remember that there always is in this country in spring, autumn, and winter, a so-called influenza cold; and we must not therefore put all such cases down to the account of the Russian visitant. Their symptoms are more mild, not so sudden, and free from the complications of the graver complaint.

Is this New Epidemic dangerous to life? To some extent; yet the mortality is very low, being put down at about two per cent., or even less. It should be borne in mind, however, that not only to the young and to old people is the disease a serious one, but to those whose health is below par, and especially so to persons suffering from the general debility and want of tone caused by the abuse of alcoholic stimulants.

What are the symptoms of the complaint? These will not be difficult to diagnose, should the disease become firmly rooted for a time in our midst. To be sure, nervous people will give themselves many a needless alarm, and suffer from an imaginary attack perhaps three or four times in a week. Probably one of the most characteristic symptoms of influenza is the suddenness of the attack, and general feeling of prostration of mind and body from the very outset. The spirits, indeed, are grievously depressed. At the same time symptoms of an aggravated cold set in, with tenderness and running at the eyes; running of acrid water from the nose, heat or actual pain in throat, sneezing, headache, hoarseness, cough, tightness of chest, and oppression of the breath. There will be also at first a hot dry skin, that after a time becomes clammy and moist, foul tongue, nausea or vomiting, with loss of taste and appetite, and a general feeling of what is called soreness all over.

There may be in bad cases complications of a grave nature, such as bronchitis, or even inflammation of the pulmonary tissues, or rheumatism in those inclined to this disease. Although the percentage of deaths is so very low, still, owing to the complications, &c., the ailment must, on the whole, be looked upon as a grave one.

And now as to the treatment? A medical man had best be consulted at the outset; yet, for many reasons, it is well that the public should know how to guide a case to a successful termination, as well as how the complaint may be probably steered clear of. In Berlin, antipyrin or quinine has been given with marked advantage at the outset. This antipyrin, however, should hardly be placed in the hands of the amateur physician. It is to be bought in one-dose tablets in the shops. One, or at most two doses are all that it is safe to give or take without skilled advice. For three days, at all events, the patient had better be in bed; on the fourth, the sofa will suit; but he should be in a well-ventilated room, and chills must be avoided for fear of inflammatory complications. If solid food cannot be taken, milk and soda water, milk alone, beef-tea not too hot, with toast, and a little sherry wine whey will do good. It is *so* important that the strength be kept up, sometimes port wine, or even brandy, will be necessary. As soon as the fever is abated, food must be taken, and nourishing broths with alcoholic stimulants. Inhalations of steam may be used several times a day, medicated by the addition of a few drops of chloroform, for the cough is at times most distressing.

It will be well that an aperient or antibilious pill should be taken at night on the commencement, and this may be followed in the morning by a draught of Pullna water, to secure good action of the bowels. The calomel pill does good service, or gray powder for children. The salicylate of sodium is sometimes administered with marked advantage. Sinapisms to the chest, and even a hot-air bath, would do good. The after-treatment of this complaint differs in no way from that of convalescence from any acute disorders. Medicinally: tonics, notably bark infusions with phosphoric acid, nourishing food, and a run to the seaside, or brief residence in mountain air.

The spraying of sulphurous acid near the nostrils and about the room has in several instances cut short an attack. It should be slightly diluted and a little eau-de-Cologne added. If we believe in the Germ theory as applicable to this Epidemic Influenza—and the writer does—this sulphurous-acid-spray treatment is one that has reason on its side, and is certainly worth trying.

In conclusion, we warn our readers to keep their health up to par, and not to neglect hygienic laws and rules.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER IV.—LOUISE TEMPLE.

THERE was one lady who held my eye from the start. She was Miss Louise Temple, and I cannot express how deep was the admiration her charms excited in me. I told you that I had caught a glimpse of her at Gravesend; but, down to this moment, I had been unable to obtain a fair view of her. Her hair, that, to judge by the coils of it, when let down, would have reached to below her knees, was of a wonderful blackness without either gloss or deadness. She wore it in a manner that was perfectly new in those days: in twinings which heaped it up to the aspect of a crown; whilst behind, it was brushed up in a way to exhibit the lovely form of the head from the curve of the neck to where the beautiful tresses lay piled. Her face was perfectly colourless, the complexion clear, and the skin exquisitely delicate. Her mouth was small, the upper lip slightly curved, and there was the hint of a pout in the faint scarce perceptible protrusion of the under lip. Her nose was perfectly straight, like a Greek woman's; but it had the English indent under the brow, and therefore had the beauty which to my fancy no Greek profile ever yet possessed.

But her eyes! How am I to describe them?

What impression can I hope to convey by such terms as large, black, soft, and fluid? The lids were delicately veined, the eyelashes long, and between these fringes the eyes shone of a dark liquid loveliness, full of the light, as it seemed to me, of a high intelligence, with spirit and haughtiness in every glance. They were the most dramatic, by which I do not mean theatric, pair of twinklers that ever sparkled star-like under the beauty of a woman's brow; created, you might have thought, for the interpretation of the Shakespearean imaginations, with all capacity in them of surprise, scorn, resentment, melting tenderness, and of every fine and noble passion. She was attired in a dress of black cloth, simple as a riding-habit of to-day, and so fitting her figure as to express without exaggeration every point of grace in the curves and fullness of her tall but still maidenly form.

I caught her glance for a moment; I am sure she remembered me as the passenger she had addressed on the poop; yet there was not the faintest expression of recognition in the full, firm, swift stare she honoured me with. She looked away from me as haughtily as a queen, with flashing inspection of the others of the row of us that confronted her, though it seemed to me that her gaze lingered a little on the Honourable Mr Colledge, who was seated immediately opposite.

'I reckon now,' whispered Mr Prance, leaning to me in his chair from his athwartship post at the foot of the table, 'that yonder Miss Temple will be about the handsomest woman that was ever afloat.'

'There have been many thousands of women afloat,' said I, 'since Noah got under way with the ladies of his family aboard.'

'I have been sailing in passenger-ships,' said he, 'for nineteen years come next month, and have never before seen such a figurehead as Miss Temple's. What teeth she has! Little teeth, sir, as all women's should be; and where's the whiteness that's to be compared to them?'

'Who is that homely, pleasant-faced woman sitting by her side?'

'Her aunt, Mrs Radcliffe,' he answered.

'What errand carries that stately creature to India, do you know, Mr Prance?'

'I do not, sir.'

'Not very likely,' I continued, 'that she's bound out in search of a husband?'

'No, no,' he muttered. 'The like of her have a big enough market at home to command. No need for *her* to cross the ocean to find a sweetheart. She's the daughter of a dead baronet, a tenth title, so the captain was saying; and her mother has a large estate to live on. Captain Keeling knows all about them. Her Ladyship was seized with paralysis when her husband was brought home with his neck broken, and has been a sheer hulk ever since, I believe, poor thing. We brought Mrs Radcliffe to England last voyage. Her husband's a big planter up country, and worth a lakh or two. I expect Miss Temple will be going out on a visit—nothing more. Her health may need a voyage. Those choice bits of mechanism often go wrong in their works. She wants a stroke of colour in her cheeks. 'Tis the scent of the milkmaid that she lacks, sir.'

He gave me a pleasant nod, quietly rose, and went on deck by way of the cuddy front, to relieve the second officer, who was watching the ship for him whilst he breakfasted.

At such a first meal as this, so to speak, when, barring one, we had all come together for the first time, there was no want of British reserve and shyness. We chiefly contented ourselves with staring. Colonel Bannister alone talked freely; he was loud on the subject of army grievances, and was rendered indeed intolerably fluent and noisy by the respectful attention he received from a gentleman who sat over against him, one Mr Hodder, a tall, thin, nervous yellow-faced man, with a paralytic catching up of his breath in his speech, who was going to India to fill some post of responsibility in a college. Mrs Bannister with her hawksbill nose, gray hair, and full figure, sat bolt upright, eating with avidity, and sweeping the faces round about her with a small severe eye.

I watched little Mrs Radcliffe with attention. It was not hard to guess that she was an amiable fidgety anxious body, of elastic properties of mind, easily but only temporarily to be repressed. She talked in a quick way to her niece, darting what she had to say into the girl's ear, with an abrupt withdrawal of her head, and an earnest look at Miss Temple's face. The other would sometimes faintly smile, but for the most part her air was one of haughty abstraction. Indeed, it was easy to see that so far as her opinion of her fellow-passengers went it was not quite flattering to the bulk of us.

Very soon after breakfast the poop was filled, and I marked the Jacks forward staring aft at the sight of us all. It was not hot enough for an awning, and there was still too much edge in the breeze, warmly as the sun looked down, to suffer the ladies to sit for any length of time. The picture was a cheerful one, full of movement and life and colour. The white-headed skipper, skewered up in his bebuttoned and belaced frock-coat, patrolled the weather side of the deck with Mrs Radcliffe on his arm. Mr Emmett paced the planks with Mrs Jolliffe and her daughters, and I could hear him bidding them admire the contrast between the violet shadowing in the hollows of the sails and the delicate sheen of the edges against the blue, as though at those extremities they dissolved into pure lustre. Little Mr Saunders trotted alongside the orbicular form of Mynheer Hemskirk, who showed as a giant as he looked down into the earnest upstaring face of the big-headed little chap. Three Civil Service youths lounged upon a hencoop, looking askant at the young ladies, and laughing under their breaths at what one or another of them said. Near the foremost skylight stood Mr Johnson and Colonel Bannister. One did not need to listen attentively to understand that the Colonel was falling foul of the calling of journalism, and that Mr Johnson was endeavouring to defend it by repeating over and over again: 'Granted—I admit it—I'm not going to say no; but give me leave to ask: where on earth would your profession be, sir, if its actions were not chronicled?' These remarks he continued to reiterate till the Colonel was in a

white-heat, and I had to walk away to conceal my laughter.

As I passed the companion hatchway, which you will please to understand is the hooded entrance to the cuddy by way of the poop, Miss Temple came up out of it, closely followed by Mr Colledge. There was something like a smile on her pale face, and he was talking with animation. She wore a black hat, wide at the brim, with a large black feather encircling it, and a sort of jacket with some rich trimming of dark fur upon it. I was close enough to overhear them as they emerged.

'I quite remember my dear father speaking of Lord Sandown,' she said, coming to a stand at the head of the companion steps, and sending a sparkling sweeping look along the decks.—'Is not Lady Augustus FitzJames an aunt of yours, Mr Colledge?'

'Oh yes. I hope you don't know her,' he answered. 'She writes books, you know, and fancies herself a wit; and her conversation is as parching as the seedcake she used to give me when I was a boy.'

'I have met her,' said Miss Temple. 'I rather liked her. Perhaps she neglects to be clever in the company of her own sex.'

'Ever been to India before?' he asked.

'No,' she answered in a voice whose note of affability somehow by no means softened her haughty regard of the passengers as they walked past. 'I am entirely obliging my aunt by undertaking the trip. My uncle is very old, and too infirm to make the passage to England, and he was extremely anxious for my mother and me to spend some months with him. Of course it was a ridiculous invitation as far as poor mamma is concerned. You know she is a hopeless cripple, Mr Colledge.'

'Oh, indeed. I didn't know. I am very sorry, I'm sure,' said he.

'I shall not remain long,' she continued; 'most probably I shall return in this ship.'

'By George, though, I hope you will!' he exclaimed. 'I'm booked to come home in her too. There'll be more shooting in three months than I shall want, you know. I mean to pot a few tigers, and try my hand on a wild elephant or two. By Jove, Miss Temple, if you'll allow me, you shall have the skin of the first tiger I shoot!'

'Oh, you are too good, Mr Colledge,' said she, with a smile trembling on her parted lips, lifting her hand as she spoke to smooth a streak of hair off her forehead with fingers that sparkled with rings; but her eyes were brighter than any of her gems; they turned at that instant full upon me as I stood looking at her a little way past the mizzen-mast, and there seemed something of positive insolence in the brief stare she fixed upon me; the faint smile vanished to the curl of her upper lip as she turned her head.

That, my fine madam, thought I, may be your manner of regarding everything which is not to be found in the Peerage.

Colledge, who had followed her glance, saw me.

'Oh, Dugdale,' he cried, 'can you tell me anything about tigers' skins—how long it takes to doctor them into rugs and all that sort of thing, don't you know?'

'I can tell you nothing about tigers' skins,' said I curtly. 'I have never seen a tiger.'

'Know anything about lions' skins, then?' he sung out with a half-smile, as my temper fancied, meant for Miss Temple.

'The ass in the fable clothed himself in one, I believe,' said I, 'but his roar betrayed him.'

'Now I come to think of it,' said he, 'I believe there are no lions in India;' and he looked from me to the girl with a face of interrogation so full of good temper as to satisfy me that at heart he was a kindly-natured young fellow.

'I think I shall walk, Mr Colledge,' said Miss Temple.

They joined the folks promenading the weather-deck, and I went to the recess under the poop to smoke a pipe.

The Chinaman nurse, in a gown of blue, and wide blue trousers, and primrose-coloured face, and a gleaming tail like a dead black serpent lying down his back, leaned against a carronade, tossing the little baby he had charge of till the plump little sweet crowed again with delight. On the warm tarpaulin over the main-hatch sat the two ayahs, crooning over the infants they held, often lifting their eyes, like beads of unpolished indigo stuck into slips of mottled soap, to the poop, where the mothers of their youngsters were. There was a taste as of a hubble-bubble in the air, with the faint relish of bamboo chafing-gear and cocoa-nut ropes. The hubble-bubble, I daresay, was a fancy wrought by the spectacle of those black faces, and helped by a noise of parrots somewhere aft.

A length of sail was stretched along the waist, and upon it were seated several sailors, flourishing palms and needles as they stitched. They talked together in a low voice that the mate of the watch should not hear them. At one of the fellows who sat with his face towards me, I found myself looking as at a curiosity that slowly compels the attention, spite of any heedless mood you may be in. Many ugly mariners had I met in my time, but never the like of that man. His right eye had a lamentable cast; his back was so round that I imagined he had a hunch. He had enormously strong long arms, with immense fists at the ends of them, and the sleeves of his shirt being rolled to above his elbow, exposed a score of extraordinary devices in India ink writhing amongst the hair that lay in places like fur upon the flesh. The bridge of his nose had been crushed to his face, and a mere knob with two holes in it stood out about an inch above his hare-lip. Though manifestly an old sailor, salted down for ship's use by years of seafaring, his complexion was dingy and dough-like as the skin of a London baker, with nothing distinctive upon it saving a number of warts, and a huge mole over a ridge of scarlet eyebrow dashed with a few gray hairs. His hair, that was of a coarse brick-red, hung down upon his back, as though, forsooth, the ship's cook had made a wig for him out of the parings of carrots. Indeed, he was as much a monster as anything that was ever shut up in a cage and carried about as a show.

I was watching him with growing interest,

wondering to myself what sort of a life such a creature as that had led, what kind of ships he had sailed in chiefly, and how so grotesque an object had been suffered to 'sign-on' for an Indiaman, in which one might expect to find something of a man-of-war uniformity and smartness of crew, when Mr Sylvanus Johnson came out from the cuddy, rolling an unlighted cheroot betwixt his lips.

'See that chap sitting upon the sail yonder?' said I—'a good subject for a leading article, Mr Johnson.'

'Oh confound it, Mr Dugdale; no sneers, if you please. Let me light this cigar at your pipe.—That fellow is in Emmett's way, not mine.—Quite a triumph of hideousness, I protest.—But what's the matter with you, this lovely morning? You look a bit down in the mouth, Mr Dugdale. Not going to be sea-sick, I hope, now that all the rest of us have recovered?'

'Down in the mouth! Not I. But I'll tell you what, Mr Johnson—when you take charge of your newspaper, will you be so good as to inform the world that there is nothing under the broad sky more consumedly insipid than the chattering of a young man and a young woman when they first meet.'

'Why, how now?' said he.

'Oh, my dear sir,' cried I, 'hear them. The unspeakable drivel of it—the *reallys* and *oh dears* and *yes quites*'——

'Yes,' said Mr Johnson, looking at the ash of his cigar after every puff; 'I think I know what you mean. But it is the effect of politeness, I believe. A young gentleman and a young lady who desire to please will begin very low with each other, lest they should prove disconcerting. But what d'ye say'—he lowered his voice—'to the drivel, as you call it, of a man of advanced years?'—here he looked into the cuddy, then took a step forward to peer up at the poop—'of a person who has seen the world—of a Colonel, in short? I wish to be on good terms with my fellow-passengers; but if that man Bannister goes on as he has begun, I'm afraid—I'm afraid it will end in my having to pull his nose.'

He sent another nervous look into the cuddy and frowned upon his cigar end.

'Has he been offensive?' said I.

'Well, judge,' he exclaimed, 'when I tell you that he said there wasn't a respectable man connected with journalism; that the calling was distinctly a tipsy one; that his idea of a journalist was that of a man lying in bed till his only shirt came from the wash, and inventing lies to publish to the world when the washerwoman enabled him to clothe himself.—"And pray, sir," said I, sneering at him, "what would the country know of your military achievements if it were not for the journalists? You army gentlemen profess to despise him; but you will get up very early to buy his paper if you have a notion that there will be any mention of your doings in it."—That was pretty warm, I think?'

'Rather, said I; 'and what did he say?'

'Oh, he gave utterance to a few of his fire-eating imprecations.'

'Well,' said I, 'I hope the passengers may prove a companionable body, I am sure.'

'I see,' said he, 'that your friend Colledge has hooked himself on to Miss Temple. I should say he needs to be the son of a nobleman to make headway with such a Cleopatra as her ladyship. Fine eyes, perhaps; but a little pale, eh? Give me Miss Hudson. I don't admire the sneering part of the sex.'

'Nor I,' said I.

'But every woman,' said he, 'has a way of her own of making love. Some simper themselves into a man's affection, and some triumph by scorn and contempt.—Do you remember how the Duchess of Cleveland made love to Wycherley? She put her head out of the coach window and cried out to him: "Sir, you're a rascal, you're a villain!" and Pope tells us that Wycherley from that moment entertained hopes.'

All that day the weather held fine and clear; indeed, we might have been on the Madeira parallels; and I said to Mr Prance that it was enough to make one keep a bright lookout for the flying-fish. The sky was of a wonderful softness of blue, piebald in the main, with small snow-like puffs of cloud flying low, as though they were a fog that had broken up. A large black ship passed us in the afternoon. She was close hauled, and being to leeward, showed to perfection when she came abreast. Her sails seemed to be formed of cotton cloth, and mounted in three spires to little skysails, with a crowd of fleecy jibs curving at the bowsprit and jib-booms, and many staysails between the masts softly shadowed like a drawing in pencil. The lustre lifting off the sea was reverberated in a row of scuttles, and the flash of the glass was so like the yellow blaze of a gun that you started to the sight, and strained your ear an instant for the report.

She was too far off to hail. The captain, standing in the midst of a crowd of ladies, said that she was an American, and told the second officer, who had the watch, to make the *Countess Ida's* number.

'Oh, what a lovely string of flags!' exclaimed Miss Hudson, who stood near me, following with her languishing violet eyes the soaring of the many-coloured bunting as it rose to the block of the peak signal halliards like the tail of a kite. 'Is there anybody very important in that ship that we are honouring him with that pretty display?'

'No,' said I, laughing, as I let my gaze sink fair into the sweet depths of her wonderful peepers. 'By means of those flags the *Countess Ida* is telling yonder craft who she is, so that when she arrives home she may report us.'

'Oh, how heavenly! Only think of a ship being made to tell her name! Oh mamma,' she cried, making a step to catch hold of her mother's gown and to give it a tweak, as the old lady stood at the rail gazing at the American vessel from the ambush of a large bonnet shaped like a coal-scuttle; 'imagine, dear: Mr Dugdale says that the *Countess Ida* is telling that ship who she is. How clever men are—particularly sailors. I love sailors.'

Her melting eyes sought the deck, and the long lashes drooped in a tender shadow of beauty upon the faint golden tinge of her cheeks.

'La, now, to think of it!' cried Mrs Hudson. 'Well, those who go down into the sea, as the saying is, do certainly see some wonderful things.'

Here Mr Colledge, who did not know, I suppose, that I was conversing with these ladies, came up to me and said: 'By the way, Dugdale, what was that joke of yours about the lion's skin this morning? Miss Temple says it was meant for a joke; but hang me if I can see any point in it.'

'What did I say?' I asked.

He repeated the remark.

'Oh yes; the young lady is right,' said I, sending a look at her as she stood near the wheel by her aunt's side—the pair of them well away from the rest of us—gazing through a pair of delicate little opera-glasses at the Yankee; 'it was a joke.—What a capital memory you have! But as to point, it had none, and the joke, my dear fellow, lies in *that*.'

'Well,' said he, 'it makes a man feel like an ass to miss a good thing when a lady is standing by who can see it clearly enough to laugh at it afterwards.'

'Yes,' I exclaimed; 'very true indeed.—What a fine picture that ship makes, eh? There goes her answering pennant! Let them say what they will of Jonathan, he has a trick high above the art of John Bull in shipbuilding.'

I watched his handsome face as he peered at her. He turned to me and said: 'D'ye know, there's a doocid lot of humour in the idea of the point of a joke lying in its having no point;' and with that he went over to Miss Temple, whose haughty face softened into a smile at his approach; and there for some time the three of them stood, he ogling the American (that was slowly slipping into toylike dimensions upon our quarter) through the girl's binocular; whilst she talked with him, as I could tell by the movement of her lips, Mrs Radcliffe meanwhile looking on with fidgety motions of her head and frequent glances at her niece, the nervous interrogative slightly-troubled character of which was as suggestive to me as to how it stood between them, as if she had come to my side and whipped out that she was really afraid that Louise's character would make the charge of her a worry and a perplexity.

The moon rose late, but it was a fine clear starlit dusk when eight bells of the second dog-watch floated along the decks and echoed quietly down out of the wind-hushed spaces of the canvas. The sea swept black to its confines where the low wheeling stars were hovering like ships' lights in the immeasurable distance.

By-and-by a bell rang to summon the passengers below to such refreshments of wine and biscuits and strong waters as they chose to partake of. The promenaders in shadowy forms melted down the companion hatchway, and two or three of us only remained on deck. Mr Colledge was one of them. He came over to me, staring in my face, to make sure of me, and exclaimed: 'I wish they would allow a man to smoke up here. What is the evil in a pipe of tobacco or a cheroot, that you must go and sneak into a dark corner to light it?'

'How is it that you are not below with Miss Temple?' said I.

'Oh,' said he, laughing, 'I want to make her last me out the voyage, and that won't be done, you know, if we see too much of each other.'

'You are to be congratulated,' said I, 'on the compliment she pays you:

> Favours to none, to none she smiles extends;
> Oft she rejects, and oftener still offends.

That's not exactly how the poet puts it, but it is apter than the original.'

'Oh well, you know, Dugdale, she has met some of my people. I don't dislike her for holding off. It shows that her blood and instincts are English; though, faith, when I first saw her I took her to be a Spaniard.—Between you and me, though, the golden-headed girl's the belle of the ship. What's her name?—Ah! Miss Hudson. Look at her as she sits in the light down there! Why, now, if I had your poetical turn, how would I spout whole yards about her fingers like snowflakes, and her lips like—— But see here! there's nothing new in the shape of imagery to apply to a pretty woman.—Oh yes! Miss Hudson's the ship's beauty. But Miss Temple is ripping company, and, my stars! what eyes!'

'Take care,' said I, laughing, 'that you don't do what many other men have done—wed the wrong one. Choose correctly at the start.'

He burst into a laugh.

'I am already engaged to be married,' said he. 'What single man of judgment would dare adventure a voyage to Bombay without securing himself in that fashion against all risks?'

I stared into his grinning face, as we stood at the skylight, to discover if he was in earnest.

'Keep your secret, Colledge,' said I; '*I'll* not peach.'

(To be continued.)

WITH ROD AND GUN IN THE HIMALAYAS.

THE HIMALAYAS—the 'Abode of Snow'—form a stupendous range of mountains that runs for fifteen hundred miles along the northern frontier of India. To the north of the range is the great arid plateau of Tibet. Between India and Tibet, therefore, the Himalayas act as a gigantic wall of separation, pierced everywhere by deep passes and gullies. But even the lowest of these passes and gullies are many thousands of feet above the level of the sea; while the higher peaks—one of which, Mount Everest, is the highest in the world—rise far above the line of perpetual snow. The northern side of the range is clothed with enormous glaciers; while its southern slopes send down great floods of melted snow, forming immense rivers in the numerous gorges. On these southern slopes also are extensive forests of oak, pine, spruce, and other trees of the temperate zone, including the great flowering rhododendron. The rivers contain fish of various kinds; and the rocks and woods are the haunts of many wild animals, such as the elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo, deer; while on the higher levels are the bear, the wild goat and sheep, the musk-deer, and the Tibetan ox. A country so well stocked with wild game constantly attracts to it crowds of sportsmen, and many books on the subject have been written. One of the best recently published is *Hindu-Koh* (Blackwood

& Sons), by Major-General Donald Macintyre, V.C.

The author has chosen the title 'Hindu-Koh,' which signifies 'Hindu-Mountain,' not because he thinks it as pretty as 'Himalaya,' the 'Abode of Snow,' but because he regards it as more apposite. He does not apologise for returning to a subject which has engaged the attention of many literary travellers and sportsmen before, nor is there any necessity that he should do so. General Macintyre has a free and flowing pen, and tells his story in good colloquial English, without pretence or pedantry, yet with a good eye for descriptive effects; and that is saying a good deal for his book. It is now, he remarks, generally accepted as a well-established fact, that the great northern bulwarks of Hindustan, and their vicinity, contain hunting-grounds which may be classed among the best that we know. 'For grandeur of scenery the Himalayas stand unrivalled. Nature has indeed been more lavish of her charms here than in any other part of the universe.'

To avoid the heat and dust which are unavoidable in marching through the plains of India in the hot season, General Macintyre departed from the regular route, and chose in preference to travel for a part of the way through the outer Himalayan ranges. With this intent he made direct for Simla; and thence, after ten days' stiff marching, he reached the popular mountain resort Mussooree. The scenery and climate on this portion of the journey were a delightful change after the dreary monotony and thick watery atmosphere of the plains. 'Now our path would wind for miles through forests of noble deodar cedars, or of grand old oaks and rhododendrons, their gnarled and crooked branches all bedecked with lichens and orchids, or ragged with beards of gray moss; and the rhododendrons (which here are not merely shrubs, but large forest-trees), although past the season of their flowering prime, were still gorgeous with a wealth of crimson blossoms. Now it lay along some bright green valley, beside a clear brawling brook dancing in the sunshine over its pebbly bed, and flanked on either side by wooded heights or steep grassy slopes. Sometimes, where it traversed a rocky eminence or an open hillside, a superb panorama of the distant range of perpetual snow would be disclosed to view—the long irregular chain of grand frozen peaks and ridges rising sharply in the clear sky-line, and stretching away right and left, their pale summits gradually becoming more indistinct as they sank towards the far horizon. The mists of early morning often lay in level white banks along the bottom of the deep intervening valleys. As the rising sun grew more powerful, the vapour would slowly lift, and, taking the form of fantastic-shaped cumuli, envelop the snowy crests in its heavy white folds, leaving in the profound hollows a soft blue haze, which was fitfully darkened by the broad shadows of transitory clouds hovering above.'

In due time he reached the outpost of Shore, where was a green valley, about eight miles in circumference, over five thousand feet above the sea-level, surrounded by high hills, and giving glimpses of far-off snowy peaks. Black bears and other game were plentiful on the neighbouring heights; hill-tigers and leopards were not uncommon; and on the low ground were feathered game and a few hares. The Himalayan bears come in for a large share of attention from sportsmen. 'In localities where oak-forests abound,' says the General, 'perhaps the pleasantest if not the best time for shooting these bears is in the month of December, when they are fed on acorns, which are then ripe. They generally commence feeding about sunset, when they climb up the oak-trees and gorge themselves with acorns all night, often not betaking themselves to their lairs—which are generally either caves or thickets near their feeding-ground—until some time after sunrise. Their whereabouts is easily discovered from the broken branches showing distinctly against the dark foliage of the trees, the back of the leaf of the Himalayan oak being white. At the commencement of the acorn season their attention is so much engaged with their feast that usually they are easily approached. But on suddenly finding themselves "treed," their astonishment is sometimes ludicrous to behold.' A bear, he adds, when up a tree, even if only slightly wounded, never attempts to clamber down. It invariably flops straight on to the ground from any height whatsoever. 'I once saw a bear I had shot at, roll over and over like a ball down an almost perpendicular declivity for several hundred feet, and seemingly without much inconvenience from its tumble, as it was nowhere to be found at the bottom.'

An odd peculiarity of bears is, that when two or more of them are found together, and one of them happens to get wounded, the wounded one will sometimes manifest its resentment by savagely attacking one of its companions. A good story in this connection is told of another sportsman. He had stalked a large she-bear feeding in some open ground, with a half-grown cub at its side. From the bear's position he could not get a shot at a vital place, and so, instead of waiting as he ought to have done, he fired and hit the animal behind. 'He might just as well have hit her with a lady's riding-whip.' The animal on being struck turned round to see what was the matter, and perceiving nothing but her own cub feeding quietly by her side, came to the conclusion apparently that the cub had bitten her. Consequently, she at once rushed at the cub to punish it for its presumption, and the two rolled over and over and disappeared in the jungle. The sportsman was too much amused at the incident to get another shot. Another remarkable peculiarity of bears noted by General Macintyre is, that when a bear attacks a man it almost invariably goes for the face; whereas a tiger or leopard usually seizes a limb first. Hence it is that in the Himalayas, native villagers are not unfrequently to be seen with their faces fearfully disfigured by bears' claws. This they are liable to when protecting their crops from destruction by the bears.

Many of the General's stories of the tracking and shooting of bears and tigers are told with graphic vividness, and are sure to excite and maintain the reader's attention. But the gun is not the only weapon of offence which our sportsman makes use of against the fauna of the Himalayas, for the less deadly angling-rod is

also brought into requisition. We have already said that great rivers flow down the deep ravines of the southern slopes of Hindu-Koh, and these rivers, like our own at home, form in their passage the same streams and eddies and pools which are familiar to the anglers in British waters. And there is one fish—the mahseer—in those Himalayan rivers which is worth the angling for, and which is nearly on a par with our own salmon so far as sport is concerned. It is known as 'the salmon of Indian rivers.' In appearance, judging from the woodcut of it, it is not nearly so graceful in form as the salmon—is more angular, so to speak, in its curves, and less beautifully moulded from snout to tail. It belongs to the carp family, as the large scales and round querulous-looking mouth denote, and, for its kind, is described as beautiful both in form and colour. 'On the back its hue is a dark olive-green, shaded off on the sides of a well-conditioned fish into a golden orange, which merges into pale pink and silvery white below. It has rather large, toothless jaws, lined with a very tough membrane, so that it requires to be struck pretty hard to be properly hooked. When I say *struck*, I mean that after the fish has hooked itself, as it will do by its own weight, a good pull, without a jerk, is necessary to drive home the barb into its leathern jaws.'

Owing to this toughness of the mouth, a mahseer when fixed is seldom lost unless the tackle gives way, or the fish should succeed, as it sometimes does, in breaking the line with its tail. The chief danger of losing it is when it is but newly hooked, and makes its first plunge, as it then has a way of lashing its tail over the line. Its general conduct when being 'run' is like that of the salmon, only it never leaps out of the water as the salmon does, but keeps on running and plunging. Like the salmon, however, it will sometimes take to the bottom of the pool and sulk, when stones require to be thrown to set it once more on the move. Patience and time are the great requisites to land the fish safely; but it is not easily gaffed, as its large, round scales are so hard that the point of the gaff is apt to glance off them. For average weight it beats the salmon hollow. General Macintyre says he is well within the mark when he states that the mahseer reaches nearly, if not quite, 100 pounds. 'The largest mahseer I ever heard of as having been taken with a trolling bait was 93 pounds; and with a fly, one that turned the scale at 62 pounds.' 'But such monsters as these,' he adds, 'are seldom taken with the rod.' As a table-fish the mahseer does not approach the salmon in flavour—its flesh resembling more that of the cod in appearance and taste. Yet its firm white flesh is by no means to be despised.

It might undoubtedly be supposed by the home-staying angler that these far-sequestered streams, where a line must be so seldom cast over the waters, would afford the most ample sport. But this is not so. The condition of the water, of the weather, and of atmospheric effects, has to be considered there as well as here, reading the home-angler the useful lesson that his difficulty of filling a basket is not always due to our rivers being too much fished. Those who read the General's experiences in the Himalayan streams will find that it is there as well as here, possible, to return 'clean.' Sometimes sudden and abundant success was secured; at other times, after hours of hard work, when all sorts of bait—fly, minnow, and even the innocent worm—had been resorted to, it was without effect, not a single fin showing itself. We fear the 'subjectivity' of fish is as much a mystery in the lands of the Orient as it is with ourselves.

Perhaps the most exciting as it must be the most fatiguing sport on these mountain altitudes is the hunting of the gooral, or Himalayan chamois, as also various animals of the deer kind. One of the General's stories under this heading we will quote. He and his party were making their way up a very steep and rough piece of ground, which terminated abruptly at the foot of a nearly perpendicular craggy precipice at least fifteen hundred feet in height. But the guide said it was quite practicable, and the ascent was made, though only after hard climbing. 'On nearing the top, it was decidedly unpleasant to look back, and I was very glad when we reached it. "*Kustoora!*" suddenly ejaculated Kurbeer, just as we topped the ascent. A musk-deer had jumped up close to us, and was standing at gaze on the ridge. All breathless as I was, I fired, and felt sure the animal was hit, although it made off. We soon discovered it standing on a little ledge of rock below the brow of the ridge. I could easily have finished it with another shot; but if it fell from the ledge there was nothing to prevent its going to the bottom of the rocky steep below it, by a much quicker route than the one we had taken in coming up. As it looked very sick, Kurbeer volunteered to clamber down, and try to secure it. The danger of such a proceeding did not strike me until I nearly had cause to repent having allowed him to attempt it. Climbing cautiously below the ledge, he seized the little creature by one of its hind-legs. In its struggles to free itself, it toppled off the ledge, the lad still holding on to it with one hand, while with the other he gripped the ledge above him. At last, in order to save himself from falling, Kurbeer was obliged to let go, when the animal went whirling down among the crags. Had he lost his balance or footing in the struggle—— I don't like recalling the feelings of those few anxious moments to my memory.'

Before closing General Macintyre's entertaining volume, we must allude to still another species of 'ground game'—if we may apply so homely a designation to the huge pythons or rock-snakes of the East Indies. It was during the cold weather, when snakes are partially or wholly torpid, that one adventure of his happened; had it been in the hot weather, when snakes are lively, the story might have had a different ending.

He and his party went one day to examine a hole or crevice under a rock where it was suspected a python lay hidden, and sure enough it was there, for they could see a bit of the tail-end protruding from the hole. They let it alone at first, thinking that, when the sun shone, it might come forth to bask in its warmth. In this, however, they were disappointed, for on the following day the snake was not to be seen; but, on closer examination, the tail was found sticking out as before. Various efforts were made to

dislodge it. A fire was lit in front, and the smoke fanned inwards, but this had no effect. The earth was even scraped away, and the hole widened, when they could see the coils of the monster as thick as a man's thigh; but except that their operations were occasionally interrupted by the startling presence of the creature's head, which it occasionally poked towards the entrance, darting out its little forked tongue, it gave small signs of animation. They had even determined to try to draw it. 'We all three, therefore, proceeded—somewhat nervously, I must own—to lay hold of its tail. To this familiarity it showed its objection by a decided inclination to wag its caudal extremity, which had such an electrical effect on our nerves that we dropped it like a hot potato, and—what shall I call it?—retired.' A shot would in all probability have induced the snake to quit its refuge; but then the shot must have torn and disfigured its beautiful skin, which the General wished to secure uninjured as a specimen. In the meantime, more efficient tools for digging had been sent for; and these now arrived, borne upon an elephant.

A bright idea now struck the party—they might draw the snake out with the elephant! Sufficient rope for the purpose was loosened from the elephant's pad; and this rope, about the thickness of a man's thumb, was hitched round the python's tail, its remaining length brought up again to the pad and fastened there, thus doubling its strength. 'Now came the tug of war! A sudden jerk might have torn the skin; the mahout was therefore warned to put on the strain gradually. Little did we know what a tough and an obstinate customer we had to deal with. Tighter and tighter grew the ropes, when "crack" went one of them. Still the strain was increased, when "crack"—the other had snapped also, leaving the snake *in statu quo*.'

The snake was finally dislodged by countermining, and killed by a charge of buckshot. When measured it was found to be twenty-one feet in length and about two feet in girth. We have not given the story at full length, but enough perhaps to induce lovers of wild sports to procure this delightful volume for themselves.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER IV.

Frank Holmes reflected a minute or two, and shook his head. For his own reasons, he doubted the probability. He knew the method which the police were pursuing—the traditional, and often successful, one of following up and arresting men answering to the description of any person or persons remembered to have been seen in the vicinity of the scene of the tragedy the evening it occurred. He was aware of this, and had little faith in it. It was not his idea, after thinking the matter out in the light of his experience and intelligence. The method of the police depended upon chance, after all; and when they succeeded in this way they were only entitled to the credit of perseverance. Putting the paper aside, he awaited the result of this fresh 'clue' with curiosity rather than any stronger interest, and then indifferently opened Mr Clayton's note. This contained two genuine surprises for him, which sent the blood coursing quicker through his veins. It was hurriedly written, dated the preceding night from Cadogan Place, and was as follows:

Dear Frank—Have you seen Faune lately? Pray, let me know.—Mary asks me to say that she would be glad to see you some time to-morrow.—Yours sincerely, R. Clayton.

Holmes read the lines twice, reflected a minute or two, and glanced at his watch: it was nine o'clock. Mr Clayton usually left home for the City at half-past ten. There was no use in puzzling over the strange inquiry about Faune, and the still more unexpected request of Mary Clayton; so, like a man who had himself well disciplined, Frank Holmes seated himself at a table by the window and worked hard and uninterruptedly for the next two hours. Then he rose, and went direct to the City, to call on Mr Clayton. He was shown in at once to the banker's private room, where he found that gentleman busy with his letters.

'What do you think of the news this morning, Frank?' he eagerly asked.

'Not much,' was the answer; and Mr Clayton's face fell. Holmes explained to him his reasons for not attaching much importance to the supposed clue.

'Still, it may be the man!'

'It may; on almost the same reasoning, so might any man you met outside in the street. We shall see by to-morrow, doubtless.—But I came to answer personally your inquiry concerning Faune. I have not seen him lately.'

'He has never been near us since the evening you were there last, Frank,' said the banker gravely. 'It is so extraordinary, and I thought you might be able to explain it.'

'How, Mr Clayton?' demanded Holmes, colouring. 'He and I have long ceased to be friends. I had not met him for weeks before that evening.'

'He left early, and rather abruptly, on the occasion in question,' remarked Mr Clayton. 'He was not in the habit of going away at any time before ten. I have since fancied, Frank, that he followed you.'

'No,' said Holmes, thinking as he spoke; 'I do not think he followed me. Your memory is at fault a little, I think. It must have been nearly half an hour after I left you that he came away.'

'Then you met him?'

'He overtook me. I had loitered along the way, and it was a quarter past nine when I reached Albert Gate. There he overtook me, as I stood for a moment; he was going his way across the Park to Mount Street; my way was up by Hyde Park Corner.'

'My fancy was wrong, I see,' observed Mr Clayton after a pause. Then, with some embarrassment, he added: 'Would you mind telling me, Frank, what passed between you and him when you met?'

'It was only a few words, and I would rather not repeat them, Mr Clayton.'

'Still, I will press my request, Frank. I have been uneasy.'

Holmes looked at his old friend for a moment, and then, in a low steady voice and without a sign of emotion, related exactly what had passed.

The banker seemed deeply agitated, and walked from the table to the window and back several times. 'Well, well,' he said at length, resuming his chair with a sigh, 'what you have told me, Frank, gives me matter to think over. I suppose you wouldn't call at Faune's lodgings for me, and ask about him!'

'Yes; I will do so, this morning.'

'Thank you.—Are you going to see Mary?'

'As a matter of course, yes.—Do you know why she wishes to see me? Is it in connection with the same matter?'

'I haven't the least idea. I mentioned that I was sending you a line, and she asked me to say she would be glad to see you to-day, or something to that effect.'

'Well, good-morning, Mr Clayton. I will call at Faune's lodgings, and then go on to Cadogan Place.'

The air was charged with further surprises for Frank Holmes that day.

On ringing at Faune's lodgings in Mount Street, the landlady, who opened the door, received him with a start of surprise and pleasure. She knew him well; he had once been a frequent caller.

'I have been a good while without seeing you, Mrs Browning,' he said, with a good-natured smile; 'but I have been very busy one way and another, and—— Are you quite well?'

'Thank you, sir, quite well, indeed,' she answered quickly; 'and if I'd only knowed your address, Mr 'Olmes, I'd have called to speak to you days ago!'

'About what, Mrs Browning?—Is Mr Faune at home?'

'At home! Why, it's about Mr Faune, sir. He hasn't been here since a week last Sunday!'

Holmes started, and after a moment, signed to the woman that he would come in. He followed her into her little ground-floor parlour and sat down. 'Since Sunday week!' he said quietly.—'Did Mr Faune say he was going anywhere?'

'Never a word, sir. After having his breakfast, he read his papers all the day—at least he stayed in his room—and in the evening he went out—as I supposed to dinner, as usual—and never came back since. And there's a heap of letters for him, and his clothes, and all his things, and I don't know in the world what to do. If Mr Faune don't come back, sir, I shall be at a heavy loss on account of my rooms being unlet.'

'Quite so, Mrs Browning.' Frank had no doubt that Faune was a good deal in arrears with his rent as well. 'He took nothing with him when he left?'

'Nothing at all, sir, that I know of, but what he wore. He took his keys with him, and left his boxes and portmanties and things all locked.'

'Of course Mr Faune was here the previous night?'

'Yes, sir; he came in a few minutes before ten—about five minutes.'

Holmes recalled that Saturday night. It was a quarter past nine when he met Faune at Albert Gate, which, allowing for one or two minutes' delay there, left him at least thirty-five minutes to walk across the corner of the Park between that point and Mount Street. It was not more than ten minutes' walk; but doubtless Faune, indulging in a smoke, sauntered easily; so that Mrs Browning was sufficiently accurate in her recollection of the hour at which her lodger came in.

'I met Mr Faune for a minute that night at Albert Gate on his way home,' he remarked—and he regretted, soon afterwards, having dropped the remark; 'it was then, I remember, fifteen minutes past nine by the chiming of a public clock. I have not seen or heard of him since. I came to ask about him this morning, because a friend of his, who has missed him, requested me to do so.'

'In—in case,' said the woman with trepidation, 'anything happened to him, I haven't moved a thing in his rooms. I keep them locked all day, only opening the windows.'

'Nothing has happened to him, I am quite sure.'

'And going to be married, too—to a beautiful wealthy young lady, as he told me!' said Mrs Browning, sighing deeply and clasping her hands.

'It is a little extraordinary,' said Holmes, rising; 'but no doubt he will soon turn up. He may have gone down the river with some friend in a yacht, and been carried farther than they meant to go. That often happens.' And promising to let her know if he heard anything concerning her lodger, Frank Holmes went away.

Much as the strange and sudden disappearance of Claude Faune puzzled him and filled his thoughts, walking slowly up the pavement of Mount Street he could not help thinking of Margaret Neale. He was treading the very stones upon which she had walked that fatal Saturday night to her death. As imagination worked more and more, his pace grew slower and slower. With his hands behind his back, and his head bent, he followed her light footsteps foot by foot to the top of the street—across Park Lane—through the small gate—along the path between the flower-beds and across the road to the steps, at the bottom of which she was killed. Some children were playing at the fountain below, but he did not see them, so wrapt was he in the mental process of picturing the scene. Whom had she come to meet? Was this the appointed place? Had she been kept waiting, and gone down the steps to be out of view in the hollow? No; she had not done this, unless it was prearranged, for by going down the steps she became invisible from the roads above. By which path had her assassin come?—from the right or the left or the front? True, she might have gone farther than this place, and returned; but this was hardly likely, for nobody coming that way—from the west side of the fountain—after dark would think of crossing through the hollow to shorten the distance round by a few yards. Then, as he

was moving away, Holmes stopped short with a start. An idea had flashed upon him, the consequence of which will be seen in due time.

It was not without some beating of the heart that he stood at the door of the house in Cadogan Place again. Whilst the footman took his card up—the card of Frank Holmes, who had been wont to ascend the stairs, without announcement, three steps at a time, swinging his hat and maybe whistling!—he resumed his ordinary calm. As soon as he entered the drawing-room, it was manifest to him, although she coloured, that Miss Clayton was controlling herself; but the nature of the feeling under control he could not conjecture.

'Thank you for coming, Frank,' she said very quietly, giving him her hand and inviting him by a sign to a chair close to her own. If he had come there with the faintest hope—which he had not—her reception would have killed it on the spot.

'I saw your father this morning,' he said, taking the plunge at once, 'and he asked me if I knew anything about Claude Faune. I am sorry I do not. I have gone to his lodgings, and his landlady is equally in the dark.'

Mary Clayton slightly raised her brows, and asked when he had last been in his rooms.

'Last Sunday week. He went out in the evening—the woman thought, to dinner—and has not come back since. It is odd; but, you know, a young man like Faune may have gone on the spur of the moment boating, or yachting off the coast, with any fellow who asked him.'

'Perhaps that is it,' she answered, with an indifference which surprised him, 'although I do not think so.—However, it is not to speak about the mysterious disappearance of Mr Faune that I have asked you to call.' She hesitated, and seemed to be gathering her strength before going on. Looking straight in his eyes, with the colour at first high in her face, she said: 'Frank, knowing you as well as I have a right to do, I am sure you will not misconstrue me now. You came here that night to see my father, and went away without coming in to see me. Of course I know Mr Faune was here. I met you at another time in the street, and you decidedly looked annoyed at being recognised by me. I will say nothing concerning your ceasing for so long to call here—where you were always not a visitor, but a friend. Will you tell me why all this has been? You will not misconstrue me, I know.'

The calm bravery with which she said it, her clear gray eyes never flinching for a moment or her voice wavering, was truly admirable. Amazement was written in the man's face. What answer to make he could not for a while imagine. 'Mary,' he said at last, doubtfully, 'did you know why your father asked me here that evening?'

'I did not know that he had asked you at all.'

'You thought I came unasked?' he said with a perceptible curl of the lip.

'If you had,' she answered, 'it would not have been the first time.'

'Ah, but then it was different.'

'How was it different?' the girl demanded, flashing her eyes upon him. 'I have no mother to guide me, Frank; but I have a right to an explanation. I always welcomed you here whenever you chose to come; you had no right to drop the privilege without telling me why. Has it never struck you that you offended me? Is a girl to accept that which a man has the right to resent? I have my proper pride, but it does not prompt me to bear this in silence.'

Frank Holmes stood up, pale. 'Mary,' he said, 'I am afraid, grievously afraid, there has been a great mistake somewhere. I am not able to think it out, now. But I will tell you what your father wanted me for that evening.'

He related it to her in a few words, as delicately as he had the skill to do it. The colour passed gradually from the girl's face, and she rose when he had done and put her hand familiarly on his arm for a moment.

'I understand it now,' she said. 'There was, as you have said, a great mistake. How my father came to fancy it, I do not know; he was deceived by appearances and, perhaps, representations. But I have never been engaged to marry Mr Faune, more than I have been engaged to marry you!'

'But—but'——

'But it might have been? Nay, nay; you are wrong. Again, be careful not to misconstrue me. The false friend never made a good husband, and will never get the chance from any girl who has her senses.'

At this point Frank Holmes was in a painful dilemma. Could Mary Clayton be ignorant, now, that she was mistress of his heart? If not, she certainly betrayed not the least consciousness of her knowledge. She had warned him not to 'misconstrue' her, which was not encouraging; and she had spoken of the 'false friend.' In what did she regard him as false? In seeking to win the object of his friend's affection? Ah; but then the 'object' had not resented the treachery in the spirit in which she referred to it now.

'I am perplexed, Mary; I must think over things. I will not conceal that I have been very unhappy.'

'You could not conceal it, Frank, if you tried. It is written in your eyes, in your face; but it has done you good—it has made you work.'

'I haven't worked for the love of the thing.'

'No matter for the motive; the results are the same.—Now, there is the luncheon bell; will you join me as in the old days?'

How could he resist her? When it was over, he was about to leave; but she detained him, saying: 'When will you come again?'

He held her hand for a second or two, examining her eyes and face with a hungry look. It was a very sweet face, with bright clear eyes looking into his own; and they made him unsatisfied and unhappy, for he saw no sign of what he hungered for. A short while back this craving was not upon him, and he loved her as ardently as now. Afraid to commit himself to an answer, he pressed her hand and went away.

As he emerged into the crowded Knightsbridge road from the quiet squares, his ear, familiar with street cries, caught the echo of one that

petrified him. The early evening newspapers were out, and the newsboys were screaming: 'Hyde Park Murder—Arrest of the Honourable Claude Faune!'

(*To be continued.*)

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

EGYPTOLOGISTS in London had lately the opportunity of witnessing the unrolling of a mummy from Upper Egypt. This interesting and rare operation took place in one of the Science Theatres of University College, and was conducted by Mr E. Wallis Bridge, who delivered a discourse upon the subject. He pointed out that the practice of mummifying the dead began as long ago as five thousand B.C., although the specimen before them was probably not older than one thousand B.C. He told his hearers how much had been learned from this systematic unrolling of the mummies of Egypt, and how the fineness of the linen, as well as the medical knowledge exhibited in dealing with the body, pointed to high culture and intelligence on the part of the ancient race which practised this method of disposal of their dead.

A few weeks ago the famous Eiffel Tower at Paris was struck by lightning, and as exaggerated rumours have spread with regard to both danger and damage, the authorities have drawn up a Report stating what actually took place. It should be first noticed that although the Tower is of metal, and must thus to a great extent act as its own protector, it is furnished with a central lightning-rod, as well as eight others which project from the balustrade of the third platform. The lightning discharge took place shortly before ten o'clock at night, and was accompanied by a deafening clap of thunder. Some molten drops were detached from the summit of the main lightning-conductor, and the other rods were seen to have brushes of light attached to them like those known as St Elmo's Fire. But the officials on the Tower at the time suffered not the slightest inconvenience, and the various delicate meteorological instruments were undamaged. The upper part of the Tower immediately after the lightning discharge appeared to be enveloped for a short time in a highly luminous electric cloud.

A new method of insulating electric wires has recently been adopted in Germany. Paper is first of all prepared by soaking in an ammoniacal solution of copper, a process which confers upon the paper durability and makes it impervious to water. (The well-known Willesden paper, which is used for damp walls and roofing purposes in this country, is prepared in a similar manner.) The pasty mass so prepared is now applied to the wires to be insulated by means of a special machine, after which treatment the coated wires are dried, and finally passed through a bath of boiling linseed oil. The importance of effective insulation of electric wires is every day becoming more evident. Recent fatal accidents through contact with electric-lighting wires indicate that currents which were believed to be harmless can kill. It would seem that skilled electricians have still much to learn with regard to the conditions under which a current of given intensity is innocuous.

Specimens of the bark of *Quillaia Saponaria* were exhibited recently at the Linnean Society by Mr T. Christy. This bark, in the form of extract, has been in use for some time in cleansing wool, silk, &c.; but it will be probably found of greater commercial importance from the fact that it has the power of solidifying hydrocarbon oils, thus rendering them free from dangerous leakage during transport. These oils, including even benzoline, can be again rendered liquid and available for use by the addition of a small quantity of citric acid.

The inhabitants and manufacturers of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, have for a long time had the advantage of cheap fuel and light, both of which were obtained in abundance from the natural gas peculiar to the district. The supply has, however, from some unexplained cause, begun to fail, and many consumers have been obliged to return to coal.

The Water Committee of the Corporation of London have recently been in communication with one of the powerful companies who supply the Metropolis with water, with a view to urge upon them the desirability of supplying water for trade purposes at something less than the amount chargeable for domestic consumption, which, being calculated on the rateable value of the premises supplied, often assumes the character of an exorbitant claim. Mr Archibald Dobbs, who has already earned the gratitude of householders by winning from the company other valuable concessions, points out in reference to the failure of these recent negotiations that it has been already decided by law, and affirmed by the House of Lords, that owners and occupiers of dwelling-houses can compel the company, so long as they take water for domestic purposes at the specified rates, to supply them for trade purposes by meter at a stated charge per thousand gallons. The consumers can claim this from the water companies by right, and not by favour, as these monopolists would lead their customers to suppose. All persons, therefore, who have need to use water for trade purposes as well as for domestic use would do well to make themselves acquainted with the Acts of Parliament by which the water companies are controlled.

The establishment of a daily illustrated paper, the *Daily Graphic*, marks a new era in the history of newspaper enterprise, and one which a few years ago would have been a simple impossibility. The methods by which both books and newspapers are illustrated have undergone a radical change even within the past dozen years. A little more than a decade back the artist had to draw his picture direct on the wood, which was afterwards engraved by another hand. The system is quite different now. The artist executes a line-drawing on white cardboard; this is photographed, and the resulting negative is placed above sensitised zinc; this zinc is subsequently etched by acid, and after mounting on a block of wood, is ready for the printing-press. It is actually possible to produce such a printing-block two hours after the drawing leaves the artist's hands. There are two other advantages in the system besides this one of quickness; the original remains intact, and represents a real

value proportionate to the status of the artist; and every dot and line is reproduced in fac-simile.

Signor Schiaparelli, whose name is so much associated with the study of meteors, has after an investigation extending over ten years ascertained that the planet Mercury revolves on its axis once for every revolution which it makes round the sun. It would therefore compare with the moon in its movement round this earth, which turns one face always towards us owing to the same phenomenon.

A correspondent of the *Times of India* deplores the gradual deterioration of the native shikari, or hunter, about whom we read so much in all books dealing with sporting adventures in our great Eastern dependency. This writer compares the present shikari with the primitive hunter of a past generation, who with bow and arrow and admirable courage and ingenuity would track down and slay the most dreaded wild beasts. It is all different now. The shikari of to-day arms himself with an inferior Birmingham gun and blazes away at everything he sees; so much so, that in many districts which were formerly famous for the sport which they afforded, there is now hardly a game-bird to be seen. The inferiority of the weapons used often leads to serious accidents, and there is hardly a district in Bengal where one or more natives cannot be found who have been mutilated by the bursting of a gun. The brave shikari of old, who came of long generations of those who spent their lives in warfare with wild beasts, is past and gone. Cheap firearms have improved him out of existence.

Attention has again been called to the dangerous and slippery state of the London streets during wet and frosty weather, by a deputation which recently waited upon the authorities in order to move that some radical change be made in the cleansing arrangements. There is no doubt that in certain states of the weather asphalt paving is very treacherous; and it is no uncommon thing to see in one thoroughfare two or three animals down at the same moment. This would be avoided if the asphalt were kept clean by constant flushings, or sprinkled with sand in frosty weather. Wood-pavement is sometimes quite as slippery as asphalt, and has the further serious disadvantage that it is so absorbent that in hot weather it often gives off a most offensive odour. All things considered, it would seem that a really effective surfacing for our hard-worked roads still remains to be invented.

A paper was recently read before the Washington Chemical Society, by Mr Romyn Hitchcock, upon the preparation of the beautiful Japanese lacquer which has of late years become so well known to Europeans. The lacquer is obtained much after the manner of collecting india-rubber—namely, by piercing periodically the bark of a tree (*Rhus Vernicifera*). The juice exudes from the horizontal cuts made, and after being collected in a kind of spoon, is transferred to a wooden receptacle. Here, owing to contact with the air, it is gradually transformed from its original grayish-white appearance to black. The compound is next strained to free it from mechanical impurities, and is then subjected to heat in order that the water contained in it may be driven off. Lacquer gives a far harder and more lasting surface than any kind of varnish, while it is not brittle, and preserves its exquisite polish for centuries.

A new use has been found for it recently as an effective coating for ships' bottoms. It is said to stop galvanic action entirely, and to have a wonderful preservative power both on steel and copper plates.

Among interesting novelties at the Maritime Exhibition at Boston is a machine for distilling sea-water and turning it into fresh and sparkling drinking-water. The machine is called the Cold Blast Water Still, and it is quite simple in design, and does its work thoroughly. The water is vaporised in a suitable vessel by means of a steam-coil, and as the steam rises it is mingled with fresh air, which aërates it and gives that sparkle which is so characteristic of fresh spring-water. But the water distilled by this machine is far purer than that of any natural spring, for it contains no mineral matter whatever. The taste of ordinary distilled water is, if not nauseous, extremely insipid, owing to absence of air, and we have already noticed how this fault is rectified in the new process. The sizes of these machines vary, the largest being capable of dealing with sixty gallons of water per hour.

One novel feature of the Boston Exhibition is a real canal nearly six hundred feet long, and of sufficient depth to accommodate launches of average size. Among these are several driven by electricity, and one which owes its motive-power to naphtha. This last form of launch is sure to become popular, for the necessary machinery takes up very little room in comparison with that of a steam-launch, and it requires no skilled engineer. You simply light a lamp, which represents the furnace, and in a minute the vessel can be propelled by the touch of a lever. The launch shown at the Exhibition is twenty-five feet long, and has an engine of four horse-power.

The inhalation of hot air as a remedy for phthisis having been advocated by a German doctor, has been recently tried and reported upon by another doctor in practice at St Petersburg. The cases selected were purposely those in which the upper part of the lungs or adjacent tissues were affected, it being thought that however hot the air, it must get cooled before reaching the more remote structures. The treatment, although tried with every precaution, and over a period of many weeks, was found to have no remedial effect whatever.

When the incandescent system of electric lighting first came forward, the lasting property of the carbon filament enclosed within the now familiar glass bulb was most uncertain, one bulb perhaps remaining good for several weeks, whilst another would without any apparent cause give way in a few hours. The manufacture has now been steadily improved, and most of the lamps may be relied upon to serve for a long time. One at Taunton has just ceased to glow after a life of nearly eleven thousand hours.

A Spanish paper illustrates a remarkable 'rocking-stone' which has been found in the southern part of Buenos Ayres. This takes the form of an immense rock, which is so supported on a central point that it can be rocked to and

fro by one man, although its estimated weight is twenty-five tons. Its shape is that of an irregular cone, and it stands in such a way at the extreme edge of a hill that it looks as if a slight push would send it tumbling down the slope. It will be remembered that similar rocking boulders, some natural, others artificial, are to be found in certain counties both in England and Scotland.

A correspondent of the *Times* recently gave an interesting account of Mount Morgan Gold Mine, which is in Central Queensland, and can be truly described as a mountain of gold. The stone which is quarried from the mountain is a kind of black ironstone, with no outward appearance of the more precious metal; but this ore yields from five to six ounces of gold to the ton. The metal is so finely distributed that the ordinary mercury amalgam process could not be resorted to without great loss, and this is therefore superseded by the chlorination method. The process for separating the precious metal is briefly as follows: the ore is crushed and reduced to sand; it is next roasted, placed in barrels, and subjected to the action of chlorine gas, when a solution of chloride of gold, in colour like sherry, flows out from the mass. By after-treatment with charcoal and subsequent reduction in a reverberatory furnace, the gold is finally recovered in the metallic state. The metal from this mine is far purer than any yet found in nature, the baser metals associated with it amounting to less than one half per cent.

The fishermen at Deal and Dover lately caught in their sprat nets a description of small fish which was entirely strange to them; but instead of seeking to know what manner of fish they were, they promptly settled the question by throwing them overboard. These fish were anchovies, and their market value is seventy shillings per thousand. It is not the first time that the anchovy, which is generally regarded as a Mediterranean fish, has visited our coasts; and one observer records that he saw one hundred and fifty thousand captured on the Cornish coast in 1871. But it would seem that the visits of the valuable little fish are too few and far between to encourage any hope that a permanent trade in anchovies could be established here. Although most abundant in the Mediterranean, it is taken in large numbers on the Atlantic coasts of France, Spain, and Portugal, and also finds its way to the south-west coast of Norway.

Mr Charles Hancock, who has on former occasions proposed useful reforms in our postal service, now suggests the use of an international postage stamp, which should be available for postage in any country included in the Postal Union. This innovation would allow for the transmission of small sums, and would also permit a writer to pay for the reply to his letter, which would often represent a great convenience.

The long-talked-of scheme of a Central London Railway has again been revived, and there seems at last some chance that the scheme will take practical shape. The last idea is to drive a double iron-lined tunnel far below the foundations of the houses, and at a sufficient depth to avoid sewers and pipes of every kind. The tunnels would, in fact, be driven through the London clay under the protection of a steel shield. As the clay is excavated, it will be carried to the original openings in the ground, so that no intermediate shafts will be necessary. The tunnels would each be eleven feet in diameter, one representing the up line and the other the down line. The motive-power for driving the trains would be electricity, a system which will shortly be on its trial on another tunnelled railway which passes under the Thames, and which will soon be ready for opening to public traffic.

TABLET TRAIN-SIGNALLING.

Of all the improvements which have recently been introduced on the railway, Tyer's Train Tablet System of Signalling, now rendered compulsory on all new single lines, is undoubtedly one of the best as far as the safety of the travelling public is concerned. It is wrought on the same principle as the Block System, with the important addition of the tablet—a round piece of metal like a quoit, which is given to the driver as a token that the line is clear, and without which he dare not proceed. The tablets are contained in an instrument—two of which are usually in each cabin—controlled by electricity, and are released by an elaborate code of signals.

Suppose we have a train at A, wishing to proceed to B. The driver must first be provided with his tablet; but in the meantime the instruments are securely locked; and no tablet can by any possibility be got out by the signalman at A, till he gets permission from the signalman at B, which permission is an acknowledgment from that station that the section is clear. We shall see how this permission is given. A sends the usual preparatory train-signal. This is acknowledged by B, who then receives a prescribed number of beats on his bell from A as an indication that the latter wishes a tablet released. By the interchange of an understood code of signalling, B then unlocks A's cylinder, and allows him to get out a tablet, which he hands to the driver. The latter, having seen the outdoor semaphore signals lowered, and got his 'All right' signal from the guard, proceeds on his way to B, the next *tablet* station—generally every second station—where the tablet he received at A, which is marked 'A and B,' is delivered up to the signalman in exchange for another marked 'B and D,' and so on. The signalman at B now places the tablet received from the driver, after noting its number in a book, into the tablet cylinder or box, and exchanges certain bell-signals with the signalman at A, by means of which the instruments are again securely locked.

Suppose, again, that a train has left A carrying, of course, a tablet, and another train is waiting at B to get on to A; the signalman at B cannot by any possibility get a tablet from his instrument until the driver who has already left A arrives with his tablet, to be placed in the instrument to relieve it in such a way as another tablet can be got from it. Furthermore, should a train be sent from B to A, and break down or

be delayed by the way, no train can follow on the same section till the driver of the first train has arrived with his tablet, which must itself clear the line of the train which carried it.

Thus all along its journey the train is carefully guarded by electric signals, from cabins in the rear, and likewise in advance, and by no possibility can two trains be on the same section at once, since, as we have seen, no driver can proceed without his tablet, which tablet cannot be released without the permission and co-operation of the signalmen at each end of the section. In the case of express trains, the tablet when taken from the instrument is placed on a ring, which while the train is passing is slipped from the outstretched arm of the signalman to that of the driver, the latter delivering up his ring and tablet to the signalman at the same time. The train is, of course, slowed a little till the exchange is made; still, the momentum often causes the ring to run up the arms of the men and give them severe blows on the back of the neck with the heavy tablets. Altogether, that form of tablet exchanging is open to serious objections.

On the new coast-line of the Great North of Scotland Railway, however, it is a grievance which no longer exists, thanks to Mr Manson, the Great North of Scotland Railway Company's gifted Locomotive Superintendent, who has invented an apparatus for exchanging tablets which, briefly described, consists of a special casting formed like a tuning-fork, the prongs of the fork being slotted to hold two brass tongue-pieces or levers, which at one end work on a pin or stud, the other ends being kept in contact with each other by a plate spring. One of these special castings is fixed to a sliding arm on the engine, and another is carried in a similar manner on a cast-iron column at each tablet station. The tablet is placed in a small india-rubber case; and when an exchange is to be made, this case, with the tablet in it, is hung on an arm attached to the rear end of the special casting in such a position that the tablet is central with the tongue, between the prongs of which it is forced by the speed of the train.

Mr Manson's valuable invention has been in use on the Great North of Scotland Railway for about five months, and has proved a great boon to both signalmen and drivers. By means of it tablets can already be exchanged while the train is running at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour; and with further improvements, suggested by time and experience, it will doubtless be possible by-and-by to make the exchange while running at a mile a minute.

Should the signalman in charge of the tablet instrument make any mistake in its working, it gets locked, so that no tablet can be got from it. In this case—that is, when communication is entirely destroyed—the working of the line is arranged for by means of a Red-cap Pilotman, who on receiving two of three printed forms from the station-master or other responsible official—the other form is delivered to the signalman—walks along the railway to the other end of the section; and if the section is clear, delivers one of the forms to the signalman, and retaining the other for himself, allows trains to proceed on the section under his control in accordance with certain rules not of general interest. This is continued till the apparatus is restored to working order.

Signalmen are not to show 'line-clear' signals to allow any train to pass on to a section worked by a red-cap pilotman.

A VALENTINE.

By the moss-grown wicket gate,
Which she swings with timid hands,
And but half-inclined to wait,
A pretty maiden stands;
For who first shall cross her way,
When the early sunbeams shine
On this February day,
She may choose as Valentine.

So she lingers in the mist,
While swift blushes come and go,
Till the sun's warm lips have kissed
Into living gold the snow.
Is it one of Cupid's laws,
Or some sweet decree of Fate,
That a manly step should pause
Every morning by that gate?

No! his duties in the town
Call the lad who loves her well,
Through the pastures bare and brown,
From his homestead on the fell.
You may shake wise heads and smile—
Yet the narrow path leads straight
From the fields beyond the stile
To the moss-grown wicket gate.

Hush! She hears his rapid strides;
But the holly boughs droop nigh,
And to-day she shyly hides
Till the feet pause and—pass by.
Ah! the thrush that nests above
Sees how soft blue eyes can shine,
When a maiden's own true love
Is her chosen Valentine.

Well, a lover need not know
That a pretty maid would wait
In the February snow
By a moss-grown wicket gate.
And the secret of the bush
Where the scarlet berries shine
Will be safe between the thrush
And good St Valentine.

E. MATHESON.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*d*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

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DAFFODILS.

Two flowers stand out from among all others to be loved with a wealth of affection largely mingled with old associations, and with those pleasant memories of childhood that are precious to all of us. All flowers we number among our friends, but these two hold a place in the inner circle of the heart. One 'the pale primrose' that made glad and golden the April woods of childhood; the other the

> Daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty.

Both are beloved by the poets; both are rich in associations social and historical. In the old-fashioned gardens, where the ladies of long ago walked stiffly in ruff and fardingale between the trim box bowers, there bloomed every shade of primrose and polyanthus, from the pale yellow wilding of the woods to the rare and costly varieties that even then brought goodly prices in the market. And haughty Cavaliers and close-shaven orthodox Puritans unbent somewhat of their dignity, and rubbed their hands in wholesome pride and contentment, as one by one their rarer blooms of daffodil and narcissus came to perfection and scented the spring winds with fragrance.

The tulip was all the fashion at one time; and for tulips and hyacinths the wealthy burghers of Holland gave such immense sums that even the orchid fanciers of to-day can go no further. In Britain, too, the mania for tulips was at one time fashionable, and fine bulbs were highly prized and greatly thought of. What were called Dutch gardens then became the rage, and one may still see them in all their trim formality at some old-fashioned mansions. The tulip, however, is too stiff and scentless; and the daffodil is essentially the more popular British flower; and from the rich double yellow variety that glorifies the smallest cottage garden, the Garland Lilies that lend brightness to not a few of our Scotch woods and loch-sides, and the Lent Lilies that grow wild in abundance in England and Ireland, to the paler and more delicate sorts that bloom in rich profusion in the gardens of all the three kingdoms, it is everywhere loved, and everywhere prized as something very precious, because very homely and familiar.

Nowadays, daffodil culture and daffodil lore are becoming each year more popular, and every spring flower-show introduces us to new perfections of shape and colour in the exquisite daffodil and narcissus that are year by year exhibited in greater numbers. Many of these, however, are exceedingly delicate and costly varieties, that one oftenest sees brought to perfection under glass—shadowy daffodils, that, beautiful as they are, are yet but the ghosts of our sturdy friends of the gardens and woodlands; and the pale narcissus, which, though its own home is a land of snow, seems more fitted for some warmer clime than for battling with the snell blasts of March and April, and making the open garden plot a place of beauty. This delicacy is only in seeming, however, for the daffodil is the child of Alpine snows, and far up among the mountain valleys, great fields of 'dancing daffodils' scent the clear air with their delicious fragrance. The trade in the daffodil and narcissus is yearly increasing, and enormous supplies of flowers are sent from abroad to London and our other large towns, where, all through the spring months, one can for a few coppers secure a sweet and charming posy. With these foreign varieties, however, we have nothing to do; it is the hardy outdoor 'daffydowndilly' that is our familiar friend; and it is some stray jottings about it that we wish to give our readers, in the hope that they may be welcome to daffodil lovers and daffodil growers.

One delightful thing about daffodils is that they are so easily grown and take up so little room. Not the tiniest patch of cottage garden need be without them; indeed, we know not a few cottage gardens where the varieties are

many and valuable, and where the rich gold that comes so easily to brighten the gray spring days is a pleasure beyond words to folks who have not much of any other gold to make life bright for them. Then they are so conveniently polite; they are pleasant and agreeable to us when we have few other flowers to grace the youthful year. They make courtly bows from their slender stalks as early as February in some places, and right on through March, April, May, and June, good friends with the primroses and violets, and always gay and smiling; then their little day over, they disappear, and let other flowers take their places till next spring, when up they come again, ready as ever to shake their cups in the sunshine, and nod defiance at that chilly carle the east wind, who is apt, alas! to take so much of the pleasure out of a blue sky and April weather.

They require no rich soil or careful doctoring these daffodils. A great bunch of yellow Lent Lilies will flourish as happily among the grass as anywhere, and look prettier there too; and one large clump of the pheasant-eyed or Poet's Narcissus, we remember well, used to be 'a thing of beauty' spring after spring, on the very verge of a rubbish heap in a forgotten corner of an old-fashioned garden.

The narcissus, the jonquil, and the delightful Scotch double 'white lily,' with their sweet subtle scent, are most charming; but they are more formal, more stately, than the daffodil—haughty folks, accustomed to attend to *les convenances;* whereas the daffodils are friends for every day in this workaday world, and are

> Not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food;

for they are quite ready to adapt themselves to the wearers of corduroy and of homespun, and to spread their golden glory before the dazzled eyes of the cotter's bairn, who lovingly gathers an armful of them to stick in the brown jug that stands on the window ledge between the well-thumbed Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress.*

And how well they adapt themselves to decoration! Nothing is easier than to group them: given a tall jug or vase and a few of their own long green leaves, and they are such absolute grace and perfection of colour in themselves, that the whole room seems the brighter and happier for their presence.

All these things, however, are well known to daffodil lovers, so we must hasten to give a few facts and fancies about them, which may not be equally familiar. For illustrations of the daffodil and narcissus nothing can be better than the drawings in Hartland's *Original Little Book of Daffodils,* which emanates yearly from Cork. In a book entitled *Ye Daffodyl* (published by P. Barr and Sons, London) there are some delightful things about them, and to it we are greatly indebted both for pleasure and for information. For instance, we learn from it that *Narcissus Poeticus* was celebrated in verse both by the Greeks and the Romans, and that Theocritus makes mention of the daffodil. A pretty tradition, at anyrate, which we may enjoy, though we cannot attain to an absolute certainty that the flowers they sung were the exact variety we have to-day. Turner, who, so early as 1548, wrote a famous Herbal, was of opinion that they *were* the same, as he speaks of 'a whyte narcissus or whyte daffodil,' and then goes on to say: 'Pliny makes mention of a kynde called *Narcissus herbaceus,* which is after my judgment our yellow daffodil.'

Lobel alluded to the narcissus as far back as 1570; and in a rare book by Clusius (published in Antwerp in 1576) many sorts are mentioned. So in the days of Queen Bess and of hapless Queen Mary of Scotland, old gardens were full of the various kinds of narcissus and daffodil; and we can fancy Mary Stuart as, spring after spring, she took her restricted walks in the gardens of her English prisons, watching them come out, and thinking sadly of the golden daffodils that were dancing free and gay in the fresh spring breezes of sunny France, or away in wind-swept Scotland, where she had so often seen them burst into bloom in the gray shadow of Holyrood, or dance gaily on the grass behind some sheltering wall at St Andrews by the sea, or perhaps in the old-fashioned gardens of Perth. Looking down, perchance, from her palace of Linlithgow, the daffodils may have made sunshine by the loch-side as she listened to the impassioned strains of Chastelard, or 'summoned Rizzio with his lute and bade the minstrel play.'

And surely then, as now, in the sunny gardens of Falkland, the great Scotch double daffodil swayed its stately golden head in the trim borders beside the strong gray walls.

With another garden, where the daffodils grow in wild profusion, Queen Mary's name is always associated, for 'Queen Mary's Island' in the Lake of Menteith is their chosen home. And that reminds us that all over Britain we have much for which to thank the monks and nuns, for wherever there was a religious house, they planted daffodils; and now, when all trace of monastery or convent has passed away, and the hands that scattered the floral gold have long since crumbled into dust, 'great groups of golden daffodils' growing wild in rich profusion mark the site of the old church-lands

But to return to the daffodil in literature. In 1629 John Parkinson published his *Choice Garden of all Sorts of Rarest Flowers,* in which he gives an account of nearly a hundred sorts of narcissus, and which is full of quaint daffodil lore, for Parkinson was a sincere lover of daffodils. Here is a charming quotation from a letter written by one Ralf Cunnynghame to his cousin, Sir Robert Stapleton, in 1610, and recently quoted in *Harper's Magazine:* 'Yestermorn I was abroad while the dewe still laye upon the grasse, for it was sweet and bright. I knowe not what it is that bringeth at such tymes of spring a fullness of joye to the heart; but so it is, and certes with me especiallie on this sweete daye, for all things were budding tenderlie, and the whole world seemed full of pure delyghte. Soe at last I came to a certaine spott I wotted of, where alle around the bankes of a tiny lakelet stood a whole host of daffodillies growne talle and statelie and fayre, neither could

there have been lesse than thousands of them, so that the whole earth coadjacent seemed strewn thick with bright yellow flakes of golde; and whenever a small wynde came, they bowed in great rows like a sea of golden starrs. I know not why it was, Amadis, but certes my heart was soe flooded with a bliss and a strong love longinge, that big tears of tender joy filled mine eyes; and soe I lay me down upon a green bank of grasse and sweet herbes, and gazed on those fayre blossoms with gentle joyaunce.'

And from such quaint and charming prose we naturally turn to poetry, in which we find numerous allusions to daffodils. Herrick's charming *Address to Daffodils*, and Wordsworth's beautiful lines on the same subject, are universally familiar; and Shakespeare, too, often notices them; but perhaps everybody does not remember that the well-known quotation, 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' was applied by Keats to daffodils. Oscar Wilde, who is charmingly poetical when he deals with flowers and with nature, has four lovely lines about them:

> The little white clouds are racing over the sky,
> And the fields are strewn with the gold of the flower of March;
> The daffodil breaks under foot, and the tasselled larch
> Sways and swings as the thrush goes hurrying by.

What a perfect picture that is! One almost feels the freshness of the March wind as it sweeps past, and there must surely have been the sound of a rippling burn not far off, over which the willows shook their catkins in a very ecstasy of spring joy.

Daffodils have a peculiar power of awaking memory, we fancy; and one can imagine that, like the strain of some dear old tune heard far from home, the sight of a common double daffodil in India, in Canada, or at the Cape, would bring back the picture of the garden at home, the gray dike, the gooseberry bushes, the bunches of yellow daffodils, the sough of the spring wind over moor or sea, till brave eyes grew dim with a mist of tears, and strong hands ached with a keen longing to hold again in answering clasp the hands of friends and brothers in the kindly home country.

A few historical and geographical notes, gleaned from various sources, may add some interest to the subject, even to readers who do not own to a mania for bulb culture, or consider the tiny bulb of some rare daffodil worth a good deal more than its weight in shillings. Narcissus, as all readers of mythology know, was doomed by Nemesis to perish of self-admiration, gazing at his own beautiful image in the well until he died, after which he was metamorphosed into the flower bearing his name. Shakespeare says Proserpine was gathering daffodils when carried off by Pluto; but this myth is doubtful, as the flowers described are more like the fritillary than the daffodil. Canon Ellacombe, in his *Plant Lore of Shakespeare*, says the rose of Sharon was really the large yellow narcissus, which is common in Palestine and the East generally, and of which Mahomet said: 'He that has two cakes of bread, let him sell one of them for some flowers of the narcissus; for bread is food for the body, but narcissus is food for the soul.'

The name daffodil is derived from affodyle or asphodel, the flower beloved of the gods, and which is said to bloom for ever in the fields of heaven.

The name Lent Lily is often applied to them, and they are also called Lidi-lilies, 'lidi' meaning March in the dialect of some of the English counties, and both Lent and Lidi being equivalent to spring. Geographically, the narcissus and daffodil are widely spread, as they are to be found all over Europe, in many parts of Africa, in North and South America, in India, in Persia, in Cashmere, and even in China and in Japan. One lovely variety, the sweet-scented jonquil, is a favourite flower on New-year's Day in China, and is also very popular in Japan.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. Clark Russell,

Author of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, etc.

CHAPTER V.—A MYSTERIOUS VOICE.

Here the second mate interrupted us by singing out an order to the watch to haul down the fore and main topgallant studdingsails. Then he took in his lower and main topmast studdingsails. The men's noisy bawling made talking difficult, and Colledge went below for a glass of brandy-and-water. Presently old Keeling came on deck, and after a look around, and a pretty long stare over the weather bow, where there was a very faint show of lightning, he said something to the second mate and returned to the cuddy.

'In foretopmast studdingsail!' bawled Mr Cocker: 'clew up the mizzen-royal and furl it.'

A little group of midshipmen hovering in the dusk in the lee of the break of the poop, where the shadow of the great mainsail lay like the darkness of a thunderstorm upon the air, rushed to the mizzen rigging, and in a few moments the gossamer-like cloud floating under the mizzen-royal truck was melting out like a streak of vapour against the stars, with a couple of the young lads making the shrouds dance as they clawed their way up the ratlines.

'What's wrong with the weather, Mr Cocker,' said I, 'that you are denuding the ship in this fashion?'

'Oh,' said he with a short laugh, 'Captain Keeling is a very cautious commander, sir. He'll never show a stun'sail to the night outside the tropics; and it is a regular business with us to furl the fore and mizzen royals in the second dog-watch, though it is so fine to-night, he has let them fly longer than usual.'

'Humph!' said I; 'no wonder he's popular with lady passengers. I suppose there is no chance of the ship falling overboard with the main-royal still on her?'

'When it comes to my getting command,' said he, 'the world will find that I am for carrying on. What my ship can't carry, she'll have to drag. I've made my calculations, and there's nothing with decent heels that shouldn't be able to make the voyage to India in seventy-five days. It is the trick of wind-jamming that stops us

all. A skipper'll sweat his yards fore and aft sooner than be off his course by the fraction of a point. For my part, I'd make every foul wind a fair one.'

He called out some order to the group of shadows at work upon the lower studdingsail, and I went to the skylight with half a mind in me to go below and see what was doing there; but changed my intention when I saw friend Colledge leaning over a draughtboard with Miss Temple, Miss Hudson looking on at the game from the opposite side, and Mr Johnson drawing diagrams with his forefinger to Mrs Hudson in explanation of something I suppose that he was talking about.

I went right aft and sat myself upon a little bit of grating abaft the wheel, and there, spite of the adjacency of the man at the helm, I felt as much alone as if I had mastheaded myself. The great body of the Indiaman went away from me in a dark heap; the white deck of the poop was a mere faintness betwixt the rails. Her canvas rose in phantasmal ashen outlines with a slow swing of stars betwixt the squares of the rigging, and a frequent flashing of meteors on high sailing amongst the luminaries in streaks of glittering dust. There was little more to be heard than the chafe of the tiller gear in its leading blocks, the occasional dim noise of a rope straining to the quiet lift of the Indiaman, the bubbling of water going away in holes and eddies from the huge rudder, and a dull tinkling of the piano in the saloon, and some lady singing to it.

All at once I spied the figure of a man dancing down the main shrouds in red-hot haste. I was going in a lounging way forward at the moment, and heard Mr Cocker say: 'What the deuce is it?' The fellow standing on a ratline a little above the bulwark rail made some answer.

'You are mad,' cried the mate. 'What *are* you—an Irishman?'

'No, sir.' I had now drawn close enough to catch what was said. 'If I was, maybe I'd be a Papish, and then the sign of the cross would exercise [exorcise, I presume] the blooming voice overboard.'

'Voice in your eye,' cried Mr Cocker. 'Up again with you!—This is some new dodge for skulking. But you'll have to invent something better than a ghost before you knock off on any job you're upon aboard this ship.'

'What is it, sir?' called the voice of the captain from the companion, and he came marching up to us in his buttoned-up way, as though he sought to neutralise the trick of a deep sea roll by a soldierly posture.

'Why, sir,' answered Mr Cocker, 'this man here has come down from aloft with a run to tell me that there's a ghost talking to him upon the topsail yard.'

'A what?' cried the captain.

'I 'splained it to the second officer as a woice, sir,' said the man, speaking very respectfully, but emphatically, as one talking out of a conviction.

'What did this voice say?' said the captain.

'I was mounting the topmast rigging,' replied the man, 'and my head was on a level with the tawps'l yard, when a woice broke into a sort of raw "haw-haw," and says: "What d'ye want?" it says. "Hookit!" it says. "I know you." So down I come.'

'Anybody skylarking up there, Mr Cocker?'

The mate looked up with his hand to the side of his mouth. 'Aloft there!' he bawled; 'anybody on the topsail yard?'

We all strained our ears, staring intently, but no response came, and there was nothing to be seen. Dark as the shadow of the night was up in the loom of the squares of canvas, it was not so black but that a human figure might have been seen up in it after some searching with the gaze.

'It's your imagination, my man,' said the captain, half-turning as though to walk aft.

'Up aloft with you again, now!' exclaimed the second mate.

'By thunder, then,' cried the man, smiting the ratline with his fist whilst he clipped hold of it with the other, swinging out and staring up, 'I'd rather go into irons for the rest of the woyage!'

By this time a number of the watch on deck had gathered about the main-hatchway, and stood in a huddle in the obscurity, listening to what was going forward. On a sudden a fellow leapt out of the group and sprang into the main rigging.

He hove some curses under his breath at the seaman, who continued to hang in the shrouds, and went aloft, hand over fist, as good as disappearing to the eye as he climbed into the big maintop. The other man put his foot on to the rail and dropped on to the deck, where some of the sailors began eagerly in hoarse hurried whispers to question him.

'Well, what d'ye see?' shouted Mr Cocker, sending his voice fair into the full heart of the high glooming topsail.

There was no answer; but a few seconds later I spied the dark form of the man swing off the rigging on to the topmast backstay, down which he slided in headlong speed. He jumped on to the poop ladder and roared out, after an oath or two: 'There's no man to be seen, and yet a man there is!'

'And what did he say?'

'Why,' he cried, wiping the sweat off his brow, '"Blast me, here he is again!"'

The brief pause that followed showed the captain as well as the second mate to be not a little astonished. In fact, the fellow was one of the boatswain's mates, a bushy whiskered giant of a sailor, assuredly not of a kind to connive at any Jack's horse-play or tomfoolery in his watch on deck and under the eye of the mate. The captain sent one of the midshipmen for his binocular glass, the second mate meanwhile staggering back a few paces to stare aloft. But there was no magic in the skipper's lenses to resolve the conundrum. Indeed, I reckoned my own eyes to be as good as any glasses for such an inspection as that; but view the swelling heights as I would, going from one part of the deck to another, that no fathom of the length of the yards should escape me, I could witness nothing resembling a human shape, nothing whatever with the least stir of life in it.

'Well, this beats my time!' said Mr Cocker, drawing a deep breath.

'What sort of voice was it?' demanded Captain Keeling, letting fall the binocular with which he had been sweeping the fabric of spar and sail, and coming to the brass rail overlooking the quarter-deck.

The first of the two men who had been terrified cried out from the group near the hatchway, ere the other could answer: 'It was exactly like the woice of Punch, sir, in the Judy show.'

'Then there *must* be a pair of 'em!' roared the other fellow with great excitement. 'What I heard was like a drunken old man swearing in his sleep.'

'Captain,' said I, stepping forward, 'let me go aloft, will you? I've long wanted to believe in ghosts, and here is a chance now for me to embark in that faith.'

'Ghosts, Mr Dugdale? Yet it is an extraordinary business too. There has been nothing to hear from the deck, has there?'

'Nothing, sir,' answered Mr Cocker.—'But Mr Dugdale, if you will take the weather rigging, I'll slip up to leeward; and it'll be strange if between us we don't let the life out of the wonder, be it what it will.'

I jumped at once into the weather shrouds, and was promptly travelling aloft with the sight of the figure of the second mate in the rigging abreast clawing the ratlines, and the wide spread of his legs showing out against the faintness of the space of the mainsail behind him. We came together in the main-top, and there stood looking up and listening a minute.

'I see nothing,' said I.

'Nor I,' said the second mate.

We peered carefully round us, then got into the topmast rigging and climbed to the level of the topsail yard, where we waited for the wonderful voice to address us; but nothing spoke, nor was there anything to be seen.

'Those two sailors must have fallen crazy,' said I.

'There's no need to go any higher,' said Mr Cocker; 'the topgallant and royal yards lie clear as rules against the stars.—On deck there!'

'Hallo?' came the voice of the captain, floating up in a sort of echo from the hull of the ship, that looked a mile down in that gloom.

'There's nothing up here for a voice to come out of, sir.'

'Then you had better come down, sir,' called the captain; and I thought I could hear a little note of laughter below, as though two or three passengers had collected.

Mr Cocker's vague form melted over the top; but I lingered a minute to survey the picture. My head was close against the main-topmast crosstrees, a height of some eighty or ninety feet above the line of the ship's rail, with the distance of the vessel's side from the water's edge to add on to it. I lingered but a minute or two, yet in that brief space the shadowy night-scene, with the grand cathedral-like figure of the noble craft sailing along in the heart of it, was swept into me with such vehemence of impression that the scene lies upon my memory now clear as it then was in that far-off, that very far-off, time. Every sound on deck rose with a subdued thin tone, as though from some elfin world. There was a delicate throbbing of green fire in the black water as it washed slowly past the lazy sides of the *Countess Ida*, and upon this visionary, faintly-glittering surface the form of the great ship was shadowily depictured, with the glimmer of the deck of the poop dimly dashed with the illuminated squares of the skylights, and a point of scarce determinable radiance confronting the wheel where the binnacle light was showing. The ocean night-breeze sighed with a note of surf heard from afar in the quiet hollows of the canvas. There was sometimes a little light pattering of the reef-points, resembling the noise of the falling of a brief summer thunder-shower upon fallen leaves. The sea spread as vast as the sky, and you seemed to be able to pierce to the other side of the world, so infinitely distant did the stars close to the horizon look, as though *there* they were shining over an antipodean land.

'Aloft there, Mr Dugdale,' came dimly sounding from the deck; 'do you hear anything more of the voice?'

'No,' I answered; but the cry had broken the spell that was upon me, and down I went, looking narrowly about me as I descended.

I had scarcely gained the poop when there was a commotion on the quarter-deck, and I heard the voice of the Chinaman exclaiming: 'What sailor-man hab seen Prince? What sailor-man, I say, hab seen him? Him gone for lost, I say! Oh—ai—O! Oh—ai—O! Him gone for lost, I say!'

'Who is making that row?' shouted Mr Cocker, putting his head over the brass rail.

The Chinaman stepped out from under the recess, and the cabin lights showed him up plainly enough. He wrung his hands and executed a variety of piteous gestures whilst he cried: 'Oh sah, did you sabbe Prince? Him gone for lost, I say! Oh—ai—O! Oh—ai—O! Him gone for lost, I say!' And here he rolled his eyes up aloft and over the bulwarks, and then made as if he would rush forwards.

'Is that you, Handcock?' said Mr Cocker, addressing a stout man who stepped out of the cuddy at that moment.

'Yes, sir,' answered the fellow, who was indeed the head steward.

'What's the matter with that Chinese idiot?'

'Why, sir, his mistress's parrot has escaped. He is responsible for the safe-keeping of the fowl, and he's just missed him.'

'Then it'll ha' been that bloomin' parrot that's been atalking aloft,' said a deep voice from near the pumps; but I noticed an uneasy shifting amongst some of the figures standing there, as though *that* were a conjecture not to be too hastily received.

'Here, John,' shouted Mr Cocker; 'come up here, Johnny.'

The Chinaman, who continued to mutter 'Oh—ai—O!' whilst he gazed idiotically about him with much wringing of his hands, slowly and in attitudes of extreme misery, ascended the poop ladder.

'Could this parrot talk, John?' said Mr Cocker.

'Oh, him talkee lubberly. Him speakee like soul of Christian gen'man.'

'What could he say?' shouted the second

mate, evidently desirous that this conversation should be heard on the quarter-deck.

'Oh, him say "Gib me egg for breakfiss;" and him laugh "haw-haw;" and him say "hookit" and "whach you wantee;" and he speakee better than common sailor-man;' and here he burst out into another long wailing 'Oh —ai—O! Him gone for drownded. Him gone for lost, I say!'

'Now you hear what this man says, my lads,' called Mr Cocker. 'Jump aloft, those of you who are not *afraid*, and catch the bird if you can.'

The young fourth mate set the example; and in a trice a dozen sailors were running up the fore main and mizzen, where for a long half-hour they were bawling to one another, some of them feigning to have caught the bird, whilst they *kurikity-cooed* at the top of their pipes, the Chinaman meanwhile shrieking with excitement as he ran from one mast to another. But it was all to no purpose. The bird had evidently gone overboard; probably had attempted a flight with its shorn pinions after the second of the men who had been frightened had come down in a hurry. The search was renewed next morning at daybreak; but poor Prince was gone for good.

Spite of Mr Cocker's hints as to Captain Keeling's timidity in the matter of canvas, the old skipper evidently knew what he was about in taking in his flying kites in good time, for whilst the seamen were still scrambling in the rigging and skylarking up there in search of the parrot, the breeze freshened in a long moaning gust over the rail, with a brighter flashing of the stars to windward, and a sudden stoop of the Indiaman that sent a line of water washing along her sides in milk; and at midnight she was bowing down with nothing showing above her main topgallant-sail to a strong wind off the beam, the stars gone, and a look of hard weather in the obscurity of the horizon.

For the next four days we had plenty of wind and high seas with frequent gray rain-squalls shrouding the ship, and leaving her with streaming decks and darkened canvas and dribbling gear. It was Channel weather again, in short, saving that there was the relish of the temperate parallels in the air, whilst the seas rolled large and wide and regular with all the difference betwixt the motion of the ship and her rollicking neck-breaking capers in the narrow waters that you'd find between the trot of a donkey and the majestical thunderous gallop of a charger.

But the wet made a miserable time of it. What was there to be seen on deck save the gleaming forms of men in oil-skins, the sweep of the dark-green surge out of the near veil of haze, the rain-shadowed curves of the canvas—the whole fitly put to music by the damp dull clattering of booms, noises of chafing up aloft, and the wild whistling of the wind upon the taut weather rigging? The males amongst us who smoked would come together after meals in a huddle under the break of the poop, cowering against the weather bulkhead out of the wet of the rain; and on these occasions arguments ran high. If Colonel Bannister was of our company, nothing could be said but that he whipped out with a flat contradiction to it. In fact, he was of that order of mind who reckons its mission to be that of teaching everybody to think correctly.

Once he endeavoured to prove to Mr Emmett that he was wanting in an essential qualification of a painter, namely, an eye for atmosphere, by requesting him to say how far the horizon was off, and roaring in triumph because Mr Emmett answered five miles. Mr Johnson, after a careful look at the sea, submitted that Mr Emmett was right. The Colonel, pulling out his white whiskers, asked how it was possible that a journalist should know anything about such things. Angry words were averted by Mynheer Hemskirk, who, with a fat face and foolish smile, broke in with a mouldy old puzzle: 'Answer me dis: here iss a bortrait. I shtands opposite, und I shay, "Brooders und shisters hov I none, boot dot man's farder iss my farder's soon! Vot relation iss dot man to dot bicture?"' The Colonel had never heard this, and asked the Dutchman to repeat it. Mr Hodder in a mild voice said: 'It is himself.' Little Mr Saunders, after thinking hard, said it was his father. '*That*'s it, of course!' shouted the Colonel. The Dutchman said no, and repeated the lines with great emphasis, striking one fist into the palm of the other at every syllable. Then sides were taken merely to enrage the Colonel. Some agreed with him, and some with the Dutchman. Mr Emmett, feigning not to catch the point, compelled the stupid good-natured Hemskirk to repeat the question a dozen times over. So loud was the argument, so angry the Colonel, so excited the Dutchman, and so demonstrative most of the others of the listeners, that the chief-officer came off the poop to look at us.

I give this as an instance of our method of killing that dreary time. The old ladies for the most part kept their cabins; but the girls came into the cuddy as usual, and made the interior comfortable to the eye as they sat here and there with knitting-needles in their hands or a novel upon their knees.

MÉDOC.

THE name of the Médoc district, if less universally familiar than those of Cognac or Champagne, is yet known to many, and is probably of greater commercial value to France than the two better-known districts put together. This fair region consists of a long slip of land extending in a northerly direction from Bordeaux, and lying between the sea and the river Gironde. It may be taken, roughly speaking, to extend from St Vivien in the north to St Médard in the south, and comprises all the châteaux from which come the finest growths of Bordeaux wine, known in England as claret. To Englishmen this part of France is of peculiar interest, surrounded as it is with memories of some of the best known figures and most stirring times in British history, and having formed a portion of the Duchy of Aquitaine, which was for some three hundred years one of the brightest jewels in the English crown. It is small wonder that the warriors of

the Black Prince, having had fair fiefs granted to them in a region which might almost dispute with ancient Touraine the title of the garden of France, did not betray much anxiety to return to their own bleak shores.

The Médoc proper is really the northern part of the district called Les Landes, the southern portion of which, until planted of recent years with pine-trees, was little more than a desert. The soil is a light gravel, and the best vines are grown on a surface of gravel—quartz, and sand with a clay subsoil. The vine most usually grown is of the stunted variety, chiefly that known as the Malbec, and being trained to espaliers, it seldom rises more than two feet from the ground. The ridges in which the vines are set run across the vineyards in straight lines, much after the stiff and formal fashion of a Kentish hop-garden; hence the contrast with the wild luxuriance which one meets with in the vineyards farther south is very great. These vines, which first bear about five years after being planted, continue productive for one hundred or even two hundred years. They require constant care and attention, and it is a rare occurrence to pass a vineyard without seeing the peasants in their picturesque party-coloured costumes of red and blue toiling amongst its rows: some are driving a team of oxen, which, drawing after them a plough perchance of primitive construction, thread their way with cautious foot between the long lines of vines; others are applying 'Bouillie Bordelaise,' a preparation of sulphate of copper and slaked lime, to the stems and leaves of the plants, to preserve them from mildew, one of the greatest pests with which the modern wine-grower has to contend. The phylloxera—which in 1868 made such ravages in the district, turning many of the finest vineyards into barren wastes, and threatening the Médoc district with the same ruin which it wrought in Cognac and Champagne—is happily, owing to the improved methods of treatment, and the extensive planting of American vines, being rapidly exterminated.

During the time of the vintage, the grapes when picked are taken on bullock-drays to the presshouse, where they are stripped from the stalks and placed in large vats. Many of these vats are of enormous size, those at the château Mouton-Rothschild holding some three thousand two hundred and forty gallons apiece. Here the grapes are left to ferment for a period extending from a week to a fortnight, after which the wine is drawn off into hogsheads and taken to cool and well-ventilated stores, which usually adjoin the pressroom. During the first month the bungs are inserted very lightly, and the casks are filled up at frequent intervals. This process is modified after the first month, when the bungs are fastened in tighter and the barrels only filled up every seven or eight days. The first *soutiraye* or drawing-off takes place in March, a second in June, and a third in November. The hogsheads are then turned over, and after a time are removed to dark cellars, where the wine is left to mature until it is disposed of to a purchaser. Should fermentation afterwards take place, the wine is drawn off into casks impregnated with sulphur, which quickly arrests the tendency. This is, roughly speaking, the usual mode of procedure. The different châteaux have slightly different methods of production, caused principally by differences in plant, which ranges from utensils of a very antiquated description to the most expensive and ingenious contrivances of modern times.

From a sentimental point of view, it is matter for regret that the picturesque old-time château with its primitive appliances is quickly becoming a thing of the past. Here and there it may be met with; but new buildings are rearing their heads in the district; and in cases where the old buildings still stand, they have been repaired and altered—improved, say the vandals—to such an extent that only vestiges of the original edifices remain. We saw one building which bore the scarcely legible date 1332; but even here the spirit of modern improvement had worked its will. Probably the finest, and certainly the most imposing, building in the Médoc is the Château Margaux, a modern structure, built in the Italian style, containing pictures ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci, Guido, Tintoretto, and other famous masters, and many other objects of art and *virtù*, including a curious eighteenth-century Venetian glass chandelier, which is said to have cost its owner some two thousand pounds. But this unique building is situated in a district which is reported to be as full of malaria at certain seasons of the year as the Roman Campagna. This is probably the reason why the owner of the place, the Comte de Pilletville, a Parisian banker, hardly ever visits the property. Absentee landlordism, however, seems to be a feature of the district, since its principal vineyards have fallen into the hands of native and foreign capitalists. One notable exception to the rule occurs in the case of Baron Rothschild, the owner of Lafite, the most famous of the vineyards, for he usually spends a couple of months each year upon his estate during the time of the vintage.

The diversified character of the Médoc wines has necessitated their classification into growths or *crûs*. The fine growths are again divided into several classes, the first including Lafite, Margaux, and Latour, all of which command high prices, and are usually sold immediately after the vintage; one purchaser generally buying the entire produce of a year. The second growths include, among others, Mouton-Rothschild, Léoville (St Julien), Durfort (Margaux), Gruard Larose, Brane Cantenac, and Ducru Beaucaillou (St Julien). Some of the wines of these châteaux, although generally classed as inferior to the *premier crûs*, are often, owing to the vagaries of a particular season, actually of much better quality than those in the higher class. The quantity of wine produced at each château is subject to great fluctuation. Mouton-Rothschild, which can make something like six hundred hogsheads in one season, produced in 1887 not quite half that quantity; and the Château Durfort, which last year made two hundred and twelve hogsheads, did not yield half that quantity in 1887; whilst, on the other hand, the Château Ducru Beaucaillou, which in 1887 made three hundred and sixty hogsheads, fell short of that number by forty in 1888. But on the whole, the '88 vintage in the Gironde department exceeded that of '87 by no fewer than forty-one

million gallons, and the quality is also reported to be above the average. Even the long-suffering British farmer is scarcely more the sport of the seasons than the Médoc wine-grower, who has, besides, always to fear the ravages of the dreaded phylloxera. Many troublous years has he passed through, and it is only during the last few seasons that glimpses of returning prosperity have appeared on his clouded horizon.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.'

CHAPTER V.

RECOVERED from the first shock of that startling street-cry, Holmes made for a corner news-agent's stall and asked for an evening paper. The man had not one left: he protested, sorrowfully, that he could have sold 'five thousand' within the last half-hour if he had had them. The placards were there—that was all, describing the great sensation in various well-chosen terms: 'The Murder in Hyde Park'—'A Lord arrested'—'An Earl's Son!'—and so on. It was maddening to Frank Holmes. A cabman crawling by was eagerly devouring a paper on his perch. Holmes hailed him: 'Sell me your paper? Here's a shilling for it!'

The villain shook his head, and was moving on. Holmes was not to be balked. He jumped into the cab. 'Strand!' he shouted. 'Lend me the paper while you drive.'

'For a bob, sir?'

'Confound you, yes!'

The cabman passed the sheet down through the roof of the cab and wheeled his horse. He might have turned into the adjacent square and walked his horse round that small enclosure for all Frank Holmes would have been conscious. But the news was disappointingly meagre. It merely chronicled that the Honourable Claude Faune, residing in lodgings in Mount Street, having disappeared the day after the murder, and the police having gathered certain information pointing to him as the probable perpetrator of the atrocious deed, had been tracked, and arrested in his bed that morning in a lodging-house near Victoria Docks.

The circumstances in themselves staggered Frank Holmes, and it was significant that the man who had 'spotted' Faune, and eventually, after following him up, effected his arrest, was detective officer Burton, who, it will be remembered, witnessed the meeting between Holmes and Faune at Albert Gate on the night of the murder.

Without leaving the cab, he drove to Marlborough Street Police Court, but was late; the prisoner had already been formally remanded till next day. He then called at the police station and saw the inspector.

'Is Burton anywhere about?' he asked the officer.

'No, Mr Holmes,' replied the inspector, who knew him well; 'he has gone home for a rest after his run. It was a good one, wasn't it?'

Holmes was silent a minute. 'Do you believe you have got your man?' he then asked.

'There isn't a doubt about it,' was the answer, delivered with a professional emphasis which startled Frank Holmes. 'You will be of the same opinion when you hear the evidence to-morrow. It will be a feather in Burton's cap.'

'Jameson,' said Holmes, 'I am not speaking to you now as a newspaper man. I couldn't do newspaper work on *this* case; I am too much interested in it in other ways. So that, if you like, you may speak freely.—What is the evidence against Mr Faune?'

'Enough to hang him, Mr Holmes, as sure as my name is John Jameson. I am afraid I cannot tell you what it is—not that I mistrust you; but orders are orders, you know.'

'Quite so,' said Holmes. 'All the world, I suppose, will know to-morrow. But I am profoundly incredulous; I cannot think it possible. Has anything been discovered yet concerning Miss Neale's husband?'

'Is it impossible,' asked the officer with a smile, 'that Mr Claude Faune is the husband?'

The suggestion coming under such circumstances gave Holmes a shock which deprived him for the time being of the power of thinking—he shrank from thinking of it. It was too terrible; yet, was it not an obvious suggestion? Or had the police really the proof that Faune was the murdered woman's husband? In that case, whatever other evidence they might have, it would go hard with Claude Faune.

He went away from the station without another word and walked to the Park. For half an hour Holmes sat on one of the seats by the fountain, thoughtfully observing the spot where the murder was committed. Often his eyes travelled in one direction along the road going across to Albert Gate, and on the other to Mount Street. The way from Albert Gate to Mount Street leads—as every one acquainted with it knows—by the fountain where the governess was murdered. If Faune that Saturday night did not himself commit the murder, he must have passed close to the spot very soon before—or after—the act was committed. Had he taken the direct path through the hollow where the fountain stands, descending the steps on one side and ascending the other, he must have met Miss Neale waiting there if living, or discovered her if dead. But, as has been said, few people would do otherwise after dark than follow the wide walk round the top of the basin.

Could Faune be the husband of the dead woman? It was not by any means impossible, and the proof which Holmes had had of the man's baseness did not stand against the supposition. And then—if the police were able to prove this relationship—what a dreadful result it would be! There would be no want of a motive; Faune's intended marriage with Miss Clayton made the removal of the deserted and living wife a vital necessity.

Knowing nothing as yet of the evidence in possession of the police, beyond the fact that a powerful motive must have caused Faune to disappear as he had done, and then return to hiding in a low and remote quarter of London,

Holmes was anxiously sensible of the danger in which Miss Clayton stood of being brought into the case. He resolved that this must be prevented at all hazards.

He started to go to Cadogan Place, but changed his purpose on the way. 'It will be time enough,' he thought, 'when I know that there is a danger;' and so, instead of proceeding to Cadogan Place, he walked westward to Kensington, and knocked at the door of a small house a few doors off High Street.

A delicate woman, whose face lit up with pleasure on seeing him, opened the door.

'And how is Nellie, Mrs Burton?' he asked, as she showed him into her pretty parlour. The little girl answered in person, running in and kissing Frank Holmes.

'Nellie hasn't seen you for so long, Mr Holmes,' said the pleased mother.

'I have been busy; but I will come oftener now.—Some day soon, Nellie, we shall have another great ride on the top of an omnibus—this time to Hendon and back.—I suppose Burton is asleep, as usual?'

'He only came home two hours ago, Mr Holmes, after being away best part of a week; but I'll soon call him up.'

'No, no; please, don't. I will look in again, perhaps, later on. He has done what appears a good stroke of business, hasn't he?'

'Oh, I do hope, Mr Holmes,' said Mrs Burton, drawing her chair a little nearer, and speaking purely with a wife's anxiety for her husband's prospects, 'that it 's the right person. It will be such a chance for Tom!—What do you think, Mr Holmes?'

'I certainly think,' he answered, smiling, 'that if he has run down the right person, it will be an important matter for him. He will get five thousand pounds, for one thing, and promotion as a matter of course.'

This poor woman, what with sickness and a limited income, had sorely felt the pinch of that poverty which is hardest because it is bravely kept out of public sight, and the tears which burst from her were only natural. She thought only of her husband and child and home.

'And what do you think of it, Mr Holmes? You know so much—as much, Tom always says, as all Scotland Yard put together—that your opinion is worth everything!'

'I have hardly an opinion at all as yet, Mrs Holmes. I know nothing except what is in the evening papers, and that is very little.'

'Oh, but Tom has been telling me all about it,' she said eagerly, 'just as he would tell yourself, sir, if he was down-stairs.'

'I know he would tell me all about it, Mrs Burton, or of course I would not listen to you. I came to ask him. Now, how did he come to run down Mr Faune?'

Mrs Burton was silent a minute, collecting her thoughts. Then she started from the beginning: 'You remember that Saturday night, Mr Holmes? Well, Tom was at Albert Gate, and you know what he witnessed. He told me about it that night when he came home, and said—— But that has nothing to do with it.'

'What did he say, though?'

'Oh, simply that he would like to get a chance of having satisfaction out of the gentleman—on your account, of course, Mr Holmes—and I will not deny,' she added, blushing, 'that I shared the wish myself. It was only natural.'

She paused at this point; but as Holmes offered no remark, she went on: 'Then, this dreadful murder was done. Though Tom never said a word to me about it then, he says that Mr Faune came to his mind the minute he heard of it. He kept his thoughts to himself, and went on quietly making inquiries. It was the hour that struck him first. Mr Faune passed through Albert Gate about a quarter past nine. He had to go by the fountain to get out of the Park by the Mount Street gate; and Tom says it was between a quarter past nine and ten o'clock that the murder was done.'

'I don't see that that is proved yet, Mrs Burton; it will be an important point to prove.' At the moment, Burton himself, half dressed, was seen standing at the door of the room, having doubtless heard Holmes coming in.

'I'm sorry if I have disturbed you, Burton,' said the latter, 'for you must be played out.'

'I'd be doubly sorry, Mr Holmes, to miss seeing you,' was the reply. He took a seat, and resting his elbows on his knees, looked earnestly into the young man's face. 'It is, as you have just remarked, Mr Holmes, an important point. But do you think there is any doubt about it?'

'I don't know about doubts, Burton; only, it is always best to be prepared to prove everything.'

'Just so, sir. We can prove that Margaret Neale went into the Park by the Mount Street gate at a quarter past nine—the constable on duty in Park Lane saw her.'

'Or some person very like her. Let us take that for granted. The murder, then, was committed after that hour. But suppose it should happen that she was seen by somebody after ten o'clock—how would that affect your case?'

'It would knock it into the middle of next week,' the detective answered, looking dismayed, 'because *he* returned to his lodgings at five minutes to ten.'

'I only made a suggestion, Burton; no such evidence is likely to turn up now, I fear. Assuming your theory as to the time of the murder—between a quarter past nine and five minutes to ten—what then?

'Ah!' said Burton, feeling strong now. 'He had to pass there, in the usual way, to get to Mount Street. Now, let me tell you two points, Mr Holmes, and ask you what you think of them. He was in the habit of passing that way almost every night; but neither myself, who saw him going home often, nor the men on duty the other side—who knew him by appearance equally well—ever saw him go home so early before. It was often past eleven, always past ten.—The other point is this,' said the detective, emphasising it by dropping his voice and tapping the palm of one hand with the forefinger of the other, 'Mr Faune did not pass out of the Park through the Mount Street gate that night!'

Holmes was fairly startled. Before speaking, however, he took the locality well into his mind. The road from Albert Gate led in almost a straight line to the small gate facing the top of

Mount Street, passing by the fountain. About half-way across the Park one could have 'borne' to the right, and got into Park Lane about two hundred yards the south side of Mount Street, through a similar small gate. Or, bearing to the left from the fountain, one could have followed the main road and gone through Grosvenor Gate, still farther to the north of Mount Street. A person making for this point might conceivably have taken the former course, which would not have been much out of his way; but certainly not the road through Grosvenor Gate, which would have necessitated traversing a considerable way back in order to reach the destination in question.

Now, this latter, Burton informed Frank Holmes, was what Claude Faune had done on the night of the murder. Why should he have gone round by Grosvenor Gate, while the gate at the top of Mount Street was still open, as it always was up to ten o'clock?

'You must bear in mind, Burton,' remarked Holmes, when he had turned the matter over in his mind, 'that Mr Faune, habitually returning after ten o'clock, was accustomed to leaving the Park by the Grosvenor Gate. There would be nothing extraordinary in his doing so, absent-mindedly, smoking and thinking. From the time which it took him to reach his lodgings, he probably walked on past the Grosvenor Gate, and then returned that way.'

Burton listened in silence, and slowly moved his head from side to side in mild but decided dissent. 'It won't hold water, Mr Holmes. The constable on duty at Grosvenor Gate saw him approach at a quick pace from the direction of the fountain, pass through the gate, and turn back to Mount Street. He slept there that night; next evening he disappeared. I started as soon as I learned he had gone. I traced him as far as Dover; after beating about there for a day or so, I found he had returned to London, getting out at St Paul's Station. I found him in bed in a lodging-house at the docks this morning.—What did he mean by all this?'

'Well, when you arrested him?' inquired Holmes, unable to answer the question.

'Oh, he jumped like a man shot, at first, and turned white. When I told him the charge, he lay down again for a minute with his face on the pillow—I had a sharp eye on his hands—and then merely said: "All right, officer." That was all. He has been stolidly silent ever since.'

'Is there anything else?'

'They have taken possession of everything in his rooms to-day, and I don't know what they may find there. But I fancy the case doesn't want much more.'

'Don't you think, Burton, you will have to prove some acquaintance between the governess and the prisoner?'

'Yes; no doubt his papers will do that. If not, now we know our man, we can follow his history back until we find where the relation was between them. We are aware that he was expecting to marry a wealthy wife; if we can ascertain that he was the husband of the murdered woman, the case will be pretty complete. There isn't the smallest doubt on my mind, Mr Holmes, that he killed the girl to be free to marry the other!'

'If you can prove that, Burton, your case will be a strong one indeed,' observed Holmes, speaking slowly. 'But I have known the prisoner since we were at school together, and it does seem incomprehensible to me that, if he had been married, I should have suspected nothing of it.'

'You and he, Mr Holmes, are different sort of men.'

The remark was pregnant and well to the point, and Frank Holmes could make no reply to it. He rose to go; and said good evening to Burton and his wife; he was too ill at ease to accept Mrs Burton's invitation to a cup of tea. He had learned more than he desired to learn; for he saw now that, if they discovered Faune to be the husband of the murdered woman, it would be impossible to keep Mary Clayton's name out of the case; it would be impossible to shield the girl whom he loved with all his soul from the unmerited but inevitable consciousness of having been the innocent cause of poor Margaret Neale's tragic death. He would have given his life to spare her name from the notoriety which now threatened it.

'I feel convinced, Tom, that Mr Holmes thinks you have succeeded,' said Mrs Burton, after their visitor was gone. 'He didn't like to say so—the man having once been his friend, and having acted as he did—but it was plain to be seen.'

'Mr Holmes is a man in a hundred thousand, Kate. I believe, after all, he would be glad to see Faune get off.'

'What!—if he really did it?'

'Well, as to that,' remarked her husband doubtfully, 'I won't be too sure. What I mean is, that he would rather see him proved innocent than guilty.'

'But he will be found guilty,' said Mrs Burton firmly. They both gave a few minutes' silent thought to the question, and it was the wife who broke the silence with a long-drawn sigh and the ejaculation, 'Oh Tom!'

'Well, Kate?'

'To think how different it will be with us then! Five — thousand — pounds! And Mr Holmes says you are certain of promotion besides.'

'Kate,' confessed her husband, 'I won't deny that my first feeling in pursuing Faune sprang from gratitude to Mr Holmes, on account of all the little things he done for us when Nellie—and yourself, for that matter—was ailing. Faune had treated him badly, and I felt a pleasure in helping to pay him off. It was gratitude, Kate, in the first instance—and nothing proves better that it's gratitude as pays, no matter how you go about it.'

Without casting doubt on this excellent doctrine, the wife regarded her husband with open surprise. 'Do you mean, Tom, that at the first you actually had no suspicion of Mr Faune—that you only meant to cast suspicion on him, in order to—have satisfaction on account of Mr Holmes?'

'That was it, Kate. There was a lady in it—Mr Holmes knew her before Faune did—and it wouldn't have served Faune's prospects to be pulled up on suspicion of being the murderer—

even if he was discharged next day. That was it, Kate, at first; but see what it has led to! I say, it's gratitude as pays; always fix that in Nellie's mind.'

BOOKS READ BY COLERIDGE AND SOUTHEY.

FROM THE RECORDS OF BRISTOL LIBRARY.

SPECULATIVE conjectures are always rife as to the sources whence great authors derive their information; and it is rarely that such conjectures can be positively verified; but a curiously interesting find, lately made in the Bristol Museum and Library, at least sets much conjecture at rest with regard to Coleridge and Southey, as also Sir Humphry Davy. This institution is the successor of the Bristol Library Society, founded in 1773; and it was known that somewhere lying *perdu* was the Register of the original members of the Society; but amongst a mass of old discarded medical books of a past age have been found, not only this first Register, but the series of the books kept for entering the works read by each member; and the interest in these is highly increased from the fact that very frequently the members themselves entered out their own books and signed for them. In the list of members in the first Register are the names of John Tobin, Thomas Beddoes, Robert Southey, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Joseph Cottle. No date is given when each member joined; but Southey is the two hundred and seventy-eighth name, Coleridge two hundred and ninety-five, and Joseph Cottle three hundred and ten; but the last-named signs the book three times, presumably because his membership lapsed. Thomas Eagles' name also appears; and S. Seyer and Barrett, the historians of Bristol; and Collinson, the author of the volumes on Somerset. Seyer takes out Rousseau's works; and Dr Beddoes the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy; but the interest in these books centres in the greater figures of Southey and Coleridge; and some interesting and suggestive items are found in the entries.

The first entry of Southey's name is on October 28, 1793, when he takes out the second volume of Gillies's 'History of Greece;' and on November 1 the first volume of Smith's 'Wealth of Nations.' On November 25 he takes out Godwin on 'Political Justice,' vol. two; and appears to have had further need for this book, for he has the same entry again on December 9. On November 27 he has the first volume of Gilpin's 'Forest Scenery;' and volume two on the 30th December. He goes on regularly having books from this date until March 31, 1794, taking out Gilpin's 'Observations,' Headley's 'Ancient English Poetry,' Cowper's Homer, Polwhele's Theocritus; Hooke's 'Roman History;' Gillies's 'History of Greece;' but from March 31 to July 8 is a break, and then again the books run on: Hartley's 'Observations on Man;' Coxe's 'Travels in Poland' on September 16; and a suggestive entry that follows this one is the Bishop of Bristol taking out Randolph's 'Treatise on the Slave Trade.'

Southey continues having out works at frequent intervals every four or six days: Cartwright's 'Journal,' 'History of Mexico,' Helvetius's 'Child of Nature,' Boyd's Dante, Williams' 'Observations on the Discovery of America.' Again he has Hartley's 'Observations on Man,' Carter's 'History of England;' and after this entry on January 28, 1795, after a few pages, where, again, there is a lapse for a month, appears the entry of 'Political Tracts,' volume three, on March 2, 1795, to S. T. Coleridge. The whole of this entry is in Coleridge's own hand, and seems to be the first entry of his taking out any works. Southey has out Fergusson's 'Roman Republic;' and Coleridge, Enfield's 'History of Philosophy,' volume two. On April 6 occurs the significant entry of Burns's 'Poems' to Southey; and next to it, for Coleridge, Robertson's 'Charles V.,' proving that the two men came in together, as both books are signed for by their own hands. Southey after this takes out the 'History of Paraguay' and 'European Settlements.' Then, on April 20, Coleridge takes out the first volume of Burnet's 'History of his Own Time;' and Southey has volume two of the same work.

After this date, the two men continually take out works together; sometimes one appears to have entered for the other, some of the entries suggesting they were limited to one work, and had recourse to a little scheming to get the books they wanted. On April 27 Coleridge takes out volume two of 'History of George III.,' and Southey has volume three of the same work. On May 4 Southey borrows Fuller's 'Worthies;' and on May 15 Coleridge has Cudworth's 'Intellectual System.' On May 18 they both again come in together; Coleridge takes out Balguy and Sturgis, and Southey a work on Newton. On June 1 Coleridge has Paley's 'Evidences' and volume one of Michaelis, Southey having the second volume of this latter work. On June 15 is a curious entry; Coleridge appears to have come in by himself and wanted two works. He makes the whole entry himself, and signs his own name for Clarkson 'On the Slave Trade;' he then enters out a work on 'Colonisation,' and re-signs by a slip his own name, scratches it out, and enters Robert Southey. On July 13, Southey signs for and enters 'Edda Sæmundina' in a remarkably clear neat signature; and Coleridge has out Edwards' 'West Indies' on July 14, and Rowley's 'Poems,' Cambridge edition, on the 21st July; and now with Coleridge's name occurs a blank until October 19. Southey takes out a work on August 10, D'Herbelot's 'Bibliothèque Orientale,' and then he also takes out no more works until October 14, when he enters out again the 'Edda.'

Coleridge now seems to have required some one else to help him out in obtaining the necessary number of books, for on November 25 he enters out and signs for Burgh's 'Political Disquisitions,' volumes one and two, and he enters out the third volume of the same work and signs Joseph Cottle as taking it out. Now, although Cottle has signed the membership three times, he does not appear to have taken out many works. This volume of the Register ends as far as Coleridge and Southey are concerned with these entries, and is completed on December 3, 1795, the year, it will be remembered, when Coleridge married Sara Fricker on October 4, and Southey Edith, her sister, on November 14, immediately leaving his bride and sailing for Spain and Lisbon.

The other volumes of these Registers were not at first discovered; but further search brought

them to light; and a careful look through them reveals some further interesting entries and signatures. The eleventh volume of the Registers ended a few days before Southey's marriage and departure for Lisbon; but as he was again in Bristol and its neighbourhood on his return, at Nether Stowey and Westbury, other entries to his name were confidently expected; but the first entry of interest after, perhaps, an entry to Joseph Cottle of Cæsar's 'Commentaries' in December 23, 1795, was that to Coleridge, who takes out Akenside's 'Poems' on December 24 of that year. The entries now are not so frequent as they were when Southey was working with him; but Coleridge goes on steadily taking out works: 'Poetical Tracts,' volume three, on December 30; Ossian's 'Poems,' one and two, January 8, 1796; 'Annual Register,' 1782 and 1783, February 26; Berkeley's Works, volume two, March 10; 'Anthologia Hibernica,' March 28; 'Harleian Miss.,' volume six, April 25; 'Observer,' volumes one and five, May 6.

In this volume there are at present none of the suggestive entries that occurred in the former volumes; it is so far but a bare record of works taken out by Coleridge; but the next entry is of a work of a speculative nature, that is entered without author's name as 'Essay on Existence and Nature of an External World.' This is taken out on June 6, 1796. Boyd's Dante, volumes one and two, follows this entry on the 23d of June; and in Coleridge's own hand comes next David Williams 'On Education' on July 13. On August 1 is an entry to James Tobin of Malone's 'Vindication of Shakespeare,' proving that the J. Tobin referred to in the other entries is none other than the 'Dear brother Jem' whom Coleridge essayed to make immortal by introducing him into the prefatory stanza of 'We are Seven.' But Wordsworth objected to the rhyme 'Jem' with 'limb,' and James Tobin, brother of the author of the 'Honeymoon,' did not appear in the poem that, 'Jem' himself declared, would make Wordsworth 'everlastingly ridiculous.'

A curious and muddled entry is that of A 1 Cottle (*sic*), who takes out 'D'Anarchisis,' volume two, altered to first and first, and with the addition, 'one French and the other English.' The entry on August 22 of A. S. Cottle for Meadow's 'Juvenal' shows that A 1 is but a careless entry A. S. When Coleridge has books entered out to him he is always called Mr Sam Coleridge. On September 22 he takes out Taylor's 'Sermons.' 'J. Cottle' is the next signature. The following entry of Foster 'On Accent and Quantity,' on October 25, is suggestive; and the next entry is curiously amusing. Coleridge seems to have rushed in, taken out 'Apuleia Opera,' volume one. He signs for this with a stroke for S. and a T.; and for Coleridge he cannot get beyond the *r*, a scrawl finishes it, and in place of the date he writes: '9 Dutch ships taken with 3000 troops—Bravo.' The date before and after is November 4, '96. Beyond this date the entries have a certain sameness, not of subject, but of incident. The works entered are: Cudworth's 'Intellectual System;' again Foster 'On Accent' in the year 1796. In the year '97, Brucker's 'Historia Critica Philosophiæ;' Massinger's Works on August 18, 1797, in his own hand; Nash's 'Worcestershire; Burney's 'History of Music;' 'Sæmundi Edda;' and in 1798 Middleton's 'Life of Cicero,' the second volume being entered to Cottle; Blair's 'Lectures;' 'Philosophical Transactions,' volume seventy-five; 'Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts,' volumes ten and eleven; and on June 8, 1798, is the last entry to Samuel Taylor Coleridge of Massinger's Dramatic Works.

After this date the entries become of slight interest: such names appear as Dr Beddoes, Fanny Aleyn, J. Tobin, Jos. Cottle (who takes out works now fast and furiously), Seyer, Collinson, Thos. Eagles; but on August 22, 1799, is the highly-interesting entry of Thos. Hayley's 'Life' to Dr Beddoes; and to H. Davy, Woodville's 'Medical Botany;' both these entries are in Dr Beddoes' hand. The search for Southey's name is fruitless; no other entry of his name comes to light. But the entries to H. Davy are frequent; at first in Beddoes' hand. He is generally entered by the librarian as Mr Davy, and he takes out Priestley's 'Experiments and Observations,' and a book which at first is entered out as 'Search,' and afterwards as Search's 'Light of Nature.' This work is continually being taken out. The other books being taken out by Davy are Voltaire's 'Dictionnaire Philosophique,' Bacon's Works, Voltaire's 'Romans,' 'Œuvres de Rousseau' more than once, Foster's 'Voyages,' Bacon's Works, 'Linnean Transactions,' Locke's Works, Ramsay's 'Poems;' and on February 26, 1801, he takes out his last work, White's 'Natural History of Selborne;' thus proving he was in Bristol from at least August 22, 1799, until February 26, 1801. This entry brings us up to the seventeenth volume of the Registers, and the only interest attached to the eighteenth volume is Dr Beddoes' constancy to 'Search.'

A bare record of the books read by these men in their youth nearly a century ago; but their names to us now are household words, and this list of books read by them gives us a clear insight into the mind-food they then digested, and sets at rest some doubt as to where they spent some of the months in which we find they were constant visitors to the Bristol Library.

JAMES BAKER.

OFFICIATING VICE-CONSUL.

BY AN AMATEUR.

'THERE won't be a very great deal to do,' says Mr Brunel, Her Majesty's Vice-Consul, as he hands his keys across the café table to me; 'and you'll be able to judge by the amount of work there is in the morning whether it will be necessary to open the office or not in the afternoon.'

'Very well,' I reply. 'To what do these keys belong?'

'The big one opens the office door, and the little one the cash-drawer I showed you yesterday.—By the way, how am I to get them back on Monday?'

'You had better call at my hotel for them,' I answer with some surprise. Did Mr Brunel expect me to walk all the way up to his lodgings and return his keys before office hours? It was cool, to say the least of it.

'No; that won't do,' he says, knitting his

brows. 'I shall be awfully tired on Monday, and your hotel is ever so far away. I'll tell you what, Jones—just give them to my landlady as you pass my lodgings on your way home to-morrow.'

'What!' I exclaim; 'give your landlady access to all the money in the British Consulate! Impossible! That would never do.'

'Ah! I hadn't thought of that,' says Mr Brunel calmly; 'perhaps it *might* be injudicious.—Let's see, now; who is there you could leave them with?—I have it! Know the tinsmith's shop at the corner of my street?'

'Yes,' I answer, open-eyed. What did the man mean to suggest now?

'You leave 'em there. He won't know what they are; and I can get them from him on Monday without going a yard out of my way. That will do first rate—eh?'

I shake my head decidedly. 'It would be a most unbusiness-like proceeding,' I say emphatically, 'most unbusiness-like. Of course, all responsibility rests with you, Mr Brunel; but I could not, I really could not, feel justified in doing such a thing. Suppose the tinsmith found out what the keys opened, by any accident?'

'You're very particular, Jones,' says the Vice-Consul with some irritation. 'They would be perfectly safe there. I know the tinsmith very well; awfully decent fellow he is. I bought a bath from him only last week, and he gave it me on tick. A splendid bath! one of those large, flat, shallow, open ones, you know. He only asked'——

'Never mind the bath now, my dear sir, I say,' cutting him short. (Brunel is a terribly communicative man.) 'I want to know what is to be done with these keys?'

'I don't know what to suggest, I'm sure,' says Brunel plaintively. 'I really can't come down to your hotel on Monday and be at the Consulate at ten o'clock. It's a physical impossibility. Why, I shan't be back here until midnight on Sunday, if the tide'——

If Mr Brunel begins about the tide, I know by bitter experience that he will never leave off.

'Isn't there any respectable resident near the Consulate with whom I might safely leave the keys?' I ask hastily.

Mr Brunel does not answer for a minute, and I am beginning to fear that I have hurt his feelings by my want of confidence in the tinsmith, when he says: 'Do you know Mr Smith's house in the Rue Thiers?'

'The English chaplain.—Yes; but he is at Dieppe.' I am truly sorry to raise another objection; but Brunel is not to be balked this time.

'But the housemaid isn't at Dieppe,' he says sagely; 'I know she isn't. If you will give the keys to her, and say I'll call for them on Monday, it will suit admirably. She knows me, the Smiths' housemaid does.—Now, good-night, old fellow; I must be off.' And before I can even moot the question of the trustworthiness of the chaplain's housemaid, Brunel has vanished from the café into the night.

I had consented, not without some misgivings, I own, to take over the Consul's duties for a day, in order to allow that gentleman to attend the Havre regatta in his yacht. I was quite aware that the work of Her Majesty's Consular officers in France was both onerous and important, and in my inmost heart was not a little flattered when Mr Brunel asked me to officiate for him. His recklessness about the keys gave me a severe shock, and I went home to the hotel feeling that the necessity for admitting Mr Smith's housemaid into my Consular confidence—if I may use the expression—added much to the responsibility, while it detracted from the dignity of my temporary appointment.

'You certainly do commit yourself to the most foolish things, Algernon,' said Mrs Jones that night, when I told her what I had undertaken. 'Do the Vice-Consul's work for him, forsooth! You don't know what you may not have to do. Consuls have to marry people, and bury them, and do all kinds of horrid things.'

'Mr Brunel assured me that there would be nothing, my dear,' I replied humbly, 'or you may be sure that I should not have consented to act for him.'

'If there's nothing to do, why can't he close his office for the day?' inquired Mrs Jones. 'Just tell me that.—And supposing some one comes and you have to speak French, what are you to do then?'

It *was* a possible difficulty, for I do not know French. I made no answer, for I had none ready.

'What will you do in such a case?' demanded my wife again. She saw she had me in a corner, and followed up her advantage pitilessly.

'I—I shall tell them to return on Monday,' I said lamely, after a long pause.

'You see what a false position you will be in,' pursued Mrs Jones, who seemed determined not to spare me. 'And, moreover, Algernon, I don't believe you *could* tell any one "to return on Monday" in French.'

Now I came to think of it I found Mrs Jones was right; my limited vocabulary was unequal to the sentence. I made a mental note to look it up in the phrase-book next morning, and pretended to go to sleep.

'Come, Algernon!' said my wife, nudging me with a very sharp elbow, 'what's the French for "Please come back on Monday?"'

I made a long fight of it, but feminine pertinacity overcame me, and, finally, I got to sleep about one A.M. schooled to distraction in that one phrase.

If I could not do justice to the Consular work, I could at least be punctual, and accordingly I set out in good time next morning, that I might be in my place precisely at ten o'clock. I have a great dislike to the garb; but a sense of what was becoming to my temporary official position prompted me to assume a frock-coat and tall hat for the occasion. Mrs Jones gave her tacit approval to my attire by adding a button-hole of rosebuds and maiden-hair, and having assured her that if press of work permitted, I would return to lunch at half-past one, I took my departure from the hotel.

I was half relieved, half disappointed to find no one lingering round the Consulate doors; but it was just on the stroke of ten when I turned the key in the lock, and the brass door-plate announced that office hours for business with masters and crews were from that hour until one

P.M. 'No doubt I shall be busy enough ere long,' I said to myself as I went in, 'and I shall have time to study the Regulations in the meanwhile.' I frankly admit that I had not the wildest idea of the nature of the business I might be called upon to transact; and after making a fruitless search for the volume of Regulations I had been certain would occupy a prominent place on the Consul's table, took my seat before it with a fluttering heart.

For quite half an hour I sat there patiently, reading a fortnight-old copy of the *Globe*, keeping open a handy drawer, that I might smuggle the grimy newspaper out of sight at the first sign of a visitor. But no one came to disturb me, and when the *Globe* was exhausted, I got up to look round the office. It was a dingy unpretentious-looking cell, by no means resembling my preconceived idea of a 'Consulate.' An imposing panel representing the Royal Arms held a conspicuous position on the wall immediately behind my chair; but the air of dignity it imparted was sadly toned down by the staringly legible placard which flanked it and notified that 'Smoking and Spitting are Strictly Forbidden in the Office.' I never suspected Brunel of possessing much taste; but I thought any man could have detected such a painful incongruity as this; it was quite upsetting. The large white notice which adorned the wall on the other side of the Royal Arms did nothing to redeem the brutal vulgarity of its companion. It announced itself in heavy type as the 'Table of Fees' payable to Consuls. Table of Fees! It was a cruelly humiliating thing to see, and I felt as I stared up at it that my frock-coat and best hat were out of place here. I dragged a chair under the notice and stood upon it to read the list, telling myself as I did so that I must be on the *qui vive*, and jump down if I heard any one coming. It would be unconsular to the last degree to be caught studying such a document.

It was a very comprehensive list; including the duties a Consul was bound to perform, duties he might undertake but was not obliged to, and matters in which he was liable to be called upon to act as arbitrator. The fees were not very high, and I discovered with some chagrin that they were the property of Government, and not the perquisite of the Consul. It was a disappointment; but I forgot all about it—and everything else—long before I got through the first section, which comprised the services I as officiating Consul was legally bound to render. Mrs Jones had been right! If a runaway couple turned up and required it of me, I should have to marry them! There it was on the 'Table of Fees' in all its hideous uncompromising directness. How on earth was I to go about it? I, who had only been at one wedding in all my life, and at that was so nervous—being one of the chief actors—that I never heard one word of the service. I have always been an unlucky man, and it would be just my fortune if a stray pair of lovers selected this day of all others to come and request the Consul to make them man and wife. The English chaplain, too, was away!—Oh horror! there was a knock at the door! The perspiration broke out on my brow, and my knees trembled under me; I scarcely dared look round, so convinced I was that I should behold a bride and bridegroom when I did. What should I say to——?

'Monsieur!'

I stole a look at the speaker over my shoulder, and a weight as of lead fell from me. It was only the postman, after all. I breathed freely again, and positively welcomed the harmless man, forgetful of my position on the chair.

'What is it, my good fellow?'

'Une lettre chargée, Monsieur.'

'A what?' It's very awkward; I had no idea that Her Majesty's Consuls were ever called upon to transact business with French postmen. I descend from the chair and resume my seat at the table. I do not feel at ease by any means; but the consciousness that the British Arms are literally at my back gives me courage. The postman's respect for it cannot be marred by that preposterous smoking caution at its side.

'Oh, a registered letter,' I remark as the man shows me the missive. 'All right; you can leave it;' and I attempt to take it from his hand.

'Mais non!' shouts the postman with uncalled-for ferocity, snatching it away. Then he scolds me severely, as it appears, for three minutes without stopping for breath, and holds up the letter again—out of my reach, this time; he is evidently fearful lest I should seize it and take to flight. But what does he mean? Of course, how stupid of me! He wants a receipt for it, just as they do at home. Common-sense might have told me that before. I smile a reassuring smile at the faithful postman, and selecting a sheet of paper with the official seal upon it, write out a receipt for one registered letter addressed to 'Mister Henry Tomkins abble Seaman of the S. Ship *clansman* care of the brittish council.' This I sign with pardonable pride 'pro H. B. M.'s Vice-Consul,' and tender in exchange for the letter. Wrong again! The postman thrusts the letter back into his box, grumbles something unintelligible but obviously rude, and walks out, leaving the receipt on the table. Clearly I have bungled the business somehow; but where I cannot divine, though I have three-quarters of an hour's uninterrupted leisure to ponder over the question.

I am growing rather tired of being a Consul, for the only literature I can discover in the office is a large collection of commercial treaties which are instructive but uninteresting. I used to think that Consuls were the busiest of mankind, but that seems to have been a mistake. It is fearfully slow work; if I had known what it would be before, I would never have consented to officiate for Brunel. I wonder how he is getting on at the regatta; he said he might win if there was a light breeze. Suppose it comes on to blow, and his yacht is upset and he gets drowned—shall I have to retain charge of the Consulate until a new officer is sent to replace him? I am lost in contemplation of the awful possibilities to which such an accident might give rise, when the door opens again, and a young, very fat Frenchman enters the office with his hat on.

From my earliest days I have had the strongest antipathy to fat young men. It does not extend to men of mature years; but obesity in a person of two or three and twenty, like this, is most repulsive to me. Had he been a spare youth,

I should have been glad to see him, if for no other reason than that I had for welcoming the postman: simply because he was not a couple to be married. But he is horribly, aggressively fat, and further, has a quite-at-home air with him which puts me on my mettle at once.

'What is it, sir?' I inquire with dignity.

He nods and grins first; then he says easily: 'How you do? I got littel business at you.'

His manner is so impertinent that I draw myself very upright, determined to act the British Vice-Consul to the utmost and keep him firmly in his place. I wait for him to explain the nature of his business; but he only helps himself to a chair without removing his hat and deliberately expectorates on the floor.

'What do you mean, sir?' I thunder, aghast at this insult to the British flag. 'You appear to have a knowledge of English. Can't you read *that*, sir?'

It is bad enough to be compelled to draw attention to the Caution; but the way this person acknowledges my movement makes it infinitely worse. He draws a few loose cigars from his pocket and offers one to me, in its very face!

'Ah! you not smokaire,' he says blandly as I wave the cigar off in speechless rage. 'Never mind you *him*,' with a contemptuous nod at the Caution. 'Monsieur Brunelle always he smoke; everybody smoke all day and no one care. Ha! ha! *You* soon know.'

If I were not Acting Vice-Consul, I should seize him by the neck and throw him into the street there and then, his conduct is so objectionable. But officialdom secures his immunity. I choke down my wrath and address him again.

'Be good enough to state your business, sir.—Who are you?'

'I? I am of de sheep's brokaire, Monsieur Duprès. I want *visé* de steamsheep *Maria* papiers.—Who are you?'

Ignoring the question he concludes with, I make a sudden resolve to keep my temper at all costs, and ask for the *Maria's* papers.

'I got here,' he says, rising from his chair and tapping a dirty roll which sticks out of his pocket. 'Dere is not a hurry. Receive you any letters to de *Maria?*'

He does not wait for an answer, but strolls over to the rack of pigeon-holes, which he turns out one after another, selecting papers and letters with leisurely care, while I sit fuming with silent anger at the table.

'Now we do business,' he remarks gaily, after stowing away his spoil in various pockets, unchallenged by me. He appears to know what he is about, and as I don't, I am not disposed to interfere with him.

'Here, must you *visé*,' he adds, presently unrolling a ship's 'articles,' and thrusting them under my nose. 'Allons! Come!'

This is simply awful. I have not the faintest notion what I am expected to do, and shall have to ask this creature to tell me. Words can give *no* idea of the feelings which possess me as I grasp the situation. I make one faint effort to escape the ignominy, but only succeed in displaying my ignorance of Consular affairs.

'I am afraid I can't do anything for you unless the Master of the ship be present,' I say doubtfully.

The fat clerk grins at me in a knowing way. 'I tink you not know how to do Consul business,' he says with patronising superiority. 'Come! I show you; you are new man.' And with that he thrusts a pen into my hand, and literally forces me through the transaction, telling me word by word what to write, how to sign my 'full names,' and where to affix the Consular stamp.

'I think that there is a small fee payable for this,' I say, trying hard to recover a shred of Consular dignity after the ordeal is over. 'I see by the Regulations that it is half-a-crown.'

'Yes; dere is de littel fee always. But to-day *I* do de work. Come!' he continues, with playful familiarity; 'we tossup: I to pay six francs or notting. You crie!'

For a few moments I am so completely dumfounded at the audacity of the man that I can only stare at him. Does he understand what he is doing? Does he really propose to me—to all intents and purposes Her Britannic Majesty's Representative—that the payment of the Government fee shall be made to depend on the fall of that copper coin he is flicking with his thumb? I am not exaggerating when I say that my brain reels at his temerity; I cannot find words to answer him. Not until he renews his proposition, which he does with the greatest nonchalance, can I bring myself to frame a refusal.

'Come!' he says persuasively. 'You crie. Head or taille! I tossup.'

'I don't understand what you mean, sir.' My voice rises almost to a scream. 'Pay the fee immediately and leave the office.' I throw the *Maria's* articles at rather than to him and point to the door.

'O ver' well,' he replies, with a shrug of pretended indifference; 'dat which you please. Keep hair on. You make good a consul some day. Good-bye; here your fee.'

I nearly faint with impotent rage when at last he disappears. 'Keep your hair on,' indeed! Was such insolent slang ever directed at Consul officiating or otherwise, before? I shall deal very summarily with any other Frenchman who comes in.

The morning wears slowly and uneventfully away until half-past twelve; no one has called except another postman, who laid down some ship's letters, bade me *bon jour*, and slipped out again without further remark. It has been a most dreadfully stupid day; and I am congratulating myself that in half an hour I shall be able to resign Consular cares, when there is a commotion outside on the pavement, and a number of men lounge past the office window. In another moment the door opens, and a short thick-set man, whose garb and carriage stamp him a seaman, lurches in and makes an awkward bow. 'Be you the Counsel, Mister?' he inquires respectfully.

'I am—ah—officiating Vice-Consul,' I reply graciously.

The sailor acknowledges the information with another bow. I feel more like a Consul than I have done all day, and resolve to do my utmost to assist this humble but well-conducted person. That he has come upon business of some kind is obvious, for he returns to the door and beckons with his hat to the men outside; they, ten or a dozen in number, flock

into the office, saluting me as they enter, and take up positions leaning against the wall. The stout man is evidently their appointed spokesman, for he advances to the table, and after a preliminary cough, begins to explain what has brought them hither.

'We, Mr Counsel, me 'and my mates, that is'—he indicates his friends with a comprehensive wave of his hat—'is the company of the barque *Dunolly Castle* of Liverpool, Stookles master, from Melbourne with wheat, arrived yere this mornin'. We wishes to 'ave your advice, sir, regardin' a point of maritime law—a very *fine* point of seamen's law, sir.' The assembly murmurs, 'Seamen's law, sir,' as the speaker pauses, and I draw myself up, and assume an air of the importance I justly feel. It is possible that the matter may be too much for me; but I am not the man to wriggle out of responsibilities I have voluntarily accepted, and will not send the men away unless I can avoid it. I compose myself in a judicial attitude of attention to hear the case, which is seemingly one of no small commercial importance; and ask the man his name and the nature of the question he wishes to lay before me.

'My name, sir, is Gluffin—Henery Gluffin, carpenter of the barque *Dunolly Castle*.' Mr Gluffin pauses to clear his throat, and his friends murmur like a Gilbert-and-Sullivan chorus, 'Barque *Dunolly Castle*.'

'And about what do you wish to obtain my advice?' I inquire.

'Me and my mates,' says Mr Gluffin, speaking more to them than to me, 'has a complaint agen the old man—beggin' your pardon, agen Cap'en Stookles, sir. We arrived yere this mornin' from Melbourne, sir, with wheat; and I sez to my mates, I sez: "Mates, soon as we gets ashore, we goes straight to 'Er Medjesty's Counsel and lays the case afore 'im. That Cap'en Stookles' action to 'is crew, I sez, 'as for this last two months been illegal, I 'ave no doubt, I sez; *no* doubt; but afore we brings the cap'en's conduct to the notice of the Board o' Trade, we'll ave 'Er Medjesty's Counsel's opinion."'

Again Mr Gluffin pauses, and the chorus mutters with vindictive gusto, 'Counsel's opinion.' They are all intensely earnest; there is a quiet suppressed determination about them which rouses my deepest interest. Captain Stookles is probably one of those ruffianly masters who disgrace the merchant navy; he has been guilty of some high-handed act of brutality towards his unfortunate crew, no doubt; flogged or confined them on some shallow pretext, perhaps. I will certainly hear what the carpenter, who seems a most intelligent man, has to say; and telling him that I will note his complaint for consideration, if I cannot deal with it out of hand, I select a pen and a sheet of stamped official foolscap for the purpose.

'Wot we wishes to arsk, Mr Counsel, is this,' says Mr Gluffin, resting both hands on the table and choosing his words with great deliberation. 'I puts it to you to decide, like; but it's a nice point, and mayhap you'll need to write to the Board o' Trade for a answer. This here is it;' and Mr Gluffin emphasises each word with a tap of the finger on my table: 'Is jahm a legal tender to seamen? Is jahm a legitumat substitoot for butter?'

The pen falls from my hand. Is jam a legal substitute for butter? A whole ship's crew has formally called upon Her Majesty's representative to ask *that!* I had been prepared to expect something better than this from the manner of the man Gluffin. Between chagrin and disappointment, I forget for the moment that I cannot answer the question, even such as it is. I am saved the annoyance of saying so, for the carpenter begins again, speaking slowly, as he considerately observes, in order that I may 'get it wrote down:'

'For sixty-four days, Mr Counsel (sixty-four days I logged it), not a man aboard that barque, seed a scrap o' butter. The cap'en give us jahm as a substitoot, he sed; our articles of agreement purvides that every man shall 'ave two ounces o' butter per diam, and we aint 'ad none.—'Ave you got that down, Mr Counsel?'

'I have a memorandum of it,' I answer. 'I will—ah—I will consult the necessary authorities, and give you a reply on Monday. The question is, as you say, an important one—very important'—my voice dies to a whisper in very shame—'and I will answer it on Monday.—Have you any other complaint to make?' It is the unanswered cry of a drowning man; neither Mr Gluffin nor his mates have any further complaint to make.

'I'd like to *see* what you've wrote, if you will permit me, sir,' says Mr Gluffin, who has been exchanging gestures and whispered remarks with his companions. In silence, I hand him the paper, which was to have been a State document couched in classic nervous English. This is what it actually is:

'Point of Maritime Law, Submitted by the Crew of the Barque *Dunolly Castle* to Her Majesty's Vice-Consul, for Possible Reference to the President of the Board of Trade—Is jam a legitimate substitute for butter?'

I have never told Mrs Jones what kept me so late at the Consulate that Saturday. She still thinks it was some international affair, and mentions it casually as such to all our friends. The silence I observe confirms their suspicion that I have once dipped deeply into state secrets.

DAWN.

THE eager light of morning! A clear blush
Of arrowy crimson shooting to the flakes
Of cloudland snow—then ruffling the dim lakes
From starlit silver to a dimpled flush
Of rosy water. Now the slumbrous hush
Yields at the breath of breezes; morning breaks,
And carolling of lark and throstle wakes
A world to labour. When the herb is lush
On sheltered mead, the level gleams of light
Persuade the daisies to a wider round
Of stretching petals. Morn! the stir, the might,
The wonder of young being, with sweet sound
Of questing voices as the golden height
Of heaven dawns and earth is summer-crowned.

C. A. DAWSON.

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SATURN AND HIS RINGS AS SEEN IN MARCH.

On several evenings in the latter part of March the planet Saturn will be in a most interesting position, and will give to our readers a peculiarly fine opportunity of observing his movements with the naked eye. From the 10th to the 22d of the month there will be little or no moonlight in the evening; and if the sky be clear, the planet will be easily distinguished. If on any of these nights, about eight o'clock, our readers stand looking nearly south-east, and direct their gaze to a point about half-way between the horizon and the zenith (a point overhead), they will see the peculiar group of stars known as the 'Sickle of Leo.' Seven conspicuous stars combine to form this 'sickle,' which stands nearly upright in the sky at that time and season. The handle of the sickle is beneath, and its concave edge looks westward. The lower end of the handle is marked by the brilliant star Regulus, the brightest in the zodiacal constellation of the Lion.

Let us suppose our readers have identified this brilliant orb, and become so familiar with it that on any clear evening they can find it at once. On the 10th of March, then, let them look on the left or east side of Regulus, and there they will see the planet Saturn, separated from the star by only a little more than twice the breadth of the full moon. And so seen, the planet affords a good opportunity of comparing its comparatively dull and steady light with the scintillating brilliance of Regulus.

And if we watch Saturn day by day we shall see that it moves slowly but steadily *westwards*, until it is on March 22d nearly directly above Regulus, and but a very short distance from that star. This westward motion will continue slowly until April 28, the planet never getting very far away from the star. After that date it will return towards the east, and pass again (early in June) a little above Regulus, as near as before, and then continue eastwards with increasing rapidity, until we lose it in the radiance of the sun, which has all the while been steadily approaching from the west.

An exercise in observation so simple as this is within the reach of all who have a little patience, and it will give a rich reward to the observer. He will be resistlessly impressed with the slow yet stately march of the planet; while the more rapid approach of the sun, and yet swifter travelling of the moon, will force themselves on his attention. No amount of reading will give him the same grasp of these simple yet wonderful facts. Some who may have good opera-glasses or telescopes may direct them to the planet, and will be able to see that it is not round, and presents a strikingly different aspect from that of the neighbouring stars. Without a fairly good instrument, the well-known ring will not be discernible as such; but *something* will be seen apparently attached to the planet at each side. In trying to see this, we soon become aware of the defects of ordinary telescopes and glasses. While these may define terrestrial objects very clearly, they generally prove failures when we attempt such a test as Saturn's ring, not only because they have not magnifying power, but from lack of accuracy in the shape and setting of the various lenses.

This 'slender flat ring' is one of the wonders of the heavens. When Saturn is placed so as to show it to advantage, he looks exceedingly like a plum-pudding in its dish, waiting for the dividing knife. In proportion the planet is rather smaller, compared with its ring, than the pudding compared with the dish, but otherwise the resemblance is very close.

But even the thinnest crockery is massive in proportion compared with Saturn's delicate girdle. To represent it aright we should require a dish twelve feet across, and only *one twenty-seventh part* of an inch in thickness, which would require to be of metal if it were to resist any strain at all. And if we cut a hole in the middle of this twelve-feet plate so as to leave only a flat ring two feet broad all round, we have a circular piece which

could not support its own weight without bending, even if made of the finest steel. Yet a ring of these proportions, but one hundred and seventy thousand *miles* across, instead of twelve *feet*, remains poised in the heavens around Saturn's globe, 'nowhere touching it,' as Huyghens truly says. And so accurately does it maintain its perfect flatness, that when its edge is turned towards us, it becomes invisible to all but the largest telescopes. Wonderful indeed must the balancing of forces be by which such a result is attained! In fact, for a long time astronomers were completely at fault, and could give no good account of this marvellous fact.

For the engineer who would attempt to raise such a structure would have to face enormous difficulties; even if materials were furnished to him, and all obstructions of their *transport* overcome, he would still have his worst troubles before him. He might then make the ring; but he could not make it remain a *ring* for a single day. He would be a fortunate man if he escaped alive among the flying fragments of his own work. Yet there the ring rests in the heavens, and has done for thousands of years.

Let us study, then, for a little the difficulties of our supposed engineer, and see if we can give any account of how they are met in the real structure.

The first difficulty arises from the very constitution of matter, which we have every reason to believe is the same on Saturn as with us. By this constitution a limit of *size* is imposed on all structures which are to stand under any strain. Our engineers have succeeded in bridging the Firth of Forth with some enormous spans of metal-work; but none of us supposes it possible, say, to bridge the Atlantic Ocean with a single span; because such a span, even if constructed, would fall by its own weight whenever the supports were withdrawn. Almost all the strength of the Forth Bridge is directed to sustaining its own weight. A train more or less will make little difference in the strain on its piers.

If we take, on the other hand, a small iron bridge of, say, ten feet span, the girders composing it will only weigh a few tons, and may easily carry a weight of fifty or a hundred. The weight of a piece of steel is so proportioned to its strength that this difference results from the nature of the metal. Hence to construct a solid ring of the size and shape of Saturn's girdle would only be possible if it were placed where it would have *no weight*—that is, where no attracting body would draw it in any direction, and where even its own parts would exercise no attraction on each other. Its thinness is so excessive compared to its breadth that it would exercise really no resistance at all to any force tending to bend it. But various powerful forces act on Saturn's ring, tending strongly to its distortion—more than sufficient, as we have said, to send it in fragments about the ears of its supposed engineer.

We see, then, that such a ring, even of steel, would be very weak. But the forces it would have to resist are immense. The power of attraction drawing it downwards to the surface of Saturn is one of these. Fancy the *weight* of a ring forty or a hundred miles thick, and twenty-five thousand miles in breadth. It is true that the ring could be placed so round the planet as to be equally drawn together on all sides, so that *as a whole* it would not be drawn downwards, but its parts would be crushed together like an egg-shell clasped in the hand. The hand may press equally on all sides of the shell, but it nevertheless goes to pieces under the pressure.

Again, if the ring were to get in the least displaced from its perfect centering round Saturn, it would burst asunder speedily in another way. These difficulties led to the idea that the ring must be in rapid rotation, so that its centrifugal force would balance its enormous weight. This was found by observation to be the case, but did not at all mend the matter. The ring is so broad that its outer edge is twenty-five thousand miles farther from Saturn than its inner one. Hence the outer edge would not need to rotate so fast as the inner in order to preserve this balance. Now there is not much harmony between the rim and the central parts of a wheel if the latter wish to go faster than the former! If the wheel is strong, as a whole it will strike an average speed; but if weak, it is apt to fly to pieces; and we have already seen the weakness of Saturn's ring.

But our imaginary engineer might perhaps try to get over this trouble by making his ring in several parts, so that the inner ones might go faster than the outer ones, and yet maintain their place. And in fact more than one division is seen in Saturn's girdle, so that it is now rather called a *system* of rings. Observation renders it probable, too, that these divisions are numerous.

Yet our engineer, doing this, would only be out of one trouble into another. How could he keep his rings from rubbing occasionally against each other? And the slightest rub would be fatal; for such a system once disturbed, would have no power to recover itself; rather would the disturbance increase. Could he not balance his rings so well, however, that they would never rub? No; for the very meteoric dust they would accumulate would throw them off the balance. Moreover, they would be subject to another force we have not yet considered, which would surely work their speedy ruin.

We have all heard of Saturn's eight moons, which circle gracefully round his globe outside his wondrous girdle of light. Now, however beneficial we may fancy these to be on a dark Saturnian night, they would be fatal to the existence of our engineer's rings. One of these moons is nearly as large as the planet Mars, and would alone be sufficient for their destruction.

In order to understand the action of this or any moon upon the rings, let our readers represent it by a marble laid upon the table; then take a comparatively small flat india-rubber band, such as those which are sold for slipping over bundles of papers, and lay it flat on the table beside the marble, a few inches away. This will represent the ring; and if we put another marble in the centre of it, we have a fair model of Saturn, his girdle, and his moon. Now, the moon will tend by its attraction to draw the part of the ring next to it towards itself and away from Saturn, just as our moon lifts the surface of

the ocean up in tides towards herself. There will be a powerful force, then, stretching the ring out towards Saturn's moon.

In addition to this, the moon's attraction will squeeze the ring inwards at the sides, so as still more to elongate it. In fact, our engineer could not keep his rings circular in shape for a moment. They would all become oval, under the attraction of the great moon outside them; and once oval, their balance would be destroyed. If strong enough to maintain their shape, they could not maintain their centering, and would infallibly be broken to pieces. But how, our readers ask, has the great Engineer of the universe conquered all these difficulties, and resisted all these forces so that the slender rings remain safely poised under such adverse circumstances? So far as we can see, it is done by anticipating and yielding to all the forces active in the case. The real Saturnian rings cannot be broken, for they are already in pieces—probably in pieces so small that we would call them powder. It is here as in the sand of the shore. Not by *force* but by *wisdom* does the sand resist the sea. It is thrown into the shape it bears by the waves themselves, and they build by their own forces the barrier which restrains their might.

So it is probable the Saturnian dust-rings are themselves the result of the forces we have partly considered, and as they have been built by their free play, they remain sustained, not destroyed, by their power. Each particle is free to rub against its neighbours, and it is not improbable that some of the ring's superior brightness is due to such friction and collision. In such collisions, so numerous and individually so feeble, the energy of one particle will be partly transferred to others, and only a small part of it will be lost to the system, so that as a whole that will change but slowly. Each particle will keep its track like a little independent satellite; and the other particles in its neighbourhood will be moving so nearly in a similar way that friction or collision will be feeble when they do occur.

But, our readers may ask, if this be the case, how is it that the ring remains flat and thin? Is it not likely that some of the dust composing it will separate from the rest, and the whole gradually shape itself into a cloudy mass? Whence, too, the exquisite symmetry of its position, drawn exactly round Saturn's equator? These questions are quite reasonable, and the answer to them reveals an example of the wondrous inter-relation of Nature's work.

Saturn itself is in a state of rapid rotation. This great globe spins upon its axis so rapidly that its equatorial regions are carried round at the speed of 21,538 *miles* per hour. This velocity gives those portions of his surface a tendency to fly outwards from the rest, and as the result, the equator of Saturn bulges considerably out above the polar parts. This bulging gives the planet a singular power over any body revolving round it as a centre. All such bodies are drawn strongly into the plane of Saturn's equator, and only when revolving in that plane are they free from this disturbing power. Hence the ring finds rest in its present position, and any portions of it wandering from their place are speedily reclaimed and brought back.

Thus we trace a connection between facts apparently quite separate and independent. Saturn rotates swiftly, and this gives him an equator swelling out in graceful curvature. Round this equator is the only place where a girdle or ring could be set symmetrically, and the very shape of the equator brings the ring to that position and keeps it there. Here, indeed, are wonderful results from very simple means.

So far we have spoken of the permanency of Saturn's rings; but it will not have escaped our readers' notice that their arrangement contains the elements of decay and dissolution. The slight collisions and abrasions among the various particles composing them must cause a slow loss of energy, and a slow *falling*, or rather *settling down* among them. Some will gradually drop out of their position and approach nearer the body of the planet. That this actually goes on is confirmed by observation. The inner margin of the ring is gradually shaded off, not abruptly defined, and a very delicate 'gauze' or 'crape' ring, as it is called, is now known to exist close within its edge. This may well consist of the fragments dropping out from the brighter and thicker rings without. Indeed, it is likely that the broad thin nature of the ring results from a combination of the last two influences we have mentioned. If at first existing as an indefinite mass, the particles would all be drawn towards the plane of the planet's equator by the influence of its bulging shape. This would crush them together, and cause frequent collisions and considerable friction. This, again, would make some particles draw nearer the planet as they lost their velocity from these causes, and the ring would spread out towards Saturn and become flat and thin.

At least, this all tends to show the truth of what we have said, that this remarkable system owes its stability not to its power of *resisting*, but of *yielding* to the forces in action upon and within it.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER VI.—A MAN DOWN.

On one of these foul-weather afternoons, hearing a strange noise of singing, I entered the cuddy, and found Peter Hemskirk standing with his face to the company and his back upon one of the Miss Jolliffes, who was accompanying him at the piano. He was singing a fashionable sentimental song of that day, *I'd be a Butterfly, born in a Bower*. The posture of the man was exquisitely absurd as he stood with his immensely fat figure swaying to the movements of the ship, a ridiculous smile upon his face, whilst he held his arms extended, singing first to one and then to another, so that every one might share in the song. The picture of this great corpulent man, with an overflow of chins between his shirt collars, and a vast surface of green waistcoat arching out like the round of a full topsail, and then curving in again to a pair of legs of the exact resemblance of a pegtop—standing as he was with his feet close together—I say, the sight of this immense man singing *I'd be a Booterfly* in falsetto, proved too much for the company. They listened a little with sober faces; but at

last Miss Hudson gave way, and bent her head behind her mother and lay shaking in an hysterical fit of laughter; then another girl laughed out; then followed a general chorus of merriment. But the undaunted Dutchman persevered. He would not let us off a single syllable, but worked his way without the least alteration of posture right through the song, making us a low bow when he had come to an end; whilst Miss Jolliffe, darting from the piano stool, fled through the saloon and disappeared down the hatchway with a face as red as a powder-flag.

Miss Temple was the only one of us unmoved by this ridiculous exhibition. She kept her eyes bent on a book in her lap for the most part whilst Mynheer sang, now and then glancing round her with a face of cold wonder. Once our eyes met, when she instantly sent her gaze flashing to her book again. Indeed, it was already possible to see the sort of opinion in which she was held by her fellow-passengers by their manner of holding off from her, as from a person who considered herself much too good to be of them, though the obligation of going to India forced her to be with them. Yet one easily guessed that the other girls hugely admired her. I'd notice them running their eyes over her dress, watching her face and bearing at table, following her in her motions about the deck; and again and again I would overhear them speaking in careful whispers about her when she was out of sight. In short, she might have been a woman of distinguished title amongst us; and if the passengers gave her a respectful berth, it was certainly not, I think, because they would not have felt themselves flattered by an unbending or friendly behaviour in her.

On the following Thursday the wind slackened, the weather cleared, and midway of the forenoon it was already a hot sparkling morning, with a high heaven of delicate clouds like a silver frosting of the blue vault, a wide sea of flowing sapphire, and the Indiaman swaying along under studdingsails to the royal yards. I had been spending an hour in my bunk reading. As I passed through the cuddy on my way to the poop I heard the report of firearms, and on going on deck found Mr Colledge and Miss Temple shooting with pistols at a bottle that dangled from the lee main-yardarm. Most of the passengers sat about watching them; but the couple were alone in the pastime. The pistols were very elegant weapons, mounted in silver with long gleaming barrels. Colledge loaded and handed them to his companion, occasionally taking aim himself.

She could not have lighted upon any practice fitter to exhibit and accentuate the perfections of her figure and face. Her dark glance went sparkling along the line of the levelled barrel; her lips, of a delicate red, lay lightly apart to the sweep of the breeze, that was sweet and warm as new milk; her colourless face under the broad shadow of her hat resembled some faultless carving in marble magically informed by a sort of dumb haughty human vitality. I cannot tell you how she was attired, but her figure was there in its lovely proportions, a full yet maidenly delicate shape against the clear azure over the sea-line, as she stood poised on small firm feet upon the leaning and yielding deck, her head thrown back, her arm extended, and a fire in her deep liquid eyes that anticipated the flash of the pistol.

'A very noble-looking woman, sir,' said a voice low down at my side.

Mr Richard Saunders stood gazing up at me with the eager wistful expression that is somewhat common in dwarfs. It was on the tip of my tongue to ask the poor little chap if he had ever been in love; but he was a man whose sensitiveness and tenderness of heart obliged one to think twice before speaking.

'Ay, Mr Saunders. A noble woman indeed, as you say,' I answered as softly as he had spoken. 'But how pale is her cheek! It makes you think of the white death that Helena speaks of in *All's Well that ends Well*.'

'What Hemmeridge would term chlorosis,' said he. 'No, sir; she is perfectly healthy. It is a very uncommon complexion indeed, and very fit for a throne or some high place from which a woman needs to gaze imperiously and with a countenance that must not change colour.'

'She looks to have been born to something higher than she is likely to attain,' said I, watching her with eyes I found it impossible to withdraw. 'A pity there did not go a little more womanhood to her composition. She might make a fine actress, and do very well in the unrealities of life; but I should say there is but small heart there, Mr Saunders, with just the same amount of pride that sent Lucifer flaming headlong.'

Some one coughed immediately behind me. I looked round and met Mrs Radcliffe's gaze full. She was seated on a hencoop; but whether she was there when I came to a stand to view Miss Temple, or had arrived unobserved by me, I could not tell. I felt the blood rise in scarlet to my brow, and walked right away forward on the forecastle, greatly, I doubt not, to the astonishment of little Saunders, who, I believe, was in the act of addressing me when I bolted.

I went into the head of the ship and leaned against the slope of the giant bowsprit as it came, in the towering steeve of those days, to the top-gallant-forecastle deck, through which it vanished like the lopped trunk of a titan oak whose roots go deep. The ping of a pistol report caught my ear. There was a sound of the splintering of glass at the yardarm, along with some hand-clapping on the poop, as though the passengers regarded this shooting at a mark as an entertainment designed for their amusement. Far out ahead of me, jockeying the jib-boom, sat a sailor at work on the stay there; his figure stooped and soared with the lift of the long spar that pointed like the ship's outstretched finger to the shining azure distance into which she was sailing, and he sang a song to himself in hoarse low notes, that to my mind put a better music to the flowing satin-like heavings of the darkly blue water under him than any mortal musician that I can think of could have married the picture to. There were a few seamen occupied on various jobs about the forecastle. The square of the hatch, called the scuttle, lay dark in the deck; and rising up through it, I could hear the grumbling notes of a sailor apparently reading aloud to one of his mates.

Presently the bewhiskered face of the boatswain showed at the head of the forecastle ladder.

On spying me, he approached with the rough sea-salute of a drag at a lock of hair under his round hat. He had served as able seaman aboard the ship that I had been midshipman in, though before my time; this had come out in a chat, and now he had always a friendly greeting when I met him on deck. He was a sailor of a school that is almost extinct: a round-backed man of the merchantman's slowness in his movements, yet probably as fine a sample of a boatswain as was ever afloat; with an eye that seemed to compass the whole ship in a breath, of a singular capacity of seeing into a man and knowing what he was fit for, most exquisitely and intimately acquainted with the machinery of a vessel; a delightful performer upon his silver pipe, out of which he coaxed such clear and penetrating strains that you would have imagined when he blew upon it a flight of canary birds had settled in the rigging round about him. The voice of the tempest was in his gruff cry of 'All hands!' and his face might have stood as a symbol for hard ocean weather, as the bursting cheeks of Boreas express the north wind. He carried a little length of tough but pliant cane in his hand, with which he would flog whatever stood next him when excited and finding fault with some fellow for 'sogering,' as it is called; and I once saw him catch a man of his own size by the scruff of the neck, and with his cane dust the hinder part of him as prettily as ever a schoolmaster laid it on to a boy.

'At the wrong end of the ship, ain't you, sir?' he called to me as he approached in his strong hearty voice.

'It's all one to me,' said I, laughing, 'now that there's no music in the like of that pipe of yours to set me dancing.'

'Ha!' he exclaimed, fetching a deep breath. 'I wonder if ever it'll be *my* luck to knock off the sea and settle down ashore? I allow there's more going to the life of a human being than the turning in of dead-eyes and the staying of masts *plumb*.—By the way,' added he, lowering his voice, 'I'm afeerd there's going to be a death aboard.'

'I hope not,' said I; 'it will be the first, and a little early too.—Who's the sick man, bo'sun?'

'Why, a chap named Crabb,' he answered. 'I think you know him. I once took notice of a smile on your countenance as you stood watching him at the pumps.'

'What! do you mean that bow-legged carroty creature with no top to his nose and one eye trying to look astern?'

'Ay,' said he; 'that's Crabb.'

'Dying, d'ye say, Mr Smallridge?' I considered an instant, and exclaimed: 'Surely he was at the wheel from ten to twelve during the first watch last night?'

'So he was,' answered the boatswain; 'but he took ill in the middle watch, and the latest noose is that he's a-dying rapidly.'

'What's the poor fellow's malady?' said I.

'Well, the doctor don't seem rightly to understand,' he answered: 'he's been forrards twice since breakfast-time, and calls it a general break-up—an easy tarm for the 'splaining of a difficulty.—But what it means, blowed if I know,' he added, with a glance aft, to observe if the mate had hove into sight.

'A general break-up,' said I, 'signifies a decay of the vital organs. I don't mean to say that Crabb isn't decayed, but I certainly should have thought the worst of his distemper lay outside.'

'Oh yes,' said he; 'you wouldn't suppose that he'd need a worse illness than his own face to kill him.—But this ain't seeing after the ship's work, is it?' and with another pleasant sea-flourish of his hand to his brow, he left me.

A little later, I was walking leisurely aft, meaning to regain the poop for a yarn with Colledge, who stood alone to leeward, looking over the rail with his arms folded in the attitude of a man profoundly bored, when the ship's doctor, Mr Hemmeridge, came out of the cuddy door to take a few pulls at his pipe under the shelter of the overhanging deck.

'So, doctor,' said I, planting myself carelessly in front of him with a light swing on my straddled legs to the soft heave of the ship, 'we are to lose a man, I hear?'

'Who told you that?' he exclaimed, gazing at me out of a pair of moist weak eyes, which, I am afraid, told a story of something even stronger than his jalap and Glauber salts, stored secretly amongst the bottles which filled the shelves of his dark and dismal little berth right away aft over the lazarette.

'Why, the air is full of the news,' said I; 'a ship's a village, where whatever happens is known to all the neighbours.'

'I don't know about *losing* a man,' said he, striking a spark into a tinder-box and lighting his pipe with a sulphur match; 'he's not dead yet, anyway. We must keep our voices hushed in these matters aboard ship, Mr Dugdale. Wherever there are ladies, there's a deal of nervousness.'

'True; and I'll be as hushed as you please. But this Crabb is so amazing a figure, that I can't but feel interested in his illness. What ails him, now?'

'If he dies, it must be of decay,' he answered, with a toss of his hand. 'I can find nothing wrong with him but the manner of his going. He lies motionless, and groans occasionally. It will be a matter in which the heart is involved, no doubt.'

I saw my curiosity did not please him, and so, after exchanging a few idle sentences, I mounted the poop and joined Mr Colledge.

He was looking at the water that was passing, but not greatly heeding the sight of it, I daresay, though there was much, nevertheless, to engage the eye of a lover of sea-bits in the delicate interlacery of foam that came past in spaces like veils of lace spreading out on the heave of the sea along with cloudy seethings of milk-white softness under the surface, which made a wonder of the radiant opalescent blue of the clear profound there that was softened out of its sunny brilliance by the shadowing of the high side of the Indiaman.

'This is going to be a long voyage, I am afraid,' exclaimed Colledge with a sort of sigh, bringing his back round upon the rail and leaning against it with folded arms.

'Not bored already, I hope?' said I.

'Well, do you know, Dugdale,' he exclaimed, whilst I caught his eye following the form

of Miss Hudson, who was walking the weather-deck with Mr Emmett, 'I believe I made a mistake in engaging myself before I started. When a man asks a girl to be his wife, he ought to marry her with as little delay as possible. Now, here am I leaving the sweetheart I have affianced myself to for perhaps ten months of ocean voyaging, with some months on top of it in India for shooting, and the chance beyond of being eaten up by the game I pursue.'

'Why did you engage yourself?' said I.

'I had been lunching at her father's house—Sir John Crawley, member for Oxborough, a red-hot Tory, and one of the noblest hands at billiards you could dream of.—Do you know him?'

'Never heard of him,' said I.

'Well, he rarely speaks in the House, certainly. I had been lunching with him and Fanny; and as I was not likely to see the old chap again this side of my Indian trip, he plied me with champagne in a loving way; and when I walked with Fanny into the garden for a little ramble, I was rather more emotional than is customary with me; and the long and short of it is I proposed to her, and she accepted me. Here she is,' said he; and he put his hand in his pocket and produced a very delicate little ivory miniature of a merry, pretty, rather Irish face, with soft brown curls about the forehead, and a roguish look in the slightly lifted regard of the eyes, as though she were shooting a glance at you through her upper lashes.

'A very sweet creature,' said I, giving him back the painting. 'Is not she good enough for you? Bless my soul, what coxcombs men are! What is there to fret you in knowing that you have won the love of such a sweetheart as that?'

He hung his handsome face over the miniature, gazing at it with an intentness that brought his eyes to a squint, then slipped it into his pocket, exclaiming with an odd note of contrition in his voice: 'Well, I'm a doocid ass, I suppose. But still I think I made a mistake in engaging myself. There was time enough to ask her to marry me when I returned. Who knows that I shall ever return?'

'Now, *don't* be sentimental, my dear fellow.'

'Oh yes, that's all very fine,' said he; 'but I suppose you know that tiger-hunting isn't altogether like chasing a hare, for instance.'

'Don't tiger-hunt, then,' said I, growing sick of all this.—'Hark! what fine voice is that singing in the cuddy?'

He pricked his ear. 'Oh, it is Miss Temple,' said he; and he stole away to the after skylight, through which a glimpse of the piano was to be had. He took a peep, then bestowed a train of nods upon me, and a moment after crept below. Alas for Fanny Crawley! thought I.

Both of the wide skylights were open, and Miss Temple's voice rose clear and full, a rich contralto, with now and then a tremor sounding through it in an added quality of sweetness. Those who were walking paused to listen, and those who were seated let fall their work or lifted their eyes from their books. Mr Johnson and one or two others assembled at the skylight. But no one saving friend Colledge offered to go below. I could have bet a thousand pounds that the cuddy was empty, or the girl never would have sung. In fact, one took notice of a sort of timidity in the very hearkening of the people to her, as though she were a princess whose voice was something to be listened to afar and with respect, and who was not to be approached or disturbed on any account whatever. Soon after she had ended, a male voice piped up, and Mr Johnson, after listening a little, came sauntering over to me.

'Your friend Colledge don't sing ill,' he exclaimed with the complacent grin he usually put on before delivering himself.—'Do you feel equal to a small bet?'

'What's the wager to be about?'

'I bet you,' said he, closing one eye, 'twenty shillings to a crown that Mr Colledge and Miss Temple will have plighted their troth before we strike the longitude of the Cape of Good Hope.'

'Why not latitude?' said I.

'Why, my dear sir, don't you see that the longitude gives me a broader margin?' And the fellow was actually beginning to explain the difference between latitude and longitude, when I cut him short.

'I'll not bet,' said I; 'I have no wish to win your money on a certainty. They won't be engaged, and so you'd better keep your sovereign.'

He whistled low, and with a melancholy attempt at a comical cast of countenance, exclaimed: 'Ah, I see how it goes. It is the wish, my friend, that's father to the thought. But Lor' preserve us; my dear Mr Dugdale, do you suppose that a young lady after her pattern would ever condescend to cast her eye upon anything even the sixtieth part of one single degree beneath the level of the son of a baron and heir to the title and property?'

'Do you recollect,' said I, 'how your namesake Dr Samuel Johnson told his friends that being teased by a neighbour at table to give his opinion on Horace or Virgil, I forget which, he immediately fixed his attention on thoughts of Punch and Judy? Suffer me now to imitate that great man and to think of Punch and Judy.'

'Here comes Punch, I do believe,' said he with a good-natured laugh.

As he spoke, up rose the figure of Colonel Bannister from the quarter-deck. His face was red with temper, his eyes sparkled, and his white whiskers stood out like spikes of light from a flame. We happened to be the first persons he came across as he climbed the ladder.

'Of all instruments of torture,' he cried, 'the piano is the worst. What on earth, I should like to know, do shipowners mean by adding that execrable piece of furniture to the cabin accommodation? The moment I sit down to write up my diary, twang-twang goes that scoundrel Jew's-harp; and as if that noise were not enough, a woman must needs fall a-squealing to it; and then, when I think that the row is over for a bit, and I pick up my pen afresh, some chap with a voice like a tormented hog lets fly.'

'You should write to the *Times*, sir,' said Mr Johnson.

The Colonel gave him a look full of marline-spikes and corkscrews, and walked aft on his

short stiff legs to the captain, with whom I heard him expostulating in very strong language. Presently the tiffin-bell rang, and I went below.

NATIONAL INSURANCE IN GERMANY.

THE great ideal of political economy is, that each shall have according to his wants, while each shall do according to his ability. The great ideal of a certain class of Socialists is, that each shall have according to his wants, whatever be his ability. Prince Bismarck, in adopting some of the schemes of Lassalle and others of the German school of social reformers, seems endeavouring to effect a compromise between the two ideals, and to set up one of his own. It is called State Socialism; and the manner in which it has been expressed in recent legislation in Germany may be briefly described without at all entering upon any such controversial theme as the ethics of Socialism. That is a controversy which has been going on for generations—long before Karl Marx formed his school—and will probably continue for generations to come.

What is claimed for political economy in England is, that it has made the workman a free man, and has exalted Individualism. What social economy is endeavouring to do in Germany is to make the workman the ward of the State and to exalt Society. Which is right and which is wrong we do not propose to discuss here. The two theories may be thus stated: The English system is founded on the belief that independent and prosperous individuals make the strength of the State: the German system is founded on the belief that a strong state may make prosperous and happy individuals.

There is not at first sight, nor perhaps necessarily, anything Socialistic about the German scheme of compulsory insurance. Some such scheme has been often advocated in England by many—by Canon Blackley among others in recent times. The idea of a State-regulated system of provident insurance, however, is very old; and in 1773, Mr Dowdeswell unsuccessfully endeavoured to pass a bill through parliament to give it effect. This proposal was supported by Edmund Burke; and a second attempt, by Mr Acland, about the close of last century, also received strong support, but was also unsuccessful.

The German scheme has been developed by Prince Bismarck from the teachings of Lassalle, and has been advocated by him as a counterpoise to the democratic and sweeping Socialism of Bebel and Liebknecht and other vehement social reformers. The seed was sown when Prussia was but a minor monarchy: it has borne fruit since Germany became a mighty empire. The impetus was given by the terrible strain of the commercial and industrial crisis which followed the feverishness of the period immediately succeeding the Franco-German war. It was found that the immense expansion of industry and commerce which followed the war had not improved the material condition nor added to the content of the working classes, and the Socialist party began to grow rapidly and to find many voices in the Imperial Reichstag. Outside the assembly the Socialists became more than noisy, they became aggressive; and repressive laws had to be passed. But in 1881, in opening the winter session of the Imperial parliament, the late Emperor William I. unfolded a plan of such comprehensive beneficence that economists were startled and social democrats silenced. This plan was for a national scheme of insurance against sickness, against accident, against incapacitation, and against old age.

The first instalment was introduced in the following year, and became law in 1883. This was for insurance against sickness. A payment is exacted from the workmen of a sum equivalent to between one and a half and two per cent. of the average local wage, as ascertained by appointed officials in combination with the local authorities. In return for this payment, the insured receives medical advice and attendance, medicine and medical appliances, during sickness. He also receives, while laid aside from work, and for a period not exceeding thirteen weeks, an allowance equal to one-half the normal local weekly wage. If he has to be removed to a hospital, his family receive one-half of this fixed allowance. The contributions under this law are compulsory, and are deducted from the wages by the employers, who have themselves to pay one-third of the amount required by the State. The insurance under this law, however, does not apply to the agricultural industry, to domestic servants, or to the servants of commercial establishments.

The second instalment became law in 1884, when the Act for compulsory insurance against accidents passed the Reichstag. This Act applied at first only to trades exposed to especial risks, but has since been extended, and now covers both agriculturists and sailors. It is still, however, not so comprehensive as the most recent measure, to be presently explained. The contributions towards the Accident Insurance fund are levied upon the employers, who pay in proportion to the number of average wages of their men, and according to the risks of their particular industry. In case of complete disablement the worker receives two-thirds of his regular wage, and in partial disablement, an equitable proportion; while in case of death by accident, an amount equal to twenty days' wage is granted for burial expenses, and an allowance equal to twenty per cent. of the wage is granted to the widow as pension. There is also an allowance of fifteen per cent. in respect of each child, while the total for widow and children must not exceed sixty per cent. of the earnings of the deceased. Allowances are also granted to other dependents upon a less liberal scale. The masters who supply the funds under this law also conduct its administration; but the workmen are represented on the Board of Control.

The third instalment, which passed through the Reichstag in May last, and will shortly become law, goes much further than either of the two Acts above described. To begin with, it includes, without any exception, all persons above the age of sixteen, male and female, who work for regular wages, and will thus apply to not less than eleven millions of hired workers.

For the purposes of this Act, the workpeople are classified in four classes according to wages: thus, class one includes those who earn three

hundred to three hundred and fifty marks* per annum; class two, five hundred to five hundred and fifty marks; class three, seven hundred and twenty to eight hundred and fifty marks; class four, above eight hundred and fifty marks. The first class pays twelve pfennigs; the second, eighteen; the third, twenty-four; and the fourth, thirty pfennigs, per week. That is to say, the masters are to deduct one-half of these sums from the weekly wage, and to pay the other half themselves.

The way in which the collection is to be made is this: each worker will receive a register card with forty-seven spaces, corresponding to the forty-seven weeks of a regulation insurance year. In each of these spaces a stamp must be affixed, authenticating the corresponding weekly payment. These stamps will be sold by the Post-office, issued by the Insurance Board of the district, and affixed to the cards by the masters. In cases of weeks of sickness or of military service, these, on being duly certified, will be stamped as weeks of actual contribution in the second class. At the end of the year, or when the card is full, it will be taken to a central office and exchanged for a new one, marked with a note of where its predecessor is stored. The old cards will be carefully preserved after their contents are recorded.

Of course we cannot go into all the details of this lengthy and complicated measure, and must be content with indicating the salient points. But the reader will at once perceive that an immense amount of clerical work will be connected with the issuing, stamping, and recording of the cards, weekly, of eleven millions of persons in all sorts of occupations. The cost of administration is estimated at one mark (1s.) per head per annum; but that does not include any estimate for the extra work of the Post-office and other established departments. Moreover, it assumes that a large amount of the work of stamping, &c., will be done gratuitously by the unpaid members of the district boards, the local committees, and others. Nevertheless, the mere mechanical incidents of this remarkable scheme are sufficiently stupendous. Besides the shilling per head for cost of administration, a proportion of twenty per cent. of the receipts will be set apart for a Reserve Fund.

What, then, is the workman to get in return for his payment, graded as above? In case of incapacitation, he is entitled to a pension for life, or until recovery, complete or partial. On reaching the age of seventy, he is qualified to receive a pension whether he be incapacitated or not; but of course the same individual cannot be the recipient of both an invalid and an old-age pension. To qualify for an invalid pension the worker must contribute for two hundred and thirty-five weeks, and for an old-age pension for fourteen hundred and ten weeks. Some provision is made whereby, for the first few years, the beneficial application may be accelerated. Then, further, the pensions are to rise from a fixed minimum on a grade proportioned to the payments made.

That minimum is, for invalid pay, sixty marks (or shillings) per year, rising with each completed week of payment: in class one by two pfennigs, in class two by four pfennigs, in class three by nine pfennigs, and in class four by thirteen pfennigs. It is not to be expected, of course, that all participants will remain all their lives in the same wage-class; but the system is based on an estimate of weekly increments in each class.

As regards the actuarial part of the work, it must be said that a good deal is taken for granted. There are no sufficient data for the calculations which have been accepted, no statistics whereby all the risks of life and of accident can be adjusted in relation to earnings of different classes of labour. Nor is it established that even the ordinary health-conditions of workers in special industries correspond to the health-conditions of the general mass of the people as recognised by insurance authorities. As regards accidents the statistics of the German railways seem to have been taken as basis; but there is no experience to show how these statistics are applicable to other industries. In short, the scheme is an actuarial speculation, and the result may be, from an actuarial point of view, either success or failure, but in any case the result of chance.

Socially speaking, however, it is otherwise, for the funds of the State are pledged to secure success. To every pension granted from the insurance fund, graded in accordance with the principles we have indicated, there will be added a *uniform* Imperial contribution from the national exchequer of fifty marks per annum. This will be added alike to old-age and invalid pensions.

The old-age pensions from the fund will be allocated on the variable plan of the invalid pensions *plus*, for each week of contribution, in class one, four pfennigs; in class two, six pfennigs; in class three, eight pfennigs; in class four, ten pfennigs, until the full number of fourteen hundred and ten weeks has been reached. Thus, a man who has served all his life, say thirty years, in the same wage-class will receive an old-age pension as follows: in class one, 106 marks 40 pfennigs a year; in class two, 136·60; in class three, 162·80; in class four, 181·00.

The highest of these (£9, 1s.) seems small enough to our ideas; but that which would only spell starvation to an English workman, means something like a decent living to a frugal German. It is significant that no provision is made for workers whose earnings when in health and full employment exceed nine hundred and sixty marks, or forty-eight pounds per annum, an income far below that of the skilled English operative. Still, no doubt, the framers of the scheme were wise to take moderate and not extreme figures for both wage and pension.

While there is some appearance of equitable adjustment in proportioning the pensions from the fund according to the length of service, this individualist feature is wholly overshadowed by the State contribution. The addition from the Imperial exchequer of fifty marks per annum to every pension is one of the most remarkable features of the bill. It amounts to a recognition by the State that each individual member of it has an equal claim upon its service and bounty, apart from his own qualification, ability, conduct, or service. The general provisions of the bill are rigid and practical enough, forcing both master and men to combine in making provision for sickness and old age; but this Imperial con-

* A mark is equal to a shilling; and eight and one-third pfennigs are equal to one penny.

tribution throws a softer Socialistic mantle over the whole. It quite ignores the principle of individual justice, for the advantages are secured to all, whatever they may have paid or deserved. It gives practical expression to the sentiments presented when the Accidents Insurance Bill was first drafted :

'For the State to concern itself more deeply than in the past with its helpless members is not only a duty of humanity and that of practical Christianity, with whose spirit all our public institutions should be infused, but also a task for statesmanship desirous to strengthen and uphold the State. For this end we must strive, by direct and patent benefits conferred, to exhibit the State in the light of a beneficent as well as a necessary institution in the eyes of the unpropertied classes, the most numerous and the least educated of the population. The objection that a Socialistic element is hereby introduced into our legislation need not deter us from entering on this path. As far as this is the case it is nothing new, but only the development of the idea which has grown up with modern Christian morality—namely, that the State has not only protective and defensive duties, but also the positive task of furthering the well-being of all its members, and especially the weak and helpless.'

Fifty shillings per head per annum does not seem a great sacrifice for the State to make ; but who can now define the limits? How many of the present eleven millions of workers will be claimants on the national bounty within the next twenty years? The German State is making a plunge into the darkness of untested problems, and it is adopting a principle the limitation of which it will be unable to fix.

Meanwhile, the individual himself is to be compelled henceforth by law to provide against contingencies in the following proportions of his earnings : for Sickness insurance, one and a half per cent.; for Accident insurance, two per cent.; for Old Age and Incapacitation, two per cent., rising ultimately to four per cent.; say, in all, between five and a half and seven and a half per cent. But of these contributions, the master pays one-third of the Sickness premium, the whole of the Accident premium, and one-half of the Old-age and Incapacitation premium.

To say that the masters pay it, however, is only a form of expression. They are responsible to the State ; but it need hardly be said that the whole of the levies will be ultimately borne by labour. The employer estimates the wages he can afford to pay according to the burdens that he has to support, just as a man who leases a farm gauges the rent he can afford after taking into account the local taxes which fall to be added to it.

It but remains to explain that the organisation for this enlarged act of State Socialism—which by-and-by will doubtless extend to the insurance of widows and orphans—is territorial. For the Sickness insurance, local unions are established ; for the Accident insurance, trade associations or composite boards ; but for the Old-age and Incapacitation insurance, the various Federal States will map out districts and territories, in each of which an Insurance Institute will be formed with permanent officials. Each Institute will also be administered by delegates of the masters and men, whose services will be gratuitous. Tribunals of arbitration will also be appointed in each district, and there will be an Imperial Insurance Board to supervise and control the whole machinery.

It is a large scheme, not to be measured by what to English eyes is the apparent insignificance of the contemplated doles. It is so novel a departure, both in actuarial practice and in political and social economy, that judgment with regard to it may well be suspended. As a combination of compulsory thrift and social beneficence, some people regard it as only an ingenious method for checking the depletion of German industry by emigration. But it is manifestly more than that.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER VI.

LEAVING Mrs Burton at her tea, grateful, and wondering at the ways of Providence as exemplified in the success which had unexpectedly crowned her husband's excellent purposes, let us follow Mr Frank Holmes to his lodgings in the neighbourhood of Adelphi. He was too disquieted in mind to call on Mr Clayton, who he knew would be anxious to see him. Indeed, he found that Mr Clayton had called at his rooms during the evening, leaving his card with a request pencilled on the back to come to Cadogan Place. Holmes decided not to go ; his judgment was deeply disturbed, and an interview with Mr Clayton and his daughter could avail but little. He resolved to wait till after the magisterial investigation next day.

Walking out in the Strand after dark to enjoy a smoke in the cool of the streets, he discovered that the late editions of the evening papers were making sensation out of the fatal suspicion that Faune was the dead woman's husband. The remainder of the case was not neglected, although as yet no names were mentioned. A 'banker's daughter' was referred to as the object to obtain which the victim's removal was necessary. Holmes purchased four of the evening papers ; they all, in a variety of forms, had got hold of the same story. He thought of poor Mary Clayton, and tearing the accursed sheets in pieces, flung them in the gutter.

Turning round by the *Grand Hotel* with a view to seeking the comparative quiet of the Embankment for an hour's thinking, he was suddenly arrested by a heavy hand grasping his shoulder from behind. Wheeling sharply, he confronted a stoutish florid man, with closely cropped straw-coloured beard and moustache. Holmes regarded him closely for a moment, and then laughed. 'Why, Musgrave, who would have thought of meeting you? Where have you come from?'

'From anywhere you like to name, Frank. A few years away from Rugby do change a fellow, don't they?—more especially when he has been abroad.'

'So you have been abroad?'

'Abroad? Very much so.—But I am staying here ; come in and have a chat, if you are not specially engaged.'

'No; I am not,' answered Holmes; and they went into the hotel and descended to the smoking-room. On their way down, Musgrave incidentally informed his old schoolfellow that he had only just returned to England from Texas, where he had been trying the ranching business. 'And I have just arrived in time to find one of our old boys in a sad mess,' he added, as they sat down and ordered whisky-and-seltzer. 'Do you remember, Frank, the licking you gave me on his account that day at Rugby?'

'I do. He was too delicate a lad to be knocked about by a big bully like yourself.'

Musgrave laughed. 'There wasn't another fellow in the school, I verily believe, who would have let Faune fasten himself to him as you did, Frank. I admit I acted the bully; but I detested the whining little sneak. See what he has come to now!'

There was sufficient ingredient of truth in this speech to make it secretly very galling to Frank Holmes; but he passed it by, and diverted the conversation for half an hour into mutual reminiscences of old school-days. Following from these, he gathered that Musgrave, after a brief and unsatisfactory trial of the army, had experimented as a tea-planter in Assam, a coffee-grower in Ceylon, a farmer in Manitoba, and what not; seeing great part of the world in a few years, and bringing little back with him save an experience not specially valuable. He was now contemplating the establishment of an Emigration Office in London.

The man was the same age as Holmes, but what a difference there was in their looks! Musgrave would have passed anywhere for forty.

'I shouldn't stop long here, if I were you,' Holmes remarked. 'Hotels at best are comfortless places, and they are expensive.'

'I'm looking for a house up Kensington way,' said Musgrave.

'A house? Are you married, then?' Holmes asked in surprise.

'Haven't I told you so?' replied Musgrave, looking somewhat confused. 'Yes; I am married.'

'Long?'

'No; not very long.—Come, have another whisky-and-seltzer.'

'Thanks; no more, Musgrave.'

Holmes thought his friend's manner in regard to his marriage a little curious; but unwilling to pry into the man's private relations, and indeed feeling very little interest in him or them, he put on his hat. Musgrave, with a look of hesitation and embarrassment, accompanied him up the steps to the vestibule, and then stopping suddenly, said: 'Just wait a bit, will you? I'd like to introduce you to my wife, if she can see you just now.'

'Thank you, Musgrave. But it is late. I will call again, if you permit me.'

Again Musgrave looked doubtful; but he decided against the proposal. 'If you won't mind waiting a minute while I go up?' he said.

Holmes answered, 'Not at all,' although he would have preferred foregoing the introduction just then. Besides, there was an indefinable something in Musgrave's manner which seemed to indicate that all was not 'right.' Perhaps Mrs Musgrave had a temper; and some women of that character are not partial to their husbands' former friends.

He waited, and it was a quarter of an hour before Musgrave returned. 'Come along,' he said. 'Lucy is pleased to have the opportunity of knowing you.—She is so absorbed in this murder, you know,' he added in a whisper, as the 'lift' carried them upwards, 'that she can think or talk of nothing else. She has never been in England before, and believes London must be a terrible place. I can't disabuse her of the notion; perhaps you could.'

The first conclusion Holmes formed on being introduced to the tall and very beautiful and dark-featured woman, was that she was not of English blood; no Englishwoman ever possessed such eyes. Her accent was foreign, and she spoke English with ever so slight a difficulty. But she was very charming and voluble, and pleased to see her husband's former schoolfellow. And when Musgrave, laughing, alluded to the great fight which they had had on account of Claude Faune, she insisted on his describing it to her minutely; and this led to the topic of the murder.

'You must be so sorry now, Mr Holmes, to have ever befriended him,' she said. 'He was so cruel! to kill his poor young wife in order to marry another one!'

'That is not proved yet, Mrs Musgrave.'

'But the newspapers,' she said, indicating several that were lying about on the chairs and on the carpet.

'Oh, the newspapers,' he replied, laughing. 'It is not the newspapers which try men's guilt or innocence in England, but judges and juries.'

'Do you think it possible Faune is innocent?' Musgrave asked.

'Of course it is possible. Very little is known against him yet. If his disappearance can be otherwise accounted for, the present evidence against him will not be of much value.'

'Why, Holmes, the papers say'——

'Pardon me, Musgrave'—— He stopped abruptly for a moment, struck by the dark, intent look of the lady's eyes, fixed upon him while he was speaking to her husband—'Pardon me, Musgrave; but at the present moment I know, by chance, more of the evidence already gathered against Faune than all the newspapers in London put together. If they fail to prove that he was the dead woman's husband, and if his flight from his lodgings can be explained without connection with the murder, they can do little against him. I am only speaking about the evidence, not expressing an opinion upon his probable guilt or innocence.'

'Are there many murders done in London and never found out?' the lady asked.

'No, Mrs Musgrave; very, very few. Sooner or later, like the drowned, they come to the surface.'

'Yet they say—my husband says—that once the murderer has been hanged, or cannot be found, the public forget all about the murder.'

'So they do; a great many new interests arise every day. But the police do not forget.'

'Well,' said Musgrave, 'I suppose Faune has either funds or friends to fee lawyers for his defence? If not, though I did detest him, yet, for the sake of old Rugby, I would stand the expense myself.'

'That is good of you, Musgrave. But I daresay his defence will be duly provided for.—I am delighted to have had the pleasure of seeing you, Mrs Musgrave,' he said, rising to go. The lady rose and gave him her hand—a cold hand, so different from Mary Clayton's! But she added a smile that was very bright, and a kind wish to know him better; and then Holmes followed her husband from the room. Now, it happened that there was a mirror near the door, and Holmes chanced for an instant to catch, reflected in it, the same dark, intent look which had struck him in the middle of a sentence a few minutes previously. He thought it curious. Carelessly revolving it in his mind afterwards, he concluded that perhaps there was something in his manner—something, maybe, in his apparent advocacy of the case of a presumably condemned man which interested her foreign mind as odd.

'I know what you are thinking,' said Musgrave as they descended. 'My wife is not English.'

'Of course not. But she is very charming; I congratulate you.'

'Call again soon. It is curious, you are the only Englishman, except myself, she has appeared yet to like. Do call again.'

'Thanks.—Good-night, Musgrave.'

Holmes drew a deep breath of relief when he reached the street. The atmosphere of that room up-stairs possessed some singular stifling influence. Perhaps, although the night was warm, Mrs Musgrave's cold foreign blood required the windows to be closed. Holmes wondered how Musgrave, fallen into flesh, was able to bear it.

Frank Holmes wandered back to his lodgings, having promptly made up his mind not to call on Mrs Musgrave again, and this, it must be admitted, without any very intelligible reason; and it was a relief to him to turn from the thought of that woman to the sweet image of Mary Clayton, summoned up by a letter lying on his table addressed in her familiar hand.

'You made a mistake, Musgrave,' he said half aloud as he flung himself in an easy-chair. 'She is beautiful, and perhaps accomplished, and all that; but she's not English! She can never sympathise with you or you with her. I don't think you are much in love with her, either; perhaps admiration is enough for her nature. That, no man can deny her.'

Dismissing Mrs Musgrave from his thoughts, he delicately opened Mary Clayton's letter and read it with deep concern. 'Dear Frank,' she wrote, 'pray come to see me to-morrow. I am in great anxiety. Papa called to look for you this evening, but you were not at home. I know you will wish to be at the police court, but come to me immediately after it is over. Papa says that a terrible discovery has been made—he has told me, but I cannot realise it—it is so dreadful to think that she was really his wife!—Yours sincerely, MARY CLAYTON.'

It was too late, or he would have gone at once. If any fresh discovery had been made, turning conjecture into fact, the worst was come; and he lay awake all night thinking of Claude Faune and Julius Vernon.

Next morning, Frank Holmes eagerly examined the papers one after another, whilst they were yet damp from the press, and was disappointed and perplexed to find not a word in any of them indicating a discovery such as that mentioned in Mary Clayton's note. Surely, if such a momentous discovery had been made, the press would have had intelligence of it. The silence of the newspapers had the effect of determining him to go to Cadogan Place without waiting for the police court investigation. He went early, taking little note of the hour, and arrived there at half-past eight o'clock. Miss Clayton, whose daily habit it was to have a gallop in the Park before breakfast, was not yet down; but her father was in his study with the morning paper.

'I am glad you have come, Frank. There isn't a word about it in the paper, I see.'

'About what, Mr Clayton?'

'Mary has told you?'

'She mentioned something—a discovery—in her note last evening. But it cannot be true. The papers, as you see, know nothing of it.'

'Nevertheless, it is quite true,' said the banker—'quite true. They found a parcel of her old letters in his rooms.'

Frank Holmes, silenced with astonishment, walked to the window, and stood gazing out in the square. He was mentally reviewing the past years, and all he knew and had seen of Claude Faune up to the time of the latter's departure for India; but he could not recollect a single sign pointing to such a probability as his marriage. Still disposed to be doubtful as to the possibility of deception so perfect, he said at length: 'Now, Mr Clayton, what strikes me is this: Assuming Faune to have been her husband and to have committed that crime, could he have been fool enough to go away and leave such terrible evidence behind? It is almost incredible.'

'So are many things, fatal to their safety, which the most astute and cool-headed criminals often do or leave undone. You know that, Frank, better than most men. But it does not appear in the present case that Faune was forgetting the letters, because they were found on the floor behind one of his trunks. He had evidently taken them out, and they had fallen there; and then, going away, he probably had the impression that they were in his pocket. A man in such circumstances has so many things on his mind.'

'There is no doubt concerning the authenticity of the letters?'

'None that I know of. They will doubtless be produced to-day.'

Holmes paced to and fro for a few minutes in anxious thought before he touched upon the anxiety which was heaviest on his mind. 'You won't mind my mentioning it, Mr Clayton? You must be aware how this house will become connected with the case.'

'I know it,' said the banker, reddening with indignation. 'They have been here to obtain the evidence. It is bad evidence, as far as it goes, for Faune; but if he killed that girl, I shall be grateful to have a share in convicting him!' The banker's energy was startling.

'Yes,' answered Holmes; 'but there is your daughter, Mr Clayton. That is the worst of it. I could almost wish a guilty man to escape, in order to spare her. It will be dreadful for Mary.'

'Why did you ever bring him into my house, man?' demanded Clayton almost fiercely. 'It was ill for yourself—ill for me and my child—fatal for that innocent girl, the hour he first entered my door!'

That was all true. Holmes attempted no defence, desired to attempt none. For introducing the man to them he was responsible, and with a heavy heart he admitted it.

'But I am wronging you, Frank,' added Mr Clayton presently; 'I was to blame myself. I thought him such a nice fellow; you know what I thought of him when I consented to give him my daughter. I can't understand it at all, now. Yes, as you say, it will be dreadful for poor Mary.'

The young man's heart was very full after this speech, and it was with an effort he restrained the words that burned for utterance. What did Mr Clayton mean by 'dreadful for poor Mary?' Was it merely the distress of being put in a witness-box to admit her relations with the murderer—to expose herself as the cause of unfortunate Margaret Neale's death? Was there anything more? Holmes remembered what she had said to himself when she declared that no girl would marry a false friend; but he knew from bitter experience the powers of that false friend, and trembled with the fear that Mary Clayton had learned to love the man before she was driven to despise him. This was the sad trouble in Frank Holmes's heart. If this were so, it was truly a fatal hour for all of them when Claude Faune first entered the house in Cadogan Place.

When Holmes saw Mary Clayton presently and noted her anxious and fretful look, he bitterly reproached himself as the cause of her suffering. By his infatuation for Faune he had prepared the way for him to the girl's heart before she had ever seen him. He had—fool!—defended the man's faults and sung his praises, as though his sole and determined purpose had been to enable Faune to win an easy victory over her affections. Claude Faune was not the man to fail to profit by his advantages; and what had happened had only come to pass in time to save Mary Clayton from a more deplorable fate than the misfortune of loving the man.

After breakfast Mr Clayton left them alone, and Frank Holmes, in pity for her distress and embarrassment, crushed his own feelings down and spoke to her like a friend—like a brother. He did it so honestly, that the mere tone of his voice threw her into tears.

'It is very distressing, Mary,' he said, gravely and gently, holding her hand in his own as they sat together on a couch, 'but it cannot be avoided now. But I will try if it cannot be so managed that you need not appear in the court. It is impossible—— You will let me speak freely, Mary?'

'Oh yes, yes; it is a relief to me—say everything, Frank; there is nobody like you!' How honestly and sorrowfully she looked in his eyes as she said these words.

'It is impossible,' he went on, 'to avoid the evidence of motive; it is too important to the prosecution. He had spoken of it freely, to his landlady, and no doubt to others. I know he presumed further than he had a right,' he said, observing her about to speak, 'but that will count for nothing. He had your father's consent, and had no reason to restrain his vanity from thinking he would have your own. We cannot help it now; it must be faced. But I will try if the thing cannot be got through without bringing you forward in person. It may not be necessary; your father may be sufficient.'

But he perceived directly that he had not struck the right note. It brought no response to her face. She soon set him right.

'I have not been thinking of that, Frank,' she said, speaking slowly, as if following a painful train of thought. 'Whatever shame there is, would not be much lessened by letting me remain at home. It is good and kind of you, indeed; but it is not that. Have I—been—the cause—of Margaret Neale's murder?'

What a question to answer! His first impulse was to shrink from it. Then he exclaimed: 'No! How can you imagine anything so dreadful!'

'You spoke of their establishing "motive," just now, as too important to be avoided. Will it not mean that I was the motive—the cause of the deed?'

'But you have your own pure consciousness of innocence, Mary! Surely you will not distress yourself with the misery of such a morbid feeling?'

'Can I help it?' she replied, looking up. 'Can you, Frank, help reproaching yourself, however innocent your motives were, for having brought him here at the first?'

The argument was unanswerable, and it drove him to take another ground, which at once revealed to him the attitude of her thought and feeling in the matter, and led to his adopting a course which was fraught with startling and most unlooked-for consequences.

'We are talking, Mary, on the assumption that Faune is guilty of murdering his wife. We have no right to do so; he is as yet an untried man.'

'Ah!' she exclaimed quickly, 'that is it—that is it! If he were acquitted, I should care nothing! What would this trial matter to me then? Oh, if he should only be acquitted, Frank, I would kiss the feet of the judge and jury who told him he was innocent!' She hid her face on the back of the couch and sobbed.

Poor Frank Holmes! It was hard on him—very, very hard; but he mustered up all his strength to meet the dire demand that was put upon it. 'Mary,' he said, standing up and softly touching her with his hand, 'whether he is innocent or guilty is at present known only to God. But it is our duty to regard every man as innocent until it is otherwise proven. There!—you know what I mean. I will do all that lies in my power.'

She rose slowly, with a long subdued cry, and stood before him, looking as if she were unable to comprehend his meaning. But when the full light of it flowed into her mind she moved forward, and putting her arms round his neck, kissed him.

'Frank!' she said solemnly—'Frank Holmes!

there is no other man like you in all the world. Forgive me, forgive me; I do not deserve it from you!' Her hands were still, unconsciously, on his neck, and as his heart was too strained to allow him to speak, he bent down and put his lips to her forehead—and went away.

His heart was sorely strained; but a long and vigorous walk round Hyde Park steadied him. And that walk brought him, as his walks had of late almost unconsciously done, to the spot where Margaret Neale's body had been found. Here, reflecting, that idea which had struck him on the same spot before, and which had since lain in abeyance in his mind, flashed upon him again with renewed force.

AN ACTOR OF THE LAST CENTURY.

No actor of the eighteenth century was more eminent in his day than James Quin. Without the supreme genius of Garrick or the 'obstreperous broad-faced humour' of Foote, he was, nevertheless, an actor of the first rank, a man of superior intellect, and a noted sayer of good things. His wit doubtless has now grown somewhat tarnished. Probably even when first uttered we might not have found it so mirth-provoking as Dr Johnson found Foote's; but Quin must have been excellent company, and some of his witticisms may still bear repetition. He was certainly a more amiable, as well as a more estimable, character than Samuel Foote, a man of great benevolence who was always ready to assist a friend, and one who seldom bore a grudge to a successful rival.

Quin was born in London in 1693. His father had been lord-mayor of Dublin, and Quin studied at Trinity College. He afterwards entered himself at Lincoln's Inn and was called to the bar; but pecuniary difficulties soon obliged him to give up law and go on the stage. He made his first appearance in Dublin; but shortly afterwards was lucky enough to obtain a minor engagement at Drury Lane Theatre. A few months later, the sudden illness of the tragedian who played Bajazet gave the young actor an opening of which he was quick to avail himself. The rôle of Bajazet was given to him, and, to the surprise of his fellow-actors, he filled it with the greatest applause. Quin next distinguished himself in the character of Falstaff, a part in which he is said to have excelled all other actors. In person he was tall and stout, of a majestic bearing. His voice was clear and melodious, his memory extensive, and his elocution, according to the taste of the day, excellent. He retained all his life an ardent admiration for Shakespeare. During many years he was the chief support of the old school of acting; but he could not compete with the spontaneous genius and natural style of Garrick's acting, and was at last eclipsed. The older actor is reported to have said of the younger, 'that if the young fellow was right, he and the rest of the players had been all wrong.' Finding the new school was victorious, Quin retired, in 1759, to Bath, where he lived for some years comfortably on his savings, surrounded by many friends.

Twice in his life Quin was drawn into fighting a duel, and in one, unhappily, killed his opponent. He was acting Cato, one of his greatest parts. A young Welshman, named Williams, in delivering the message, 'Cæsar sends health to Cato,' gave the current vulgar pronunciation, 'Keeto.' Quin replied: 'Would that he had sent a better messenger.' Williams' hot Welsh blood took fire at this; he vowed revenge, and sent Quin a challenge. The latter did all he could to soothe the young actor's wounded feelings, but without success. Williams retired to the Piazza, lay in wait for Quin, and drew upon him. In the scuffle, the Welshman was killed. Quin was tried at the Old Bailey for murder, but the verdict was manslaughter.

Never was there a more benevolent man than Quin. When Thomson the poet, soon after the publication of his famous *Seasons*, was confined for debt in a sponging-house in Holborn, he was immediately visited by Quin, who presently gave him a note for a hundred pounds. When the poet expressed surprise at such unlooked-for generosity, the actor replied: 'Soon after I read your *Seasons*, I took it into my head to make my will, and among the rest of my legatees I set down the author of the *Seasons* a hundred pounds; and hearing that you were in this house, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying it myself as to order my executors to pay it when you might have less need of it.' So, too, when Ryan, a fellow-actor and a lifelong friend, asked in an emergency for a loan, Quin answered that he had nothing to lend, but that he had left Ryan a thousand pounds in his will, and he might have it at once if he were inclined to cheat the government of legacy duty. To fully appreciate Quin's generosity, it must be remembered that in his day the leading actors had not yet begun to receive the high salaries they soon after obtained, so that he was never a rich man, and but for his prudence in money matters, might have been a very poor one.

Many stories are told of Quin's powers of repartee. Once he was even a match for Foote. The two actors had quarrelled, but had become reconciled. Foote, however, could not forbear referring to the provocation. 'Jemmy, you should not have said that I had but one shirt to my back, and lay abed while it was washed.'—'Sammy,' retorted Quin, 'I could not have said it, for I did not know you had a shirt to wash.'

A foolish young fellow hearing the actor lament that he was growing old, asked him: 'What would you give to be as young as I?' 'I would be almost content to be as foolish,' was the reply.

On another occasion, when Quin was in company at Bath, after one of his witty sallies, a nobleman not remarkable for the brilliancy of his intellect, exclaimed: 'What a pity it is, Quin, such a clever fellow as you should be a player!' The actor flashed a quick glance at the speaker and retorted: 'Why, what would your lordship have me?—a lord?'

But the most famous of Quin's retorts was the one he made to Bishop Warburton. They were discussing the execution of Charles I. 'By what laws,' inquired the bishop, 'did these regicides justify it?' 'By all the laws he left them,' was Quin's reply.

He was once in a company with a parson who kept boasting of the situation and profits of his parochial livings, but whose hands were in need of washing. 'So, so, doctor,' said Quin; 'I

think you keep your glebe in your hands with a witness.'

Now and again there is something in his personalities of a rudeness that reminds one of Foote. No objection, however, need be made to his criticism on Garrick, 'that in Othello, David looked like the black boy in Hogarth's picture.' And Quin could sometimes utter a graceful compliment as well as a rough one. A lady, speaking of transmigration, asked him what creature he would prefer to inhabit. The lady had a beautiful neck. Quin looked at it, and, seeing a fly upon it, said: 'A fly's, madam, that I might sometimes have the pleasure of resting upon your ladyship's neck.'

Quin died unmarried in 1766. The dignity of bearing which, in spite of some occasional coarseness and a weakness for wine, was so characteristic of him, never forsook him. Shortly before his death he remarked to a friend that he could wish the last scene were over, though in hopes he should go through it with becoming dignity. His hope was fulfilled. When his will was opened, it was found that his friends were remembered at his death as they had been in his life.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT AMBERGRIS.

A LUCKY voyage was lately made by the schooner *Fanny Lewis*. She was making her way to Portland, Maine, when one day the look-out reported something white floating on the surface of the sea. The ship was hove-to; a boat was lowered, and in a short time the pleasing discovery was made that the 'something white' was a compact mass of ambergris weighing over a hundredweight. It was, of course, promptly taken on board, and became the joint property of owners, officers, and crew. The value of this treasure-trove was reported to be about five thousand pounds; but this is probably an error.

This story not only illustrates the fact that not all the treasures of the sea are in its depths, or secreted in its fathomless bed, but also suggests the propriety of giving a little information about this curious product which has enriched the crew of the *Fanny Lewis*.

In the first place, then, it must not be confounded with amber, as has been frequently done. The whalers of the Pacific used to regard amber as the petrifaction of some interior parts of the whale, and they had legends of whales which turned into amber. Mr O'Reilly's story of 'The Amber Whale' is doubtless known to many of our readers.

But in more ancient days, ambergris was believed to flow up from the bottom of the sea. Sindbad the sailor tells of a spring of it which he discovered, but it was in a crude state. The fish swallowed it, and then disgorged it in the congealed form in which it is found on the surface. This story was quite in harmony with the old Arabian belief; but on the other hand, the Hindus a thousand years ago described ambergris as a material generated by whales.

In the middle ages, and it is said even down to the seventeenth century, ambergris was supposed to have some properties which made it valuable in love-powders and love-potions, and it was so used. One Nicholas Lémery, who wrote about 1675, calls ambergris a sort of bitumen found on sea-beaches. Sir Thomas Browne in his *Vulgar Errors* refers to the variety of opinions about spermaceti, and says that by many it was conceived to be 'a bituminous substance floating upon the sea.' Here it would seem that there is some confusion between spermaceti and ambergris; but Sir Thomas Browne further refers to 'ambergreece' as something which, according to the Greenland discoverers, the sperm whales 'sometimes swallow great lumps thereof in the sea.'

Josselyn, in one of his Voyages, mentions amber-grease as, in his opinion, a mushroom. But he says that one writer declares that it 'riseth out of a certain clammy and bituminous earth under the seas and by the seaside, the billows casting up part of it a-land, and fish devour the rest.' Some say, he goes on, that it is the seed of a whale, and others that it 'springs from fountains as pitch doth, which fish swallow down, the air congealeth it.'

More recently than all these writers, and even in our own time, ambergris has been regarded as the hardened excrement of the whale, and it has been said that when the cetacean is struck it vomits up some of this material. This, however, is but another of the travellers' tales and wild conjectures associated with this curious substance.

Amber, as everybody may now be supposed to know, is fossilised or mineralised rosin, and is therefore a vegetable product. Ambergris is an emanation from the sperm-whale, and is therefore an animal product. Amber is found mostly on the shores of the Baltic; ambergris only on the surface of the sea off the coasts of tropical countries. The word ambergris is French, and signifies gray amber; but by whom or when first applied to this marine phenomenon we have not been able to discover.

The scientific explanation of the nature of ambergris is, that it is the product of some disease in the sperm-whale analogous to gall-stones. It is found sometimes in the intestines of the creature, but more frequently is found, after expulsion, floating on the surface of tropical seas. It floats in masses which have a speckled gray appearance, and mixed with which are generally found some remnants of the known food of whales.

The best quality of ambergris is soft and waxy, but it is said not to be uniform in colour. The streaky or marked specimens are preferred. It is opaque and inflammable, remarkably light as to specific gravity, as may be understood from its always keeping the surface; and it is rugged to the touch.

Most of what comes into the market is found near the Bahama Islands; but it is also found at the Moluccas and other parts of the Indian Ocean, off a portion of the coast of South America, and sometimes, as we have seen in the case of the *Fanny Lewis*, floating on the Atlantic Ocean.

The essential characteristic of ambergris is its powerful and peculiar odour. It is so peculiar, that art has never been able to imitate it, although the scarcity and enormous price of ambergris has lent every stimulus to invention. It is so powerful and diffusive that the very

minutest quantity is perceptible in the most fragrant perfumes.

The chief component of ambergris is a fatty matter called ambrein, which is obtained by boiling in alcohol. This ambrein—and there is said to be about eighty-five per cent. of it in the best ambergris—is what gives it its value, for it is in this ingredient that the perfume lies.

There is another peculiarity ascribed to ambergris, and that is the power to exalt the flavour and perfume of other substances with which it is brought into combination. Thus, a grain or two rubbed down with sugar is often added to a hogshead of wine, giving a perceptible and, what is considered by some, an improved flavour to the whole. And a small particle of ambergris added to other perfumes is found to exalt the odour of the blend.

In fact, ambergris is too dear to use alone, and it is so dear that it is one of the most adulterated articles known to chemists. It is adulterated both by those who export it and in the countries in which it is used.

The odour of genuine ambergris is not unlike musk, but is more penetrating and more enduring. That which is called Essence of Ambergris by the perfumers contains only a proportion of an alcoholic tincture of ambergris, made up with oil of cloves and other ingredients. Again, the pungent perfume known as Tincture of Civet is made from ambergris and civet in the proportion of a quarter of an ounce of the former to half an ounce of the latter, dissolved in a quart of rectified spirit. A few drops of either the so-called Essence of Ambergris or the Tincture of Civet will convey the unmistakable odour of ambergris to lavender water, soap, tooth-powder, or any of the other 'toilet requisites' in which it is favoured.

The composition of the famous Parisian perfume, 'Extrait d'Ambre,' is thus given by Professor Johnston: Extract of ambergris, one pint; esprit de rose triple, half-pint; essence of musk, half-pint; extract of vanilla, two ounces. A handkerchief perfumed with this 'Extrait' will preserve its odour after several washings. This is because of the great permanence of the two animal scents; but of the two, the ambergris is incomparably the more enduring. Everybody knows how difficult it is to get rid of the musk odour from anything which has ever been touched with the tail of the rat. It is much more difficult to get rid of the odour of genuine unadulterated ambergris; and that is why it is so valuable as a perfume. It is so enduring itself, that a very small quantity of it will give a permanence, and therefore a higher value, to much cheaper essences. The odour of the cheaper ingredients soon disappears; but that of the ambergris remains, and the 'Essence,' or 'Extract,' or 'Bouquet' to which a skilful perfumer gives some fanciful name, gets all the credit which really belongs to the pinch of diseased matter from the poor sperm-whale. As chemists have not yet been able to discover what it is that gives the odour to ambrein, they have been unable to devise a substitute.

Ambergris is not the only valuable material for which we are peculiarly and solely indebted to *Physeter macrocephalus*, the sperm-whale. The other is spermaceti, which is a natural product of the animal, not the result of disease. This word is compounded of two Greek words signifying the 'seed of a large fish;' but it is not seed, and the whale is not a fish.

Spermaceti is not obtained in the form in which we see it in commerce. It is found in the upper part of the skull of the animal in a half-fluid state. The oil is expressed by draining and squeezing, and the waxy substance remains. This is purified by boiling with alkali; and after it is melted, it crystallises into silvery flakes or plates with an oily feel and an agreeable odour. The uses of spermaceti in the manufacture of candles, ointment, &c., are doubtless known to all.

But it is because the nature and uses of ambergris are known to comparatively few that we thought these notes would be interesting. Commercially speaking, ambergris has been known to bring forty shillings per ounce, and never, we believe, less than twenty shillings per ounce. If we take the medium, thirty shillings, and the weight of the happy find of the *Fanny Lewis* at one hundred and fifty pounds, we shall arrive at an amount of three thousand six hundred pounds as the probable profit of the little adventure which we named at the outset.

When we remember that this, to us, most valuable material is the result of a physical disorder of the poor whale, we may be the less inclined to smile at the Eastern conceit, that amber is the concretion of the tears of sorrowing sea-birds. Is not the pearl of great price a disease of the oyster?

CURIOUS COLLECTIONS.

THE rage for acquiring curiosities in any shape or form has at times assumed various peculiarities, and altogether the desire to possess bric-à-brac or choice specimens of various articles still occupies the minds of many at the present time. What the various crazes are and the dimensions which have characterised them, doubtless every one is perfectly cognisant, and to what end they can serve is beyond our comprehension. The schoolboy is particularly fond of gathering together choice odds and ends, and were he asked to turn out his pockets, a curious collection of heterogeneous substances would be brought to the astonished view.

The inquisitive in search of curiosities needs only to pay a visit to our large and public museums and his sight will be regaled by articles answering to this type. It seems the end and aim of these institutions to secure something out of the common, and this desire is shared by not a few private individuals, to a much greater extent than is commonly supposed. If a tradesman can make a collection of articles whose peculiarity is their only recommendation, and exhibit them in his show-window to attract chance custom, he considers that the trouble is well repaid by the advertisement which he receives. Often has the writer stopped to view these various collections as they are spread as a bait. One is often desirous of seeing a col-

lection exhibiting the advancement made in the manufacture of an article, and they often afford amusement as well as instruction. Just fancy the striking feature in the case of cycles; what a strange sight to see the old boneshaker, and the various stages to the present silent, swift, and elegant cycle of to-day. With what satisfaction would the smoker view a collection of pipes with all the multitudinous devices, shapes, and kinds, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Old curiosity shops are very plentiful, and a cursory glance at the stock contained therein only reveals to one the fact that on numerous points there is a great deal to be learnt. But irrespective of the above, we would draw the reader's attention to a few collections which have been notified from time to time, and which come within scope of this article.

At Warsenstein, in Germany, there is perhaps one of the most curiously original collections of books extant. This consists of a botanical collection. Outwardly, the volumes present the common appearance of a block of wood, and that is the first impression; but a minute examination reveals the fact that each is a complete history of the particular tree which it represents. At the back of the book the bark has been removed from a space which allows the scientific and the common name of the tree to be placed as a title for the book. One side is formed from the split wood of the tree, showing its grain and natural fracture; the other shows the wood when worked smooth and varnished. One end shows the grain as left by the saw, and the other the finely polished wood. On opening the book, it is found to contain the fruit, seeds, leaves, and other products of the tree; the moss which usually grows upon its trunk, and the insects which feed upon the different parts of the tree. These are supplemented by a well-printed description of the habits, usual location, and manner of growth of the tree. In fact, everything which has a bearing upon that certain tree secures a place in this wonderful, useful, and valuable collection. Here is a precedent for the various botanical societies to adopt, and although doubtless expensive, yet it will certainly repay in its utility.

There are at present some very valuable curiosities in the shape of cherry-stones, and were they collected in one locality, it would doubtless enhance their value. In the Salem Museum reposes one which contains one dozen silver spoons. The stone is of the ordinary size; but the spoons are so small that their shape and finish can only be discerned satisfactorily by means of the microscope. But a more curious cherry-stone is that upon which are inscribed one hundred and twenty-four heads. This no doubt forms the most curious collection yet known, and the naked eye can easily distinguish those belonging to popes and kings by their mitres and crowns. It was bought in Prussia for fifteen thousand dollars, and thence conveyed to that home of curiosities, England, where it is considered an object of so much value that its possession was disputed, and it became the subject of a suit in Chancery. However, a toymaker of Nuremberg endeavoured to eclipse this specimen by enclosing in a cherry-stone, which was exhibited at the French Crystal Palace, a plan of Sebastopol, a railway station, and the *Messiah* of Klopstock. How far he succeeded we leave our readers to determine.

The most curious collections, however, are to be found made up of coins, and we have seen many of this kind; but the most extensive is undoubtedly to be seen at Nottingham at the present moment. It consists of a huge pile of perfectly new Jubilee half-crowns made up as a lighthouse-shaped pyramid. The whole is comprised under a glass case, and measures in height six feet; while the base is five feet eight inches round, and the number of coins is one hundred thousand eight hundred and six. The weight is one ton eight hundredweight fourteen pounds three ounces, and the value is twelve thousand six hundred pounds fifteen shillings. The banker's receipt for the payment of the money lies near the case, being conclusive proof of the authenticity and genuineness of the collection.

But the foregoing illustrations are nothing when compared with the miscellaneous collection at Scotland Yard. There, every housebreaking implement reposes in solemn grandeur from the faithful jemmy to the dark-lantern, and all the accessories of the modern Charles Peace are to be seen. The contents of that Museum are too numerous and too varied to be described, and only a visit, secured only by a few, can give any adequate idea of the scope and variety of the articles collected by the authorities. (See 'The Black Museum,' *Chambers's Journal*, April 25, 1885.)

Ingenious tradesmen and speculators are always on the *qui vive* for such curiosities as can be secured, and when they have obtained them, they turn them to good account for advertising purposes. We can only recommend our readers to look around and use the observing faculties which they possess, and it will astonish and surprise them to what an extent they exist. The numbers of collections of curiosities which we have seen by thus keeping our eye open would form an exceedingly long article, too long, in fact, for the present; and we can confidently assert that much amusement and instruction are to be derived in the search.

SILENT GIFT.

THOU half-way up the long steep hill of Fame;
I at its foot, obscure, well-nigh unknown,
Having no home, no wealth, to call my own,
Seeing life's toil stretch on through years the same—
What could I give that now thou canst not claim?
The love of friends, loud praise's stirring tone,
Success in work—while I who stand alone
Look up, but dare not speak for very shame.

Yet to myself I whisper soft and low,
Something I, too, could bring, his life to bless,
A gift whose sweetness none shall ever know,
Because none other may the shrine possess
That holds the treasure—but a woman's heart—
A little thing! Yet of all things apart.

K. E. WEBB.

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THE INDIRECT DUTIES OF LIFE.

Indirect duties may be classed with 'imperfect sympathies;' perhaps, indeed, the non-fulfilment of the former may be due to the existence of the latter, if that can be said to have an existence which is in itself a negation, a want. It is curious, but unquestionably true, that the neglect of indirect duties not only may be, but often is, accompanied by the ardent and conscientious discharge of direct duties. For instance, who does not know the model wife and mother, always at the beck and call of husband and children, always at work for them, cooking, mending, making—whose husband never has to complain of an ill-cooked dinner or buttonless shirt? whose children's socks are always darned, their collars always clean, their boots in good repair, their hair well kept, their nails not unsightly? Well for all belonging to her is such a mother; not for one moment would we be supposed to undervalue her good gifts; but we do grudge a little the supreme indifference she occasionally displays to the indirect duties of life. If her husband's sisters happen to be in business, and need his help, his counsel or countenance perhaps, the devoted but exacting, the self-effacing and at the same time selfish wife resents the call for sympathy outside her own immediate circle. 'I didn't marry the whole family,' is her excuse to herself for the non-fulfilment of so indirect a duty. Even so does the excellent husband on his part but too often regard his wife's relations and his duty to them; neither did he 'marry the whole crew of them;' so he buttons up his 'British breeches-pocket,' and does not give to his brother-in-law Lazarus even the crumbs of his monetary 'good things.'

How is the indirect duty fulfilled in travelling towards those who are not metaphorically but actually going the same road with us? Do we not establish ourselves in the most advantageous quarters obtainable, and because we have come first, fancy ourselves, some of us, entitled to be best served? Those who enter the carriage subsequently and endanger our sovereign comfort meet but sour looks, cold welcome, whatever may be the evidence of need in face or appearance; appealing to our dormant sympathy not seldom quite in vain.

In places of so-called amusement, how fare the indirect duties? We have come on purpose to enjoy ourselves, and to help others to do the same? Not many evenings since we were at a concert where the chairs were arranged with a mathematical regard to economy of space, but an unmathematical regard to the difference of the size of the bodies to be accommodated in that space. (A gross disregard of an indirect duty on the part of the managers of that concert, by the way.) So, inevitably the larger bodies overlapped the smaller ones. All bowed to necessity, some courteously, some stolidly, some fussily, some despairingly. Herring-wise, we arranged ourselves for the function. When the enjoyment had lasted some little time, long enough for cramped limbs to torment the sensitive, we saw a pale little lady on our right put a timid toe on to the rung of the chair in front of her. Immediately its occupant, a lady also, glared round at the victim of tight packing, who withdrew the offending toe with a murmured apology. Now, on our left, a lively lady, at the first note of the loud bassoon, with both feet placed comfortably on the rung of the chair before her, had kept time—her time, not the band's—to the performance, quite amazingly regardless of any annoyance she might, and did, inflict on those about her. The world might have gone better here, we venture to think, if the indirect duties had not been so neglected.

But it is not only at places of amusement that such things 'can be, without our special wonder.' Mark the reception of a stranger in some town as well as country churches. Are all anxious to welcome him—to cut short his period of embarrassment, of hesitation—to make him feel at home in the place of worship? We are afraid not. And of all the bad blood ever bred between old acquaintance, the very blackest we have known

was occasioned by the reseating of a certain parish church. Nay, with our own eyes we have seen a man, before the commencement of the service, climbing over the back into a 'slip,' the two entrances to which were barred by stalwart youths, thus outflanking them; while they were compelled to a sullen endurance of the claimant's presence during the service, as also to the battery of sly amused glances from their friends and neighbours.

A schoolboy's idea of honour is a byword; his notion of the indirect duty as owing to his teachers is as eccentric. The patient poring over perverse or dull or ignorant themes, the weary watchfulness never relaxed, the fearful monotony of the grinding, to a man, is but an incident to the boy, but is the life of his instructor. 'They are paid for it,' says the lad; and the hire makes all things square, even if it does not allow him a margin for allowable aggravation.

In any little set or coterie in town or country there is often a Mr A overflowing with the milk of human kindness to all about him except Mr B; or a Mrs C who cannot stand Mrs B. Sometimes a whole family like the *S*s are at peace with all mankind save the *J*s. And their quarrels, if not so tragic, are as unreasonable as the quarrels of the Montagues and Capulets of Verona. If not professing the Iroquois ethics, or saying with Colonel Newcome, 'The day I take that man's hand, sir, I shall be a scoundrel,' they yet not unfrequently manage pretty little vendettas, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, and with an unaccusing conscience too.

Then the man of wit, who, of course, must have a butt, who never hesitates between his jest and his friend, who gives a stab in the back with some anecdote of you that sets all your neighbours grinning, who wounds a feeling, rips up your self-respect, knocks down your pride, and all with the happy indifference of a highwayman. We grant he requires some, much magnanimity, and so, if not virtuous himself, may be the cause of virtue in others.

Even the animal creation—as we animals are fond of calling the brutes—even they must indulge their vagaries of duty. We may pay his tax and feed and house him, pet and play with him, bid our friends 'love me, love my dog;' but not always is his duty ours in return. Some one of our domestics 'has given him medicines, it could not be else,' and the rogue bestows in bountiful measure the duty, love, obedience which ought to be ours, on the groom, to whom, perhaps, our own indirect duty is but ill performed, as is our favourite's to us.

There is a fine instance of an indirect duty, pointed out by Dr Johnson, in the following extract from Boswell's *Life*, which illustrates our meaning better than any words of our own can do. 'To a lady who endeavoured to vindicate herself from blame for neglecting social attention to worthy neighbours, by saying, "I would go to them, if it would do them any good," he said: "What good, madam, do you expect to have in your power to do them? It is showing them respect, and *that* is doing them good."' To do to every one as you would wish them to do to you, is the fulfilling of all duties, direct or indirect; but this, as Sir Arthur Helps said, 'is a rule too well known to be regarded.'

At the moment of writing, the whole of Christendom, it is not too much to say, is stirred to its depths by the heroic fulfilment of an indirect duty, for such we must regard Father Damien's devotion to the lepers of Molokai.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER VII.—A SEA-FUNERAL.

THE doctor sat on the starboard side of the table, and I caught him eyeing me with a meaning expression that somewhat puzzled me. Once, indeed, he winked, and fearing that he might be a little tipsy and easily led into a demonstrativeness of manner sufficiently marked to catch the skipper's attention, I took some pains not to see him. Old Keeling, at the head of the table, his face shining like a mahogany figure-head under a fresh coat of varnish, was in the middle of the story of his action with the corsair in the Bay of Bengal, when Mr Prance entered the cuddy and quietly took his seat. He fell to work upon a piece of corned beef whilst he seemed to listen with a face of respectful courtesy to Keeling's long-winded yarn, with its running commentary of, 'How brave!' 'What dreadful creatures!' 'How very awful!' and the like from the ladies.

The skipper came to an end, and Mr Prance said to me: 'A plucky fight, sir.'

'Very,' said I, watching for that twinkle of eye which his voice suggested.

A few minutes later the mate went on to the poop, and I stepped to the quarter-deck to smoke a cheroot. Whilst I was preparing the weed to light it, Dr Hemmeridge came out of the cuddy.

'You may be interested to know,' said he, 'that your ugly friend is dead.'

'And that is what you wished to convey to me by winking?' said I.

He nodded with a smile that could scarcely be called sober. 'You took a particular interest in him,' he exclaimed, 'and so I thought I would give you the news before I made my report to the captain.'

'You are very good,' I exclaimed with a sarcastic bow.

'In fact, Mr Dugdale,' he continued, 'I am going to pay another visit to the forecastle, as there is something in the manner of this fellow's death that puzzles me. Indeed, it is as likely as not I may make a post-mortem examination.' Here he lifted his hand and eyed it an instant. I noticed that it trembled. He immediately grew conscious of his action, blushed slightly, and spoke with a note of confusion: 'The mischief of it is, the Jacks object to this sort of inquisitions. Then, again, the light forward is abominably bad, and there is too much risk when there are ladies aboard in any attempt to smuggle the body aft.—Would you like to see the man? You admired him in life, you know.'

I hung in the wind a moment, then said: 'Yes; I will go with you;' and we trudged forwards.

The sailors' dwelling-place was what is called a topgallant forecastle; a structure in the bows

of the ship corresponding with the cuddy and its poop-deck aft. It should have been familiar ground to me; yet I found something of real novelty, too, in the sight as I followed the doctor through the port door and entered what resembled a vast gloomy cave, resonant with the sound of seas smitten by the cutwater, with a slush-lamp swinging amidships under a begrimed beam, and a line of daylight falling a little beyond fair through the open scuttle or deck-hatch, and resembling in its dusty shaft and defined margin a sunbeam striking through a chink of the shutter of a darkened room.

There was at least a score of hammocks hung up under the ceiling or upper deck, with here and there the faces of mariners showing over them, or perhaps the half of a stockinged leg, and nothing else of the man inside but *that* to be seen. There were figures seated on boxes, stolidly smoking, or stitching at their clothes: grim, silent, unshaven salts, stealing out upon the eye in that strange commingling of dull light and dim shadow, in proportions so grotesque and even startling that they hardly needed to vanish on a sudden to persuade one they were creatures of another universe.

The doctor made his way to a bunk on the port side, almost abreast of the scuttle, where the light came sifting through the gloom with power enough to define shape and even colour. In this bunk lay a motionless figure under a blanket, and a small square of canvas over his head. The bunks in the immediate neighbourhood were empty, and the fellows who swung in hammocks a little distance away peered dumbly at us, with eyes which gleamed like discs of polished steel amid the hair on their faces.

Dr Hemmeridge pulled the bit of sailcloth from the face of the body, and there lay before me the most hideous mask that could enter the mind of any man, saving the Master who drew Caliban, to figure. Nothing showed of the eyes through the contracted lids but the whites. There was a drop in the under-jaw that had twisted the creature's hare-lip into the distortion of a shocking grin.

I took one look and recoiled, and as I did so, a fellow who had been watching us at the forecastle door approached and said respectfully: 'There ain't no doubt of his being stone-dead, sir, I suppose?'

Hemmeridge turned from the body. There was an odd look of loathing and puzzlement in his face.

'Oh yes, man, quite dead,' he answered.—'An amazing corpse, don't you think, Mr Dugdale? Good enough to preserve in spirits as a show for the museum of an hospital.'

'I hope,' exclaimed a deep voice from a hammock that swung near, 'if so be that that there Crabb's dead and gone, he ain't going to be let lie to p'ison the parfumed hatmosphere of this here drawing-room.'

'No, my man,' answered the doctor, looking at the body; 'we'll have him out of this in good time.—But there's nothing to hurt in his remaining here a bit.'

'What did he doy of?' asked an old sailor, who had risen from his chest, and stood surveying us as he leaned against a stanchion with the inverted bowl of a sooty pipe betwixt his teeth.

'Now, what would be the good,' cried the doctor fretfully, 'of giving this forecastle a lecture on the causes of death? What did he die of?—A plague on't, Mr Dugdale! Do you know I've a great mind to take a peep inside him, if only in the interests of the medical journals.'

'I'm beginning to feel a little faint,' said I, with a movement towards the forecastle door.

'Oh well, Mr Willard,' exclaimed Hemmeridge, addressing the man who had approached us, and who proved to be the sail-maker, 'have him stitched up as soon as you please, and then get him on to the fore-hatch with a tarpaulin over him, till other orders come forward.'

'Are ye likely to hold an inquest, doctor?' asked the sailmaker, whose Roman nose and thin frill or streamlet of wool-white whisker running under his chin from one ear to another gave him a queer sort of yearning *raised* haggard look in that light, as he inclined his head forward to ask the question.

'Oh, it wouldn't be an inquest,' responded the doctor with a short laugh. 'But it is death from natural causes, anyway,' added he in a careless voice; 'and so we'll go aft again, Mr Dugdale; unless, indeed, you would like to take another view of your friend?'

I shoved past him, and got out of the forecastle at once; and never before did the sunshine seem more glorious, nor the ocean breeze sweeter, nor the swelling heights of the Indiaman more airily beautiful and majestic. In fact, I had felt half suffocated in that forecastle; and as I made my way to the poop, I respired the gushing wind as it hummed past me over the bulwarks as thirstily as ever shipwrecked sailor lapped water.

That same evening, some time after dinner, I went on to the poop. It was a fine clear moonless night, with a pleasant breeze out of the north-east. There were a few passengers moving about the deck, but it was too dark to make sure of them, though the delicate sheen in the air, falling in a sort of silver showering from the velvet-dark heaven of brilliants on high, enabled one to see forms and to follow the movements of things clearly.

'Is it true, do you know, that one of the sailors died this afternoon?' exclaimed a low, clear, but most melodious voice by my side.

It was Miss Temple. She started as I quitted my leaning posture and turned to her.

'Oh, I beg your pardon,' she exclaimed in a changed note.

It was very clear she had mistaken me—for Colledge, for all I can tell. She was alone. Yet had she come from the cuddy, she must certainly have seen the young sprig playing at the table with Fairthorne at chess.

'I should be glad to answer your question,' said I coolly, 'if you care to stop and listen, Miss Temple.'

By the starlight I could see her fine imperious dark eyes bent on me.

'It is curious,' she exclaimed—and perhaps by daylight I should have found some sign of a smile in her face; but her countenance showed like marble in that shadow—'that this should be the second time I have asked you about what is happening in the ship. You have been a sailor, I think, Mr Dugdale?'

'Mr Colledge has doubtless told you so,' said I.

'Yes; it was he who told me. You share his cabin, I believe. Will you tell me if it be true that one of the sailors has died?'

'It is true,' said I: 'a sailor named Crabb died this morning.'

'Has he been buried?'

'No; that ceremony is to take place in the morning, I believe.'

'Our ship, then, will sail all night long with a dead body on board?' she exclaimed with a lift of her eyes to the stars and then a look seawards. 'Are not the superstitions of sailors opposed to such burdens?'

'Jack does not love dead bodies,' said I, making as if to resume my leaning posture at the rail, as one interrupted in a reverie; for harmless as her questions were, I did not at all relish her haughty commanding manner of putting them; besides, this was the first time I had exchanged a sentence with her since that night of the collision in the Channel; and the unconquerable delight I took in gazing at her beauty, that *now*, to my ardent young eyes, was idealised, by the starlit dusk by which I surveyed her, into graces beyond expression fascinating, affected me also as a sort of injury to my own dignity, thanks to the mood that had grown up in me through what I had said and thought of her. 'But,' continued I carelessly, 'what is regarded as a superstition by the sailor is a stroke of nature common to us all. One may travel far without meeting any person who will choose a dead body for company.'

She walked to the rail a few feet away from where I stood, and looked at the water for some while in silence, as though she had not heard me.

'I would rather die anywhere than at sea,' she exclaimed, as though thinking aloud, with a sudden crossing of her hands upon her breast, as if a chill had entered her from the dark ocean. 'The horror of being buried in that void there would keep me alive. Oh, if it be true, as Shakespeare says, that dreams may visit us in our graves—in our graves ashore, where there are daisies and green turf and the twinkling shadows of leaves, and often the full moon and the high summer night shedding a peace like that of God himself, passing all understanding, upon the dead—*what* should be the visions that enter into the sleep of one floating deep down in that great mystery there?'

This was a passage of humour which I was quite young enough to have coaxed, and have sought to improve in any other fine young woman after her pattern; but my temper just then happened to be perverse and my mood obnoxious to sentiment.

'Why,' said I, pretending to stare at the water, 'what's the difference between being lowered in a coffin and being hove overboard in a canvas sack with a lump of holystone at one's feet, when one doesn't know it? If one could believe in the mermaid, in coral pavilions illuminated with cressets brilliant with sea-fire, in those sweet songs which were formerly sung by *fishy* virgins, who swept their lyres of gold with arms of ivory and fingers of pearl, I believe that when my time came I should be very willing to take the plunge, in fact *choose* it in preference to'——

I brought my eyes away from the water, and saw her figure in the companion-way down which she floated!

A minute later, Colonel Bannister came along. He approached me close, staring hard, and said: 'Oh, it's you, Dugdale! I thought it was the second mate.—Here's a pretty go! There's a man dead.'

'He couldn't help it, Colonel,' said I.

'Ay, but what did he die of?' he shouted. 'I've asked Hemmeridge, and he won't give the disease a name. I don't want it to go further, but betwixt you and me and the bedpost, hang me'—here he subdued his voice into an extraordinary croaking whisper—'if I don't believe that Hemmeridge'—and he lifted his hand to his mouth in a posture of drinking. 'My contention is, they've got no right to keep the body. What's the good of it? Since Hemmeridge is mute, who's going to say that the seaman didn't die of smallpox? That's it, you see! Smallpox! and a crowd of us aft who, if a plague should break out, must perish. Mind, I say *perish!*—Where's that second mate?'

He impetuously crossed the deck and hurried forward on the weather side of the poop. A few minutes afterwards I heard the second mate's voice. 'Wheel there! where are you driving the ship to?' he shouted from the forward part of the poop; but merely as an excuse, I think, to break away from the Colonel, who had now tailed on to him.

As he came rumbling aft, I went forward.

It was the most delicate gentle weather imaginable next morning when I went on deck an hour before breakfast-time to get a cold bath in the ship's head, which to my mind is the very noblest luxury the sea has to yield: nothing to be done but to strip, drop over the side on to the grating betwixt the headboards, well out of sight of the poop, where the spout of the head-pump, as it is called, commands you, and so be played on for half an hour at a spell by some ordinary seaman, who will be glad to oblige you for the value of a glass of grog. Oh, the delight past language of the sensation sinking through and through one to the very marrow that comes with the gushing of the sparkling green brine pouring away from one in foam back into the flashing heart of the deep out of which it is sucked!

As I passed the forehatch on my way aft, I observed a heap of something lying under a tarpaulin; at the same moment the boatswain stepped out of his berth.

'Have ye heard what time the funeral's to take place, sir?'

'Bless me!' cried I with a start, 'I had forgotten all about it. Small wonder that we and our troubles should be compared to sparks that fly upwards, for we are extinguished in a breath and clean forgotten.' I glanced at the tarpaulin on the hatchway with an ugly shuddering recollection coming upon me of the face of the man as I had last viewed him dead in his bunk. 'No,' said I; 'I am unable to tell you when they mean to bury him. The sooner the better, I should say.'

The breakfast-bell then sounding, I entered the cuddy and took my place. I had thought to catch a glance, perhaps *one* glance, during the meal from Miss Temple, who might probably

recollect her few words with me on the preceding evening, and her cool trick of sliding off to let me talk aloud to myself. But she never turned her eyes my way. She sometimes spoke across the table to Mr Colledge, once inclined her fine figure towards Captain Keeling to respond to some remark of his, and occasionally exchanged a sentence with her aunt. But the rest of us might have been as much hidden as the body of Crabb was forward, for all the attention she honoured us with.

'I am glad that this funeral is going to take place,' Mr Johnson said to me. 'I have promised a friend of mine who owns a newspaper in London a series of articles on this voyage, and down to this time I haven't quite seen my way. For what has happened proper to tell? Dash my wig! saving that collision, of which I couldn't make head nor tail, and dare not therefore attempt, what ghost of an incident good for what I may call word-painting has occurred?'

'This burial should give you the chance you want,' said I.

'Yes,' he exclaimed; 'I shall be able to do it justice, I believe. I am a little uncertain in the matter of nautical terms; and when I've finished the account of it, I should be glad if you'd listen to it, Mr Dugdale, and correct any trifling technical errors I may happen to make. Even now, I'll be shot if I can tell the difference between starboard and larboard—never can remember, somehow. The words are so confoundedly alike, you know.'

'If I were you,' said I, 'I should not suffer ignorance of the sea-life to hinder me from writing fully about it. Few sailors read; nobody else understands the calling. Say what you like, and you need only dash your absurdities into your canvas with a cocksure brush to be accepted as an authority.'

'Still,' he exclaimed, 'in an account of a funeral at sea I should like to have the rigging right.'

I assured him that I should be glad to hear his account when he had written it; and soon afterwards we left the table and went on deck.

The ship was this morning a very grand show of canvas. At the peak flew the red ensign half-mast high, languidly floating in rich brand-new folds of sunny crimson to the quiet breathing of the wind over the quarter. It was a hint of what was to come, and you noticed the influence of it upon the passengers, who talked in subdued voices, and walked thoughtfully, as though it were the Sabbath and Divine service was shortly to be held.

Shortly before ten o'clock, Smallridge, taking his stand upon the forecastle head, applied his silver whistle to his lips, and sent the shrill metallic summons ringing throughout the length of the ship, following it with a deep-chested hurricane roar of 'All hands 'tend funeral.' The Jacks had been off work since breakfast-time, and to the boatswain's melodious invitation they came tumbling out of the forecastle all in the spruce warm-weather attire of those days.

The first, third, and fourth mates took their place a little abaft the gangway, leaving the second officer on the poop to look after the ship. A young reefer clad in bright buttons stood at the bell, which he struck in funereal time, constantly glancing around him to find some one to exchange a grin with. When all were assembled, the skipper stalked solemnly out of the cuddy, Prayer-book in hand. Keeling was a man of strong piety, and his manner of addressing himself to this solemn business was full of an old-fashioned awe and reverence, which one might look a long way round among modern sea-captains to find the like of, in such a performance, at all events, as that of burying the remains of a forecastle hand. Most of the passengers were grouped along the break of the poop to witness the ceremony. I see that large and stirring picture very freshly even now: the mass of whiskered faces, one showing past another, nearly every jaw moving to the gnawing of a quid: Keeling and his officers in full fig; the many-coloured dresses of the ladies fluttering along the line of the poop rail; I recall the deep hush that settled down upon the fine ship, no sound to break it but the tolling of the bell and a noise of water lazily washing alongside. High above us the great squares of canvas rose in brilliant clouds, one swelling to another with a soft swaying of the whole majestic fabric, as though the vessel were something sentient, and was keeping time with her mastheads to the mournful chimes on the quarter-deck.

The bell ceased; the midshipman struck ten o'clock upon it; the Jacks on the quarter-deck made a lane, and down it from forward came four hearty seamen, bearing upon their shoulders a hatch grating, on which was the hammock containing the body, covered with England's commercial ensign. One end of this grating was rested upon the lee rail; then the captain began to read the sea funeral service. As the captain paused in his delivery, the ensign was whipped off, the grating tilted, and the white hammock flashed overboard. I was at the lee rail, and glanced down into the sea alongside as the hammock sped from the bulwark. But the ocean coffin, instead of sinking, went floating astern like a lifebuoy, bobbing bravely upon the summer tumble, and lifting and sinking upon the swell as duck-like as a waterborne lifeboat.

I believe no man saw this but myself, everybody listening reverentially to the closing words of the skipper's recital from the Prayer-book. I walked hastily aft to observe the hammock as it veered into our wake, and beckoned to Mr Cocker, who at once crossed the deck.

'See there!' cried I, pointing to the thing that was frisking in the eddies upturned by our keel, and crawling into the distance to the slow progress of the ship. 'Friend Crabb seems in no hurry to knock at Davy Jones's door.'

'I expect the fool of a sailmaker forgot to weight the body,' said he. 'Unless,' he added, with a little change in his voice, as if he meant what he said, whilst he did not wish me to suppose him in earnest, 'the chap was too great a rascal when alive to sink now that he's nothing but a body.'

'I thought,' I exclaimed, 'that wicked sailors, like Falstaff, had an alacrity in sinking.'

'I'll tell you a fact, then, Mr Dugdale,' said he. 'I was aboard a ship where we buried a man that had murdered a negro in Jamaica. He was a ruffian down to the heels of his yellow feet, sir, with a deal worse on his conscience, in our

opinion, than even the blood of a darkey. It was a dead calm when we dropped him over the side with a twelve-pound shot at the clews of his hammock. Down he went; but up he came again, and lay wobbling under the main-chains. The captain, not liking such a neighbour, ordered a boat over with a fresh weight for the corpse. It was another twelve-pound shot, and down it took him, as all hands expected. But scarce was the boat hoisted when the chief-mate, who was looking over the rail, sings out quietly: "Here 's Joey again." And *there* lay the hammock just under the mizzen chains. 'Twas lucky a breath of wind came along just then and sneaked the barque away, for had the calm lasted, the men would have sworn that the body had got hold of the ship and wouldn't let her move. But as to our being ever able to sink it'—he shook his head, and pointing to the hammock that was now showing like a fleck of foam in the tail of our wake, he exclaimed: 'It 's the same with Crabb. He 's of the sort that Old Davy will have nothing to do with.'

The boatswain's pipe shrilled out again; the ceremony was over. The sailors stalked gravely towards the forecastle, the passengers distributed themselves about the poop.

'Quite worth seeing, don't you think?' said Mr Johnson, coming up to me in the manner of a man fresh from a stage performance that has pleased him. 'Only let me be sure of my nautical details, and I believe I can see my way to a very pretty article, Mr Dugdale.'

SOME ODD THINGS ABOUT NUMBERS.

That there is luck in odd numbers is a popular saying, characterised by a delightful ambiguity which renders it equally correct in the case of either good or bad luck. The expression, however, is generally taken to mean that good luck may be attributed to odd numbers; and whether or not they may be justified in assuming that even ones must consequently be unlucky, many country women will only put their hens to set on an odd number of eggs, in the belief that otherwise no chickens would be hatched.

Numbers both odd and even have always been credited with mystic powers capable of influencing the destinies of man. It is possible that this belief may have been due in the first instance to a sense of reverence and awe with which the immutable laws of mathematics were probably regarded by the ignorant; the fact, too, that the third, fifth, or sixth note in an octave harmonises with the first, may in some measure account for the superstitious importance with which the numbers three, five, and six have been regarded; and the regularity and frequency with which certain numbers occur in Nature's handiworks may also have given rise to a belief in some mystic powers inherent in the numbers themselves. Thus, two is constantly before us in bilateral symmetry and the number of the sexes; five occurs as the number of petals which many flowers possess or the number of fingers and toes on each of our hands and feet—the thumb, of course, being reckoned as one of the fingers; and as an instance in which six occurs we may mention the hexagonal cells of a honeycomb.

It is unnecessary to give examples of the mystical use of numbers in the Scriptures, for no one who has read the Bible can have failed to notice the frequency with which certain numbers are used, evidently intentionally and with a symbolical significance.

In many of the legends which may be found amongst the North American Indians, two witches or medicine women play a prominent part. This may be merely a curious coincidence; but more probably it is the result of some forgotten superstition connected with numbers; for in the Old World, two has an evil reputation; and so far as monarchs have been concerned, it certainly seems to have been an unlucky number, many of those who were second of a name having had troubled reigns or met with untimely fates.

There is much superstitious regard for the number three in the popular mind, and the third repetition of anything is generally looked upon as a crisis. Thus, an article may twice be lost and recovered; but the third time that it is lost, it is gone for good. Twice a man may pass through some great danger in safety; but the third time he loses his life. If, however, the mystic third can be successfully passed, all is well. Three was called by Pythagoras the perfect number, and we frequently find its use symbolical of Deity; thus, we might mention the trident of Neptune, the three-forked lightning of Jove, and the three-headed dog of Pluto. The idea of trinity is not confined to Christianity, but occurs in several religions. In mythology, also, we find three Fates, three Furies, and three Graces; and coming nearer to our own times, Shakespeare introduces his three witches. In public-house signs three seems to play an important part, for we frequently meet with 'Three Cups,' 'Three Jolly Sailors,' 'Three Bells,' 'Three Tuns,' 'Three Feathers'—in fact, that number of almost anything of which a fertile imagination can conceive a trio. In nursery rhymes and tales this number is not unknown; and if we look back to the days of our childhood, most of us will call to mind the three wise men of Gotham who took a sea-voyage in a bowl, not to mention the three blind mice that had their tails cut off by the farmer's wife. Perhaps there is some occult power in the number which governs the division of novels into three volumes, and induces doctors to order their medicine to be taken thrice daily. It is said that some tribes of savages cannot count beyond three; but although they may have no words to express higher numbers, perhaps we should be scarcely justified in assuming that they are incapable of appreciating the value of the latter.

Five is a mystic number which was supposed to possess great influence over demons and evil spirits. Probably primitive man—not unlike some of his descendants at the present day—reckoned up his little accounts on his fingers, ultimately using his hand as a symbol of five, and consequently attaching extra importance to that number.

Seven was considered a holy number, and throughout the Scriptures it is frequently used as such. The seventh son of a seventh son was formerly looked upon as a natural doctor who possessed miraculous powers of healing the sick, and could, in fact, frequently effect a cure by merely touching the sufferer. Even at the present day this piece of superstition has not died out, and occasionally one may still meet with these so-called natural doctors, who fully believe in the marvellous powers ascribed to them. Amongst the Gaboon tribes there is a superstition that on the seventh day after the birth of a child, the woman who is nursing the mother is in danger of being converted into an animal by some evil spirit, if the necessary steps are not taken to prevent her metamorphosis. According to a popular superstition, seven years of bad luck may be expected by the unfortunate person who chances to break a mirror. There is a general belief with most people that they undergo some change every seven years; man's life is popularly divided into seven ages, and formerly it was supposed that seven and nine were capable of exerting much subtle influence over men, the product of these two numbers being particularly powerful in this respect. Thus, sixty-three years was called the grand climacteric, and that age was considered a very important crisis in a man's life. Women, on the other hand, were supposed to be more susceptible to the influence of six. Probably it was this belief in the supposed influence of nine and six on men's lives which originally gave rise to the custom of granting leases for multiples of seven or nine years. Long leases are granted for ninety-nine or nine hundred and ninety-nine years, instead of a hundred or a thousand years, and there is, we believe, a piece of superstition that otherwise the hundredth or thousandth year would be under the influence of the Evil One.

Nine, a trinity of trinities, is the perfect plural, and is credited with mystic properties. As might be supposed, therefore, many superstitions are connected with it. The first unmarried man passing beneath the lintel post of a door over which has been hung a pod containing nine peas, will marry the maid who placed it there; and a piece of worsted with nine knots tied in it is considered a charm for a sprained ankle. Nine is not in every case a lucky number, however, for evil-doers regard the nine tails of the 'cat' with very little favour; to see nine magpies is considered an ill omen; and the nine of diamonds has been called—although no one seems to know why—the 'Curse of Scotland.'

Twelve is of constant recurrence. Thus, there were twelve tribes of Israel and twelve apostles; a year is divided into twelve months, and the Zodiac contains twelve signs.

It is a well-known piece of superstition that if thirteen people sit down to table together one of them will die within a year; and probably, as has been suggested, the origin of this belief may be traced to the Paschal Supper. Even at the present day, many people, who certainly ought to possess more sense, are reluctant to take part in a dinner or supper party containing the unlucky number of guests. Some, indeed, will even refuse to sit at the same table with twelve others; and formerly in France there were men who gained a livelihood by attending dinner-parties and making up the number of guests to fourteen in cases of emergency, where it was discovered at the last moment that only thirteen were present.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE was a long sitting of the Marlborough Street police court that day, and at the conclusion of it the prisoner was committed for trial for the wilful murder of Margaret Neale on the night of the 10th of June. The evidence was all on one side, and every item of it appeared to go home with fatal force. The testimony given at the inquest was repeated, and the Countess of Southfort readily identified the handwriting of the old letters found in Faune's lodgings. There could be no doubt whatever as to their being the letters of the deceased woman to her husband, written at various times before he left England. A fatal revelation, unlooked-for and emphatic, flowed from them. The last was dated 'October 25th 188–,' and referred to the imminent departure of the husband for India; and it was proved that Claude Faune sailed from Portsmouth in the troopship *Euphrates* on the 29th of the same month. It did not need Frank Holmes, who remembered the date so well, to establish this fact; but he also remembered that, if Faune were the recipient of those letters, that last and momentous letter from the dead wife must have been received by the husband while he was staying with himself the week before embarkation.

The evidence of detective Burton is already known to the reader; he had nothing to add to it, and felt his case completed by the discovery of the letters. Mr Clayton was sworn, and admitted that Faune was in the habit, when he came to his house, of staying till past ten; pressed on the point, he said he did not recollect an occasion, for several weeks prior to the murder, of the prisoner going before ten o'clock. Further, he had to confess that the prisoner's departure on that Saturday evening was rather abrupt, and caused him some surprise, as he had not alluded during the evening to any purpose of going so early.

Burton made no mention in his evidence of Frank Holmes having seen and met the prisoner at Albert Gate; it was unnecessary, and the officer did not wish to drag the young man into the case without sufficient reason.

The garrulous and communicative landlady did not follow the example. She deposed to Mr Holmes calling at her house, and telling her he had seen the prisoner at Albert Gate, coming homeward at a quarter past nine. This led to Holmes being called, much to his annoyance, to corroborate the point. He did no more. But the woman went on to say that Mr Faune had told her that he was about to marry a very wealthy and beautiful young lady.

Poor Mr Clayton was recalled after the witness went down, and had to admit that the prisoner had been a suitor for his daughter's hand; that he himself had assented to the suit, and had

believed the marriage would soon have taken place. This was a powerful point for the prosecution.

The prisoner's solicitor put very few questions to the witnesses. He seemed to feel that the case on the other side was too strong and well-knit to be lightly assaulted, and that it was best to reserve his energies until he found some ground to fight upon. He only asked Mr Clayton if there had been a formal engagement between his daughter and the prisoner, to which the answer was a negative. It was apparently without effect, and the solicitor said he would reserve his defence. Nobody thought that he had, or could have, any substantial defence; the only points which seemed open to him were the absence of all evidence tending to establish communication between Margaret Neale and the prisoner since the latter's return to England, and of any proof of resemblance between the signature of 'Julius Vernon' in the register and the known handwriting of Claude Faune at the same period. Both were strong points, the former specially so; but they were merely negative, against a tremendous and compact array of positive evidence on the other side.

Mr Clayton touched Frank Holmes on the shoulder outside the police court. 'Will you come home with me and stay to dinner?'

'Thank you; not this evening. I have several things to do.'

'Well, jump into this cab, and I will drop you at the Corner.—What do you think of the case now?' he asked as they drove off.

'It looks bad enough.'

'Bad enough! I hardly see how it could be worse for him.'

'It would be worse if they could bring to light any correspondence between Margaret Neale and Faune since the latter's return to England. That is still wanting, isn't it?'

'Such a fabric as a complete case is seldom heard of,' said Mr Clayton with a shake of his head. 'I fear in the present instance they can do without that evidence; and who knows what may be discovered between now and his trial? They have only been two days at the case.'

'Who knows?' Holmes repeated absently. 'Yes; for the time I must admit they have done remarkably well; but hasn't it come very easy to them?'

'So you will not come home with me, Frank?' said Mr Clayton after a pause. 'I should be glad if you would, if only to talk to Mary. I find it terribly hard. Poor girl! Ah, Frank, I wish it had been otherwise!'

The young man knew what he meant, and shook his head. 'It cannot be otherwise now, Mr Clayton,' he answered gently. 'Let us not think of these things. Tell Mary I will be mindful of my promise this morning.'

'What was it, Frank?'

'Something I promised to try and do for her—no matter now; another time I shall tell you, should it be worth the telling. Tell her I am going to do my best.'

'Very well, Frank, very well,' the banker said with a sigh. They were now at Hyde Park Corner, and the cab drew up to allow Holmes to alight. 'Perhaps you will look in to-morrow evening?'

'Perhaps I may. Good-night.'

'Good-night.'

The cab moved on, but had hardly proceeded twenty yards when it stopped; and Holmes, looking back, saw Mr Clayton beckoning him with his umbrella. 'Come round to the bank early to-morrow,' he said; 'I want to ask you something, and almost forgot to mention it. Will you call?'

Holmes promised that he would call, and then turned back along Piccadilly on his way to the Strand. He was very full of that idea of his which had struck him by the spot where Margaret Neale had been murdered, an idea which, if he should be able to follow it up, would end in the unequivocal condemnation, or equally unequivocal acquittal, of Claude Faune.

Walking down the Haymarket buried in his thoughts, Holmes was disagreeably interrupted by a brougham drawing suddenly up by the pavement and hearing his name called. He stepped over to the carriage, and saw Musgrave and his wife. Before giving him time to speak, the latter said eagerly: 'I am so glad. Now you were going home to your dull lodgings, Mr Holmes; but you shall enter this carriage and come with me, and have dinner with us.' She opened the door as she was speaking, and, like a man in a dream, Frank Holmes mechanically did the last thing he would have cared at the moment to do: he stepped into the brougham, and seated himself opposite the lady and her husband.

The rest of the way down to Charing Cross, Mrs Musgrave, leaning towards him, kept talking away, in a voice musical to listen to, words he hardly understood, what with the noise of traffic and the confusion into which his thoughts had fallen. At the hotel he helped her from the brougham, and in the vestibule she said prettily: 'I shall only ask ten minutes to dress. Will it be too long to keep you gentlemen waiting for dinner?'

'That means half-an-hour, Frank,' observed Musgrave when she had gone up-stairs. 'Come down and let's have a cigarette while waiting.'

They went down to the smoking-room, and Holmes, observing Musgrave beckon to a waiter, said: 'Nothing for me, Musgrave.'

'Not a whisky-and-seltzer?'

'Not even that.'

But the man returned presently with a quantity of whisky in a tumbler, which caused Holmes to glance incredulously at his friend. His doubts were soon decided by seeing Musgrave, after the addition of a little of the mineral water, drink the contents of the glass at a draught. And then, looking at the man, he was struck by an alteration in his appearance: he looked flabby and pale.

'What is the matter, Musgrave?' he could not help asking.

'Matter?' answered Musgrave sharply. Pausing a minute or so, the influence of the liquor which he had drunk produced a softer mood, and he said: 'I have a horror of these things. My wife is so interested—excited, in fact—over that woman's murder, that she *would* take me to the police court to-day to hear the whole thing. She had not patience to wait till the evening papers, which I told her would have a full report.'

'So you were in the courthouse? So was I; but I did not see you.'

'I was sick of it. I have always detested murders and sensations of every kind. I shouldn't have even read the details of this case in the papers,' said Musgrave, turning in his chair, 'only it happened to be a man I had known. But not even that would have induced me to go to the court, if it hadn't been for Lucy.'

'Naturally, as a woman, Mrs Musgrave's feelings are strong on the matter.'

'I suppose so; and her southern blood is warmer than ours. However,' he added, 'she is satisfied now, since the fellow doesn't seem to have a chance.'

Frank Holmes wished from his soul he had had the presence of mind to decline the invitation; he even went so far as to cast about in his mind for an excuse to go now. He could find none, of course. He hoped they would not spend the next two hours discussing the murder, for, owing to some feeling which he did not clearly understand, he was reluctant to talk about it with Musgrave and his wife. Their sentiments, strongly opposed as they seemed to be, jarred uncomfortably on him.

Mrs Musgrave was a beautiful creation, as she came down to dinner in a dress of black velvet touched with a little lace and a very modest amount of jewelry. She was certainly beautiful, yet seemed wholly unconscious of the fact. During dinner, the lady addressed almost all her conversation to Frank Holmes, and as she did not once allude to the topic he wished to avoid, he was fairly fascinated. It was impossible to resist her, she was so charming without suspicion of effort. Frank Holmes, now and again glancing at Musgrave, silent and even gloomy, and drinking more wine than he ought, wondered more than once why so radiant and charming a creature should have given herself to such a dolt. But there was the fact to wonder at; and this evening Musgrave did not appear to so much as admire his wife.

Holmes followed up-stairs more willingly than he had gone in to dinner—Mrs Musgrave's fascinations had not been without effect. She sat down at the piano and ran her light fingers over the keys with a touch that showed her a mistress of the instrument; then Musgrave rose, and muttering some apology about 'a smoke,' left the room.

'He detests music, and he is—what is your word?—white-livered,' said Mrs Musgrave with a matter-of-fact frankness that was a little startling. 'Only fancy, Mr Holmes: he wanted to leave England as soon as he read of that murder, because, I suppose, a former schoolfellow of his was arrested for it!'

'Naturally, it was more or less of a shock to him, Mrs Musgrave.'

'But you, Mr Holmes, were a schoolfellow, and a friend as well, of Mr Faune. Did you feel disposed to go away when it happened?'

'No; of course not.'

She left the piano, and after tossing about a few books on the table, sank into a low chair near to Frank Holmes. 'I have had enough of it now,' she said with a sigh. 'I don't know why I should have been so deeply moved by the fate of that poor girl; but now that the man is virtually condemned, I am satisfied.—Is it wicked to feel satisfied, Mr Holmes?' she asked, innocently, without raising her eyes higher than his waistcoat.

'No; certainly not, from your point of view,' he answered.

'Well, well; let us speak about something else. Of course you know London well?'

'Very well, indeed.'

'I am afraid my husband does not,' she observed, with a shade of anxiety. 'Perhaps,' she added, looking up with a blush, 'you will think it bold of me, but I feel that I would like to talk to you as a friend I have known for years.'

He did not think it bold; he thought her frankness very charming. She was not an Englishwoman, and he freely gave her the benefit of the difference.

'I feel flattered and delighted, Mrs Musgrave,' he answered, willing enough to enjoy her confidence, but hoping it would have nothing to do with her matrimonial relations. He had sense enough to shrink from that.

'Thank you, Mr Holmes,' she said, moving her chair an inch nearer to him. 'Then I will use the kind privilege you give me. I am anxious about my husband's prospects in London. I suppose he has said something to you about his views?'

'Yes,' said Holmes, pleased that her confidence was taking this direction; 'he spoke of an Emigration agency.'

'Sending poor people to Texas and Canada and other places. I suppose, wealthy as England is, there are plenty of poor people?'

'Oh, plenty indeed,' he answered with a smile.

'Then there may be some prospect for an Emigration Office?—Mr Holmes,' she said, dropping her eyes and her voice at the same time, with very pretty effect, 'we have not much money, and I am anxious for my husband to be getting an income.'

'I should not like to dishearten you, Mrs Musgrave,' he said gently, 'but London is a very difficult place in which to get an income.'

'John says,' she observed doubtfully, 'that there being no means of living for thousands in England, they will be eager to go to other countries.'

Holmes shook his head. 'That is true, as far as it goes, Mrs Musgrave. But those who are able to pay the cost of reaching and settling in a new country can do so without the aid of an agency: and those who are too poor—the great majority—want an agency that will find the necessary money for them and take the chance of ever getting it back again. I don't think that the idea will succeed.'

She was silent now, with her hands clasped and her eyes on the carpet. Holmes, contemplating her graceful head bowed in anxious reflection, thought of the man drinking whisky below. Was she thinking about him too?

She raised her head suddenly, saying half audibly, expressing her thought rather than addressing her guest: 'I don't know what we shall do,' and moved to the piano.—'May I sing, Mr Holmes? Or do you hate music too?' she asked.

For the best part of an hour she sat at the instrument, singing and playing, Frank Holmes beside her turning over the music. It was a hiatus in his existence, in which he fell into oblivion of everything except the singular enchantment of this woman's society. Nor was it that she seemed to exert her charms and accomplishments for him; had she done so, probably they would have failed of effect; but she bowed her head and lowered her splendid voice in devout rendering of a piece from the *Stabat Mater* or one of the Masses familiar to her ear in her native country; and sang with pink brow and swelling bosom the passionate love-songs of the South, with equal unconsciousness of his presence beside her. Nor was the power of the spell over Frank Holmes lessened when, turning quickly on the stool, an expression of disgust swept over her face, and was succeeded by an ill-concealed look of distress. While she was singing, her husband had returned and entered the room unobserved, and was now lying on the sofa in a drunken stupor.

Mrs Musgrave left the piano, and without noticing her husband further, said: 'Will you have coffee, Mr Holmes?'

'Thanks, no. I must say good-night, Mrs Musgrave, and thank you for a most delightful evening.'

She went to the door with him, and hesitating there a moment, walked with him down the corridor to the elevator. As he was about to touch the bell, she said, looking in his face with a sadness that was very touching: 'I wish, Mr Holmes, we had a prospect of living in London. It would be so pleasant to have you for a friend, to come to us of an evening. Shall you come to-morrow?'

'A thousand thanks, Mrs Musgrave. I could desire no greater pleasure; but I am not able to promise for the evening. I shall call during the day, however. And now, good-night again, Mrs Musgrave.'

'Good-night,' she said.

When Holmes reached the street, instead of going to his lodgings, he turned down to the Embankment for a quiet stroll and half an hour's thinking. For half that time he was able to think of nothing but the woman he had just left.

'Hang the fellow!' he exclaimed, flinging the stump of a cigar into the river; 'the possession of such a wife ought to fill him with ambition. —What will be the end of it?' he thought, remembering what she had dropped about their not having 'much money,' and the state in which he had left Musgrave. Any 'end of it' would be good enough for the man; but it was terrible to think of a woman like Lucy Musgrave being dragged down to the degradation of a fallen husband. She had touched the young man's chivalry.

If he had temporarily forgotten his promise to Mary Clayton, Frank Holmes made up for the delinquency by sitting over the problem of Margaret Neale's death till two hours past midnight. As stated in a former chapter, he had a peculiar bent for the investigation of crimes, which his exceptional knowledge of London life and acquaintance with the details of most of the great crimes committed within the past few years had developed into a talent. Now, in regard to the murder of Margaret Neale, his attitude was this: that the course of the police was radically wrong, and that the conviction of Faune—if he were really the murderer—would be an accident rather than the logical result of a well-conceived method of action. As to Faune's guilt or innocence, he had at present no firm opinion; there was one dark passage upon which light would have to be shed before the question of guilt or innocence could be finally and completely answered. Why did Margaret Neale leave the house that Saturday night? It was here, in the opinion of Frank Holmes, that the pursuit ought to have commenced; but the police, finding no scent to start upon, had run promiscuously about, trusting to chance rather than intelligent direction. The arrest of Faune was the consequence of this course of action.

On the jury, with the evidence before him that was given at the police court, he would still have demanded the completion of the case by a clearly established answer to the question, why did Margaret Neale go to the Park that night? To his mind the question was a vital one; and it was to throw light upon the motive of the woman's fatal act that he now bent himself, not reckoning as to whether it would help to convict or acquit the prisoner. But though it has been said that Holmes was as yet without a firm opinion as to Faune's guilt or innocence, he was, even in the face of the damning evidence, still unaccountably disposed to doubt that the man was capable of such an act. Faune's disappearance the very next evening tended rather to increase than to diminish Holmes's doubts as to his guilt. Would it not be better for him to have stood his ground, if guilty, than to have aroused suspicion by flight? The manner of the murder indicated an amount of cool and methodical premeditation with which, in his opinion, a disappearance like that of Faune was inconsistent. He must have had, it was true, a very strong motive for his extraordinary and, it might turn out, fatal behaviour; but this was a secondary point of interest in comparison with the vital one of the reason of Margaret Neale's secret visit to Hyde Park the night she met her death.

Holmes sprang out of bed early next morning with a light flashing upon him; and without waiting to have breakfast, he jumped into a cab and drove up to Fleet Street.

THE REAL BARATARIA.

When Mr Gilbert chose the kingdom of Barataria for the scene of his latest *jeu d'esprit*, we wonder if he was haunted by vague memories of the 'Pirates of Penzance,' and so came to choose the name of another pirate kingdom for the title of his play? Perhaps so, possibly not. But at anyrate there was once a real kingdom of Barataria, and not so very long ago either. Moreover, like the operatic kingdom, it was ruled by two brothers; though, instead of being merely peaceful gondoliers, they were out-and-out pirates of the most approved fashion—somewhat after the whisky-drinking type of the chorus in 'Paul Jones,' but thirstier; at least bloodthirstier. The

haunt of these miscreants of the good old times was the Island and Bay of Barataria, on the north coast of the Gulf of Mexico, near the delta of the Mississippi, in a sheltered creek to the west of that great river's mouth, and in the territory of Louisiana. The whole Gulf coast of Louisiana is a sea-marsh, a huge, wet, level expanse, covered everywhere with marsh-grasses shoulder-high, and indented by long bays like that of Barataria. This contorted and indented shore-line is broken up into masses of small reedy islands, with mysterious passages winding between them, whose undisturbed recesses were only known to a few oyster-gatherers, smugglers, and pirates. These alone knew their way through the weary miles of still, brownish water, silent and weird, their monotony only relieved by the smooth shining green of the rushes or the reefs of dazzling storm-blown sand.

Such was the appropriate haunt of the Baratarian pirates in the first decade of this century, for the Gulf had been filled in the course of the wars of France with that country's privateers. The prey they sought was the rich commerce of Spain; and when driven from Guadeloupe and Martinique by the English, they had found this retreat amid the tangled water-ways and pathless windings of the marshy shore of Louisiana an almost ideal pirates' home. It was handy, too, for trade with New Orleans, some miles away up the Mississippi; for the merchants of that enterprising city had no scruples about receiving stolen property. In fact, the scandalous openness of their traffic with the buccaneers brought loud condemnations upon the citizens and officials of Louisiana. But little cared they for condemnations while their profits came rolling merrily in each time the Baratarian pirates sailed home from the golden Spanish Main.

Now, about this time there lived in New Orleans two brothers, Jean and Pierre Lafitte. Jean was the younger—a handsome man, fair in complexion, but with black hair and eyes, and neatly shaved. He had the traditional courtesy of the Paul Jonesian school, though at times irascible even as Bouillabaisse. The elder brother, Pierre, was not quite such a showy pirate, and was more fitted for his previous occupation as a blacksmith than was the handsome, if not operatic, Jean. Pierre pretended to be nothing but 'a seafaring man;' but all the same he meant business, and had an air of conscious respectability which served him in good stead. In course of time Jean the handsome became tired of respectability, and in 1808 set up as a merchant, still ostensibly in a legitimate way; but soon both he and his brother became the agents of the privateers in Barataria. Their trade grew to be impudently open. Merchants gave and took orders for their goods in the streets of New Orleans as openly as for the merchandise of New York, and the brothers became wealthy and wicked. They were not satisfied merely with the agency business, but became the recognised chiefs of the Baratarian buccaneers, and won both for themselves and their followers considerable booty. The handsome and operatic Jean did not at first go to sea. On the contrary, he did the gay and festive traditional business of the 'dashing highwayman' type on land, varying the solid business of his agency and barter of captured goods with frequent attendances at country balls, fluttering the hearts of the Louisiana maidens, and enticing the youths to help him in his piratical ventures. Things went on gaily: the American government sent out expeditions against them, but the bold buccaneers only laughed, and ran back into their watery fastnesses, whither no other ship could follow them.

Occasionally, Pierre, the elder, tried to keep up his character for respectability. When, for instance, Venezuela set up as a separate State for herself in 1811, Pierre cordially recognised the new Republic, and procured letters of marque from its Government, ran up the Venezuelan flag, and posed as a Venezuelan patriot, while all the time they scoured the West Indian and American seas for booty. They reached the height of their fortunes in the year 1813, when (according to the authorities) they were frightfully wicked and committed no end of depredations. They became such a nuisance that Spain, England, and the United States pursued them as their avowed enemies.

But as this persecution increased, the buccaneers became bolder and more outrageous than ever. The dashing Jean in 1813 actually fired upon an American revenue officer, and nearly did for him altogether. Next year, he killed an inspector; and even Pierre's previous respectability was now tarnished. The Federal courts became more active. Finally, the two pirate kings were captured, but, like true operatic heroes, evaded their captors, and, in the mournful words of the expeditionary commander, 'inexplicably disappeared.' Soon afterwards, however, Pierre was retaken, and then followed a delightful piece of piratical diplomacy. England at that time was still at war with America, including of course Louisiana. The British commander seems to have sent two officers to treat with Jean, offering him even a captain's commission, if he could stop his piratical games and help to invade Louisiana under the British. Lafitte was courteous and polite. He begged the officers to beware of his Baratarian followers, who might perhaps injure them, and invited them to come to his dwelling on the island. Strange to say, the officers accepted the spider's invitation, and walked cheerfully into his parlour. Of course they were seized and imprisoned. Next day, however, the Paul Jones spirit which always animated him made Jean apparently ashamed of this trick, and pitying the officers' simplicity, he let them go in peace, merely asking for a fortnight 'to put his affairs in order,' after which he would be 'entirely at the disposal' of the British commander. He next proceeded to write to his friend Blanque, of the Louisiana legislature, disclosing the British designs upon Louisiana, and requesting as a *quid pro quo* 'some amelioration in the condition of his brother,' who was still in prison. The effect of this mild request was instantaneous. Next day, an advertisement appeared in the New Orleans papers offering one thousand dollars' reward for the apprehending of Pierre Lafitte, who had once more 'inexplicably disappeared.'

To make a long story short, we must now only chronicle a big sea-fight between the two pirate kings and their followers on the one side and a

large fleet from New Orleans on the other, since New Orleans determined after all to suppress the pirates instead of accepting their services. This fight resulted in the defeat of the buccaneers. Their nest at Barataria was broken up, and many pirates were captured. But Pierre and Jean escaped.

Their later history is full of adventure and very curious. Pierre's innate love of respectability got the better of him again, and he and his brother both fought against the English at the battle of New Orleans, under the American general Jackson (1815), and were gratefully thanked for 'their courage and fidelity.' After this Pierre disappears from history; but Jean's old piratical Paul Jonesian instincts asserted themselves once more, and he returned to buccaneering. The end of this dramatic pirate is lost in a mass of tradition. His name, if not his presence, was the terror of the Gulf and Strait of Florida as late as 1822. But in that year the United States navy swept those waters with vigour and success, and from that time forth the Baratarian buccaneers became totally extinct. Perhaps lured by old associations, their ghosts may have sought the Savoy, and after reading the name of their beloved land upon the bills, have passed onward to the Prince of Wales's to watch the comparatively respectable career of Jean's model hero, Paul Jones.

JACK DELANCEY'S FOREMAN.

A WESTERN LOVE-STORY.

By William Atkinson, author of 'Charlie Ransom.'

When the second son of the Right Honourable the Earl of St Marylebone, commonly known as the Honourable John Wentworth Richelieu Delancey, threw up his commission as a lieutenant in Her Majesty's Life Guards Blue, and vacated his apartments in the Albany, he purposed making an entirely fresh start in life. To accomplish this he not only left his native land, literally to pitch his tent some six thousand miles to the westward of the British metropolis, but also repudiated so much of his name as was not absolutely necessary for his own identification and the exigences of business and society in the Far West.

That he was tolerably successful in his endeavours to construct his own fortune may be inferred from the fact that, some four years after the Honourable John's sudden disappearance from sundry Belgravian ballrooms and Pall Mall club-houses, plain Jack Delancey found himself the owner of a trifling matter of thirty thousand acres of rich grazing lands, over which roamed the finest and largest herd of shorthorns in Wyoming Territory. Above and beyond all this, Jack Delancey was the most popular young man in the eastern part of the Territory, both among his neighbours—who were not very numerous—and with his 'cowboys,' who were decidedly numerous. To them all, after the Western style, he was Jack Delancey—no more and no less. But although this energetic scion of the House of St Marylebone had discarded the 'Honourable' and the 'Wentworth' and the 'Richelieu,' and had transformed 'John' into 'Jack,' he was still a Delancey. He might have called himself Moses Smith—he might even have adopted a Yankee drawl and seasoned the same with powerful Western slang, but he would still have remained a Delancey.

For, notwithstanding that the young man affected big untanned boots, buckskin breeches, a red shirt, and a sombrero hat; though he dined at twelve o'clock with 'the boys,' and excused without a murmur such luxuries as table linen, cut glass, and silver-ware; though he slept in a hammock, rolled up in rather coarse blankets, and took his morning plunge in the little creek which furnished bathing facilities for all his men—he was still Jack Delancey, and it needed not the courtesy title accorded him in Burke's *Peerage* to proclaim this fine specimen of a sturdy Briton as the 'Honourable' Jack Delancey. So, although all the stockmen and the farmers and the cowboys within fifty miles of the Delancey ranch freely addressed the wealthy young Englishman as 'Jack,' they cheerfully yielded him such marked deference as was never paid to any other man in the Territory, and such as Jack Delancey himself had never dreamed of demanding.

It was at the first big 'round-up' after Jack's arrival in the West, and the boys were dining after a hard morning's work branding the young cattle.

'That thar Delancey o' yourn is blooded!' said a gaunt Kentuckian from a neighbouring ranch. 'He's got the generwine liquid in his veins, you kin bet! He's squar', boys, an' he's fair, so he is.'

'Be me faith, he is that same!' responded a son of Erin. 'He's a lad after St Patrick's own heart. Shure he's aiqual to none—arrah, thin, be jabers, I mane he's second to none!'

'It wur told up to the Station, when I wur over last month, as he wur a dook or a lord-mayor or sumthin' when he wur on the old sod. I'm a trifle shy of sech-like pranks as palmin' off incogniter. Looks kinder slippery, as if a feller wur 'shamed of his own name an' previous record.'

This last speaker was Calvin Larned, a ranch man of small means and smaller endeavour, who made a practice of 'throwing mud' at his neighbours, and who was really only tolerated for the sake of his daughter Metta.

'That's right, Cal! Wouldn't be you if you didn't shoot *your* dirty mud,' retorted one of the men. 'Jack Delancey's got grit and sand, anyhow, which is more than can be said of you.'

'And I tell you one thing, boys,' said a strapping young fellow, as the men mounted their ponies to resume their work; 'Jack Delancey has got something beside pluck—he's got a great kind heart and clean hands. It doesn't make any difference whether he was a lord-mayor or a lord-chancellor over yonder—he was a *gentleman*, and he's that yet.—Now, boys, whoop 'em up! Stir up those critters lively!'

This last champion of the individual under discussion was Jack Delancey's foreman. Just who he was or where he hailed from, not even his employer knew. He had introduced himself as Spencer Knight, and claimed—although his years were less than thirty—to be an 'old

Westerner.' He told Jack that he was originally from 'the East,' but had settled in Wyoming when he was very young, with the intention of 'growing up with the country.'

How Delancey became acquainted with Spencer Knight matters little. The Englishman stumbled across him in Kansas City, where Knight—after the manner of Wyoming stockmen during the dull season—was indulging in a 'toot.' Delancey rendered the young fellow, who was a man after his own heart and about his own age, a valuable service, which saved Knight from the disgrace of arrest and possible imprisonment; thereby placing the Western man for ever in his debt. This was before Jack had located as a ranchman. Being a fairly good judge of human nature, and rightly estimating that Spencer Knight would not speedily forget a kindness, Delancey invited that young man to enter his service. The compact which they then made had never been regretted by either; for, after four years of hard work and constant companionship, if Knight beheld in Jack Delancey his ideal of a gentleman and a friend, Jack knew, as well as he was aware of his own existence, that with his faithful servant and friend, Spencer Knight, he might safely entrust his possessions, his life, and—his honour. And by Jack Delancey of Wyoming Territory, honour was as highly treasured as ever it had been by the Honourable John Wentworth Richelieu Delancey of Her Majesty's Life Guards Blue.

Now, although Cal Larned had uttered from time to time many disparaging remarks in regard to his prosperous young neighbour similar to his speech at the 'round-up' dinner-party, he was in reality very anxious to secure Jack Delancey for a son-in-law. As a matter of fact it looked as if this ambition of the lazy stockman would in all probability be gratified. In older communities, Cal Larned's surliness and general aptitude for picking quarrels might have been laid to that very convenient scapegoat, dyspepsia. On the plains of Wyoming that disease is unknown, and as cowboys usually 'call a spade a spade,' they passed upon Calvin Larned the very laconic but expressive verdict of 'mean cuss.' To his general meanness Larned added the vice of laziness, for which reason, undoubtedly, he was tolerably civil to Jack Delancey, and encouraged his pretty daughter Metta to accept the attentions paid her by the handsome Englishman. He figured on the probability that if Jack should marry Metta he might 'pool' his business interests with those of his son-in-law by turning over his miserably small herd of cattle to Delancey, and himself roam hither and thither at his own sweet will and at Jack's expense.

How the unsavoury and unsatisfactory Calvin ever became possessed of so pretty and good a girl as Metta Larned is one of those conundrums the answers to which are locked securely in Nature's sealed books. When Jack Delancey settled in Wyoming, Metta was twenty years old. She had then lived with her father on the plains for five or six years, having left her mother a thousand miles away in an Illinois graveyard. How Jack Delancey came to pay marked attentions to this girl is no conundrum at all. She was the only marriageable girl within a day's ride of the Delancey ranch. Women are scarce articles in Wyoming, and unmarried women are especially few and far between. Metta Larned was unmarried, she was young, and she was pretty. Not only so; she was well informed, fairly well educated, and possessed of much good common-sense. She was, from a social standpoint, the superior of all her neighbours, except Jack Delancey and, perhaps, Spencer Knight. (Knight was peculiarly reticent in regard to his antecedents, though that he had received a liberal education became constantly more apparent.)

Yes, Metta Larned was pretty; but she had not the patrician beauty of a hundred-and-one young dames whose acquaintance and favour Delancey had forsworn when he struck out for the West. Met was clever; but there were many branches of knowledge that formed the ABC of Jack's own sister's education, of which the girl was as ignorant as she was of Greek verbs and Egyptian hieroglyphics. Met dressed 'nattily,' yet her neat home-made gowns would have presented a rather 'dowdy' appearance alongside the most ordinary efforts of Worth or Elise. To sum up: Met Larned could thoroughly appreciate a good book in good English, she could make an apron or hemstitch a handkerchief with the utmost neatness, and she could manufacture pastry which would have reflected credit upon a Parisian *chef*. But then——

When Jack Delancey first saw Met, on a breezy summer afternoon, with the sleeves of her simple white dress rolled up, a huge linen apron protecting her from the dusty flour, while with her chubby hands she 'fixed up' a batch of bread for supper, the ex-guardsman involuntarily confessed to himself that the girl looked 'killing.' But, later on, as he pondered over a cigar, Jack Delancey's good sense forced him to admit that it would be extremest folly in him to think of a girl like Met Larned as his future wife. It was *not* snobbery, in that Delancey's early training, old associations, and family ties compelled him invariably to compare Met with his sister and his mother—always to the disadvantage of pretty Met Larned. Jack was swayed by honesty of purpose, and he resolved never to 'make love' to Met; being Jack Delancey, he kept his resolution.

But, nevertheless, Jack found it very pleasant on Sunday afternoons to ride over to the Larneds' cottage, five miles away, and indulge in a chat with Metta. If he desired excuse, he found it in the paper which came to him with his mail every Saturday, and which Metta liked to read. Jack discovered a keener satisfaction in taking tea—supper, they call it in Wyoming—with Metta than he had ever experienced in sipping souchong from dainty china cups in London drawing-rooms. Metta's suppers were substantial affairs—delicious beefsteaks and the lightest of light hot bread, with butter that the dairy-maids at Delancey Park had never surpassed. Such meals were peculiarly appreciated by Jack after a long week of tough meat, indifferent potatoes, and hardtack! And Jack reciprocated Metta's hospitality whenever he journeyed to Cheyenne—as he frequently did—by bringing the girl a new novel or 'something pretty.' So they became good comrades, and both enjoyed amazingly the long quiet Sunday afternoons. But their regard and esteem for each other stopped just short of *love*; for, after three years, Metta Larned's affection for

the Englishman was no deeper than was Jack Delancey's liking for the girl.

Unfortunately, on the plains, as well as in other primitive and sparsely settled communities, actions and words frequently cause more weight than they would do in large social centres. Therefore, Calvin Larned was not alone in surmising that Jack Delancey intended, ultimately, to make Metta his wife. All 'the boys' looked upon such a climax as a foregone conclusion, and even Spencer Knight shared in the general opinion. Indeed, this belief alone prevented Knight himself from entering the race for Met Larned; for the foreman, who had never exchanged more than twenty sentences with Metta, loved the girl with an affection which never paused to make psychological estimate or social comparisons—a love that was only surpassed by his deep and undying loyalty to Delancey, for whose sake he kept his secret so well that not a living soul ever once dreamed of it.

Cal Larned's derogatory remarks at the 'round-up' anent Jack Delancey were not nearly so severe as his mental comments upon the same live subject. In his own mind he thought that the Englishman had been 'foolin' around' Metta quite long enough.

One Sabbath when Spencer Knight and most of 'the boys' had gone over to Cheyenne with a couple of hundred young steers to ship by the railroad to Chicago, Delancey, as was his custom on Sunday mornings in summer, brought his hammock outside the long low shanty, swung it on the shady side of the building, lit his pipe, and stretched himself out to enjoy the three-weeks-old *Illustrated London News*.

'Mornin', Jack!' exclaimed a voice—the only voice whose accents usually disgusted Delancey.

'Good-morning,' replied Jack, lazily looking up. He noticed that his visitor was afoot, and added: 'You didn't walk over, Larned?'

'Not much, I didn't! I seen your barn door open as I come up, an' found a empty stall; so I hitched my pony an' gev him a feed o' your oats —'spose thet's all right?'

'Oh, certainly; you are very welcome,' said Jack, as vexed as a man could well be with Larned's take-it-for-granted style, but willing to tolerate the fellow for his daughter's sake.

'Purty dry an' dusty, Jack. Can't yer pass the bottle, me son? A smell o' rye or Bourbon, or even a couple o' fingers of gin, wouldn't go bad.'

'I don't like my men to use liquor, so do not use it myself, and have none on the place. You will find good spring water at the well, yonder, and plenty of milk in the cellar. That's the best I can do for you, Larned. Help yourself.'

But neither milk nor water possessed any charms for Cal Larned. He threw himself full length upon the rough bench which ran along the shanty, and filled his mouth with fine-cut tobacco, which he chewed very carefully for the space of five minutes. He then succeeded in drowning a grasshopper some seventeen feet away from him by a dexterous discharge of black juice, and proceeded directly to the matter which just then accounted for his presence at the Delancey Ranch. 'Comin' over to our place to-day, Jack?'

Delancey, in despair, threw down his paper and replied: 'Yes, I think so.'

'Well now, Jack, how long is it sence you planted yourself down here?'

'About four years.'

'So? How long was you here when I gev yer a knock-down to my gal?'

'Almost a year.'

'So? Well, now, I ain't much of a scholar, so ef my calkerlations are wrong, kindly ke-rect me. One year from four years leaves three years. Now, on yer own showin', you've been sparkin' Met for three years. Now, Jack, when are yer goin' to marry my gal?'

Jack sat up in his hammock and dangled one leg on the ground. Slowly he repeated Larned's words: 'When—am—I—going—to—marry—your—girl? You mean, when shall I marry Metta?—You are not indulging in a confoundedly poor joke, I hope, Larned?'

'Do I look as ef I wur a sky-larkin', or as ef I meant bizness? No, Jack Delancey, I'm askin' you a squar' quesching, an' ef you're the man they say you are, you'll gev me a straight answer. How is it?'

'My good fellow, I have never made love to your daughter for the very reason that I have never dreamt of marrying her. I have every respect for Met, and esteem her very much; but I have been particularly careful to give her no false impressions. Besides, I believe Metta and I understand each other quite well. Metta'——

'You speak for yerself, Delancey. Don't *I* know all about *her?* Ain't I seen her change in the last three years until she don't think of nobody nor nothin' but *you?* Can't I see how she's a-growin' sick an' weary of waitin' for you to ax her?'

Jack put his other leg out of the hammock and with two of his big strides stood over his would-be father-in-law. 'Tell me one thing,' he said, in a tone of voice which indicated that it would not be well for his listener to tamper with him. 'Tell me the truth, man, of your own child. Does Met care *all that* about me, and does she really believe that—that I love her?'

'She does.'

'So help you God?'

'See here, Delancey,' said Larned, clumsily rising to his feet; 'what do you take me for? What do you suppose I care about *you?* You never used me half-way decent, anyhow. You an' yer keep-yer-distance, lord-dook style! *I* ain't in love with you, nor yit yer belongings. I know I ain't a general favourite hereabouts. But Met's my gal, an' I'm her dad, an', curse me, Delancey, ef I'm a-goin' to stand by an' see her heart broke an' the best years of her young life fooled away by you nor yit no other gay rooster!'

'That will do,' said Jack quietly. 'I care nothing for your blustering threats. As you say, there is no love lost between you and me. But there is that which I dislike even more than Mr Larned, and you will never find me guilty of any dishonourable conduct.—Yes, I will ride over this afternoon.'

Cal Larned had acted his part well, and knew it. He was fully aware that his point was practically carried; for having succeeded in influencing a man like Jack Delancey, he knew it would be an easy matter to mould Metta to

his will; so he indulged in considerable chuckling as he shuffled off to mount his pony and ride home.

A few days later, Spencer Knight returned. In the evening, he and Delancey strolled down to the creek to smoke an after-supper pipe. 'Spence,' said Jack, 'I am going to marry Metta Larned.'

'Yes,' responded the other; 'we all thought it would come to that. I hope you will both be very happy, Delancey.'

Curiously enough, each of the men, for the first time in the course of their acquaintance, remarked a strange glumness in the other. They not only remarked it, but both remembered it very vividly. There was no gladness about Delancey's announcement, and Knight's congratulatory reply had a counterfeit ring about it.

'Next Monday,' said Jack after a pause, 'I shall start for home to make the folks over there a visit before settling down for life. You will stay and take care of things for me while I am gone, won't you, Spence? I shall not be away more than a couple of months, and during that time I should like you to have the carpenters over from Cheyenne and run up a comfortable cottage over yonder by the poplars. Consult Metta as much as possible.'

Delancey spoke so mechanically that Knight knew, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that something was wrong. But he made no inquiries.

'All right, Delancey; and when you return I shall ask for leave of absence for a similar purpose. Like yourself, I am an Englishman. There was a little unpleasantness in our family, which induced me to locate in the West some twelve years ago. The other day I saw an old friend of mine, who was passing through Cheyenne. We talked matters over, and I think past differences can now be adjusted. However, I will not pester you with my affairs to-night.'

Somehow or other, Jack Delancey was absent from his ranch eight months instead of two; so that the following summer had commenced by the time he returned to his Western quarters.

'We will leave business until to-morrow, Spence,' said Jack, as he and his first-lieutenant sauntered towards the creek. 'Let us talk of other matters to-night.'

As a matter of fact, they said nothing at all for almost half an hour. Then Delancey spoke: 'How is Metta? I have heard nothing from her for two months. I told her not to write, as I was so uncertain about starting. How is she?'

'Metta is well, *very* well.'

Silence again, broken this time by Knight: 'Delancey?' Both men paused in their walk, and Jack puffed violently at his pipe. 'You picked me up a stranger, and treated me like the "white man" that you are. You had faith in my manhood and you have trusted me implicitly. Have I justified your confidence?'

'You have, Spence—a thousand times over, boy. Here is my hand on it.'

'Thanks, Delancey. Now, trust me a little more, and believe that I would not pry into your private affairs for the mere sake of being meddlesome, or to wound you. May I go ahead?'

'Surely. Let us sit on this boulder.'

'Delancey, you just asked about Metta. You do not love that girl. I knew it the night that we were last on this spot, when you told me of your engagement to her. You will never be really happy with Metta for your wife.'

'Stop,' said Jack, with a faint smile. '*This* question is undebatable. I have asked Metta to marry me, and it is utterly impossible to discuss the matter.'

'But,' persisted Knight, 'you love with all your heart and soul another woman. You cannot deny that—you do not desire to deny it. You love, as you can never hope to love Metta, my sister Florence.'

'Nonsense, Spence! Lady Florence Knighton your sister?'

'The very same. You see, my dear fellow, I too am an "honourable." It was a rather shabby trick on your part, Delancey, to go over there and lose your heart to my sister, while you kept me all these months waiting to become reconciled to my father.—But, to return to our subject. You not only fell desperately in love with Flo, but you have stolen the poor girl's heart away from her.'

'Indeed, Spence, I have been strictly honourable in this matter. While at home, I made no secret of my engagement, and studiously avoided anything like a flirtation with Lady Florence. We were thrown much together, and I confess—— Well, that makes no difference: I am here to keep my word with Metta.'

'I admit, Delancey,' said Knighton, rather comically, 'that in the presence of my sister you tried your best to behave like a sphinx; but—I have it on the authority of my married sister—your attempt was a signal failure: while, as for Florence, she has made a clean confession to her sister.—Now, are you going to make Flo miserable as well as yourself?'

'I am grieved to learn,' muttered Jack, 'that I have unintentionally caused your sister temporary distress. But as for myself—I think a fellow need not feel particularly miserable in living up to his word.—No; I shall marry Metta Larned.'

'Wait a while,' continued Knighton, laying his hand upon his friend's shoulder. 'Metta Larned does not love you! What do you say to that?

'Possibly so. But how do *you* know that to be the case?'

'Because—why—er (you haven't a pistol about you, Delancey?)—— Well, the fact is that Met loves me, and I love her; and if you do not seriously object, we should both of us like to release you from your engagement!—Yes,' he went on, 'I suppose you ought to demand an explanation and satisfaction from me for robbing you of your affianced bride. But I did not begin the robbery until I was tolerably sure that I shouldn't be striking you very hard. As I said, I surmised a good deal when you went away, and I learned much more before you started for home. A month ago, Cal Larned died—gored by a young bull—and before his death, he confessed to me that he had terrorised Met and

played a "bluff game" with you.—You are not *very* angry, are you, Delancey?'

Jack certainly did not look very angry, and he grasped his friend's hand and shook it with remarkable vigour.

The Honourable Spencer Knighton is still known as Spence Knight on the Delancey ranch, of which he is sole proprietor; but Jack Delancey of Wyoming is no more, his friends having rechristened that gentleman with his old name when he settled down to the pleasant life of an English country Squire.

CLOCKS.

THE introduction of clocks into Great Britain we apparently owe to the Dutch. In 1368 Edward III. granted a license for three mechanics to come over from Delft in Holland, permitting them to pursue their trade in England, also for the edification of the mechanics of our own land, whereby they might be initiated in the art by the more skilful aliens. The oldest known clock in England is one which is fixed in a turret at Hampton Court. It was constructed, and there fitted up, by command of Henry VIII., in the year 1540. From the period of their introduction down to the reign of Elizabeth they were called orloges or horologes. Until after the Restoration, clocks found their patrons only in London and other large towns, for, in country houses, up to the date mentioned, the 'ancient sun-dial' held its own.

In the reign of Charles I., prior to the outbreak of the civil war, there was an improvement brought about in the mechanism of clockwork. This advance in the march of invention we owe to a native of Cheshire. Sir Joseph Wright, of Moreton, in the afore-mentioned county, was the person who originated this forward movement. There is no record of the particular points of improvement for which we are indebted to Sir Joseph; but it is certain that clockwork—which had hitherto been but crude, from a mechanical point of view—took a rapid stride towards its present state of completeness.

Amongst remarkable public clocks, there are two which stand foremost—those of Lyons and Strassburg. They are well worth attention, partly on account of their curious workmanship, and partly because of their richness of ornament and originality of design. In the former, two horsemen, fully armed *cap-à-pie*, encounter in deadly combat, as it were, and beat the hour upon each other's armour. Then a door opens, and an image of the Virgin, bearing in her arms the child Jesus, steps out. She in turn is followed by the magi, with retinue marching 'all in good order,' presenting their gifts, heralded by trumpets, which continue to breathe forth from their brazen throats while the procession is in movement. The scene which the Strassburg clock presents is as follows: At each hour, as the clock goes round, there is a cock which claps its wings; again, in this, a door opens, and an angel appears, who salutes the Virgin; then the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove descends and alights upon the shoulder of the Virgin.

About sixty-five years ago the East India Company presented the then Emperor of China with two timepieces, manufactured by English artists. They were of the finest workmanship that was ever executed. They were of similar design, and so it is only needful to describe one of them. It was in the form of a chariot, which was of solid gold. A lady is seated, in a languishing attitude, leaning her right hand on that side of the chariot. In the centre of the same side is set the clock itself, with its face outwards, and which is no larger than a shilling. It strikes and repeats, and, upon being wound up, goes for eight days. A bird, which is almost completely made up of diamonds and rubies, rests upon the lady's finger. At striking-time it flutters its wings for several minutes. It is something less than the sixteenth part of an inch from the tip of its bill to the extremity of the tail. Inside its body are contained some of the works which animate it. In her left hand the lady holds a golden tube which is little thicker than a large pin, and upon the top of which is fixed a small round ornament of the size of a sixpence. As long as the clock continues to go, this ornament moves round with a regular perpetual motion. The top of the ornament is studded thickly with precious stones, as is the whole chariot. Above the fair occupant's head is a sort of canopy, under which is placed a bell. To the inquisitive eye the bell reveals no apparent connection with the clock save as an ornament. But there is a secret communication between the two. At the hour, from under the shade of the canopy there descends a hammer, which strikes smartly and sharply against the mellow-sounding bell. This performance can be repeated at pleasure simply by touching a catch in the form of a minute diamond button. The chariot can be set in motion by the touching of a spring, and will run in either a circular or a straight direction. As it moves, there are two birds which appear as if flying in the air. It needs a close glance to discover that they are attached by wires, pliable and strong, yet no thicker than a hair, to the canopy of the chariot. The clock, together with its carriage-rest, its furniture and appointments, is a wonder of compactness, as it is a marvel of dazzling brilliancy and costliness.

IN A CALIFORNIAN CAÑON.

THE hills are verdured with the pines and firs;
On mossy banks the lady-fern peeps out,
And from the chasms and sunny slopes about,
Nature, revivified and beauteous, stirs;
Where yonder bird his tiny pinions whirs,
The red-stemmed manganita is abloom
With delicate bells; and from the thicket's gloom
The linnet practises his trills and slurs.
Odours of pine and bay tree fill the air;
The sun shines warm on rocks and springing grass;
The white clouds break apart and softly pass
Out of the deep blue sky; and over there,
Where but a while ago the snow-drifts lay,
The hills wear all their mingled blue and gray.

VIRNA WOODS.

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COMPLETION OF THE FORTH BRIDGE.

By One of the Assistant Engineers.

The briefest glance at the map of Scotland abundantly evidences the *raison d'être* of the gigantic structure across the Firth of Forth, whose successful completion has just marked so important an era in the annals of engineering.

Various projects had from time to time been mooted for the bridging of the Firth, but were one by one abandoned. In 1881, however, the North British, Great Northern, North-Eastern, and Midland Railway Companies, being anxious to attain direct communication to the north of Scotland, which should enable them to compete with the west coast companies for this traffic on equal if not more favourable terms, instructed their respective consulting engineers, Sir John Fowler, K.C.M.G., the late Mr Harrison, and Mr Barlow, to report on the matter. On the 4th May 1881 these engineers submitted a joint Report, the result of prolonged consultations, unanimously agreeing that the steel cantilever Bridge designed by Sir John Fowler and Mr B. Baker fulfilled all the necessary conditions, and was the least expensive and most suitable design for bridging the Firth of Forth. The Forth Bridge Railway Company accordingly appointed Sir John Fowler and Mr B. Baker as engineers for the undertaking; and by the close of 1882 the contract was let to the combined firm of Messrs Tancred, Arrol, & Co., who forthwith commenced active operations.

Before passing to the building of the structure and the many points of interest therewith connected, we propose briefly to deal with the principle of the cantilever and the general features of the Bridge itself.

The word 'cantilever,' which denotes a bracket, is becoming rapidly popularised. In the Forth Bridge, as will be seen from the annexed diagrams, the brackets are double, being placed back to back and fastened together. No better illustration of the cantilever principle can be given than that of Mr Baker's 'human cantilever'—namely, two men sitting on chairs, with extended arms, and supporting the same by grasping sticks butting against the chairs. In the Forth Bridge the chairs must be imagined to be placed a third of a mile apart, and the men's heads to be three hundred and sixty feet above the ground. Their arms are represented by huge steel lattice members, and the sticks or props by steel tubes twelve feet in diameter and one inch and a quarter thick.

No novelty is claimed for the cantilever system. It is, as a matter of fact, a prehistoric arrangement, as illustrated in the stone corbel and lintel combinations found in the earliest Egyptian and Indian temples.

Passing on to the leading dimensions of the Forth Bridge, the total length of the structure is 8296 feet, or nearly $1\frac{5}{8}$ miles; and there are two spans of 1710 feet, two of 680 feet, fifteen approach viaduct spans of 168 feet, four granite arches of 57 feet span on the south shore; with three arches of similar construction and 25 feet span at the corresponding northern abutment. A clear headway of 150 feet at high-water spring-tides is allowed. The extreme height of the structure is 361 feet above high-water, the greatest depth of the foundations being about 90 feet below the same level.

The main masonry piers, three in number, situated respectively on the south shore, on the island of Inchgarvie (an island fortuitously placed midway between the two deep channels), and on the Fife shore, consist each of a group of four masonry columns of concrete or rubble faced with granite, and 49 feet in diameter at the top by 36 feet high; resting either on solid rock, as in the case of the Fife and two northern Inchgarvie piers; or on caissons filled with concrete, as in the case of the two southern Inchgarvie and the Queensferry piers.

The masonry abutments at each end of the Bridge call for no special remark, and may be here dealt with. Their dimensions have been already given. The foundations were in the dry, and presented no features of difficulty. The piers and arches were built of granite brought

from the well-known quarries at Aberdeen direct to the site by sea.

Upwards of 21,000 tons of cement, 707,000 cubic feet of granite, and 117,000 cubic feet of masonry and concrete were employed in the foundations and piers; whilst no less than one million cubic feet of timber were used for temporary purposes.

Whilst the foundations and masonry had been proceeding, steady progress had been maintained in the workshops in preparing the materials for the cantilevers. Visitors to South Queensferry

Fig. 1.—General View of the Forth Bridge.

will recall to mind the admirable equipment of the workshops and girder-yards and the interesting methods of dealing with the steel plates and bars. It is beyond the limits of the space at our disposal to deal with the plant employed in manipulation of the girder-work in any detail; suffice it merely to point out that from the eight hundred

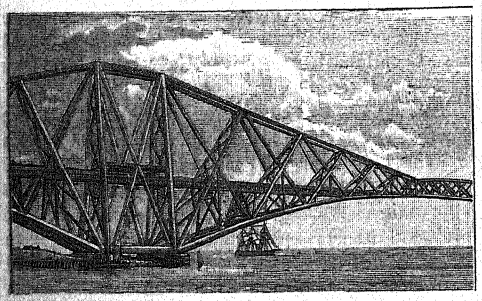

Fig. 2.—One of the Cantilevers.

ton hydraulic bending-press, employed for bending the plates forming the tubes, down to the smallest tool, the latest and most approved machinery was adopted, a large quantity of it being specially designed for the work. The drill-roads with their admirable plant will be recollected, where the various members were fitted together, drilled, and then taken down, to be subsequently re-erected *in situ*.

It is unnecessary to do more than mention the numerous offices, stores, dwelling-houses, &c., located for the work. The requirements and organisation of a vast staff of men numbering at one time over four thousand for the carrying out of such an undertaking will be readily apparent to our readers.

The erection of the so-called vertical tubes over the main piers formed the first stage after the completion of the bed-plates and skew-backs. These columns are twelve feet in diameter and three hundred and forty-three feet high. They were built to a height of about thirty feet by means of ordinary cranes supported on timber staging. The remainder of their erection was performed from a platform, which, elevated by means of hydraulic lifting presses working inside the columns, was carried up with them. The platform, which was raised about sixteen feet at a lift, carried with it all necessary cranes, rivet furnaces, &c., in addition to shelters for the men. Access to the platform was gained by means of cages, similar to those employed in mines, and actuated in a like manner by winding-engines; all material, &c., being similarly wound up to the platform ready for erection.

The riveting of the work was performed by specially designed machines, worked by hydraulic power; the rivets, of which there are no fewer than eight millions in the entire structure, being heated in furnaces burning refuse oil, a novelty which has proved so successful that its use is now largely adopted.

The erection of the vertical columns being completed in some six months, the top member connecting them (see fig. 2) was duly built into position on the platform, now resting on the summit of the columns. Meanwhile, the bottom members, formed of tubes varying in diameter from twelve feet to five feet, were carried out on either side by means of a crane secured to a movable groundwork, which travelling along the tube itself followed up the erection. The top members and the upper portions of the struts and ties were erected by means of special cranes travelling along the top members themselves.

The material, already fitted, drilled, and in some cases also partially riveted up in the workshops on shore, was brought in steam barges to the ends of the cantilevers, and by means of the cranes already enumerated, speedily transferred to their final position in the structure.

Various methods were proposed for the erection of the 350 feet central span joining the arms of the cantilevers; that finally adopted being to build it out from each end, cantilever fashion, with the requisite temporary supports, until a junction in the middle was effected. The southern central girder was closed on October 10, 1889; that over the northern channel on the 7th November following.

The 54,000 tons of steel employed in the Forth Bridge is that known as mild steel, and was made on the open hearth or Siemens-Martin process. Two qualities were employed, one to resist tensile and the other compressive strains; having strengths respectively of thirty to thirty-three, and thirty-four to thirty-seven tons per square inch in tension. Under the combined circumstances of the most adverse conditions for the stability of the structure, the maximum rolling load, and the fiercest hurricane, the strain will never exceed seven and a half tons per square inch, and in some parts considerably less: it will readily be perceived how ample is the margin of safety allowed.

The changes resulting from variations of temperature have of necessity to be allowed for, and in so large a structure they are considerable—an inch for every hundred feet being arranged for in expansion and contraction, the space over the whole length of the structure gives for this purpose no less than seven feet. For each pier and cantilever, with part of the connecting girder which it has to carry, eighteen inches of play have been designed.

The surface of the Bridge requiring to be kept painted is no less than twenty acres; whilst the rivets employed if laid end to end would cover about 380 miles in length; and the plates used in the construction would extend a distance of over forty-four miles.

The structure was tested by the engineers on the 21st January of this year by placing on the centre of the two 1700 feet main spans, two trains, each made up of fifty loaded coal-wagons, and three of the heaviest engines and tenders; the total load thus massed upon the span being the enormous weight of 1800 tons, or more than double that which the Bridge will ever in practice be called upon to sustain. The results attained were most satisfactory in every respect, and in exact accordance with the calculations of the engineers. Three days later, the first passenger train was driven across the structure by the Marchioness of Tweeddale. The formal opening ceremony is fixed for the 4th of March, and will be performed by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The approach lines in connection with the Forth Bridge are rapidly nearing completion, and consist of lines between Winchburgh and Dalmeny—giving direct access to the Bridge from Glasgow—and between the Bridge and Edinburgh. On the north side, Inverkeithing is being directly connected with the Bridge, and Burntisland with Inverkeithing. Various shorter lines and widenings are being carried out, and the Glenfarg Railway is being pushed forward to completion.

In conclusion, we may add that the Forth Bridge and the approach lines will, it is confidently anticipated, reduce the journey from Edinburgh to Perth or Dundee from two and a half hours to little more than one hour. In the same manner the run from Edinburgh to Aberdeen should be made in three and a half hours instead of four and a half or five; and that to Inverness in six and a half instead of eight hours; whilst on the journey from London to the north of Scotland a saving of an hour or an hour and a half may be anticipated.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER VIII.—A STRANGE CARGO.

We took the north-east trades on the Canary parallels; but they blew a very light breeze, occasionally failing us, indeed, with more than once a positive hint of a shift in the western sky, though no change happened. Captain Keeling declared that in all his time he never remembered the like of so faint a trade-wind. Yet we managed to kill the time with some degree of entertainment to ourselves.

Colledge and I were good friends, and had long yarns together in our cabin and on deck. The characteristic I liked him best for was a certain naïveté. He would speak of his engagement with Fanny Crawley as a schoolboy might of a like experience, and not seem to know what to make of it. One day he was lying in his bunk smoking a pipe, and he had lugged her portrait from his breast-pocket to have a look at it.

'Upon my word, Dugdale,' said he languidly, 'hang me now, if it was not for Fanny here, I'd propose to Louise Temple. She's a ripping girl, and the sort of woman my father would like; a fine stately presence for a drawing-room, eh? Figure the dignity with which she would kiss the hand of a sovereign, making the business quite the other way about by her salutation, and queening it to the confusion of every eye. My father doesn't very much care about Fanny—has no style, he thinks—nothing distinguished about her.'

'But you are engaged to her with his sanction, I presume?'

'I don't know,' he answered.

I laughed, and said: 'Has Miss Temple heard that you're engaged to be married?'

'No,' he answered with a small air of confusion; 'there was no need to tell her. What should there be in such a confession to interest her? You're the only person on board the ship that I have mentioned the thing to. Of course I can trust to *you*,' said he soothingly.

'Trust me!' I exclaimed, laughing again. 'There is nothing wrong surely in this engagement that you should fear the betrayal of the secret of it? But since it *is* a secret, it is perfectly safe in my keeping.'

'Do you think I ought to tell Miss Temple that I'm engaged?' said he.

'Well, if you are making love to her,' said I, 'it might be as well to give her a hint that you're not in earnest.

'Oh, but, confound it, I *am!*' he cried. 'I mean,' he added, catching himself up, 'I think her a doocidly charming girl, and the most delightful creature to flirt with that ever I met in my life; but if I go and tell her I'm engaged'——

'Well?'

'It would knock my association with her on the head. It is not as if Fanny were within reach of an early post. Even if I were disposed to break off my engagement with her, it must take me some months to do it.—D'ye understand me?'

'You mean, of course,' said I, 'that no letter can reach her under seven or eight months, unless, indeed, you conveyed one to her by a homeward-bound ship.'

'Ay; but putting the homeward-bound ship aside, Fanny could not know of my resolution—were it ever to come to *that*—until she received the letter I posted to her in India; therefore, I should have to consider myself engaged to her all that time.'

'No doubt,' said I, beginning to feel bored.

'Miss Temple would take that view,' said he, 'and that's why I don't choose to tell her the truth.'

'I don't quite follow your logic,' I exclaimed; 'but no matter. It may be that you want too much in the way of sweethearts. But so far as your secret goes, you can trust me to hold my tongue. Possibly, I may admire Miss Temple as warmly as you do; see qualities in her superior even to her excellence as a mistress of postures; but I do not yet love her so passionately as not to wish to see her chastened a bit by the lesson she is likely to learn from your delight in her society.'

'I don't understand,' he exclaimed, lazily knocking the ashes of his pipe out through the open porthole.

'Neither do I,' cried I, springing to my legs with a loud yawn. 'Heaven bless us, my dear Colledge! here are we now, I daresay, a fair thousand miles from the nearest African headland. Surely we are distant enough from all civilisation, then, to be clear of the influence of the girls! Take my advice, and keep your heart whole till you get to India. There may be a Princess waiting for you there, more likely to value a tiger-hide offering than Miss Temple; whilst Miss Crawley's broken heart will mend apace when she learns that your wife has a black skin.'

'Oh, hang it all'—— I heard him begin; but I was sick of the subject, and sauntered forth to see what was doing on deck.

When I arrived on the poop, I found the captain standing aft surrounded by a number of ladies, directing a binocular glass at the sea over the starboard bow. The chief-mate at the head of the poop ladder was likewise staring into the same quarter, with Mr Johnson alongside, bothering him with questions, and little Saunders on tiptoe, to see over the rail, fanning his face with a large flapping black wide-awake.

I stepped to the side to look, and saw some object about a mile distant, that emitted a wet flash of light from time to time. I asked the mate to lend me his glass, and at once made the thing out to be a capsized hull of a vessel of about eighty tons. She floated almost to the line of her yellow sheathing, and the gold-like metal rising wet to the sun from the soft sweep of the blue brine darted flashes as dazzling as flame from the mouth of a cannon.

I returned the glass to Mr Prance.

'She has not been long in that condition, I think?' said I.

'Not twenty-four hours, I should say,' he answered. 'I see no wreckage floating about her.'

'Nor I. If she had a crew on board when she turned turtle,' I said, 'she may have clapped down upon them as you imprison flies under a tumbler.'

'God bless us, what a dreadful death to die!' cried little Saunders. 'I can conceive of no agony to equal that of being in a cabin in a sinking ship and going down with her, and *knowing* that she is under water and still settling.'

The little chap shuddered and pulled out a great blue pocket-handkerchief, with which he dried his forehead.

'How long could a man live in a cabin under water?' asked Mr Johnson.

'Long enough to come off with his life,' answered the mate, bringing the glass from his eye and looking at Mr Johnson.—'I'll give you a queer yarn in a few words, sir; wild enough to furnish out an A1 copper-bottomed sea-tale to some one of you literary gentlemen. A small vessel was dismasted 'twixt Tariffa and Tangier in the middle of the Gut there. All her crew saving one man got away in the boat. The fellow that was left lay drunk in the cabin. A sea shifted her cargo; shortly after she capsized and went down. A few days later, that same ship floated up from the bottom of the sea on to the shore near Tangier. She was boarded, and they found the man alive in the cabin.'

'What was the vessel's cargo, Mr Prance?' inquired little Saunders.

'Oil and brandy, sir.'

'Don't you think,' exclaimed Mr Johnson, 'that your story is one that would be very acceptable to the marines, Mr Prance, but that would not be believed by your sailors were you to tell it to them?'

Here the captain, who had been slowly coming forward, accompanied by half-a-dozen ladies, interrupted us.

'Mr Prance.'

'Sir?'

'That object yonder is a danger in the way of navigation. I think it would be kind in us to send a shot at it.'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'We will shift the helm,' continued old Keeling, in the skewered, buttoned-up sort of voice and air he was wont to use when addressing his mates in the presence of the passengers, 'so as to bring the wreck within reach of our carronades.'

'Very good, sir.'

'I expect,' continued old marline-spike, 'that she is floating on the air in her hold rather than on her cargo, even though it be cork; and if we can knock a hole in her, she will sink.'

Mr Prance went aft to the wheel, and the vessel's course was changed. Instructions went forward; and the boatswain, who combined with his duties the functions of chief-gunner aboard the *Countess Ida*, superintended the loading of a couple of pieces.

'Please tell me when they are going to fire, Mr Riley, that I may stop my ears,' cried Miss Hudson, who looked a very lovely little woman that morning in a wide straw hat and a body of some muslin-like material, through which the snow of her throat and neck showed, making you think of a white rose in a crystal vase.

Mr Greenhew, with a glance full of scissors and thumbscrews, as sailors say, at Mr Riley, told Miss Hudson that if she objected to the noise, he would insist that the gun should not be fired, and would make it a personal matter between himself and the captain if the carronades were discharged.

'Not for worlds, thank you very much all the same,' said Miss Hudson, sending a languishing look at him through her eyelashes; which, being witnessed by Mr Riley, would, I did not doubt, occasion a large expenditure of sarcasm between the young men later on.

The motion of the ship was very slow, and we had floated almost imperceptibly down upon the wreck. The skipper then suggested that the ladies should go aft, and off they went in a flutter and huddle of many-coloured gowns, Mrs Colonel Bannister leading the way, and Mrs Hudson limping in the wake with her fingers in her ears. A chap with a purple face and immense whiskers was sighting the piece.

'Let fly now, whenever you are ready,' shouted Mr Prance.

There was a roaring explosion; Mr Johnson recoiled on to the feet of Mr Emmett, who

shouted with pain, and went hopping to the skylight with a foot in his hand. There were several screeches from the ladies, and methought the whiskers of the Colonel, who stood beside me thirstily looking on, forked out with an added tension of every separate fibre, to the thunder of the gun and the smell of the powder. The ball flew wide.

'Another shot!' called out Mr Prance.

Bang! went the piece. I had my eye on the wreck at that moment, and saw half the stern-post, from which the rudder was gone, and a few feet of the keel to which it was affixed, vanish like a shattered bottle.

'That's done it!' cried old Keeling with excitement as he stood ogling the wreck through his binocular. 'If a hole that'll let the air out is to sink her, she's as good as foundered.'

He had scarcely said this when there was a sudden roar of voices along the whole length of our ship.

'See! she is full of men!'

'Heart alive, where are they coming from?'

'They're rising as if they were dead bodies, and the last blast was sounding.'

'What'll they be? What'll they be?'

'Defend us! they must all be afloat in a minute and drowning!'

Fifty exclamations of this kind rolled along the bulwarks, where the sailors had gathered in their full company to watch the effect of the shot. There was no glass within reach of me; but my sight was keen, and at the first blush I believed that the hull had been a slaver, that she had capsized when full of negroes, and that our round-shot had made a man-hole aft big enough for them to escape through. There were twenty or thirty of them. They came thrusting through the aperture with extraordinary agility, and most of them held a very firm seat on the clean line of the keel. But every now and again one or another of them would lose his balance and slide down the hard bright surface of the yellow sheathing upon the round of the bilge plump into the water, where you would observe him making frantic but idle efforts to reclimb the wet and slippery slope.

'Monkeys, as I am a man!' roared Mr Prance.

'A cargo of monkeys, sir!' shouted the skipper from the other end of the poop, whilst he kept his glasses levelled at the wreck.

A sort of groaning note of astonishment, followed by a wild shout of laughter, came along from the Jacks. Indeed, one needed to look hard at the thing to believe in it, so incredibly odd was the incident. One moment the wreck was a mere curve of naked yellow sheathing flashing to the sun as it rolled; the next, pouff! went the thunder of one gun, and as though its grinning adamantine lips owned some magical and diabolical potency of invocation, lo! the hole made by the shot was vomiting monkeys, and in a trice the radiant rounds of the keel-up fabric were covered with the figures of squatting, clinging, grinning creatures of all sizes, some like little hairy babies, some like men as large at least as Mr Saunders.

'There'll be a human being rising out of that hole before long, I expect,' said Mr Prance. 'He must needs be slower than the monkeys if he's a man.—How many d'ye make, Mr Dugdale?'

'Some thirty or forty,' said I. 'But I tell you what, Mr Prance: there'll be none left in a few minutes, for the hull is sinking rapidly.'

At that instant Captain Keeling sung out: 'Mr Prance—have one of the quarter-boats manned. It is as I thought—the hull was floating on the air in her hold, and she's settling rapidly. We can't let those poor creatures drown. Get the main topsail backed.'

A boat's crew came bundling aft to the cry of the mate; in a mighty hurry the gripes were cast adrift, and the tackles slackened away with the men in their places, and the fourth officer in the stern sheets shipping the rudder as the boat sank. There was a deal of confusion for the moment, what with the tumbling aft of the sailors, the passengers getting out of their road, the hubbub of ladies' voices, and the cries of the seamen dragging upon the weather main-braces to back the yards.

'There she goes!' cried I; 'there'll not be many of the creatures rescued, I believe. Monkeys are indifferent swimmers.'

'Lively now, Mr Jenkinson,' yelled Mr Prance to the fourth officer, 'or they'll all be drowned.'

The chaps gave way with a will, and the boat buzzed towards the patch of little black heads that rose and sank upon the swell as though a sack of cocoa-nuts had been capsized out there. All hands stood gazing in silence. The drowning struggle of a single beast is a pitiful sight; but to see a crowd perishing, a whole mob of brutes horribly counterfeiting the aspect and motions of suffering humanity with their faces and gestures, is painful, and indeed intolerable. The ladies had come to the forward end of the poop out of the way of the seamen pulling upon the main brace, and I found myself next to Miss Temple at the rail.

'They *are* monkeys, I suppose?' she said, swiftly shooting a glance of her black eyes at me, and then staring again seawards with her pale face as passionless as a piece of carving, and nothing to show that she was in the least degree moved by the excitement of the scene of drowning monkeys and speeding boat, saving her parted lips, as though she breathed a little fast.

'They are as much monkeys,' said I, 'as fur and tails can make a creature.'

'Do you suppose there were living people locked up in that hold?'

'God forbid!' said I. 'It is not a thing to conjecture *now*.'

'How could those monkeys have lived without air?'

'Air there must have been, Miss Temple, or they could not have lived. The story of the wreck seems simple enough to my mind. She was, no doubt, a little schooner from the Brazilian coast, bound to a European port with a freight of monkeys, which are always a saleable commodity. They would be stowed away somewhere aft in the run, perhaps, as it is called. The vessel capsized, and floated, as Captain Keeling suggested, upon the air in her. Our cannon-ball knocked a hole in the hulk right over the monkeys' quarters, and out they came. I can tell you of more wonderful things than that.'

'She must have *capsized*, as you call it, very recently,' said she, glancing at me again—it was

rarely more than a glance with her, as though she believed that such beauty as her eyes had entitled them to a royal privacy.

'No doubt,' I answered.

By this time the boat had reached the spot where the hulk had foundered, and we could see the men lying over the side picking up the monkeys. I ran my gaze eagerly over the surface there, somehow fancying that one or more bodies of men might rise; but there was nothing in that way to be seen. The boat lingered with the fellows in her standing up and looking around them. They then reseated themselves, the oars sparkled, and presently the little fabric came rushing through the water to alongside.

'How many have you picked up, Mr Jenkinson?' cried the mate.

'Only eight, sir. I believe they were half-dead with hunger and thirst, and had no strength to swim, for most of them had sunk before we could approach them.'

'Hand the poor brutes up.'

Some of the Jacks jumped into the chains to receive the creatures, and they were passed over the rail on to the quarter-deck. Deeply as one might pity the unhappy brutes, it was impossible to look at them with a grave face. One of them was an ape with white whiskers like a frill, and a tuft of hair upon his brow that made the rest of his head look bald. He had lost an eye, but the other blinker was so full of human expression that I found myself shaking with laughter as I watched him. He sat on his hams like a Lascar, gazing up at us with his one eye with a wrinkled and grinning countenance of appeal grotesque beyond the wildest fancies of the caricaturist. There was one pretty little chap with red fur upon his breast like a waistcoat. Some of the creatures, on feeling the warm planks of the deck, lay down in the exact posture of human beings, reposing their heads upon their extended arms and closing their eyes.

'Bo'sun,' called Mr Prance, 'get those poor beasts forward and have water and food given them. Swing the topsail yard—lee main topsail braces.'

In a few minutes the quarter-deck was clear again, with an ordinary seaman swabbing the wet spaces left by the monkeys, and the ship quietly pushing forwards on her course.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF PENNY POSTAGE.

The Jubilee of Penny Postage and its inception by Sir Rowland Hill, is an event well calculated to arouse the deepest interest throughout the civilised world, for that great social reform, introduced fifty years ago, has unquestionably spread its beneficial influence over every country in which a postal system of any kind exists.

The Hill family were, we know, in those bygone days far from being well off, and were often hard put to to find the money to pay the high postage on letters which they received. Born in 1795, Rowland Hill was considerably past middle life before he entertained any idea of practising his reforming hand on the Post-office, and had passed a busy existence chiefly as a schoolmaster, in which capacity he had indulged in many schemes, scholastic and otherwise, with more or less success. At the time that his attention was first directed to Post-office matters, he was employed as Secretary of the Commissioners for the Colonisation of South Australia. He was no doubt attracted to the subject of postal reform by the frequent discussions which were then taking place in parliament in regard to the matter. Mr Wallace of Kelly, the member for Greenock, who was the champion of the cause in the House of Commons, was fierce in his denunciation of the existing abuses and irregularities of the post, and subsequently proved a strong and able advocate of the scheme for postage reform.

Once arrested by the subject which has since made his life famous, Rowland Hill went to work in a very systematic manner. Firstly, he read very carefully all the Reports relative to the Post-office; then he placed himself in communication with Mr Wallace and the Postmaster-general, both of whom readily supplied him with all necessary information. In this manner he made himself acquainted with his subject, with the result that, in 1837, he published his famous pamphlet on *Post-office Reform: its Importance and Practicability*, the first edition being circulated privately amongst the members of parliament and official people; whilst some months later a second edition was published which was given to the public.

We have to remember that at this time the postage charges were enormously high, that they depended not upon weight alone, but also upon the number of enclosures, and that they varied according to distance. Thus, for example, a letter under one ounce in weight and with one enclosure (that is, sheet or scrap of paper) posted in London for delivery within the metropolitan area, or even, we believe, fifteen miles out, cost 2d.; if for delivery thirty miles out, 3d.; eighty miles out, 4d.; and so on. Again, as showing how the charges according to enclosure operated, a letter with a single enclosure from London to Edinburgh was charged 1s. 1½d.; if double, 2s. 3d.; and if treble, 3s. 4½d. Moreover, the charges were not consistently made, for whereas an Edinburgh letter (posted in London) was charged 1s. 1½d., a letter for Louth, which cost the Post-office fifty times as much as the former letter, was only charged 10d.

The public, however, found means of their own of remedying the evil, which, if not wholly legitimate, were under the circumstances to be regarded with some degree of leniency. Letter-smuggling was a not unnatural result of the high and disproportionate charges referred to, and was almost openly adopted to an extent that is hardly credible. Thus, many Manchester merchants—Mr Cobden amongst the number—stated before the Post-office Inquiry Committee appointed in 1838, their belief that four-fifths of the letters written in that town did not pass through the Post-office. A carrier in Scotland confessed to

having carried sixty letters daily for a number of years, and knew of others who carried five hundred daily. A Glasgow publisher and bookseller said he sent and received fifty letters or circulars daily, and added that he was not caught until he had sent twenty thousand letters otherwise than through the post! There were also other methods of evading the postage rates at work. Letters were smuggled in newspapers, which in these days passed free within a stated period through the post, the postage being covered by the stamp duty impressed on the papers. Invisible ink, too, was used for inditing messages on the newspapers themselves; while the use of certain pre-arranged codes on the covers of letters was likewise systematically adopted, the addressees, after turning the letters over and learning from the covers all they desired to know, declining to take in the letters on the ground that they could not afford to pay the postage.

The system of 'franking' letters in the high-postage days led to an appalling abuse of that privilege, which belonged to peers and members of the House of Commons. It was no doubt originally allowed to enable members to correspond with their constituents; but under the circumstances it is perhaps not surprising that the plan soon became abused, and was ultimately used to cover all kinds of correspondence, not only members' but other people's as well. At one time, indeed, all sorts of curious packages passed free under the franking privilege, such as dogs, a cow, parcels of lace, bales of stockings, boxes of medicine, flitches of bacon, &c. Sometimes, indeed, franked covers were actually sold; and they have even been known to be given in lieu of wages to servants, who speedily converted them into ready-money.

This abuse, taken together with the illicit traffic in letters, so openly and widely carried on, formed of course a most important argument in favour of the proposals for cheap postage formulated by Rowland Hill, and no doubt did much to damage the cause of his opponents. But there is one other abuse to which Londoners were subject which may just be mentioned. At that time the Twopenny Post was in operation in the English metropolis, and would have fairly served the inhabitants in postal matters if it had not been for the practice which existed of allowing commercial houses and other firms who were willing to pay for the privilege to have their letters picked out from the general heap and delivered by special postmen, and so enable them to get their correspondence an hour earlier than those who did not pay the 'quarterage,' as it was termed, of five shillings (per quarter), and which, it appears, went into the pockets of the postmen concerned, many of whom, we are told, and it can easily be understood, thus made incomes of from three to four hundred pounds a year. However beneficial such a system was to commerce and trade in London, it operated most unfairly on ordinary correspondents, and it was certainly not the least of the evils which the introduction of Penny Postage swept away.

It is not necessary to enter at any length into all the arguments that weighed with Rowland Hill in propounding his great scheme. It need only be very briefly stated that the great point to which he applied himself was the cost to the Post-office of receiving, transmitting, and delivering a letter. Having roughly and, as subsequently proved, not inaccurately calculated the average postage at sixpence farthing per letter, he then went to work to ascertain the expenses of management; and the result of his investigations showed that, no matter what distance had to be traversed, the average cost of each letter to the government was less than one-tenth of a penny! From this there was only one conclusion that could well be forced on his mind, and that was a uniform rate of postage. Having solved this great problem, there were many other matters of adjustment and improvement to which his attention had to be given. He was, for example, not long in deciding that the charge according to enclosures was an iniquitous one, and that a just and fair tax could only be made according to weight. Then, again, he clearly saw that the principle of throwing the postage on the recipients of letters was an improper one, while it was also a burden on the Post-office employees. The prepayment of postage became necessarily a feature of his plan; but he experienced some difficulty in arriving at a feasible method of adopting it. At first he considered that this might be carried out by payment of money over the counter; but he subsequently came to the conclusion that the purposes of the public and the Post-office would be better served by the use of some kind of stamp or stamped covers for letters, and this arrangement he brought forward and fully explained before the Commissioners of Post-office Inquiry, referring to it as 'Mr Knight's excellent suggestion.' The following extract from the Commissioners' Report, which gives a brief description of the proposed arrangement, may perhaps be read with interest at the present time:

'That stamped covers, or sheets of paper, or small vignette stamps—the latter, if used, to be gummed on the face of the letter—be supplied to the public from the Stamp-office, and sold at such a price as to include the postage. Letters so stamped to be treated in all respects as franks. That each should have the weight it is entitled to carry legibly printed upon the stamp. That the stamp of the receiving-house should be struck upon the superscription or duty stamp, to prevent the latter being used a second time. The vignette stamps being portable, persons could carry them in their pocket-books.'

The proposed arrangement met with approval from the Commissioners, and also from the Committee on Postage in 1837 and 1838; and, in consequence, the Penny Postage Act of 1840 contained a clause providing for the use of such stamps and stamped covers.

Such were the main points of Rowland Hill's plan, which was so logical and reasonable in all its features, and so intelligible to the popular mind, that it can be readily understood how heartily it was embraced by the general public. But popular as his scheme was with the mass of the people, it encountered the bitterest opposition from many quarters; and in successfully carrying it through, Rowland Hill had, like most other great reformers, to overcome huge difficulties and obstacles. It is very amusing at this distance of time, when we have become so

accustomed to the immense advantages of penny postage as to view them almost as part of the ordinary conditions of life, to recall some of the arguments used fifty years ago against the measure. Lord Lichfield, as Postmaster-general, in adverting to the scheme in the House of Lords, described it thus, 'of all the wild visionary schemes which I have ever heard of, it is the most extravagant;' and endorsed this statement six months later when he had given more attention to the subject, being 'even still more firmly of the same opinion.' On a subsequent occasion he contended that the mails would have to carry twelve times as much in weight as before, and therefore the charge would be twelve times the amount then paid. 'The walls of the Post-office,' he exclaimed, 'would burst; the whole area in which the building stands would not be large enough to receive the clerks and letters.' Outside the Post-office, too, as well as by both the Government and Opposition, much animosity was exhibited against the proposal.

If, however, the opposition against the introduction of Penny Postage was strong, the advocacy of the plan was no less powerful, while, moreover, it was thoroughly backed by popular opinion. Complaints as to the high rates of postage flowed in, and parliament was nearly inundated with petitions in favour of the scheme, which also received much literary support. The Mercantile Committee during all the time of agitation actively spread information of the progress of the measure, with a view to rouse the public to a sense of its importance. The *Post* circular kept circulating; and handbills, fly-sheets, and pictorial illustrations were freely distributed. One print took a dramatic form, representing 'A Scene at Windsor Castle,' in which the Queen, being in the Council Chamber, is made to say: 'Mothers pawning their clothes to pay the postage of a child's letter! Every subject studying how to evade the postage without caring for the law!'—(To Lord Melbourne): 'I trust, my lord, you have commanded the attendance of the Postmaster-general and Mr Rowland Hill, as I directed, in order that I may hear the reasons of both about this universal Penny Postage plan, which appears to me likely to remove all these great evils.' After the interview takes place, the Queen is made to record the opinion that the plan 'would confer a great boon on the poorer classes of my subjects, and would be the greatest benefit to religion, morals, to general knowledge, and to trade.' This *jeu d'esprit*, which was published by the London Committee, was circulated by thousands, and proved extremely useful in bringing the burning question home in an attractive form to the masses of the nation.

The agitation as to Rowland Hill's scheme lasted for two years, and with such vehemence that the period has become an epoch in the history of this country. The end of the story of this memorable reform is soon told; for an agitation which may be said to have shaken the nation to its core and was felt from end to end of the kingdom could have but one conclusion, and that a successful one. A Parliamentary Committee was appointed to inquire into the whole matter; and after a session of sixty-three days, reported in favour of Penny Postage. That was in August 1838. Next year a Bill for Cheap Postage passed through parliament with slight opposition; and on the 12th of November 1839 the Treasury issued a Minute authorising a uniform rate of fourpence for inland letters. This was, however, merely a temporary measure, in which Rowland Hill concurred, and was resorted to chiefly to accustom the Post-office clerks to a uniform rate and the system of charging by weight. The full measure of the Penny Postage scheme was accomplished a few months later on, when, on the 10th of January 1840, the uniform rate of One Penny for letters not exceeding half an ounce in weight was officially introduced.

Such in brief is the story of Penny Postage, which has caused such a revolution not only in the postal arrangements of this country, but in the conditions of all sections and grades of society. In the first year of its operation the number of letters posted was more than doubled, the number sent in 1840 being 169,000,000, as against 82,000,000 posted in 1839, including 6,500,000 letters sent under the franking privilege, which was abolished with the introduction of the Penny Postage system. In 1851 the number of letters posted had risen to 670,000,000; while last year the quantity sent reached the fabulous number of 1,558,000,000, or about forty-four letters per head of the population. This refers to letters pure and simple. If we take into account post-cards, newspapers, book-packets, &c., the aggregate number of postal packets posted in 1889 will be found to fall not far short of 2,300,000,000. Truly may it be said that the results of Penny Postage have been stupendous. But more than this; the net revenue derived from postage has long, long since exceeded that which accrued under the old system.

The Story of Penny Postage would be incomplete if we did not add a word as to how the great reformer fared at the hands of his country. With the introduction of his scheme he of course became associated with the Post-office, although at first he held a Treasury appointment, from which, however, after about three years' service, he was dismissed on the ground that his work was finished. Public indignation was aroused at this treatment of one who had already done so much for his country; and the nation seemed to think that the right place for Rowland Hill was at the Post-office, where further useful reforms might well be expected to follow from one who had begun so well. At all events, in 1846 he was restored to office, being appointed Secretary to the Postmaster-general; and eight years later he became Chief Secretary of the Post-office, an appointment which he held for ten years, when, from failing health, he retired with full pay into private life, full of years and honours. Soon after his dismissal from the Treasury, a grateful country subscribed and presented him with the sum of fifteen thousand pounds; and on his retirement, parliament voted him the sum of twenty thousand pounds. In 1860 he received at Her Majesty's hands the dignity of Knight Commander of the Bath; and both before and after his retirement, he was the recipient of many minor honours. In 1879 Sir Rowland Hill was presented with the freedom of the City of London; but he was an old man

then, and only lived a few months to enjoy this civic honour. He had a public funeral, and was accorded a niche in the temple of fame at Westminster.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHETHER he had been dreaming or awake, when the current of thought passed through his brain, Frank Holmes was unable to think. He had been unconsciously rehearsing the evidence given in the police court. It will be remembered that Lady Southfort stated that Miss Neale hardly ever received a letter, and had certainly not received one for weeks prior to her death —except one, which was from a music-seller. How, then, could Margaret Neale have received a communication making an appointment on that Saturday evening? Not through the post; certainly not by telegram, which would have been still more noticeable; and not personally, for she rarely went out, and never alone. It was at this point that the light burst upon Frank Holmes—if it should prove to be light, and not merely the mirage of a heated imagination. There was one means of correspondence which no one had thought of as yet, and which was worth investigating.

Miss Neale read the morning papers at the breakfast-table. The murder took place on the 10th of June. Holmes alighted from the cab in Fleet Street, and commenced an examination of the morning papers of that date and of the preceding five days. In that portion of the newspapers popularly known as the 'agony column,' dedicated to intrigues, appointments, truth and falsehood, passions and emotions for which there is no other outlet or mode of expression, he hoped to discover some clue to Margaret Neale's strange and unaccountable conduct. No man ever studied the print of a newspaper column with an interest more absorbing. As it would be no easy matter to follow an advertisement back to its original source, it was perplexing to discover, in the first newspaper that he searched, no fewer than three notices during the week in question—one of them being on the Saturday morning—which looked capable of an interpretation applicable to the matter in hand. He had not thought of ascertaining the papers taken in at Lady Southfort's house; the *Morning Post* would be one of them; but in that paper he found nothing like what he was looking for. He carefully copied the three advertisements, and studied them over his breakfast in a restaurant. One was from the Wednesday issue, and was as follows: 'Saturday, old time and place.'

The second was in these terms, and appeared on Friday: 'Have you seen my message? Do not fail.' This might, or might not, refer to the former; if, on investigation, it was found to have been inserted by the same person, there would be good grounds for following it up.

The third, however, was more precise—so precise that, appearing on Saturday morning, it made the young man's heart jump: 'M.—At 9.30 to-night. Park. South of Grosvenor Gate.' Holmes, reading this message, so startling in its significance, had to steady himself by an effort. It was characteristic of him, and of the thoroughness with which he meant to carry out his task, that he restrained himself from starting off at once on so pregnant a clue. That he was strongly of opinion that he had found what he sought, was certainly the case; but, he argued, would it not wait for another hour or two, until he had examined the other papers? Finding nothing like it in their columns, he could address himself to following up the origin of this advertisement with the greater vigour and fixity of purpose.

Yet, as he was passing the offices of the newspaper from which he had taken the notices, on his way to another publishing office, he was unable to resist the temptation to go in and find out where the advertisement had come from. It was the easier for him to do this from the fact that he was personally well known in the office. He knew whom to ask for at that early hour, and was immediately shown to the gentleman he wanted.

'Gissing,' he said at once, 'I want to know who inserted that in the issue of the 10th?' He laid the copy before the assistant-manager as he spoke.

The latter read it and slightly raised his brows. 'I'm afraid I can't oblige you, Mr Holmes. You know that these things are confidential.'

'I am not seeking to indulge curiosity, Gissing. The business I am now upon is more serious. That advertisement appeared the morning of the day Margaret Neale was murdered in Hyde Park. Now, you will understand my motive.'

Mr Gissing started, took up the advertisement and re-read it with deep interest, and then went to a file and confirmed it by referring to the newspaper itself. 'By Jove, Mr Holmes,' he said, 'that does look—odd.'

'If it should turn out that the advertisement has obviously another connection,' said Holmes, 'I will respect the confidence placed in me, should you make known its origin. If, on the other hand, it sheds a light upon that tragedy, surely you will not withhold it?'

'Surely not.—Just wait a minute or two, and I'll tell you where it came from.'

Mr Gissing spent a while turning over the leaves of a large book until he found the advertisement. Opposite the cutting was the cost, and the name of the party ordering the insertion and paying for it. The name was 'J. Grierson, Mount Street, Park Lane.'

'Grierson?' said Frank Holmes, trying to remember the name.

'Grierson. He is a stationer, who takes in advertisements for the morning papers. He could tell you who gave him this one to insert.'

Holmes thanked Mr Gissing, and went away. The discovery looked very ominous; and he thought anxiously of Mary Clayton in view of the final disclosure which seemed looming. What if it should prove the riveting link in the fatal chain of evidence coiled around the prisoner Faune? Holmes had promised her to work for Faune's acquittal; and this was what he was doing! Impelled by a force which he was now unable to resist, he was powerless to turn against it and say: 'I will go no farther!' He would have to go farther—as far as the light would bring him; and he resolved that what he dis-

covered he would place in her own hands, to do as she willed with it.

He strongly felt that there was no need for further investigation until the source of this advertisement had been ascertained. On this, all would depend. He therefore drove off to Mount Street direct, and went into the stationer's shop, asking for the proprietor.

Grierson was not in, which, perhaps, made Holmes's task an easier one, since it was Mrs Grierson whom he saw. She was a nervous little person, evidently not accustomed to her husband's shop. So he ventured at once to ask her to let him know who ordered the insertion of that advertisement in the morning paper of the 10th of June.

She took the copy from his hand in a half-bewildered way, and proceeded mechanically to search the books for the original. Suddenly she shut up the book with a frightened look and gave him back the slip of paper. 'Oh, I was forgetting,' she said quickly; 'I mustn't tell you —we are not allowed to tell anybody. My husband will soon be in, sir, and you can speak to him about it.'

It was hardly fair to use the opportunity; but the husband, for all that Holmes knew, might be an obstinate man—no uncommon phenomenon when you want very particularly any information from the species—and it was of vital importance to discover the author of the advertisement.

'Did you ever see the Miss Neale who was murdered near the top of this street?' he asked.

The woman started, and stared at him. 'Yes, many times,' she answered. 'She used to come here with the young ladies to buy things.'

'Now, Mrs Grierson, I have reason to think that it was in answer to this advertisement that poor Miss Neale was led to go into the Park that night. You notice the date—it was the 10th of June. If you conceal the author of that advertisement, you may be concealing the author of her death!'

The woman clasped her hands and trembled from head to foot. Then a hot flush leaped to her face, and with indignant eyes she rushed to the book which she had shut up a minute before. 'I—conceal him!' she cried. 'Heaven forbid—oh, the villain!—and seeing her sweet face so often in this very shop—conceal him'—— Power of further speech failed her, and she dashed over the leaves of the book with an hysterical energy which seemed likely to rend them in pieces. 'Here it is!' she exclaimed, throwing the book down upon the counter.—'June the 9th. "M.—At 9.30 to-night. Park. South of Grosvenor Gate."—Look at it, sir, and, at the name and address!'

The woman's excitement was hardly greater than his own. The first glance at the handwriting of the original copy sent the blood to his heart; and appended was the familiar signature, 'C. Faune, 313A Mount Street.'

For a time Holmes was unable to speak—almost unable to think. He remained standing before the little counter with his hand upon the open book. The discovery, even though he had anticipated it, stunned him. It was the last rivet.

What was to be done now? His situation was painfully perplexing. This tremendously ominous piece of evidence was not his alone, to do as he willed with it—it was that woman's, and would presently be her husband's, and within an hour would be in the possession of the police. What promise was it that he had made to Mary Clayton? 'If he were acquitted, I should care nothing! What would this trial matter to me then? Oh, if he should only be acquitted, Frank, I would kiss the feet of the judge and jury who told him he was innocent!' And he had solemnly promised her, then, to do all that lay in his power to secure Faune's acquittal; and her arms flew to his neck as she kissed him for it. What fatality had brought him to this—and what would Mary Clayton think of him? The poor fellow groaned, and for a desperate half-minute was violently tempted to seize the fatal book and make away with it. Nay, he might have done this—thinking of her—but for the suddenly discovered presence of another man behind him, who had entered the shop unobserved by Holmes, and was now regarding, over the young man's shoulder, the writing in the book with quiet but intent interest. It was Mrs Grierson staring at the newcomer who drew the attention of Holmes to him; and slightly starting, he dropped his hands by his side, with a movement of despair, on recognising a noted officer of Scotland Yard.

The officer's interest in the copy of the advertisement changed into a look of unqualified admiration as he spoke to Frank Holmes. 'Mr Holmes, you are a man of genius,' he said quietly. 'No one else would have thought of it. I was up the street, putting ideas together, when I saw you come in here; I only dropped in to have a chat with you, little dreaming of—this!'

Holmes felt sick. The officer lost not another moment in taking possession of the book, which he carried away with him.

'This looks very like the missing link, Mr Holmes,' he observed, with deep satisfaction; 'but of course I shall not lay any claim to the credit of it. I should never have made the discovery—nobody except yourself could have done it.'

'For Heaven's sake, Cracroft,' said Frank Holmes with an air of abhorrence, 'take all the credit of it, and don't bring my name into the business at all!'

'I can't help doing that, Mr Holmes,' replied the conscientious officer; 'but it will only be among ourselves—it is no concern of the public how or by whom the evidence was obtained. I am going to Lady Southfort's house now, and I will let you know later on if any further evidence turns up.'

Holmes went on down the street, while the officer turned into Grosvenor Square. The reader knows the intention with which the young man had actively entered into this case, and can measure the feeling with which he reflected on his discovery. Suppose that the officer Cracroft had not come on the scene when he did—Holmes would have gone, reluctantly, it is true, and communicated to Miss Clayton the evidence he had found. He would have made no use of it without her wishes being known. Now, it was out of his power to keep the discovery back, and

he was grievously uneasy on account of it. She was excited, her nerves were much strung up; would she think unkindly of him for what he had done?

Holmes could not help sharing the officer's view that this was the 'missing link'—the evidence, which was felt to be so necessary, of Faune's correspondence with Margaret Neale. It looked perilously like it. The initial M, the time and place, the authorship of the message, all pointed to one dread conclusion. He knew how the police would rivet it.

He remembered his promise to Mr Clayton, and drove into the City. What Mr Clayton had to say to him aroused a very lively interest, and gave him the stimulant which at the time he so much needed.

'It was only yesterday, Frank,' said the banker at once, 'that it struck me. I might have thought of asking you before. You recollect what I spoke about that Saturday night when you came to Cadogan Place?'

'You refer to the—money?'

'The money. I confess, Frank, I sympathised with Faune when he mentioned his embarrassing position to me. He felt that—that he was causing you some pain, perhaps—in regard to Mary, and his indebtedness to you was a grievous burden to him under the circumstances. Then I took the course which you know: he gave me a rough estimate of all the money he had had from you—between four and five thousand pounds—and I handed him a cheque for that amount—for five thousand, I mean, to cover interest and all. I fancied he would pay it in, and send you his own cheque for the money; but I see now he was too eager to pay his debt, and just gave you my cheque after endorsing it.'

Holmes stared at the banker in amazement, as well he might.

But without observing this, Mr Clayton proceeded: 'It was only yesterday I saw the cheque, which I had drawn on my private account; and then,' he added, with eager interest, 'the question struck me at once—When did Faune give you the cheque? Was it when he met you that night at Albert Gate?'

'No,' the other answered, like a man in a dream.

'Then, when did he pass it to you? Did he send it by post, or how?—Don't you see, Frank, how every act of Faune's that night is important—the most trifling act might now be turned to vital account for him, if he is innocent?'

'Mr Clayton, I have never seen the cheque you are speaking of.'

It was now the banker's turn to be amazed; there was no doubting the solemn earnestness of the declaration made by Holmes. 'Why, bless my soul,' exclaimed Mr Clayton, opening a drawer, 'here is the cheque, endorsed by Faune and yourself, and cleared through the Anglo-Canadian Bank, Charing Cross!'

'If the cheque had come to me, it would of course have been paid into my account here.'

'I thought it odd.—But look at it.'

Holmes looked at it for a second, and handed it back in silence. Mr Clayton drew a deep breath, for he knew what it meant—the name of Frank Holmes on the back was forged, and the purpose of the forgery was manifest: it was done with a view of getting the money, and at the same time deceiving Mr Clayton, who of course would see the draft after its clearance, and think naturally enough that Holmes had got the money. But why it was so done was a mystery.

'I wish you could find it out, Frank,' said Mr Clayton; 'I much wish it. Do you think you could?'

'I could get it done, perhaps. But it strikes me, Mr Clayton, it had best be left alone. The fact is sufficiently apparent; and if we go diving after the motive, we may only bring up something that we would rather have left where it is.' Then he related what had happened in regard to his own researches that morning—a relation which profoundly agitated Mr Clayton.

'Mary will not misjudge you, Frank,' he said with a deep sigh. 'It has been unfortunate—for all of us!'

To this, Frank Holmes could say nothing. It was indeed a day of ill omen to all of them when Claude Faune first entered the house in Cadogan Place—and who had brought him there?

'Take this draft with you, in case it should be of any use,' added Mr Clayton; and placing the paper in his pocket-book, Holmes went away.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

It was long ago anticipated that the Eiffel Tower at Paris would prove to be useful for scientific observations; but the most sanguine did not suppose that its value would be as great as it actually turns out to be. Meteorologists who have had opportunities of making observations from its summit are loud in its praise, and consider it to be absolutely unique as an observatory. Of course there are many observatories at a higher elevation above the sea-level, but the records obtained at such stations are naturally influenced by the high land all around them. The Eiffel Tower, on the other hand, springs directly from a flat country, and the observations taken at its summit can be at once compared with the condition of things at its base. These often show a curious and wide divergence. For instance, in summer the temperature on the tower is lower and in the winter higher than it is on the ground. A few months ago a severe frost was enveloping the city while a warm breeze was blowing up above, the benefit of which was not felt by the people at the street level until three days afterwards.

Some months ago we gave an account of the Boston Steam-heating Company, which was formed to supply steam and hot water to the citizens of that American city. Four miles of mains were put underground at a cost of four hundred thousand pounds; but although these pipes have only been laid two years, they have rusted away to such an extent that the company has been forced to suspend its operations.

It is said that the number of pearl oysters

collected last year at the Ceylon fisheries will barely cover the cost of bringing them from the sea-bottom, although the government usually make a handsome profit on the year's work. One reason for the falling-off in the returns is the outbreak of cholera, which attacked the workers in the spring; and another is found in the circumstance that later in the year a shark carried off one of the divers. His fellow-workmen, fearing the same ghastly fate, refused to enter the water.

Among the novelties shown at the late Paris Exhibition was Amiot's Stair-climber, an apparatus which is very likely to come into use in houses where there is no provision for a lift of the ordinary kind. It consists of a small platform, upon which one person can stand at a time, and which runs up the stairs, be they curved or straight. The motion is brought about by electricity, water-power, air-pressure, or steam, according to convenience. A couple of steel bands or rails are attached to the balusters, and follow their contour, and upon them runs the carriage to which the platform already referred to is fastened. The little platform will rise, descend, or stop at the will of the passenger who occupies it. This apparatus will be much appreciated by aged persons who are occupiers of old houses, to whom the work of walking up-stairs is a great strain on the strength; but younger persons will be inclined to look upon the machine rather as an obstacle to progress than a convenience.

Mr Gallwey of Thirsk has published an account of some novel experiments in weather prediction, the result of which causes him to ask the pregnant question, 'Do our experts advance one iota in the accomplishment of foretelling weather?' This ingenious experimenter made it a practice to take every published weather forecast throughout the past year from the daily newspapers and to paste it in a book, afterwards taking care to note whether the forecast was justified by the weather that followed. After giving the 'clerk of the weather' the advantage of every doubtful case, he found that that hypothetical gentleman was correct only in two cases out of every three. But in order that the inquirer might test his theory that there was a great deal of haphazard guesswork about these forecasts, he took a course which can hardly be called scientific: he pasted the published forecasts for one month each on a separate card, put them into a bag, and after giving the contents a good shake up, took out one each day of the following month, and compared its reading with the weather which then happened to prevail. He found that with regard to correctness of results it was a neck-and-neck race between himself and the clerk of the weather, the latter having the advantage of him at the end of the month by only four 'corrects.' From this it would seem that our meteorological experts would do well to consider the recommendation of the American humorist who said, 'Never prophesy unless you know.'

An American doctor has lately pointed out the value of petroleum in lung, throat, and bronchial disease. His attention was called to it by the circumstance that drillers, pumpers, and other workers at the oil-wells, among whom he practised for some years, although they were exposed to all weathers, never suffered from such complaints. He attributed their immunity from disease to the saturation of their systems with the vapour from the oil. Since that time he made many attempts to use the crude oil in his practice; but it is not by any means one that could be called 'an elegant preparation,' for it is disgusting both in taste and smell. Of course it can be made up in the form of pills; but these will not touch many throat diseases for which the remedy is valuable. It is not known how the curative properties of the oil are exerted. It may be that it acts as a germicide, for it is a certain thing that insect life at least is impossible where its influence prevails.

The Humorous and Grotesque Art Exhibition which was lately opened at the Victoria Gallery, London, is of the most interesting character. It consists of a series of more than two thousand pictures which mostly have been drawn by artists who lived and flourished a century back. The Exhibition is especially rich in examples of Gillray, Rowlandson, and Bunbury, whose powers of exaggerated caricature would in many instances be deemed vulgar in our more refined times. Many of the pictures are of a political character, and parody events which have long ago been forgotten, hence their meaning to the present generation is somewhat obscure. Cruikshank is well represented, his exaggerated representations of the fashions in vogue at the beginning of this century being very ludicrous. We are glad to notice that the promoters of this unique Exhibition have followed the commendable course of illustrating their Catalogue with nearly sixty-five examples taken from the principal works. This custom is now becoming common, and is one of the improvements which we owe to photography.

There was a time when an English-made watch was considered the very best which it was possible to obtain, and one great seat of the industry was Prescot, near Liverpool. But with the advent of machine-made watches from the Continent, and of late years from America, the trade of Prescot began to decay. The Lancashire Watch Company has been formed to revive this lost trade, and have erected at Prescot a huge factory fitted with the most modern machinery. This factory was lately opened with some little ceremony by Lord Derby.

During the past few months there have been three or four serious accidents in London from the break-down of omnibuses, in each case the axle or the wheels suddenly giving way. The cause of these disasters, which up till now have been almost unknown, may possibly be traced to the very large number of passengers carried by each omnibus since the fares have been so much reduced, the extra weight telling upon the older vehicles. The crossing of tram-lines also involves a strain upon the wheels which often threatens to tear them off. In order to obviate all risk of danger from such accidents, Mr D. Cremmen, omnibus-builder, of London, has lately invented a Safety Appliance, which has been tried with great success. This invention consists of four projections from the axles of the vehicle, one being placed just behind each wheel. Each of these projections has a small wheel at its base, the normal position of which is about one inch above

the roadway. But if from any cause one of the main wheels of the vehicle gives way, the small one corresponding with it is brought into play, and the vehicle is prevented from falling down.

A correspondent of the *Times*, referring to the Jubilee of the Penny Post, which has lately been observed with some ceremonial in London, calls attention to the circumstance that a Penny Postal system was in operation in the metropolis two hundred years ago. It is described by Pennant, and would seem to have been a venture of a private character, and quite apart from the General Post-office supervision. Pennant tells how under this system one could send a letter from one side of the city to another, or to any of the suburbs—Kensington, Chelsea, Islington, &c., then detached villages—for one penny, and asserts that there were several deliveries daily. Indeed, if we may believe what he says, it would seem that the service partook as much of a parcel post as one for the conveyance of letters, for his concluding words are as follows: 'Nor are you tied up to a single piece of paper, as in the General Post-office, but any packet under a pound weight goes at the same price.'

An American official has recently sent a Report to his government respecting the value of an Australian vegetable product which he asserts will prove of great value as a substitute for oak-bark in tanning. This is the Wattle, which is extensively cultivated in New South Wales and Victoria. There are two varieties of this tree, which belong to the Acacia family, namely, the Broad-leaved Wattle and the Black Wattle. The latter yields the greater amount of tannic acid, that is, thirty to thirty-two per cent., which is nearly double that which is afforded by the bark of the Santa Crux Oak. To this circumstance may be attributed the fact that hides can be tanned in liquor made from Black Wattle in forty-seven days, while in the liquor made from Santa Crux Oak the time is at least seventy-five days. The compiler of this Report recommends the Government authorities to purchase in Melbourne a quantity of seeds from both varieties of Wattle, which can then be distributed among agriculturists in the different States. It would seem that the tree flourishes best in a dry climate and a poor soil.

The *Medical Press* has lately called attention to the serious risks to which patients are exposed by the custom among many medical men of writing their prescriptions illegibly. We are told that prescriptions are commonly handed to chemists so badly written that it is almost impossible to decipher them, and that it is often difficult to guess what drugs are intended to be represented by the strange hieroglyphics depicted. Doctors are not the only sinners in this respect, as any one with a large correspondence knows to his cost. It is by no means an uncommon thing to receive a letter the translation of which is as painful an experience as listening to the efforts of a stutterer to make himself understood. Persons who cannot acquire the easy art of writing legibly should in mercy to their correspondents employ a secretary to do the work for them. So much importance is attached to the legible writing of a prescription, that it would be well if they were always passed through a type-writer before reaching the hands of the compounder.

Some time ago it was stated in these columns that Professor Elihu Thompson of Lynn, U.S.A., had introduced a method of welding metals by electricity. The principle of the operation is based on the circumstance that when the terminals of a battery or suitable dynamo-machine consist of metallic conductors, these when brought together will manifest enough heat to bring each to the melting-point. The same terminals furnished with carbon points constitute the well-known arc-light, in which a far more refractory substance is fused. The Electric Welding Syndicate has been formed to introduce this system on a commercial scale in this country. In London lately, a demonstration was given to show how efficiently and how quickly the electric current can be made to weld together metallic bars, pipes, &c. In practice, the pieces of metal to be joined together are held in clamps with their ends in the exact position which they are to occupy when joined. The current is now applied, and the two ends are pressed together by the action of a lever. In a period varying from a few seconds to a minute or more according to the size of the pieces joined, the operation is complete. The joint thus made will stand the most rigorous mechanical tests, showing that it is in every respect as perfect as one produced in the old laborious way.

An American Fire Insurance Company has lately issued a circular which calls attention to the danger of spontaneous combustion in cotton bales owing to the presence of cotton-seed oil. An instance is here given in which two bales had absorbed as much as two hundred pounds of oil apiece, probably from barrels contained in the same cargo. Cotton thus impregnated with oil has long been known to be liable to spontaneous combustion, and there is very little doubt that many vessels have been lost at sea through this initial cause. It is recommended that cotton bales should be examined and watched for this source of danger both on shipboard and in warehouses.

Some beer contained in bottles was lately found walled up in the cellars of a brewery at Burton-on-Trent. This beer was brewed nearly one hundred years ago, as the records of the firm showed, and as was proved by the old style of the bottles. The beer was brilliant, and quite drinkable, but it had lost its bitterness, and had assumed the character of sherry. Dr Morris read a paper on this curious discovery before the Laboratory Club, London, and said that in examining the sediment of this antiquated beverage microscopically, he was led to suspect the presence of a few yeast-cells which still retained their vitality.

The refrigerating chambers on board ship have for a long time enabled our markets to be supplied with excellent meat which has been killed at the antipodes, the process of freezing it preserving it fresh during the longest voyage. It is when it arrives in port that the meat suffers deterioration through partial thawing during the process of moving it from the ship to the market. This difficulty has recently been obviated by the establishment of a fleet of refrigerating barges, that is to say barges which contain cold chambers similar to those on board the ships. But whereas the cold on shipboard is produced by expansion

of air, the system adopted for the barges depends upon ammonia. The ammonia is kept in a separate barge, but by the attachment of flexible piping the freezing chambers belonging to any other barge can be brought to a temperature approaching zero in about ninety minutes. This system has been introduced by the London and Tilbury Lighterage Company.

At the recent annual meeting of the Meteorological Society, a most interesting paper on 'Atmospheric Dust' was read by the retiring President, Dr Marcet. He remarked that the dust which, when lighted up by intense light, we call motes in the sunbeam is chiefly of an organic character, and it is impossible to say how much of it is innocuous, and what portion of it may become the source of disease. There is little doubt that many of these motes must belong to the class of micro-organisms, and thus form the means of spreading infectious diseases. He also remarked upon the injurious nature of many trades where dust is constantly breathed into the lungs, and gave some account of the danger of certain kinds of dust forming with air an explosive mixture. Volcanic dust, consisting of mineral matter in a fine state of subdivision, also came under review, and the interesting paper was brought to a fitting close with an account of the dust phenomena which followed the terrible eruption of Krakatao in August 1883.

A JUST IMPEDIMENT.

'I REALLY think that I, Eva Hamilton, am the unhappiest girl in existence. I am engaged to marry a great stupid awkward creature, whom I have known for less than a month, and detest as if I had known him all my life; while Fred—you know you met Fred last summer—is staying in the same house, and can hardly speak a word to me, such is the devotion of my odious *fiancé*.'

The foregoing extract from a letter to a girl-friend represents the condition in which I found myself not very long after my nineteenth birthday. As I now look back on what happened long ago, I wonder how it was that Gilbert Darien, 'my odious *fiancé*,' managed to put up with my ill-temper and evident dislike for his company, not to mention my incessant flirtation—for I'm afraid I did flirt—with Fred.

Poor Gilbert! He certainly was awkward—one of those big men who cannot move without upsetting something, whether it be a valuable china vase or your equanimity; with a heavy colourless face, and nothing characteristic about him save the difficulty he always experienced in disposing of his hands, which is not, however, uncommon amongst men. To these shortcomings must be added his method of breathing: it was stertorous, and could be heard at a distance of twenty yards. But I oughtn't to abuse it, seeing that it often gave us warning in our stolen interviews of his approach, and became ultimately the means of my release from him.

I was not much over nineteen when one day my father addressed me at breakfast: 'Eva, Mrs Darien wants us to go there on the 5th.' This apparently innocent remark nearly annihilated me. The long-expected blow had fallen at last. Shortly after his return from India, my father, who was little better than a stranger to me, had thrown out certain ominous hints as to the expediency of my getting married; and then one fine day informed me outright that it was his one wish to see me happily wedded to the son of his old friend Darien. I was not unnaturally aghast. Not to mention a 'prior attachment,' I had never seen Gilbert. How could I marry an utter stranger? How could I throw over Fred because he had only four hundred pounds a year, while his unknown rival had four thousand? I had no mother to confide in, and had not the courage to confess all to my respected parent, who had returned from India a broken-down invalid, whose one object in life was, as he informed me some twenty times a day, to see me happily married to the son of his old friend. 'Happily married, forsooth, to a man one detests,' I bitterly exclaimed, perhaps rather unfairly, as I had never seen Gilbert, who, for aught I knew, might have been an Adonis as well as a future Crœsus, though, from my father's significant silence as to his personal appearance, I had my doubts.

At all events, one thing was certain, and that was that I was not going to give up Fred; and with this resolution I sat down and wrote a long letter to him, in which I set forth my woes. When I received Fred's answer, I was agreeably surprised to find that the Dariens were not strangers to him, as he had stayed with them as a friend of a younger brother of Gilbert's. 'There is something,' he wrote, 'fishy about Gilbert. The fellow never leaves home, and is about as ill-bred a hippopotamus as I have ever met. The idea of your marrying him!' And here followed a long diatribe on my father and on what he called the 'cussedness' of things in general, and his financial affairs in particular. However, there was a crumb of comfort at the end of his letter, and that was contained in the information that he would fish for an invitation to Darien Hall while we were there.

My curiosity was excited by the mystery, the 'something fishy' about the man whom my father had chosen to be my future husband. Was he subject to fits of madness? Was he a klepto- or dipso- or anything else horrid ending in o-maniac? I determined to cross-question my father, and that evening I set about the task.

I ultimately succeeded in eliciting the following information. 'That Gilbert was the image of his poor father' ('The fright!' I mentally ejaculated, for I had seen a photo of the poor father, in big baggy white trousers, the legs crossed, and regarding with a wondering smile—as well he might—an enormous misshapen silk hat); 'that he very rarely left his home, having been educated there by private tutors' ('keepers,' I exclaimed to myself); 'that Darien Hall had the reputation of being haunted; that it was my father's one wish in life to see me happily married to the son of his dear old friend; and that he (my father) wished I would not pester him with my idiotic questions.' This last because I asked if Gilbert's eyes were blue (Fred has the most charming blue eyes you ever saw).

My father and I arrived at Darien Hall late one evening; and a single glance showed me that my worst fears were realised. The photograph of

my father's 'dearest friend' might have been a portrait of the Apollo Belvedere compared to the dearest friend's son, to whom, however, it bore a striking resemblance with regard to the inane smile, a smile which, in addition to his general sheepish manner, told me plainly that Gilbert was aware of our respective parents' plans that we two should come together.

The next morning there was a kind of solemn betrothal scene, at which Mrs Darien and my father officiated, and during which Gilbert, like the person in the nursery rhyme, continued to smile—perhaps at my misery.

The following three days I spent in coyly repelling the advances of my prospective husband. I was only sustained by the thought that soon Fred would arrive, and the hope that he would find some method of relieving me from my painful position.

Gilbert had the impertinence to remark that he hoped I should like young Fred Haliwell, though, between ourselves, he was 'rather a prig.' Finally, Fred arrived, and was solemnly introduced to me as an utter stranger. One of the few occasions on which I saw Gilbert's smile dry up was when he noticed how rapidly I got on with a man whom, as he thought, I had just met for the first time.

The days went by and my position grew more and more hateful. More than once I determined to make a clean breast of it to my father; but I could never screw up my courage to pay such an insult to the memory of his dearest friend as to decline to marry his son. Moreover, though I had attained the age of nineteen, I had, strange to say, the remnants of a conscience, which from time to time gave me horrible mental tweaks for what it was pleased to call my double-facedness, I being practically engaged to two men at the same time. But what excuse could I give my father for breaking off my engagement to Gilbert? It would not have been the slightest use to plead that I didn't love him, or to find fault with his mental or bodily features; while to confess that I was in love with Fred would have resulted in obtaining that penniless youth his congé from Darien Hall.

Fred in the happy-go-lucky way which is one of his chief failings ('No, I'm not,' is here interposed in the manuscript which I gave my husband to correct)—Fred, I repeat, with a Micawber-like trust in the future, insisted that something would turn up sooner or later, and that we had better wait till that sooner or later, and spend our time meanwhile in making the best of it, which we did so effectually, that even the long-suffering Gilbert suddenly took it into his head to remonstrate with me on my manner to 'that fellow Haliwell.'

One morning during breakfast Fred bestowed upon me a series of mysterious nods and winks, which evidently meant that he had something important to tell me. He aroused my curiosity by whispering in my ear as he passed me a cup of coffee: 'I have found out why he never leaves home.'

After breakfast, I despatched Gilbert to look for a pair of gloves, which I happened to have in my pocket, and followed Fred into the garden. Leading me out of sight of the house, he delivered himself of the following oracular and unintelligible remark: 'He has epileptic fits.'

'Good gracious! How did you find out?'

'Well,' said Fred, who was radiant with joy at his discovery, 'I'll tell you. You know I went up early to roost last night, and when I got into my room my candle blew out. I couldn't find the matches anywhere; so I went off to Gilbert's room, glad of an opportunity to see the inside of it, for he keeps a fellow out of it as carefully as if it were a Bluebeard's cupboard, with dead wives all hanging about. There was no one there; so I walked straight in, saw a luminous box of matches, struck a light, and looked round. The walls were all padded!' Fred paused in triumph.

'Is that all?' I cried.

'All indeed! Why, don't you see? It's as clear as daylight. He's subject to fits, and throws himself all over the place, and the walls are padded so that he shan't hurt himself.'

Fred's argument seemed plausible enough; and if his conjecture was correct, here was a splendid manner of convincing my father of the impossibility of my marriage with Gilbert.

'Why, it's a clear case of just cause and impediment,' cried Fred. 'Even four thousand pounds per annum can't make up for those fits. Why, he might bite you in one of them, and give you hydrophobia, and then there'd be the fat in the fire with a vengeance.'

But if he was subject to fits, why had he never had them during the time we had been in the house? He had never failed, as we knew to our cost, to put in an appearance in what happened to be going on each day, and usually behaved, as Fred reluctantly allowed, 'like a Christian.' Finally, in our ignorance of matters medical in general and fits in particular, we decided that he only had them by night, and that this was the reason why he never slept away from home.

After much consideration, we determined with reluctance that the only way to discover the true state of affairs was for Fred to conceal himself in Gilbert's room and find out if our conjecture was correct.

I scarcely slept a wink on the night on which Fred had settled to put his project into execution, expecting every minute to hear piercing shrieks from the remote quarter of the house in which they slept. However, nothing occurred to disturb me; and meeting Fred before breakfast, as we had arranged, in the garden, I overwhelmed him with a flood of questions. 'Did he frighten you much? How did you manage to hide? Is he very violent? Does he foam at the mouth?'

After a tantalising and, to me, inexplicable fit of laughter, Fred told me what had happened. 'I managed to hide myself in a wardrobe in his room, and, after what seemed a fearful time, Gilbert came up and began to undress. Good heavens! You should see the way that fellow ogles himself in the glass; why, he's nearly as bad as you—as a girl, I mean. Well, I was in an awful funk that he'd open the wardrobe, but he didn't; and at last he got into bed without having shown the slightest symptoms of having a fit. I can tell you I was disappointed, and determined to wait till he was

asleep, and then leave the room. I must have dozed off, for suddenly I woke with a fearful start, at what I thought was a clap of thunder, about an inch from my ear. In three seconds I had found out the secret of the padded walls: he snores like a steam-worked fog-horn!'

Fred was right. This was the horrible seamy side to the silver lining of four thousand pounds a year.

We had a certain delicacy about informing my father of the one failing of his dearest friend's son, so we had recourse to stratagem. We managed to contrive that Gilbert and my father should be boxed up together for a ten-mile drive home from a ball in the neighbouring county.

We left Darien Hall the next day.

'I assure you, my dear, that young fellow cracked the carriage window, not to mention the drum of my ear, with his snoring. I could not think of your marrying such a man. His poor father never did such a thing.'

THE POETS AND ARTISTS OF GALLOWAY.

The ancient province of Galloway, occupying the south-western extremity of Scotland, is now represented geographically by the counties of Wigtown and Kirkcudbright. The district is in some respects peculiar. Like the Highlands, it was later than the rest of Scotland in emerging into civilisation. This was due to the fact that within this province there existed till within the last few hundred years traces of those very ancient and sufficiently mysterious people known from the time of the Romans as the Picts. They defied conquest, as they also declined to adopt the dress or language of their neighbours. Even as late as the time of Robert Bruce they formed a kind of nationality by themselves, and the ancient kings of Scotland used to address them in charters, by way of distinction, as the 'Men of Galloway.' It is not without interest, therefore, to the literary reader to come upon a handsome volume, emanating from this ancient province—printed at Castle-Douglas, published at Dalbeattie (famous mostly for its granite quarries)—and the whole contents of which have issued from the brains of Galloway men and women.

The book we allude to is *The Bards of Galloway* (Dalbeattie: Thomas Fraser), being a collection of poems, songs, and ballads, by natives of Galloway, and illustrated wholly by Galloway artists. It has been efficiently edited by Mr Malcolm M'L. Harper, author of *Rambles in Galloway*, who also supplies an introduction and notes, with brief biographical notices of each of the sixty-four poets, living and dead, whose rhymes are here embodied. Of the ten artists whose pencils have been lent to embellish the volume, two are the well-known and eminent brothers Thomas and John Faed, the exquisite landscapes of the one and the charming interiors of the other being familiar to all lovers of art. It would be saying too much to describe the verse here printed as being all stamped with the hall-mark of genius; William Nicholson's 'Brownie of Blednoch' being without doubt the best known and most remarkable poem in the volume. 'Mary's Dream,' by John Lowe, also has fine touches, with its beautiful opening lines:

> The moon had climbed the highest hill
> That rises o'er the source of Dee,
> And from the eastern summit shed
> Her silver light on tower and tree.

But most remarkable of all is to find here a few songs by one Patrick Hannay, a Galloway gentleman of the time of Charles I., which songs have the genuine ring of the period in which they were produced. The quaint conceits and graceful whimsicalities of sentiment and style remind one instinctively of Herbert and Quarles and Carew, of Sir John Suckling and Richard Lovelace. It is as if Charles and his courtiers of Whitehall had moved for summer quarters to the wilds of Kirkcudbright. The general poetical productions are as various as the skill of their makers is unequal; yet the volume is creditable alike to editor and publisher, and forms a striking tribute to the artistic and poetic genius of this south-western nook of Scotland.

THE SNOWDROP.

Through days of rain and nights of snow
A Flower grew silently and slow,
Till all around was white;
Then clad in robes of tender green,
With faëry bells that peep between,
The Snowdrop seeks the light.

What kindly hand has tended thee
In thy dark cell where none could see
The future promise bright?
How could we know while Nature slept,
A treasure like thyself she kept
To gladden Winter's sight?

Only a drooping Flower of Snow!
It sets the beating heart aglow
With hopes of brighter times;
And while the little snowbells ring,
We hear the music of the Spring
Float on the airy chimes.

A Flower so tender, yet so brave,
That springs from out a wintry grave,
Needs not the praise of song.
I hear thee whisper, Flower of Snow:
'Through days of sorrow, nights of woe,
Be hopeful, and be strong!'

R. A. MacWilliam.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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BIRD-LIFE OF THE BORDERS.

Those who have wandered over the hills and moors of the Borders must have observed, time and again, the numerous wild-birds that feed among the heather or wheel with noisy outcry in the clear mountain-air. And the angler penetrating one of the many valleys or ravines, and following some hill-burn up to its far recesses among the moors, will not have failed to note that at all times he has certain lively little birds within sight, and often almost within reach of the point of his rod, such as the Dipper and the Sandpiper. Or as he suddenly turns a bend of the stream, where the steep banks or overhanging rock has hitherto kept him out of sight, he may see a heron rise with a shrill scream from the pool ahead, and sail away up the glen in slow, measured flight. To all who have had, or may have, any opportunity of coming in contact with the feathered tribes of the Scottish or English Border, but especially of the latter, the book by Mr Abel Chapman on the *Bird-Life of the Borders* (London: Gurney and Jackson) will prove a delightful companion. It is the fruit of much and careful observation, and of long experience; and its graphic sketches will bring back a mental picture to many who have looked on such scenes as are here described.

'The area,' says Mr Chapman, 'covered by these observations I would define as the mountain-region which remains unaltered by the hand of man—the land "in God's own holding"—bounded by the line where the shepherd's crook supplants the plough; where heather and bracken, whinstone and blackfaced sheep, replace corn, cattle, and cultivation; where the Pheasant gives way to the Grouse, and the Ring-Ousel dispossesses the Blackbird; the region of peat, as distinguished from soil—of flow-moss and crag, of tumbling burn and lonely moorland, clad in all the pristine beauty of creation.'

Mr Chapman follows the year in its course, month by month, detailing the peculiarities as well as the commonplaces of bird-life from winter to spring, and so on into summer and autumn. The opening months of the year on the moors are uninteresting and uneventful, and it is not till towards the end of February that the feathered colonies wake up into activity where they have spent the winter at home, or begin to be joined by those others of their kind that have wintered abroad. On the moors of Northumberland the Peewit or Lapwing arrives to breed in February, or even in the end of January. The Golden Plover, the Skylark, the Curlew, and the Pied Wagtail also in February. Then at various times throughout March we have the Titlark, the Stockdove, the Gray Wagtail, the Wheatear, the Ring-Ousel, the Red Shank, and the Blackheaded Gull. After these in April come the Dunlin, the Swallows, the Cuckoo, the Sandpiper, and the Willow-wrens; and lastly, in May, the Landrail and the Nightjar.

Among the earliest birds to commence nesting are the Owls. The Long-eared Owls do not trouble to undertake the construction of a nest for themselves, but rely upon forestalling some more industrious architect. One peculiarity of the Owls, after the breeding season is over, is here noted. As soon as the young were fledged, the whole of the Owls, to the number of perhaps three or four broods, came together, and chose a thick, black Scots fir for their abode. 'To this particular tree the whole of the Owl-life of these woods resorted regularly at dawn, and in it slept away the hours of daylight, hidden amidst its deep, evergreen recesses. At the particular tree of their choice—it varied in different years—the Owls could invariably be interviewed, during the summer and autumn, though, to a casual eye, it was difficult amidst the deep shadows of the foliage to distinguish the slim brown forms pressed closely against the brown branches of the pine. Towards dusk their awakening was notified by the querulous cat-like cry; ten minutes later, their silent forms appeared outside the wood; and, after a few rounds of preliminary gyrations, it was dark enough to begin operations in earnest. During the nesting season the Old

Owls have another cry—not unlike the petulant barking of a spoiled lapdog.'

Of the angler's friend and companion, the lively Little Dipper, we are told that it also begins to nest in March. The favourite resort of these birds is in the linns, or small waterfalls, where a hill-burn comes tumbling over an exposed ridge of rock. 'Many of these linns, with their shaggy fringe of gnarled and lichen-clad birch, heather, and bog-myrtle, are among the wildest and most lonely nooks of the wild moorland. There, in an interstice of the moss-grown rock, half overhung by ferns, and all but undistinguishable from its environment, is cunningly inserted the great round nest of green moss, in the very spray of the falling water. The outside of their home is splashed and wet. The old birds have to pass, to and fro, through the fringe of the cascade; but that is just what these little amphibians like, and hardly a linn but has its pair of dusky, white-throated tenants.' No one who has ever discovered—as has been our hap many a time—a little Dipper's nest so placed, but must feel the truth and the charm of that bit of word-painting.

Those interested in the habits of birds will find all these chapters on the nesting period exceedingly instructive and interesting. The same remarks apply to the lively and picturesque description of the bird-life of the moors during the summer months. With the month of July the summer period begins to close and migration sets in. 'Already, among the feathered world, there have begun to appear symptoms of autumnal conditions. As early as mid-June, the Starlings and Peewits are seen to be gathering into flocks; but in July the movement rapidly develops, and the signs of the time are plentiful and patent enough to those who are interested in reading them. Strange birds appear in strange situations. In the lowlands, the whistle of Curlew or Plover is heard amidst the unwonted environment of waving corn, or among enclosed fields of turnips or potatoes. From a farm-pond one perhaps springs a Dunlin or half-a-dozen Sandpipers; and at night strange bird-notes come down from the dark skies overhead. A "blackbird with a white breast" is perhaps reported by the gardener as among the currant bushes. It is, of course, a Ring-Ousel; and the small bird the cat has caught proves to be a young Wheatear. Poor fellow! he was just starting so blithely on his first (and last) voyage of discovery to the Mediterranean. . . . The bird-world is on the move. The nesting season is over; the cares of the spring and summer are past; and the universal southward movement towards winter has commenced. It is conspicuous enough in July, but attains a far greater development in August, and approaches its climax when the Swallows are seen congregating on the trees in September.'

Speaking of certain habits which he has observed in the Rook, Mr Chapman goes on to relate a painful story of the ghastly effect upon birds of overhead telegraph wires, and how the Rook with his natural cunning has taken note of it—not alone to guard himself against the danger of those wires, but to benefit by their effect upon other birds. Rooks, it seems, are extremely fond of a feast upon Grouse when procurable, and 'daily search the sides of the old coach-road which crosses the Border moors on its way from Newcastle to Edinburgh, and along which a telegraph line is stretched. This line at present consists of nineteen wires—a perfect trap for birds, and the damage it causes to bird-life is incredible. I have heard it estimated by farmers and shepherds (and believe they are not far wrong) that more Grouse meet their deaths annually from these mischievous wires than are killed by all the shooters on the moors around. The nineteen wires cover so much space, and being stretched at exactly the usual height of the flight of game-birds (and especially of their morning flight, when in the indistinct light the wires are wholly invisible), that they cannot fail in their destructive work, and occasionally a pack is cut down by wholesale. It should be remembered, too, that this destruction is going on at all seasons of the year. It is no exaggeration to say that the roadside is at certain seasons strewn with remains. Besides Grouse, I have picked up Blackgame, Partridge, Curlew, Golden Plover, Snipe, Peewits, and other birds. Every morning at break of day come out the marauding band of Rooks from the lowland woods, reconnoitring along the roadside, and feasting on the dead and dying. I meet them regularly at dawn as I walk across the moors to catch the early morning train.'

In order to give some idea of the mischievous nature of these wires, and of the cruelty and ceaseless suffering they occasion to the moor-birds, Mr Chapman gives the following extracts from his shooting diary: 'Oct. 6. Found to-day four Grouse which had been severely damaged by flying against the telegraph wires on Elsdon Hillhead. Two were already dead, and pulled to bits by the Crows. The third had evidently received his wound late the night before, and the blow had completely carried away his crop, which at that time would be full of heather. The poor bird had been hungry this morning, and, regardless or oblivious of having no crop, had been feeding—his throat down to the huge gash being crammed with heather shoots. I never saw anything more pitiable in my life. This bird could still fly, but very weakly, and could not possibly long have survived. The fourth Grouse had been injured some time before. He also had received a horrible gash across the breast, but it appeared to be slowly healing. His breast was bare of feathers, and the old skin was hard and yellow, a mass of clotted blood remaining in the cut. The bird flew nearly half a mile when put up by the keeper (driving), but was very weak and unwilling to rise.' 'Oct. 17. Every day this week, when shooting near the telegraph lines, we have found Grouse either killed or severely injured by the wires; and to-day I shot a Grouse in a horribly mangled state at Laing's Hill, several miles away from the line.'

The above, adds the author, 'are sufficient illustrations of what I have stated, though it would be easy to adduce hundreds of similar instances. Surely, in these days of ultra-humanitarianism, of R.S.P.C.A. associations, and of "Wild-Bird Protection Acts"—when a maudlin sentimentality comforts itself by fining a poor man for shooting a wild-goose in March, or for overworking his horse, on which perhaps depends

his daily bread—surely in these days, the wanton cruelty and useless waste above described (carried on for a national profit) should not be permitted. But then these cruelties are *not seen;* they only occur on the remote hills, where no one witnesses them save shepherds.'

We have no doubt this appeal to the good feeling of the nation will find a response in many hearts. It has frequently been urged that overhead wires might well be dispensed with in favour of an underground system, and the only reason, we suppose, why successive Governments have never given effect to what has been urged in this connection is to be found in the natural apathy of the official mind. A few intelligent appeals such as the above, backed up by illustrations of the destructiveness to bird-life of those overhead wires all over the country, should in course of time lead to something being done. If Mr Chapman has helped to bring about so desirable a result, he will have given still another reason to ornithologists to thank him for his interesting and attractive book.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. Clark Russell,
Author of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, etc.

CHAPTER IX.—A SECRET BLOW.

At sea, a very little thing goes a very long way, and you will suppose that this incident of the monkeys gave us plenty to talk about and to wonder at. At the dinner-table that evening old Keeling favoured us with a long yarn about a French craft that capsized somewhere off the Scilly Islands with four men in her: how the air in her hold kept her buoyant; how the fellows climbed into the run and sat there with their heads against the ship's bottom; how one of them strove with might and main to knock a plank out, that he might see if help was about, in nowise suspecting that if he let the air escape the hull would sink; how, all unknown to the wretched imprisoned men, a smack fell in with the capsized craft and tried to tow her, but gave up after the line had parted two or three times; how she finally stranded upon one of the Scilly Isles; and how one of the inhabitants coming down to view the wreck, shot away as though the evil one were in chase of him, on hearing the sound of voices inside.

Mr Johnson whispered to me: 'I *don't* believe it;' and Colonel Bannister listened with a fine incredulous stare fixed upon the skipper's crimson countenance; but the rest of us were vastly interested, especially the elder ladies, who behind old Keeling's back spoke of him as 'a love.'

We settled it amongst us to purchase the monkeys from the boat's crew which had rescued them, leaving the ape for the seamen to make a pet of. The matter was talked over at that dinner, and I overheard Miss Temple ask Mr Colledge to try to secure the little monkey with the red waistcoat for her. She was the only one of the ladies who wanted a monkey.

'Would *you* like one, Miss Hudson?' said I.

She shuddered in the prettiest way.

'Oh, I hate monkeys,' she cried; 'they are *so* like men, you know!'

'Then, by every law of logic,' bawled the Colonel with a loud laugh, 'you must hate men more, madam. Don't you see?—ha! ha! Why do you hate monkeys? Because they are like men. How much, then, must you hate men, the original of the monkey!'

He roared with laughter again. In fact, there never was a man who more keenly relished his own sallies of wit than Colonel Bannister.

Miss Hudson coloured, and fanned herself.

'I hate monkeys too,' cried Mr Greenhew, 'and for the reason that makes Miss Hudson averse to them;' and here he looked very hard at the Colonel.

'Well, certainly a fellow-feeling don't *always* make us kind,' murmured Mr Riley in an audible voice, and putting a glass into his eye to look around him as he laughed.

Here the steward said something in a low voice to Mr Prance, who looked at me, and said in a hollow tragic tone: 'Five of the monkeys have gone dead, sir.'

I called the news down the table to the captain.

'I'm sorry to hear it, Mr Dugdale,' he answered in a dry voice; 'but you don't want me to open a subscription list for the widows, do ye?'

'Can any one say if the little chap with the red waistcoat's dead?' cried Mr Colledge.

'Dead hand gone, sir,' exclaimed the Cockney head steward.

'What is left of the lot?' inquired Keeling.

'The hape, sir; and the two little chaps that was rescued with their tails half ate up, as is supposed by themselves,' responded the steward.

Mr Johnson burst out a-laughing.

'Tails eaten up?' cried Mrs Bannister, poising a pair of gold glasses upon her Roman nose as she addressed the captain. 'Are there any sharks here?'

'I should say not, madam,' answered the skipper. 'It is a trick monkeys fall into of biting their own tails, as human beings gnaw their finger-nails.'

'And when they have consumed their tails, Captain Keeling,' said Mrs Hudson, in a rather vulgar voice, 'do they go on with the rest of themselves?'

'I believe they are only hindered, madam,' said Keeling with a grave face, 'by discovering themselves after a given limit somewhat inaccessible.'

'I dislike monkeys,' said Mrs Jolliffe to Mr Saunders; 'but I should imagine that natural philosophers would find their habits and tastes very interesting subjects for study.'

The little chap moved uneasily in his chair, with a half-glance up and down, to see if anybody smiled.

'The monkey eating his tail,' exclaimed Mr Emmett, 'is to my mind a very beautiful symbol.'

'Of what?' inquired Mr Hodder.

'Of a dissipated young man devouring the fortune left him,' answered Mr Emmett.

'Very true; very good, indeed!' cried Mr Adams the lawyer, with a laugh.

The death of the monkeys extinguished the scheme of purchasing them. The one-eyed ape was not to be thought of; and now it was known that the tails of the other survivors were merely stumps, the subject was very unanimously

dropped, and the three poor beasts left for the sailors to do what they pleased with.

As an incident, the matter might have served for the day, so dull is life on shipboard with nothing to look forward to but meal-time. But something else was to happen that evening.

Two bells—nine o'clock—had been struck. Most of the passengers were below, for there was a deal of dew in the air, too much of it for the thin dresses of the ladies, who, through the skylight, were to be seen reading and chatting in the cuddy, with a party of whist-players at the table, Mr Emmett's and Mr Hodder's noses close together over a cribbage board, and Colledge at chess with Miss Temple, Miss Hudson opposite, leaning her shining head on her arm bare to the elbow, a faultless limb indeed, watching them. The breeze had freshened at sundown. There was a half-moon in the heavens, with a tropic brightness of disc, and the ocean under her light spread away to its limits in a surface firm and dark as polished indigo, saving that under the planet there was a long trembling wake, and an icy sparkle in the eastern waters, over which some large, most beautiful star was hanging; but though there was breeze enough to put a merry rippling into the sea, the feathering of each little surge was too delicate to catch the eye, unless the white water broke close; and the deep brimmed to the distant luminaries, a mighty shadow.

The skipper was below; Mr Cocker had charge of the deck, and I joined him in his walk. He talked of the monkeys, how the poor wretches had died one after another in the forecastle.

'I saw one of them die,' said he; 'upon my life, Mr Dugdale, it was like seeing a human being expire. I don't wonder women dislike that kind of beasts. For my part, I regard monkeys as poor relations.'

'What were the men laughing at, shortly after we had come up from dinner?' I asked.

'Why, sir, at little John Chinaman. The ape was on the forehatch, secured by a piece of line round his waist. Johnny went to have a look at him. There was nobody about—at least he thought so. He stared hard at the ape, who viewed him eagerly with his one eye, and then said: "I say, where you from, hey?" The ape continued to look. "Oh, you can speakee," continued John; "me savee you can for speakee. Why you no talkee, hey? Me ask where you from? Where you from?" The ape caught a flea. "How you capsize, hey?" asked the Chinese lunatic as gravely, Mr Dugdale, so the men say, as if he were addressing you or me. "Speakee soft—how you capsize, hey?" This went on, I am told, for ten minutes, the men meanwhile coming on tiptoe to listen over the forecastle edge till they could stand it no longer, and their roar of laughter was what you heard, sir.'

'A mere bit of sham posture-making in Johnny, don't you think?' said I. 'He might guess the men were listening. Had he been a negro, now—but a Chinaman would very well know that a monkey can't talk.'

'This John is one who doesn't know, I'll swear. Besides, sir, the Chinese are not such geniuses as are imagined. There are thousands amongst them to correspond with our ignorant superstitious peasantry at home. I remember at Chusan that four Chinamen were engaged to carry a piano out of the cabin. Whilst they were wrestling with it on the quarter-deck, a string broke with a loud *twang*, on which they put the instrument down and ran away, viewing it from a distance with faces working with alarm and astonishment. The mate called to know what they meant by dropping their work. "Him spirit! him speakee," they cried; in fact, they would have no more to do with the piano; and when some of the crew picked it up to carry it to the gangway, the quivering Johns went backing and recoiling on to the forecastle, as though the instrument were a cage with a wild beast in it that might at any moment spring out on them.'

Whilst he was speaking I had been watching a star slowly creeping away from the edge of the mainsail to leeward, as though it were sweeping through the sky on its own account on a course parallel with the line of the horizon. My attention was fixed on what my companion said, and my gaze rested mechanically upon the star. Suddenly the truth flashed upon me, and I started.

'Why, Mr Cocker, what's happening to the ship? Are we going home again? She is coming-to rapidly! You will be having all your stun'-sails there to larboard aback in a minute.'

He had been too much engrossed by our chat to notice this.

'Wheel there!' he shouted, running aft as he cried. 'What are you doing with the ship? Port your hellum, man, port your hellum!'

I hastily followed, to see what was the matter. The wheel was deserted, and as I approached, I saw the circle revolve against the stars over the taffrail like a windmill in a gale. Alongside, prone on the deck, his arms outstretched and his face down, was the figure of the helmsman.

'He is in a fit,' cried the second mate, grasping the wheel and revolving it, to bring the ship to her course again.

Here Captain Keeling came hastily up the companion steps.

'Where's the officer of the watch?' he shouted.

'Here, sir,' answered Cocker from the wheel.

'Do you know, sir,' cried the skipper, 'that you are four points off your course?'

'The helmsman has fallen down in a fit, or else lies dead here, sir,' responded the second mate.

The skipper saw how it was, and bawled for some hands to come aft. Such of the passengers as were on deck gathered about the wheel in a group.

'What is that?' exclaimed little Mr Saunders, stooping close to the prostrate seaman's head. 'Blood, gentlemen,' he exclaimed. 'See the great stain of it here! This man has been struck down by some hand.'

'What's that? what's that?' cried old Keeling, bending his crowbar of a figure to the stain. 'Ay, he has been struck down as you say, Mr Saunders. Who has done this thing? Look about you, men; see if there's anybody concealed here.'

Three or four fellows had come tumbling aft.

One took the wheel from the second mate; and the others, along with the midshipmen of the watch, fell to peering under the gratings and into the gig that hung astern flush with the taffrail, and up aloft; but there was nothing living to be found, and the great fabric of mizzen masts and sails whitened to the truck by the moon, and the yard-arms showing in black lines against the stars, soared without blotch or stir, saving here and there a thin shadow upon the pallid cloths creeping to the movement of the spars.

Dr Hemmeridge now arrived. The seaman, who appeared as dead as a stone, was turned over, and propped by a couple of sailors, and the doctor took a view of him by the help of the binnacle lamp. There was a desperate gash on the left side of the head. The small straw hat that the poor fellow was wearing was cut through, as though to the clip of a chopper. There was a deal of blood on the deck, and the man's face was ghastly enough, with its beard encrimsoned and dripping, to turn the heart sick.

'Is he dead, think you?' demanded the captain.

'I cannot yet tell,' answered the doctor. 'Raise him, men, and carry him forward at once to his bunk.'

The sailors, followed by the doctor, went staggering shadowily under their burden along the poop and disappeared, leaving a little crowd of us at the wheel dumb with wonder, and looking about us with eyes which gleamed to the flame of the binnacle lamp that Mr Cocker yet held.

'Now, *how* has this happened?' demanded old Keeling, after a prolonged squint aloft. 'Had you left the deck, Mr Cocker?'

'No, sir, not for a living instant; Mr Dugdale will bear witness to that.'

'It is true,' I said.

'Did no man from forward come along the poop?'

'No man, sir; I'll swear it,' answered Mr Cocker.

'Any of you young gentlemen been aloft?' said Keeling, addressing the midshipmen.

'No, sir,' answered one of them, 'neither aloft nor yet abaft the mizzen rigging for the last half-hour.'

The old chap took the lamp out of Mr Cocker's hand and looked under the gratings, then got upon them and stared into the gig, as though dissatisfied with the earlier inspection of these hiding-places.

'Most extraordinary!' he exclaimed; 'did some madman do it, and then jump overboard?'

He looked over the sides to port and starboard. The quarter galleries were small, with bumpkins for the main-braces stretching out from them: they were untenanted.

'What was the man's name, Mr Cocker?'

'Simpson, sir.'

'Was he unpopular forward, do you know? Had he quarrelled lately with any man?'

'I will inquire, sir.'

Old Keeling seemed as bewildered as a person newly awakened from a dream; and, indeed, it was an extraordinary and an incredible thing. Mr Saunders and Mynheer Hemskirk, with one or two others who were on the deck at the time, swore that no man had come aft from the direction of the forecastle. They were conversing in a group a little forward of the mizzen mast, and could take their oaths that there was no living creature abaft that point at the time of the occurrence saving the man who had been so mysteriously felled to the deck.

'He most hov done it himself,' said Hemskirk.

'What! Dealt himself a blow that sheared through his hat into his skull?' cried old Keeling.

'I've been making inquiries, sir,' said the second mate approaching us, 'and find that Simpson, instead of being disliked, was a general favourite. No man has been aft, sir.'

'Something must have fallen from the rigging,' said Mr Saunders.

'Sir,' cried the captain in a voice of mingled wrath and astonishment, 'when anything falls from aloft, it drops plumb, sir—up and down, sir. The law of gravitation, Mr Saunders, is the same at sea as it is on shore. What could fall from those heights up there'—and here he turned up his head like a hen in the act of drinking—'to strike a man standing at the wheel all that distance away?'

The news had got wind below, and the passengers came up in twos and threes from the cuddy, asking questions as they arrived, the loudest and most importunate amongst them, needless to say, being Colonel Bannister. There was real consternation amongst the ladies at the sight of the blood-stain. I shall not easily forget the picture of that poopful of people: the staring of the women at the dark blotch against the wheel, whilst they held themselves in a sort of posture of recoil, holding their dresses back, as if something were crawling at them; the subdued wondering air of the men, restlessly looking about them, one going to the rail to gaze over, the dusky form of another stooping to peer under the gratings, a third with his head lying back straining his sight at the airy empearled spire of the cloths rising from the cross-jack to the royal yard, the mizzen-top showing clear and firm as a drawing in India ink against the delicate shimmering concavity of the topsail. The half-moon rode in brilliance over the main top-gallant yard-arm, and the dark swell rolled in soundless heavings to the quarter, with the wake of the planet lying in the shape of a silver fan to halfway across the ocean, and not a cloud in the whole wide velvet black depths to obscure so much as a thumb-nail of star-dust.

'What has happened, Dugdale?' exclaimed Colledge, accosting me at once as he rose through the companion with Miss Temple at his side.

'A man that was at the helm has been struck down,' said I.

'By whom?' said he.

'Why, that's it,' I answered; 'nobody knows, and I don't think anybody ever will know.'

'Is he dead?' asked Miss Temple.

'I cannot say,' I responded; 'his hat was cut through and his head laid open. There is a dreadful illustration of what has happened close against the wheel.'

'In what form?' she asked.

'Blood,' said I.

'Why, it's *murder*, then!' cried Colledge.

'It looks like it,' said I, with a glance at Miss

Temple's face, that showed white as alabaster to the moonlight, whilst in each glowing dark eye sparkled a little star of silver far more brilliant than the ice-like flash of the diamonds which trembled in her ears. 'But be the assassin what he may, I'll swear by every saint in the calendar that he's not aboard this ship.'

'Pray, explain, Mr Dugdale,' exclaimed Miss Temple in a voice of curiosity at once haughty and peevish.

I made no answer.

'My dear fellow, what do you want to imply?' said Colledge: 'that the man was struck down—by somebody out of doors?' and his eyes went wandering over the sea.

'It seems my mission, Miss Temple,' said I with a half-laugh, 'to furnish you with information on what happens aboard the *Countess Ida*. Once again let me enjoy the privilege you do me the honour to confer upon me;' and with that, in an offhand manner, I told her the story as you have it.

'Did anybody, think you, crawl out of the hind windows,' exclaimed Colledge, 'and creep up over the stern and strike the man down?'

'No,' said I.

'How did it happen, then?' asked Miss Temple fretfully.

'Why,' I answered, looking at her, 'the blow was no doubt dealt by a spirit.'

'Lor' bless us, how terrifying!' exclaimed Mrs Hudson, who, unknown to me, had drawn to my elbow to listen. 'What with the heat and the sight of that blood!'—— she cried, fanning herself violently.—'A spirit, did you say, sir? Oh, I shall never be able to sleep in the ship again after this.'

I edged away, finding little pleasure in the prospect of a chat with Mrs Hudson with Miss Temple close at hand to listen to us. At that moment Dr Hemmeridge made his appearance. He stalked up to the captain, who stood with his hand gripping the vang of the spanker gaff, returning short almost gruff answers to the questions fired at him.

'The man's alive, sir,' said the doctor; 'but he's badly hurt. I've soldered his wound; but it is an ugly cut.'

'Is he conscious?' demanded Keeling.

'He is.'

'And what does he say?'

'He has nothing to say, sir. How should he remember, Captain Keeling? He fell to the blow as an ox would.'

'Ha!' cried the skipper; 'but does he recollect seeing anybody lurking near him—has he any suspicion'——

'Sir,' answered the doctor, 'at the present moment his mind has but half an eye open.'

I made one of the crowd that had assembled to hear the doctor's report, and stood near the binnacle stand—close enough to it, in fact, to be able to lay my hand upon the hood. My eye was travelling from the ugly patch that had an appearance as of still sifting out upon the white plank within half a yard of me, when I caught sight of a black lump of something just showing in the curve of the base of the binnacle stand betwixt the starboard legs of it. It was gone in a moment with the slipping off it of the streak of moonshine that had disclosed it to me. Almost mechanically, whilst I continued to listen to the doctor, I put my toe to the thing; then still in a mechanical way, picked it up. It was a large stone, something of the shape of a comb, with a twist in the middle of it, and of a smooth surface on top, but rugged and broken underneath, with a length of about five inches jagged into an edge as keen as a flint splinter. It was extraordinarily heavy, and might in that quality have been a lump of gold.

'Hillo!' I cried, 'what have we here?' and I held it to the glass of the binnacle to view it by the lamplight.

'What is that you are looking at, Mr Dugdale?' called out old Keeling.

'Why,' said I, 'neither more nor less to my mind than the weapon with which your sailor has been laid low, captain.'

There was a rush to look at it. Keeling held it up to the moonlight, then poised it in his hand.

'Who could have been the ruffian that hove it?' he cried.

'Allow me to see it,' exclaimed little Mr Saunders, and he worked his way, low down amongst us, to the captain. He weighed the stone, smelt it, carefully inspected it, then looked up to the captain with a grin that wrinkled his large, long, eager, wise old face from his brow to his chin. 'A suspicion,' he exclaimed, 'that has been slowly growing in my mind is now confirmed. No mortal hand hove this missile, captain. It comes from the angels, sir.'

He paused.

'Lawk-a-daisy, what is the man going to say next?' cried out Mrs Hudson hysterically.

'Captain Keeling, ladies and gentlemen,' continued little Saunders, nursing the stone as tenderly while he spoke as if it had been a new-born babe, 'this has fallen from those infinite spangled heights up there. It is, in short, a meteorolite, and, so far as I can now judge, a very beautiful specimen of one.'

GERMAN COLONIES IN THE HOLY LAND.

In Würtemberg, in the year 1836, many pious persons looked confidently for the second coming of the Messiah. Some thirteen years later, a Dr Christopher Hoffmann became convinced that it would be a good thing and a wise to gather the faithful people together in Jerusalem, there to await His coming. In the course of a few years he found himself at the head of a small community of zealous persons eager to settle as colonists in Palestine. But it was not until 1858 that the first pioneer band, consisting of three gentlemen, was sent out to examine the land, and report on its capabilities for colonisation by Europeans. They came home in the following summer; but their report was not encouraging. What their objections and difficulties were we shall see subsequently. Meanwhile, the small community of the friends of Jerusalem, having been excluded from the national Evangelical Church of Würtemberg, formed themselves in 1861 into an independent religious society, calling themselves the 'German Temple.' But the Templars encountered a good

deal of opposition and discouragement at home, chiefly from the clergy of the orthodox church. Hence the movement grew with extreme slowness, so that in half-a-dozen years it did not number more than two thousand members all told, including small parties of adherents in the United States and in the south of Russia. At no time has it exceeded five thousand members.

At length in 1869 the first serious attempt was made by the Templars to establish themselves in Palestine. In September of that year Dr Hoffmann and Mr G. A. Hardegg, the leaders of the movement, in spite of the refusal of the Ottoman government in Constantinople to grant them a concession of land unless they would enrol themselves as Turkish subjects, managed to purchase land at Haifa, a small town situated at the northern foot of Mount Carmel. At the same time a second nucleus was formed at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, farther south. Ere the year ran out, more than one hundred immigrants had arrived, the bulk of them going to Haifa and Jaffa, though a few wended their way to Beyrout and Jerusalem. During the next three years the number of the Templars in Palestine grew apace. A second estate was purchased near Jaffa, and there in 1872 was founded the exclusively agricultural colony of Sarona. In the following year a fourth colony was established close to the holy city of Jerusalem; and in 1876 a Templar community was formally constituted near Beyrout.

But these German Templars were not the first people to attempt the colonisation of Palestine and the introduction into that neglected land of the civilisation of the West. Already in 1848 an American lady, Mrs Minor, at the head of certain of her countrymen and a few German families from the valley of the Rhine, had settled in Palestine for the express purpose of putting before the Jews an example of industry and thrift, and thereby doing something to awaken them to the consciousness of the advantages that follow in the steps of Western culture. But the undertaking came to an untimely end in 1857 with the death of the leader.

Again in 1866 a more pretentious effort was made to plant another colony in the Holy Land, this time at Jaffa. The prime mover at this time was an American gentleman named Adams, the founder of a religious sect called the Church of the Messiah, who in the year mentioned brought over to Palestine a company of one hundred and seventy people. But this enterprise was not more successful than its forerunner. In spite of everything having been done beforehand to ensure success, the scheme did not prosper. The colonists began to lose heart; their expectations were not realised; no help came to them from America, and none from Europe; and in the end the greater part of the colonists were carried home at the expense of the Government.

To return to the German Templars. Up to 1878 there was no falling-off in the influx of immigrants to the colonies of the society. At first the chief difficulties they had to contend against arose out of their position as foreigners on Turkish soil. The Ottoman Government refused to legalise their titles of ownership to their land; and so long as the matter was not definitively settled, they were exposed to the exactions of the nominal native owners, and to the arbitrary demands of the native tax-collectors. But they struggled bravely on, and eventually these difficulties were successfully overcome; although the Turkish authorities still continue to look upon the Templar communities, foreigners as they are both to their government and their creed, with considerable suspicion and mistrust. Their other difficulties were incidental to the land and its geographical situation. The soil of Palestine has been neglected for so long a period of time that it has lost much of the extraordinary fertility for which it was once famous. It has ceased to be 'a land flowing with milk and honey,' and this chiefly through the supineness and ignorance of its inhabitants. Then, again, the Templars had to fight against the disagreeable consequences that necessarily attended a change of climate such as that implied in emigrating from Würtemberg to Palestine. Malarial fevers are common, almost persistent, in most of the Templar colonies, though they do not seem ever to have been of a malignant type, except at Sarona. But even at Sarona a great improvement has been effected in this regard as the years have rolled by. Whereas in the first year there died 8·33 persons in every hundred, the death-rate for the years 1876–80 was only 1·32, and for the years 1881–85, 1·47.

The immigrants are for the most part farmers and handicraftsmen, with a sprinkling of professional men. As a whole, they are not rich, though each family is possessed of some means. They are, generally speaking, simple, honest, industrious folk, straightforward in faith and in conduct. In accordance with the more practical side of their aims, they strive to realise as far as may be the ideal Christian life as laid down in the New Testament. By this means they set a useful example to the Arabs and Jews who dwell around them; and in this way they hope to sow in Palestine the good seeds of European enlightenment and civilisation. These good-hearted Würtembergers are fully alive to the importance of sound education; they maintain good schools, and bestow much attention upon them. Every colony possesses at least one school, modelled on the pattern of the communal schools at home. At Jerusalem they have a lyceum or grammar-school for boys; and at Haifa there did exist for some time a higher school for girls.

During the first years of their settlement in Palestine the organisation of the Templar society was changed more than once. They experienced some difficulty in making the civil headship harmonise with the religious or spiritual headship; and at the end of the tenth year it was found necessary to separate the two functions. In August 1887 the worldly affairs of the Templar communities were rendered more secure against the interference of the Turkish authorities in a very ingenious manner. Under the auspices of the German consular court at Jerusalem an ordinary commercial company was formed, 'The Central Treasury of the Temple of Aberle and Hoffmann,' which was to be conducted by two presidents and a popular council of twelve members, who should meet at least once a year for the transaction of business. Of this company all the members of the Templar communities were enrolled as sleeping partners. But they did not

adopt, as might perhaps be supposed, any communistic form of property; each person retained his economic independence. The device, though admittedly running counter to the spirit of the Templar society, was resorted to simply for the purpose of safeguarding their position as foreign colonists in a land under the rule of Turkey. By putting themselves under the protection of their own consul, in the character of a commercial or trading company, they became exempt in many respects from the jurisdiction and vexatious interference of the Turkish officials.

Since 1878 the colony at Jerusalem, consisting principally of artisans, has taken the first place amongst the Templar communities in Palestine. It is to these German aliens that the holy city owes the industrial activity which has lately begun to manifest itself within her walls. As already remarked, the colony at Sarona is a purely agricultural settlement; that at Jaffa has attracted most of the professional men among the colonists; the people settled at Haifa are for the most part vine-growers, agriculturists, and handicraftsmen, with a few merchants. The total number of colonists is estimated at thirteen hundred, almost exclusively Germans. Most of them came direct from Würtemberg; a few, however, found their way to Palestine from South Russia and from the United States.

The land belonging to the colony of Haifa extends along the northern foot of Mount Carmel, overlooking the Bay of Acre; it occupies a narrow plain, nearly one thousand paces wide and two and a half miles long, that has squeezed itself in between the mountain and the sea. The surface of the plain ranges for the most part at about ninety feet above the level of the sea, and the land has been cultivated for nearly one thousand feet up the slopes of Carmel. The native town of Haifa, with a population of about six thousand, stands at the eastern extremity of the plain. About a mile distant from it on the west are the houses of the German settlement, where dwell about three hundred people in all. The principal street of the little village stretches up from the shore towards the Mount. It is bordered on each side by a double row of shade-trees, behind which, each in a well-kept garden, stand the houses, built of white stone, one or two stories high, with slate roofs and a text of Scripture in German over the doorway. The lower slopes of Mount Carmel are planted with olives; the higher have been terraced, and are planted with vines. But although the Würtembergers are experienced and capable vine-dressers, as almost every hill-side in their native country abundantly testifies, these colonists at Haifa have not been altogether successful in their attempts at vine-growing, their comparative failure being due to the fact that the vines they first planted were imported from Germany, and were unable to withstand the attacks of mildew.

The German colony was not the first settlement of Europeans in this part of Palestine; for during more than seven hundred years there had existed on Mount Carmel a monastery of Carmelite monks—in fact, their original seat. Nor was the settlement of the Templars unattended with drawbacks and difficulties. They suffered from the opposition of Turkish officials, and not from these only; for the native population greeted the intrusion of the new-comers with the religious and racial antagonism that exists almost everywhere in the Orient between Mohammedan Arabs and Christian Europeans.

Nevertheless, the Templars of Haifa have finally succeeded—if not in winning the cordial good-will of the native population, at all events in disarming their aggressive opposition, open and covert. For Germans and Arabs now carry on commercial and agricultural operations conjointly, and apparently in perfect amity and concord. But the Templars have not been content with merely setting the Arabs and Jews a better and stimulating example; they have actually conferred upon them positive and tangible advantages. At their own expense they have constructed a high-road to Acre, on the other side of the Bay; and a second one, more useful still, across the Plain of Esdraelon to Nazareth, twenty-two miles distant, and have introduced upon them the use of wheeled vehicles. These roads are now regularly used by the natives, who have adopted from their German neighbours their method of carrying produce—namely, on carts and wagons. They have also, under the influence of the same good example, improved their methods of agriculture, and have begun to build stone houses, in imitation of those of the Germans, and to attend to the sanitary condition of their little town. For whereas, before their arrival, the native town was as dirty and as dilapidated as any native town you please in all Palestine, it is now a model of neatness and cleanliness. And in yet other ways the natives have reaped profit from the advent of the Templars. The value of land has increased threefold. The commerce of the little seaport has received a notable impulse. Large quantities of grain and other raw produce from the Hauran and other districts beyond Jordan are brought down to Haifa for export. There is now perfect safety for person and property; whereas, twenty years ago, it was often a very hazardous thing to venture outside the gates of Haifa without an armed escort, not at night-time, but in broad daylight. And all these estimable results the Templars have brought about simply through the sheer force of example; by the strictest honesty and uprightness in their dealings with one another and with the native population; by industry, simplicity of living, and steady good-will.

The Haifa colony seems to be now well started on the way to prosperity. It has mills for grinding corn into flour; it has a manufactory for making olive-oil soap, and another for making useful and ornamental articles from olive-wood. And of all the Templar colonies in Palestine it is undoubtedly the healthiest. The heat, although high, is neither unpleasant nor yet excessive, except when the sirocco happens to blow. The regular winds are pretty constant, and exert on the whole a cooling influence. During the day, a breeze blows in from the sea; whilst at night a breeze blows in the contrary direction, from the land seawards. Malaria does indeed occur, but not very frequently, and always in a mild and innocuous form. It may be added that General Gordon several times visited this Templar colony; and Mr Laurence Oliphant, the well-known author, lived there nearly a year.

The settlement that has suffered most from sickness and the untoward conditions of the climate has been that of Sarona. This colony stands on the alluvial plain of Sharon, which stretches from Jaffa to Mount Carmel, and is situated about one hour's journey from Jaffa, not far from the sea. It is nearly surrounded by a little stream, which during the hot rainless season of summer —lasting from May to September—dries up completely, with the exception of a few pools of stagnant water left here and there in its bed. At first, the colonists who settled at Sarona were severely visited by malarial fevers and dysentery; a very high proportion of the settlers having perished in the first year. But by dint of dogged endurance, and by strenuous labour to improve the sanitary conditions of the place, they have managed greatly to reduce the risks. The death-rate does not at the present time exceed 1·50 per cent. a year. Here, too, the patience and industry of the Templars have converted what was formerly a barren wilderness into a fruitful and beautiful garden.

The colonies of Jaffa and Jerusalem never suffered to anything like the same extent as Sarona, though neither of them is exempt from recurrent attacks of a mild form of malarial fever. The one, however, is situated immediately on the coast, where it can get the benefit of sea-air and the sea-breezes. The other is situated forty or forty-five miles inland, on the water-parting between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean, amongst the mountains of Judæa, at an elevation of two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The colony at Jaffa, as already observed, consists very largely of professional men; that at Jerusalem almost exclusively of artisans and handicraftsmen. Between the two towns the Templars maintain active communication by means of wagons and similar wheeled vehicles; and here again the Arabs and Jews have not been slow to imitate the example that has been put before them.

Thus it would seem that at last something is really being done to dissipate the mists of sloth and ignorance which for so many centuries have hidden the Holy Land from the hand of usefulness, and to give it back that great measure of fertility which it enjoyed in antiquity.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.'

CHAPTER IX.

HOLMES had at first no intention of doing anything in regard to the draft which Mr Clayton had handed to him. He saw clearly that Faune had appropriated the money for himself—a weakness he would have been prone to with five thousand pounds in question—forging his (Holmes's) name to satisfy the banker that the debt had been duly paid. It was not likely Mr Clayton would ever speak of it again, and it would soon pass out of his mind. But on his way westward from the City, Holmes began to feel curious as to the disposal of the proceeds. What had become of the money, that Faune should have been found in those wretched lodgings at the docks, moneyless? He might have been robbed, it was true; or the amount might be lying to his credit in the Anglo-Canadian Bank. And then, if Faune left London on the Sunday, when or how did he pay the cheque into the bank?

The result of these reflections was that Holmes decided to make some inquiries for himself concerning that cheque.

Delaying for some time on the way in the Fleet Street neighbourhood, it was late in the afternoon when Holmes was passing up the Strand. Here he went up to an office on a first floor, and inquiring for a Mr Vizard, found that gentleman, to whom he was evidently known.

'This cheque,' said Holmes, producing the document, 'was cleared through the Anglo-Canadian Bank at Charing Cross. I want you to find out for me by whom the cheque was paid in to that bank, and when, and every other particular about it.—The cheque is genuine,' he added, seeing the detective closely and suspiciously examining it.

'Both signatures on the back, however, were written by the same hand.'

'That is so. Follow the matter up as soon as you can, and let me know the result.'

Mr Vizard glanced at his watch, and promised to do so. Then Holmes went on to his lodgings, where he found the officer Cracroft waiting for him.

'After all, Mr Holmes,' he said, 'the discovery you made this morning leads—so far—to nothing. The paper which it appeared in never entered the house in Grosvenor Square either above or below stairs. It must refer to something else—some other appointment made by Faune.'

Holmes drew a breath of intense relief. This news lifted a load off his mind. Without waiting to hear more—without delaying an instant—he sent a telegram to Mr Clayton requesting him not to speak of the advertisement to his daughter, as it had been found to have no reference to the murder.

Furthermore, Faune's departure from Cadogan Place so early that night could now be accounted for by this engagement.

'If we could find out who it was he met, everything might look very different for Faune,' he remarked with lively interest.

'Perhaps—and perhaps not. We have a darker puzzle than that to deal with, however.'

'What is it?'

'I have discovered the message which brought Margaret Neale to the Park that night.'

'Who sent it?' Holmes demanded with a start. The critical point of the case was touched at last.

'We have to find that out yet. But that I have found the message is beyond all doubt. I can't help feeling a bit excited about it myself,' said the officer with a smile, 'not knowing what new surprise it may lead to. As I have said, the advertisement discovered this morning probably referred to an appointment of another connection'——

'Let me interrupt you a moment, Cracroft. That appointment, whatever it was, would account satisfactorily for an act that has pressed heavily against Faune—I mean his early departure from Mr Clayton's house that night. The appointment was for half-past nine. I shall put this information into Crudie's hands.'

'Very well,' said Cracroft. 'But did Faune make any excuse, when leaving Mr Clayton's, about having an appointment to keep? If so, we have not heard of it. And is it not probable he has already told his solicitor? Crudie, we know, has as yet said nothing about it—which looks suspicious. But tell him all about it, and see what he will say.'

'You still hold to the belief that Faune was the murderer?'

'I have not the smallest doubt about it. Only, there will be some vital points to clear up. He sent the fatal message to Margaret Neale; she found it awaiting her when she returned to the house after the concert that Saturday afternoon. What do you say to that?'

The solemn emphasis with which the officer made his statement—the apparent certainty of his facts—made a deep impression on Holmes.

'It was your own idea, Mr Holmes, of the vehicle of communication used in the case which led me to what I discovered. I felt so convinced, when I left you in Mount Street, that I had then the all-important clue in my hand, that I only went to Grosvenor Square to be satisfied that the *Intelligence* was one of the morning papers taken in—for this would be an important corroborative fact. To my great disappointment, I learned that the paper was never taken in, even among the servants. I confess I was a bit staggered, although the presumption still remained that she might have seen it elsewhere. I was on the point of leaving, when it occurred to me to ask to see the room which Miss Neale had occupied. It had been kept locked since the murder, by Lady Southfort's orders, and the butler carried the key in his pocket. It was evident the orders were strictly obeyed, for I noted the position of certain articles to be exactly as they were left when I was last in the room. I don't know exactly what I was looking for, but I have sometimes found that in examining things in this aimless way, you stumble by chance upon evidence of the greatest value. This happened to me in Somersby's case; you remember how'——

'Yes, yes!—Never mind now, Cracroft.—Well?'

'Well—opening and closing, in an abstracted way—for I was busily thinking what was best to do in the matter of the advertisement—one after another of a chest of drawers, my interest was at once arrested by a loosely-folded newspaper lying in one of the top drawers. From the form of the fold and other marks, it had evidently come through the post-office. You could perceive as much without moving it. But I found along with the paper the wrapper in which it had been posted; a fragment adhered to the paper, and exactly corresponded with the remainder. An old newspaper is generally not an object of suspicion in such a place, and I must have seen it when I was there before; but after what took place this morning, Mr Holmes, I made a point of examining it. Now, note this, in connection with what I shall tell you presently: the wrapper was addressed, in a fine feminine hand, to "Miss Neale, care of Countess Southfort, Grosvenor Square, London"—and bore the W.C. postmark of the 10th of June. Opening out the paper (it was the *Standard* of the 9th of June), a heavy blue-pencil mark against a notice at the top of the second column at once caught my eye. Here,' said the officer, handing Holmes a slip of paper, 'is a copy of the notice.'

Frank Holmes, literally holding his breath, read the following:

'Margaret V——. I have come back, and cannot find you. If this reaches your eye, and you are in London, I will wait this evening, and Saturday, Sunday, Monday, at the old trysting-place (Fountain) from 9 to 10. If in the country, send answer to me in this column.—Ju.'

'And this advertisement,' said Holmes abstractedly—for there was one expression in it which struck him, and which the officer did not appear to notice—'appeared in the *Standard* of the 9th of June, the day preceding the murder?'

'In the *Standard* of the 9th of June. The newspaper was posted the morning of the 10th of June. Margaret Neale had not come to the place of appointment on the night of the 9th, and therefore had certainly not seen the advertisement. The paper was consequently posted to her on Saturday morning, and in all probability she found it on the hall table on her return from the concert at Grosvenor House. Does not this seem clear enough? She picked it off the table as she came in, and took it with her up to her room. The rest is obvious enough; the poor girl would be careful to keep her business a secret from the household.'

'But if Faune—assuming him the author of the message—knew her address, why did he not send his message to her direct at once?'

'Of course, to avoid detection.'

'Margaret Neale, again, might have been struck by the fact of the paper being sent to her.'

'Yes—if the poor thing had aught to suspect, or to fear. The probabilities are a thousand to one that when she opened the paper and read the husband's message, she became oblivious to all else—so absorbed in the thought of meeting him again that she forgot all about the odd way the message came to her. Under such circumstances, Holmes, the excited and innocent wife would have no memory for anything, no consciousness of anything but seeing her husband once more.'

'I believe that is all true, Cracroft,' said Holmes with a sigh. 'Poor girl'—— He was thinking of the exquisite sweetness of her singing that fatal day in Grosvenor House, and the surprise of her modest eyes and gentle face at the applause. How pathetic and pitiful the recollection was now!

'And now comes the perplexing part of the affair,' continued the officer, with a look of vexation. 'I lost no time in obtaining the original copy of the advertisement. What do you think? It was handed in by a lady (about whom the clerk who took it remembers nothing except that she was well dressed like any other lady!), and is in the same feminine hand as the address on the wrapper. Of course the name and address with which the copy purported to be authenticated turn out to have been fictitious—there is no doubt on that head.'

'Which leaves only two theories,' observed Holmes: 'either the murder was the act of some other person, or the lady was Faune's agent. I think you have a case to work up still, Cracroft.'

'I'm afraid so. The question is—who was the agent?'

'It might be as well to keep your mind open both ways,' said Holmes. 'Keep your information out of the newspapers; there are a thousand well-dressed women who would act as agents in a business so seemingly harmless, for a trifling remuneration. But it is just possible, Cracroft, that you are prejudiced by the strong presumption against the prisoner, and by continuing so you are shutting out the light on one side of you.'

Cracroft soon afterwards went away. Then Frank Holmes began to pace up and down the room, getting a clear grasp of his position in relation to this case. It was a painful position, from any point of view. His personal feeling towards Faune was one of intense abhorrence. The man had shown himself so utterly destitute of principle as to shock his former friend's belief in human nature. Holmes had found a sediment of good even in the lowest strata; but there seemed to be none—none at all—in this unhappy creature. So far for personal feeling. Then there was his promise to Miss Clayton. Had ever man such a cruel task imposed upon him before? Faune had worked his spells upon her before she was driven to despise him; but the spell was upon her still, a cruel bondage, and the cry that she made to Holmes for his help to save the unworthy being from a disgraceful fate went into his heart like a dagger. He could not refuse her—he loved her too passionately. If Mary Clayton were ready to take to her pure bosom the shamed head of the acquitted felon, the task undertaken by Frank Holmes could scarce have been harder.

But now that he had put his hand to it, he looked at it without flinching. There was a point, of course, beyond which he could not go—beyond which Miss Clayton would not expect him to go. The moment it became clear to his conscience that Faune was guilty of the cruel murder of that poor girl, that moment Holmes would abandon the man's cause. It had not come yet, though it seemed to be drawing very near. But it had not come; and until it did, he would keep his promise.

When reading the fatal message that had lured Margaret Neale to her fate, Holmes noted the date: it was Friday the 9th of June. She was invited to meet her murderer that night—and had not done so. The murderer would certainly have been at the Fountain, waiting for her. Now, if Faune had spent that evening as usual at Cadogan Place, could he have made the appointment in the Park?

THE MACARONI AND HIS KIND.

'It is conceivable,' says George Eliot, 'that a man may have concentrated no less will and expectation on his wristbands, gaiters, and the shape of his hat-brim, or an appearance which impresses you as that of the modern "swell," than the Ojibbeway on an ornamentation which seems to us much more elaborate.' When *Theophrastus Such* was written, the 'Masher' had not yet appeared; but Dandy, Swell, and Masher, the three chief species of the genus 'fop' which this century has produced, have all, as Carlyle put it, made their trade, office, and existence consist in the wearing of clothes. The leading varieties of the Swell of the last century, in addition to their attention to dress, were distinguished by their want of manners and their love of noise, two characteristics which often developed into riotousness and downright insolence.

To the 'Roaring Boys' succeeded the Mohocks of Queen Anne's time, of whose outrageous proceedings many tales are told. They were known by a variety of names, according to the nature of their operations. The 'Dancing-masters' made their victims caper by running their swords through their legs; the 'Sweaters' surrounded unlucky passers-by, and with drawn swords prodded them whichever way they offered to go; the 'Tumblers' stood people on their heads, or put helpless old women in barrels and rolled them down the streets. More innocent in their diversions were the 'Nickers,' who, when inflamed with drink, would sally out to break windows with halfpence. As Gay, in his *Trivia*, put it:

> His scattered pence the flying Nicker flings,
> And with the copper shower the casement rings.
> Who has not heard the Scourer's midnight fame?
> Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?

Quiet people were much alarmed by these riotous doings; and the letters of the time testify to the fear with which sober citizens regarded the idea of being in the streets at anything like a late hour in the evening.

The quieter beaux were known as 'Smarts,' who were more devoted to dress than to noise and riot. The name was in vogue from Steele's time to nearly the end of the century. The 'Pretty Fellows' were a still more effeminate race. They spent hours at their toilet, and delighted in the feminine accomplishments of sewing and knitting and the then fashionable work known as knotting. Garrick ridiculed them on the stage, and they were bitterly satirised in a pamphlet called 'The Pretty Gentleman,' printed in 1747. The following is given therein as a specimen of their style of correspondence; it will be observed that spelling was not their strong point: 'Lord Molliculo's Compliments to Sir Roley Tenellus—hopes did not ketch Cold last Night when he went from th' Oppera—shall be proud of his Cumpany at Cards nex Wensday sennit, to meet Lady Betty, and begs will not fail.'

To the Mohocks and their kind succeeded, about the middle of the century, the race of Bucks and Bloods. Their doings are to be found in the pages of the periodical essayists and newswriters of the time. In coffee-houses they disturbed the conversation of the company by whistling, swearing, loud affected talk, and the recital of their amorous and other adventures, past and prospective. In private society, to rudely interrupt quiet talk, to snatch paper or book from the hands of an unoffending reader, generally to disgust decent people—these were the manners and customs of

the Buck. To break street lamps, to assault the watch, to disturb public assemblies, were all signs of the true Blood and man of spirit.

About 1760 appeared the 'Macaroni.' The term at first was applied to the members of the Macaroni Club, which consisted of travelled young men — Italianated Englishmen, Roger Ascham would have called them—who, with many foreign affectations, brought back from their wanderings one useful novelty in the shape of Italian macaroni, which they introduced at Almack's, and from which they took their name. The word was soon in general use as an equivalent for fop or exquisite. The true Macaronies had two great passions—love of dress and love of gambling. At Almack's, or Brooks's, as it was soon called, play was very high. Ten thousand pounds in gold and notes was often to be seen on the table, and five thousand was sometimes staked on a single card. But hazard was the favourite amusement, and very large sums constantly depended on the throw of the dice. Many of the gamblers were naturally in a chronic state of debt. They borrowed from one another; they were often deep in the books of the accommodating Mr Brooks; and, as might be expected, they had no small dealings with the Hebrews:

> But hark! the voice of battle shouts from far;
> The Jews and Macaronies are at war.

When they sat down to the serious business of hazard, the players laid aside their grand clothes and put on frieze greatcoats, sometimes turned inside out for luck; and to protect their carefully arranged hair, and to guard their eyes from the light, they wore, says Walpole, high-crowned hats with broad brims and adorned with flowers and ribbons. This was ludicrous enough; but their ordinary attire was sufficiently ridiculous. They wore absurdly small cocked-hats, large pigtails, and very tight-fitting clothes of striped colours, and carried very long walking-sticks ornamented with tassels. Walpole alludes to their long curls and spying-glasses. In some respects they seem to have been the forerunners of the dandies who were known a few years ago as the 'Crutch and Toothpick Brigade.' The Macaroni wore an eye-glass and rejoiced in a toothpick, while in the place of a crutchstick he flourished his long tasselled staff. Burgoyne, in his play *The Maid of the Oaks* (1774), alludes to the Macaronies 'whistling a song through their toothpicks.' The following lines by J. West, published in 1787, give a curious picture of one of these dandies on horseback:

> In Hyde Park I met a hump-backed Macarony,
> Who was pleased I should see how he managed his pony.
> The Cockney was drest in true blue and in buff,
> In buckskin elastic, but all in the rough;
> He wore patent spurs on his boots, with light soles,
> And buttons as big as some halfpenny rolls;
> His hair out of curl, with a tail like a rat,
> And sideways he clapt on his head a round hat;
> His cravat was tied up in a monstrous large bunch,
> No wonder the ladies should smile at his hunch.

The Macaronies were fond of velvet suits, which were frequently bought in Paris, and, like many other heavily-taxed articles, smuggled over to England from Calais or Boulogne for a consideration by small ship-owners who made dealing in contraband goods their chief occupation. If they brought their Paris purchases home with them, the dandies were obliged to clothe themselves in all their gorgeous apparel when leaving France, in order to save it from the clutches of the Custom-house officials. The Right Hon. Thomas Townshend chronicles in 1764 how Mr Rigby saved one fine suit by wearing it when he landed; and how Mr Elliot in the same way saved a coat and waistcoat, but not having similarly protected his new breeches, saw them seized and burned. 'I could not help blushing,' says the Earl of Tyrone in another letter, 'at the ridiculous figure we made in our fine clothes. You must wear your gold, for not even a button will be admitted.'

Paris was then the constant resort of fashionable Englishmen, and every aristocratic traveller arrived in the French capital laden with commissions given him by friends at home for the purchase of clothes, silks and satins, nicknacks of all kinds, and occasionally of heavier goods, such as cabinets and carriages. The Hon. Henry St John, in one letter to Selwyn at Paris, asks him to buy on his behalf books to the value of thirty pounds, a set of engravings after Vernet's views of seaports, an enamelled watch, and half-a-dozen teacups. In another letter, Viscount Bolingbroke requests Selwyn to procure for him a velvet suit of a small pattern, which was then the fashion amongst the Macaronies at Almack's: but, says the noble fop, the tailor must make the clothes bigger than usual with the Macaronies, because his lordship's shoulders have lately grown very broad. As to the smallness of the sleeves and length of the waist, he says: 'Lord B. desires them to be *outré*, that he may exceed any Macaronies now about town, and become the object of their envy.' A noble ambition truly!

The fascinating Topham Beauclerk, dandy, wit, and good fellow, was another of the Macaroni circle. He was equally at home among the featherheaded exquisites and worshippers of hazard in King Street, St James's, and among the men of light and leading of the Literary Club, who gathered round Dr Johnson in less fashionable quarters of the town. It was Beauclerk who, when the doctor got his pension, told him in Falstaffian phrase that he hoped he would purge and live cleanly like a gentleman. Johnson had a great admiration and liking for his lively companion. 'Everything comes from Beauclerk so easily,' he said, 'that it appears to me that I labour when I say a good thing.' Miss Anne Pitt, the sister of the great Lord Chatham, was stepping out of her chaise one day, with Topham's assistance, when she fell and sprained her leg; whereupon she declared that never for the future would she trust to the shoulder of a Macaroni. The nature of the fashionable attire would hardly be conducive to readiness or agility of movement.

From about 1770 to 1775 the most noteworthy member of the Macaroni Club was Charles James Fox, then a very young man, making his mark in the House of Commons as an able speaker and debater. In every folly, in prodigal expenditure, and in excess of all kinds he was foremost. Gambling was a passion with him from a very early age. When staying at Spa as a boy with his father, Lord Holland, he was accustomed to receive from his too indulgent parent a few guineas each evening, with which to tempt fortune at the public gaming-tables. The habit thus formed

became a master-passion; and as a natural result, Fox was always deeply in debt and often in want of a guinea. He used to call his waiting-room, where the tribe of money-lenders besieged him, his Jerusalem Chamber. As a Macaroni at the time mentioned he led the fashion, and was, as Lady Percy says of her husband, Harry Hotspur, 'the glass wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.' A contemporary versifier says:

> He 's exceedingly curious in coats and in frocks,
> So the tailor 's a pigeon to this Mr Fox.

Another feature of the Macaroni, besides his passion for dress and love of play, was his supercilious rudeness. In Henry Mackenzie's *Mirror*, published in Edinburgh in 1780, there is a very unflattering account of the visit of a Macaroni member of parliament to a quiet country gentleman. In dress and figure the visitor, Sir Bobby Button, is described as resembling a monkey of a larger size. Immediately upon his arrival Sir Bobby asserts his pretensions to taste and fashionable breeding by attacking his host on the bad style of his house and everything about it. He suggests the cutting down of hedges and trees, the enlarging of windows and other alterations, with an impertinent volubility that completely silences his would-be entertainer; and when the daughter of the house appears, he talks 'as if London were one great seraglio, and he himself the mighty master of it.' Sir Bobby regards attendance upon the House of Commons as a bore, and expresses the greatest contempt for his constituents—the savages—for whom he has to keep open house during some months of the summer. The portrait may be a little highly coloured; but there can be no doubt that the Macaronies were often but little inferior in rudeness and overbearing behaviour to the Bucks and Bloods of earlier days.

These qualities when displayed in public places sometimes led to disturbances of the peace. The Macaronies frequented the masquerades, which were then much in vogue, especially those held at Mrs Cornely's, whose house at the corner of Sutton Street, Soho Square, was a favourite resort; and, like the rest of the fashionable world, they were in constant attendance at Vauxhall and Ranelagh. These famous gardens were then in their prime, and thither all the world went to eat and drink and play many strange pranks. The reader will remember Horace Walpole's account of the fashionable party with whom, on one occasion, he visited Vauxhall, when one of his friends, a lady of title, minced seven chickens in a china dish, and publicly prepared the dish for supper before the eyes of a crowd of admiring onlookers. A pamphlet entitled 'The Vauxhall Affray, or Macaronies defeated,' was published in 1773. It chronicles a disturbance provoked by the tipsy insolence of the exquisites. The well-known George Robert Fitzgerald, often called 'Fighting Fitzgerald,' was at Vauxhall in company with the Hon. Thomas Lyttleton, a Captain Croftes, and several others, all partially intoxicated, when they behaved with great rudeness towards Mrs Hartley the actress, who was accompanied by her husband the Rev. Henry Bate, of the *Morning Post*, and others. The reverend gentleman championed the lady and struck the captain. This was followed, as usual in those days, by an exchange of cards, and an arrangement for a meeting the next morning. This interview, however, was of a pacific nature; and the parson and Captain Croftes had arrived at a satisfactory understanding, when in came that ardent duellist, 'Fighting Fitzgerald,' to demand satisfaction on behalf of another captain, named Miles, who considered himself to have been insulted on the previous evening. The clergyman hesitated, fearing to bring disgrace upon his cloth; but on a taunt of cowardice from the aggrieved soldier, he hesitated no longer, but offered to fight him on the spot. A ring was formed; and it is satisfactory to be able to add that the Macaroni captain received a very sound thrashing.

The Macaronies gave their name to a magazine, now very scarce, which was almost as short-lived as their own absurd costume. In 1772 was published 'The Macaroni and Theatrical Magazine, or Monthly Register of the Fashions and Diversions of the Times.' It changed its name the following year to the 'Macaroni, Scavoir Vivre, and Theatrical Magazine;' but shortly after ceased to appear.

The Macaronies did not retain their appellation for very many years. Fashions changed and new names were invented. The species was pretty well extinct by the end of the century: in 1805 George Barrington writes in the *New London Spy* of 'the present degenerate race of Macaronies, who appear to be of a spurious puny breed;' and about 1815 there was published at Bath a poetical pamphlet, probably by Thomas Haynes Bayly, on 'Bath Dandies of the Present and the Macaronies of the Past.' To them succeeded the Corinthians, whose sayings and doings are recorded in those books of Pierce Egan which were the delight of the youthful Thackeray; the Dandies, so belaboured in *Sartor Resartus;* the Swells, with their ample cuffs turned back over their coat sleeves, of whom Count d'Orsay was the type and model; the Counts, the Toffs, the Johnnies, the Chappies, the Mashers, and, latest of importations from America, the solemn, emotionless, faultlessly attired Dudes.

OLD LYON'S INN:

A LAWYER'S TALE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP I.

Some twenty-five years ago—for it is close upon a quarter of a century since it was demolished—there stood within sound of the dreamy chimes of St Clement Danes an ancient inn of Chancery. A more silent, haunted-looking inn, so near to the noisiest thoroughfare in London, was never known; at least, so thought I, while seated by the fire in my rooms one gusty autumn evening.

It was never denied by any one—any one, be it understood, who ever walked through Lyon's Inn—that it must have been an abode of disembodied lawyers. Even by daylight, strange shadows flitted about the dwarfish doorways, and fled up the spiral staircases into the low-pitched upper stories, with their small bay windows looking out upon Booksellers' Row, like the windows in the stern of an old ship. Below these windows there was an entrance to the inn,

and there was another approach through a dismal alley known as Horne Court, where a corner-post, carved with a lion's head and paws, had bravely supported the mouldering brickwork for some four hundred and fifty years. Nearly three centuries ago, Lyon's Inn was spoken of as 'a guest inn or hostelry, held at the sign of the Lyon, and purchased by gentlemen, professors, and students in the law, and converted into an inn of Chancery.' It has also been described as a 'nursery of lawyers'—the nursery too often, it is to be feared, of lawyers in their second childhood; for there are many quaint stories told about the aged men of the law who dwelt in this weird retreat. One of these was heard to say that he was born there, and that there he should wish to die; and another, in his dingy garret, took such strange delight in his window-gardens that he never sighed for bowers, fresh fields, or 'pastures new;' but he lived there to a great age 'in measureless content.'

In the courtyard below my windows, on this particular autumn evening, the rustling of the fallen leaves broke the silence of this sombre old place; for in those days there were still a few trees alive in Lyon's Inn. The wind, sweeping round the old sun-dial, as it sounded to me, was driving these leaves into nooks and corners and up the open staircase into the dark landings and passages above. How well I remember the sun-dial, that symbolic adjunct to an old inn of Chancery! It was sadly out of repair: its gnomon was gone—as if to express contempt for the flight of time—and its figures were going fast.

The rooms which I occupied were cosy enough with their dark-panelled walls and oaken furniture. The curtains were drawn across the windows, and the shaded lamp described a limited circle of bright light upon the table. On the other side of the hearth opposite to my chimney corner was a vacant arm-chair, antique and comfortable. I can distinctly recollect, while staring at that chair, that I became exceedingly drowsy, for I was worn out after an exceptionally hard day's work; and between sleeping and waking—as I fancied—the rustling of the withered leaves sounded like footsteps crossing the old courtyard.

I began to dream; and from thinking of the footsteps, I suppose, my dream took this outward form. It appeared to me that I opened my eyes and saw a stranger seated opposite. He was a tall lean man, and his face was very thin and pale. His dark eyes and black beard may perhaps have made this pallor all the more remarkable. He held a letter nervously, first in one hand and then in the other. His whole manner expressed agitation; his restless fingers tugged now at his beard and now at the shabby coat-collar almost without ceasing. He had the appearance of a broken-down gentleman—broken down through mental suffering. Suddenly meeting my glance, a confused expression crossed his face. He got up, and held the letter towards me without uttering a word. I took it from him as one might do in one's sleep, but without feeling it; and as my lips moved to question him, he vanished.

When I awoke, I found my lamp fluttering dimly, as if a current of air had caught the flame: it flared up feebly and went out. But the fire was still burning, at least with sufficient brightness to throw an uncertain light round the room. My first thought was about my dream; and I looked instinctively towards the arm-chair. It was empty.

I listened. No sound reached me except the rustling of those dead leaves outside; and again they seemed to me like footsteps hurrying away through the open staircase and across the courtyard. I sprang to my feet, drew back the curtain, and looked out. The court was in darkness; only at the gateway beyond a few straggling rays of light, from some flickering street-lamp, seemed to me contending for entrance with the opposing shadows outside. I saw no one. Lighting a candle, which stood on the mantel-shelf, I walked through my rooms, passing into every corner. So vivid an impression had this dream made upon me that I could not at once shake off the feeling that I had actually received a visit from a pale-faced man. I even went into the little hall, opened the outer door, and glanced up and down the landing. No one was there that I could see. I turned to re-enter my chambers, and as I turned, the wind blew out my light.

Groping my way back to my sitting-room, and thinking to myself that I must indeed have been overworking my brain of late, I knelt upon the hearth-rug to relight the candle. But as I was bending down something caught my attention—something that set my heart beating loudly. A strange-looking letter was lying upon the floor close to my arm-chair. It was surely no dream this time; there it lay, with the fitful flames from the fire playing upon it, as if in silent ironical laughter at my surprise. An odd thought crossed my mind; I fancied that if I stretched out my hand to grasp this letter, it would disappear. I hesitated—glanced round the room—and again looked at it. There it was still, with the flicker of the fire upon it as before.

The candle was soon relighted, and I was holding up the letter and scrutinising it on both sides. It had a very autumnal appearance; for it was yellow with age, and begrimed with a dust that was not to be shaken off. Had it been blown in like a dead leaf from the courtyard below? On one side was a large red seal, that had upon it the impression of a lion's head. On the other side, written in a bold hand, was an address. But the ink was so faded, and the writing in consequence so difficult to decipher, that I puzzled over it despairingly for some minutes. It then appeared to read as follows: 'Miss Poining, 31A Dean Street, Soho.' I am not superstitious. Never at any moment of my life, unless it was now, have I believed in the supernatural. And yet—I must confess it—when I placed that letter in my iron safe and locked it up, I never expected to find it there next morning.

Speculations as to who 'Miss Poining' was—whether alive or dead—kept me awake the greater part of the night. Was she young and beautiful? The antique appearance of the letter chased away a vision of bright eyes. I was a bachelor in those days—twenty-eight or thirty, at the most; but I saw no prospect, though the

thought naturally crossed my mind, of finding a suitable partner for life in Miss Poining, of Dean Street, Soho.

An important case in the law-court, a case which demanded my undivided attention, compelled me to dismiss this incident from my thoughts, until evening again came, and I was once more seated at the fireside. It then recurred to me with all its former vividness and force. The letter, which had *not* taken flight, was again undergoing the most severe examination. 'What shall I do with it?' This was the question I asked myself over and over again. An impulse suddenly seized me; I resolved to clear up this mystery, if the thing were possible. Soho was only a short walk from Lyon's Inn. I would go there and inquire if such a person as Miss Poining lived, or had lived, in Dean Street, at No. 31A.

I hurried along through dingy courts and dark alleys; for not a street in the neighbourhood of Seven Dials, which lay in my way, had been pulled down twenty-five years ago. I soon reached Dean Street, and stopped before a small old-fashioned house with steps leading up to the front-door and a square canopy overhead of carved oak. I grasped the knocker, which I noticed was an iron fist, gave a bold 'rat-tat,' and waited the result with blank expectation.

A neat little maid-servant presently answered the summons.

'Does Miss Poining live here?'

The girl replied unhesitatingly, 'Yes.'

'Is Miss Poining at home?'

'Yes, sir.—What name, if you please?'

'Mr Robert West.' And I handed the servant my card.

An oil-lamp hung from the hall ceiling, dimly lighting the dark oaken staircase. I followed the servant up the narrow flight to a drawing-room floor; and I presently found myself in a quaintly furnished room, where the curtains were closely drawn, and everything had a very snug appearance. An elderly lady with a pinched face sat near the hearth wrapped in a white woollen shawl. She looked up with a slight shiver when the door was opened; and something in the expression, like a passing shadow, reminded me of the face in my dream.

'Mr Robert West?'—she was studying my card with a troubled look—'of Lyon's Inn?'

I bowed acquiescently.

'Pray, be seated.' And when I had taken a seat opposite to her, she added in a formal tone: 'I don't remember the name. To what may I attribute the honour of this visit?'

'A matter of business, Miss Poining.—Have I the pleasure of addressing that lady?'

She inclined her head stiffly.

'A matter of business—I can give it no other name—brings me here,' said I. 'A letter has come into my possession—was, in fact, left in my rooms in Lyon's Inn last evening: and it is addressed to Miss Poining, Dean Street, Soho.'

'Left at Lyon's Inn?' repeated Miss Poining in a low agitated voice, with her eyes bent upon the fire, 'and addressed to me?'

Taking the letter from my breast-pocket, I got up and held it towards the old lady. She looked round quickly, glanced at my hand and then at me. 'Is *that* the letter?'

'Yes. It was delivered yesterday evening, Miss Poining, dusty and discoloured as you now see it. The writing is very faded; but the red seal'—— I stopped abruptly; for at this moment the door opened, and a lovely girl—a girl of nineteen or twenty—stepped into the room. She paused at the door with her pretty lips half parted, and a quick inquiring expression filled her large dark eyes. Again the face in my dream—it seemed to recur to me strangely to-night—passed across this girl's face and vanished.

As a busy student in Lyon's Inn, with no romantic surroundings, with nothing but prosaic law-books and bilious-looking deeds to stimulate my imagination, this poetic figure seemed almost like a revelation to me. I had come to this old house in Dean Street, with this mysterious letter of introduction to Miss Poining, simply to satisfy a craving curiosity, without the expectation of finding that she was alive and ready to receive me. It had astonished me in no small degree to discover the old lady, with her pinched and wrinkled face—so young-looking and so alert: nothing under the age of a hundred, by the name of Poining, would have caused me the least surprise. But who was this, I wondered, with these bright eyes and that inquiring glance? I looked from her to Miss Poining, and back again into the girl's face. I began to think that I was still dreaming, and that I should wake up and find myself once more at my fireside in Lyon's Inn, with nothing but the vision of this beautiful creature, lingering in my memory, in that haunted old place where such beings are never seen.

'Hester, my dear,' said the old lady, with a wave of her hand, 'this is Mr Robert West of Lyon's Inn.—Miss Gretworth.'

Hester Gretworth regarded me, as I thought, with an expression of actual dread. Did she suspect me of being disembodied?

'Lyon's Inn?' She appeared more troubled than Miss Poining at the mention of my address.

Miss Poining hastened to explain. 'Mr West has brought that letter, left at his rooms, and addressed to me.' Then she added: 'Will you take it to the lamp, my dear, and look at the handwriting?'

The girl's agitation increased; it was painful to witness. After examining for a moment the dingy superscription which had so puzzled me, she said in a tearful voice: 'It is his, aunt; it is Reginald's!'

Miss Poining hastened to adjust her spectacles with trembling fingers. She spoke somewhat sternly: 'Break the seal, my dear, and give me the letter.'

The girl instantly obeyed, and then placed the lamp on the table beside Miss Poining.

The old lady turned to me as she took the open letter in her hand: 'Pray, be seated, Mr West,' for I had been standing since Miss Gretworth entered the room; 'and you too, my dear. You make me nervous.'

Every detail of that distressful moment—every shade of expression on Miss Poining's face and on Hester Gretworth's too, as she sat down between us with hands tightly clasped—comes back to me

now. The letter was not a long one—three pages of not very closely written matter; but it appeared to take a long time to read; at least the minutes seemed to me like hours. The old clock on the mantel-shelf, whose 'tick-tack' had not until now caught my ear, filled the room with its loud vibrations. I began to wonder that the noise did not awaken the white Persian cat which was lying curled up on the hearth-rug at the old lady's feet.

Hester Gretworth never took her troubled eyes off Miss Poining's stern face. It was a painful study. Miss Poining's spectacles had to be taken off and wiped more than once during the reading, and each time that she removed them I noticed tears upon her wrinkled cheeks.

At last the letter was read and slowly folded; and while Miss Poining was folding it, I remember thinking the expression in her fingers suggested a struggle with her worse nature. I expected every moment to see her tear the letter to atoms and fling it into the fire. Perhaps the same thought crossed Hester Gretworth's mind; for she now rose and took the letter gently from her aunt and quickly refolded it; she seemed to dread even to give a glance at the writing.

'May I ask,' said Miss Poining, suddenly looking towards me, 'who left that letter at Lyon's Inn?'

I knew not how to answer. I had asked myself this very question more than a hundred times within the last four-and-twenty hours; and so little had I anticipated finding the person in Dean Street to whom this letter was addressed, that it had never entered into my head to prepare even a plausible explanation about the affair beforehand. That Miss Poining noticed my hesitation, and that Hester Gretworth's eyes were fixed searchingly upon my face, did not mend matters; for the first time in my life I knew what it was to feel utterly embarrassed. All that I could do—with those bright eyes persistently bent upon me—was to stammer out in a disjointed sentence: 'I do not know; I found it there.'

'In your letter-box?' said Miss Poining.

'No. I fell asleep last evening in my arm-chair; I had over-fatigued myself in the law-courts; and when I woke up the letter was lying on the rug near my chair.'

Miss Poining stared at me in blank surprise. 'Indeed?' Her tone was studiously polite, but devoid of credulity.

'I had a vivid impression'—the courage to call it a dream had deserted me—'a very vivid impression in my sleep that I saw some one—a young man with a pale face and dark eyes—seated opposite to me; some one who handed me a letter and disappeared. That is the only explanation,' I added, 'that I have to offer you. I have puzzled my brain'——

'Perhaps,' interrupted Miss Poining with suppressed emotion, 'perhaps you would know the face again—the face of the young man, I mean, who gave you that letter. Do you think you would, Mr West, if you were to see it now?'

The tone in which Miss Poining spoke was somewhat startling. Was it in her power to solve this mystery? For a moment I felt completely unnerved; the incident of the preceding night had filled my mind with all sorts of odd fancies, and I was almost prepared, at a word from this lady, to see the pale-faced man appear, as he had done at Lyon's Inn, and confront me in her presence. I answered with as much assurance as I could muster: 'I should know it again; I am sure of that.'

The old lady instantly glanced at her niece. 'Hester,' said she, pointing towards a recess, 'let Mr West see his face.'

The girl crossed the room and lifted a heavy curtain. I could not suppress a slight exclamation. A pale young man with a short black beard looked out upon me. I recognised him at once; and yet there was no trace of restlessness in the fine dark eyes, no shade of mental suffering about the brow. Such expressions gathered there out of my own imagining while I gazed at the portrait.

'It is the face,' said I, 'the face in my dream.'

UNREST.

The rose that is perfect to-day is blown overfull to-morrow;
Life is nothing but change, and change is nothing but sorrow.

The world sways back and forth, a measureless vast machine,
High and low, and ever bringing back what has been.

The days that dawn and die, the moons that wax and wane,
The seasons that freeze and burn, the grain and the crop and the grain,

Are symbols of change unchanging, of cycles whirling by,
The living aping the dead, and ripe in their turn to die.

Could we clear our eyes to gaze, we should see to the verge of time
The long dead level of death and life and love and crime,

Torn and tossed by passion, and ridged and quarried with graves
As the changeless level of ocean is broken by tides and waves.

Where shall our feet find rest? Or is there a rest to find?
Is rest a dreamy delusion shaped by a restless mind?

A rainbow arching our sky, looked on but never possest?
Our feet must stumble on, while our hearts cry out for rest.

The world sways back and forth, suns kindle and flash and die,
Our stars arise and set till the dawn of eternity.

M. Falconer.

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A MORNING WALK IN BANGKOK.

There had been a heavy fall of rain the night before, and when we awakened at six o'clock in the morning it was delightfully cool; and everything smelt so fresh and pleasant that we were vividly reminded of those clear crisp summer mornings in England that betoken a warm day. In two minutes we had donned the European tropical dress of a thin white jacket and trousers, and taking a peep at the thermometer on the wall, which marked eighty-three degrees Fahrenheit, we strolled out, thankful that the scorching hot days of April were over, and that the first few showers of the rainy season were rapidly cooling the oven-like atmosphere. The air was filled with innumerable noises—the trilling of birds, the guttural cawing of rooks, the crowing of cocks, the barking of dogs, and the indistinct humming and buzzing of myriads of invisible creatures. A sweet perfume was wafted from the flowering shrubs of the Consulate grounds, and all Nature was joyous and full of life. Even the wretched prisoners in their dress stamped with the arrowhead of infamy, who were busily sweeping out the walks under the superintendence of our native warder, armed with a huge baton, seemed to have less dejected looks than usual.

Passing out under the shadow of the Lion and the Unicorn, which here, in Siam, establishes law for its own British subjects, where all else is lawless, we emerged upon the New Road of Bangkok, built some years ago, and extending from the city wall to a distance of three or four miles along the river. A strange scene presents itself to view. So many foreign objects and curious figures press themselves upon the attention that it is difficult at first to grasp details, and one stands gazing upon the passing tide of human beings as upon a vast panorama, moving but unreal, which will presently vanish, leaving the astonished spectator in wide-awake matter-of-fact England again. The thick red dust has been laid by the previous night's rain, so that the foot-passengers glide along noiselessly; and even the dingy 'buses,' drawn by a couple of scraggy woe-begone nags, whose harness is a compound of broken straps, old strings, and ropes, presided over by a dirty jehu in a ragged cinglet and wide Chinese trousers, rumble forward with a subdued sound. Wretched dirty 'jinrickshas,' patched and repaired to the last stage of decomposition, pulled by a Chinaman of herculean breast, and calves whom 'Jeames' might well envy, and loaded by a couple of his fat smiling countrymen, are whirling along, creaking and groaning to such an extent that it is a merciful interposition of Providence that the whole affair does not completely collapse, and land the placid smiling Chinamen in the ditch.

The latest witness to European enterprise and energy in this distant corner of the globe is the tramway, which traverses the entire road, and penetrates to the heart of the city. It has only been running a few months, but its success is already assured, as it found immediate favour with the lazy natives, who will ride instead of walk as long as they possess a cent in the world. The brand-new tramcars sweep along at a rapid rate, to the tinkling of little bells, and the continual tootling of a horn blown by a proud youngster in all the glory of a gaudy-coloured sash and a smart red cap. There is no outside to these trams; but the inside is crammed with a host of more or less unclothed natives, while they cluster like bees round the steps and beside the driver. For the use of Europeans and any others who care to pay a higher price there is a small cushioned enclosure separating them from the common herd. It took the Siamese some months to realise that when a tram and a foot-passenger are on the same path it is necessary for the foot-passenger to get out of the way; but now, when several people have been injured, they clear off the path with astounding agility at the sound of the horn.

Towards seven o'clock the cooks may be seen returning from market with the purchases for the day, consisting of meat, fish, fowl, vegetables and fruit, slung in two baskets across the shoulder.

They march with slow and solemn tread, their wide blue trousers fluttering in the breeze, their imperturbable 'Celestial' faces as if lost in deep reverie—cunning, thieving rascals, calculating, doubtless, how much they have pilfered from their unfortunate European masters.

Chinamen are staggering onwards, each with two enormous panniers, loaded with quacking ducks or cackling hens, with cakes and fruit, with rice, broth, and other strange-looking decoctions steaming from a peripatetic fire, with cups and water-bottles, indeed with all kinds of merchandise. A rude native straw-hat, at least two yards in circumference, protects their glistening skulls from the rays of the sun; their yellow chests and backs are bare, and the perspiration slowly trickles down their weary faces, grim and scarred by want and never-ending toil.

The sun is just beginning to tip above the little wooden thatched houses at the side of the road, and between the variegated dark-green foliage and graceful palms that rise up behind them; but the native Siamese, who, in contrast to the slaving Chinamen, apparently have nothing to do, feel how cool it is. Here comes a shaggy-looking specimen, his black hair bolt upright, his thick cigarette wrapped in a palm leaf, stuck behind his ear, and wearing a large striped bathing-towel flung across his dusky shoulders. That old grandmother, whom the heat and rains of many a season have left with innumerable wrinkles indelibly impressed on her face, back, and arms, despises the protection of a bathing-towel for her shoulders, or even hair for her poor old head, as she is closely shaven, but steps out bravely, with a scarf over her bosom and a bright-coloured cloth around her loins. The indented mark on her bare shoulder clearly shows that it is neither to-day nor yesterday for the first time that she carries those panniers, in which we notice sliced pine-apple and little cakes and sweets so delightful to the Siamese palate. At intervals she gives utterance to a prolonged mournful howl, that bears a strong family resemblance to the deeper melancholy 'Co-o-o' of the Glasgow coal-seller. Young girls of diminutive stature, but with well-developed and well-proportioned bodies, and a free-and-easy gait that has never been trammelled by Parisian boots or Swanbill corsets, pass along with small baskets in their hands, laughing and chattering gaily with each other. They seem so happy and pleased with themselves and everybody, that one is inclined to question whether civilisation would really prove a boon to those innocent creatures.

The contrast between the industrious hard-working Chinaman and the easy-going Siamese is very marked. From early morn till dewy eve, and much later, the Chinamen are there hulling rice with cumbrous machines worked by the feet, hammering at the anvil, making shoes and tables, pulling 'jinrickshas.' They do the heavy work in the rice-mills and timber-yards, make active and obedient servants and good cooks to Europeans; have some of the best stores in Bangkok; keep pawnshops, and receive all manner of stolen goods without a word—in fact, do everything by which an honest (or a dishonest) penny may be turned. They speak a mongrel Siamese, and the better class of them English, and know how to make their services so valuable that their presence is absolutely indispensable in Bangkok. The toil of the lower class is never-ending. Sunday or Monday, during the live-long day they perspire over their labour, seeming to have no relaxation except when for a few minutes they stop to bolt down their indigestible food, squatted on a bench in a row, with their backs turned to the street; afterwards to smoke a long opium pipe, and occasionally, in the evening, stand and listen to the infernal din and apparently senseless motions of their native actors.

How different is a Siamese family group! There, on a few boards, under a palm-thatched roof, are displayed for sale cakes, dried fish, abundance of fruit, and a few odds and ends of European goods. The wrinkled old 'granny,' toothless but grinning, sits dangling her dried-up skinny legs, while around are playing her numerous grandchildren, naked as the day on which they entered the world; or if clothed, it is with a string of silver coins round the neck. The mother squats tailor-fashion on the boards beside her goods, ready to serve any customer; but as for the husband, he is not to be seen. If he does pretend to work at all, he is the adherent or hanger-on of some prince or great man: he carries his teapot, his betel-box, or his umbrella. At anyrate, whatever he does, it must be light and easy, even though the wages are small; for as long as he has a waistcloth, a handful of rice, and the unfailing cigarette of native tobacco, he is perfectly content.

We are approaching the country now, and cross one of those creeks, or canals, communicating with the river which are here more numerous and important than the roads; indeed, there is only one road of any pretension to that name, and we are walking on it. The creek is crowded with canoes, conveying merchandise of all kinds; and the speed and dexterity with which these craft are propelled by single-bladed paddles are truly remarkable. The water is muddy and extremely dirty-looking; but every one bathes here; the children in happy laughing groups, playing and dashing the water over themselves; while their more sedate parents stand on a plank and solemnly 'douche' themselves with pailful after pailful of the yellow water. The Siamese are fond of bathing; but, to judge from the quality of the water used, it is not from a sense of the duty of cleanliness, but simply to cool themselves. At this point in our walk it becomes necessary to hold the nostrils firmly and advance at a quick trot, to escape as quickly as possible from the stench of a tannery and pigsties on the one side, and a particularly evil odour from some huts on the other.

That safely accomplished, we find the scene suddenly changes from Siam to India; for we are passing through the Hindu quarter, or at least where those who are engaged in the cattle-trade do congregate. Their Siamese wives are busily preparing the morning meal of fish and rice over small fires in front of their wooden houses; and some hoary old men, the repositories, doubtless, of the wisdom and traditions of the tribe, sit gravely on their haunches warming their skinny fingers at the leaping flames. The mongrel children playing around and emitting baby sounds remarkably like those to be heard in the best-regulated nurseries of England, would make

a curious study for an ethnologist. Their fathers, however, exhibit the flashing eyes, well-marked features, and dark skins of the genuine Hindu, as they move about, haughty and imperious-looking, in their coloured turbans and white robes. They are a rough lot, and are continually hurling volleys of abuse at each other, or beating their wretched wives, and in consequence get heavily fined in the Consular Court, when their better halves (or thirds, or quarters, as the case may be) pluck up courage to prosecute them. They are very religious, after their fashion, in spite of their evil doings, and preserve the faith of their fathers in a gaudy little temple adorned with painted figures of peacocks, placid cross-legged Gaudamas, and other strange monsters. The cattle which we see standing in the open sheds, or being made to leap out of the boats at the landing-place—for there is no planking to enable the poor beasts to land in comfort—are mostly the result of foraging expeditions among the agriculturists, who receive scant justice from the Siamese governors.

Dirty brown-coloured 'pariah' dogs, with no particular home or master, come rushing out, smelling at one's heels and barking furiously. A big stick is an indispensable 'vade mecum' on a walk in Bangkok, to beat off those ugly ferocious brutes, that swarm everywhere, fighting for morsels over the dunghills. The Siamese are reluctant, in accordance with the precepts of Buddha, to kill any living thing if they can help it, so these pests multiply and replenish the earth to the danger of the calves of passers-by. Though they won't kill dogs, they make little scruple of wringing the necks of innocent ducks and chickens, slaughtering bullocks and pigs, or of killing anything else that may fill their stomachs or put a cent in their pockets. They evidently act upon the principle that if they must sin, they will have something materially comforting in this world to counterbalance to some extent the punishment in the next.

We are now really in the country; and a refreshing breeze, laden with the ozone of the Gulf of Siam, comes blowing across the level fields. The road is fringed with palm-trees and tropical shrubs; but beyond, the scenery is dull and uninteresting—nothing but the dreary rice-fields, bare and sunburnt at this season of the year, divided into plots by ridges of earth, which, later on, when the rains come down with the persistent doggedness of the tropics, will serve as footpaths through the midst of a vast inland sea. A herd of buffaloes—or the long-horned cattle that go by that name—are grazing peacefully in the distance; and on the backs of two or three of them are seated brown little imps, the guardians of their 'father's flocks.'

The Chinese cemetery lies up here. The majority of the Chinamen in Bangkok are of the low coolie class, and their cemetery is dirty and unkempt, showing none of that care for the graves of their ancestors for which the Celestial Land is renowned. A herd of young pigs —the Chinaman's favourite food—are rooting and grunting around the white tombstones, so that whatever merit is lost through negligence of their fathers' graves is substantially compensated by extra juicy pork. That strange booming eerie sound we hear is caused by pieces of wood that go whirling round by the wind to drive away the evil spirits who come to disturb those who are now 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

On one side of the road are some European houses, their brown tiled roofs and the light painted lattice-work of the verandas almost buried in a profusion of rich tropical verdure. Happy voices of youngsters are issuing from one of them as we pass, accompanied by the cheery sound of some one sarcastically whistling 'Up in the morning's no for me, up in the morning early,' announcing that the inevitable Scotchman, to judge from the melody, has here planted his home, and is flourishing.

It is curious to observe the most advanced civilisation and the lowest stage of barbarism existing side by side. That naked Siamese child who is putting his ear to one of the telegraph poles which line the road is probably wondering, just as his white brothers do in England, what the wires are saying; and we see from a single wire issuing from a neighbouring house that the advantages of the telephone are as much appreciated by the residents of Bangkok as by the busiest merchants of London or New York. The funny old postman who is slowly advancing to meet us exemplifies in a ridiculous manner the contact of Western civilisation with Eastern barbarism. He wears a green waistcloth, and carries a white umbrella, but is without shoes, stockings, or trousers; while his cap, coat, and bag are of the genuine English regulation type. There, however, the similarity ends. He does not emulate the zeal and speed of his English fellow-workers, tearing along the road, giving thundering double rat-a-tats on the doors of the houses and at the hearts of the inmates. Indeed, there are neither knockers to rap nor bells to ring; and when he has a letter to deliver at a European house, he saunters slowly in through the ever-open door and delivers it to the boy who is always at hand. We are denied the luxury, or curse, as the case may be, of those double knocks, and if there is any pit-patting of hearts, it is when the 'boy' comes slipping up with noiseless bare feet and puts the letter in our hand.

Our boyish days are again brought to mind by the sight of two children going off to school. The one is a Chinese boy, exhibiting in his neatly-plaited pigtail and snow-white clothes the care of a fond mother at home; and the other a half-caste. They are both carrying slates and exercise-books, and show by their dilatoriness the same reluctance to go to school which we all felt when we were young.

What a contrast between those two innocent children on their way to school and the string of wretched dirty convicts, fastened like wild beasts to each other by a rope, who pass along with hangdog looks and clanking chains. Their scarred backs, skeleton frames, and hungry wolfish faces, painfully impress upon us that the civilisation we see around in the shape of telephones, telegraphs, and posts is only skin-deep, and underneath festers the most brutal barbarism and injustice.

The sun is now mounting in the heavens, and his rays becoming more and more unendurable, warn us to retrace our steps—literally speaking, as we cannot vary the walk by coming back in a different direction. Arrived at home bathed in

perspiration, we have a cold bath, a luxury which one must come to the tropics to enjoy to the utmost, demolish a hearty breakfast, and then prepare for our daily toil.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER X.—THE HUMOURS OF AN INDIAMAN.

THE mystery being at an end, most of the passengers, after a brief spell of loitering and talking, went below, little Saunders leading the way with the meteorolite, and the captain closing the procession, to finish the glass of grog he had been disturbed at by finding the ship off her course. I was exchanging a few words with Mr Cocker on this second queer incident of the day, when the fellow who was at the wheel exclaimed: 'Beg pardon, sir;' and I saw him shift very uneasily from one leg to the other with a drag of the length of his arm over his brow, as though he freely perspired.

'What is it?' inquired Mr Cocker.

'Am I expected to stand here alone, sir?' asked the fellow.

'Certainly. What! On a fine night like this? What do you want? That I should call hands to the relieving tackles?' cried the second mate.

The man sent a look up at the stars before answering, with a sort of cowering air in the posture of his head.

'One of them blooming boomerangs,' said he, 'might come along again, sir. What's a man to do if time ain't allowed him to get out of the road?'

'Your having a companion won't help you,' said the second mate.

'I dunno,' answered the fellow. 'Whatever it be that chucks the like of them things, might hold off at the sight of *two* of us.'

The second mate stood looking at him a little, and then burst into a laugh.

'Well, well!' said he; 'if there's ever a lead-line to sound the depths of forecastle ignorance, I allow there must be fathoms enough of it to belay an end to the moon's horns.'

Nevertheless he called to one of the watch to come aft and hold the wheel with the other man, making some allowance, I daresay, for the superstitious feelings which possessed the sailor, and which were certainly not to be softened down by the sight of the great blood-stain close to his feet.

I went below, and found the passengers listening to Mr Saunders, who, with the meteorolite before him, was delivering a discourse on that kind of stone, pointing to it with his finger, speaking very slowly and emphatically, and looking in his wistful way up into the faces of his audience. Even Miss Temple seemed interested, and stood listening with her back against the mizzen-mast, the embellished trunk of which formed a very noble fanciful background for her fine figure. However, I was more in the temper for a pipe of tobacco than for a lecture, and was presently on deck again, for after half-past nine o'clock in the evening we were privileged to smoke upon the poop. Colledge presently joined me; but in twenty minutes he gave a prodigious yawn and then went to bed; and I paced the deck alone, with deep enjoyment of the hush coming to the ship out of the dark scintillant distance—a silence of ocean-night that seemed to be deepened to the senses by the marble stillness of the wide white pinions stealing and floating up in a sort of glimmer of spaces to the faint mist-like square of the main royal. There was a faint noise of trembling and rippling waters over the side, and the line of the taffrail with the two fellows at the wheel rose and fell very softly to the black secret heave of the long deep-sea undulation. The cuddy lamps were dimmed, the interior deserted; there was a small group of smokers on the quarter-deck in the shadow of the bulwark conversing quietly; abaft the mizzen rigging flitted the dusky form of old Keeling, who had come up to take a turn or two and a final squint at the weather before turning in.

Some one emerged through the companion hatch, and, after looking about him a little, crossed to the lee rail, where I was standing.

'Is that you, Dugdale?'

'Yes,' said I. 'What's the matter, Greenhew? Time to be in bed, isn't it?'

'Oh, I say, Dugdale,' exclaimed the young fellow in a breathless kind of way, as though the effort to check some fit of merriment nearly choked him, 'there's such a lark down-stairs—in my cabin—Riley, you know'—— And here he laughed out.

'What's the lark?' I asked.

'I want you to come and see,' he answered. 'I found it out by the merest accident. Heavens, what capers! And if I don't contrive some excuse to introduce Miss Hudson into the cabin, that she may see him—— Well! well!—But come along, though.'

'But, my good fellow, let me first of all know what I am to see,' said I. 'I am enjoying the silence and coolness of this deck and my pipe and'——

He interrupted me as he cautiously stared around him.

'You know, of course, that Riley's got the bunk under me?' he exclaimed in a fluttering voice, as though he should at any moment break out into a loud laugh; 'well, you can make him do whatever you like when he's asleep.'

'Go on,' said I; 'I may understand you presently.'

'When I went to my cabin to turn in,' he continued, 'I found him in bed; and imagining him to be awake, I exclaimed, just as a matter of chaff, you know: "Look out, my friend! There'll be a meteorolite crashing clean through my bunk into your head in a minute—so, mind your eye, Riley!" The moment I said this he hopped out from between his sheets on to the deck, and stood cowering with his hands over his head, as if to shelter it. His eyes were shut, and I supposed he was playing the fool. "Get back into bed, man," said I; "you can't humbug me." He immediately lay down again in a manner that surprised me, I assure you, Dugdale; for it was as full of obedience as the behaviour of any beaten dog. I watched him a little, to see if he opened his eyes; but he kept them shut, and his breathing proved him fast asleep. I thought I would try him again. "Hi, Riley!" I exclaimed. "Here's Peter Hemskirk come to

haul you out of your bunk. Protect yourself, or he'll be dragging you into the cuddy, dressed as you are, and Miss Hudson is there to see you." Instantly, Dugdale'—here he clapped his hands to his lips, to smother a fit of laughter—'he doubled up his fists and let fly at the air, kicking off the clothes, that he might strike out with his legs; and thus he lay working all over like a galvanised frog. You never saw such a sight. Come down and look at him.'

'Have you observed anything of the sort in him before?' said I, knocking the ashes out of my pipe.

'Never before,' he answered; 'but I have him on the hip now. He's tried to make a fool of me to Miss Hudson, and this blessed evening shows me my way to a very pretty rejoinder.—Come along, come along! Should he wake, there can be no performance.'

He went gliding with the step of a skater to the companion, and I followed, scarcely knowing as yet whether the young fellow was not designing in all this some practical joke of which I was to be the victim. We passed through the deserted cuddy, faintly lighted by one dimly burning lantern, and descended to the lower deck, where the corridor between the berths was illuminated by a bull's-eye lamp fixed under a clock against the bulkhead. The cabin shared by the young men stood three doors down past mine on the same side of the ship. Greenhew stood a moment to listen, then turned the handle, took a peep, and beckoned me to enter. Affixed to a stanchion was a small bracket lamp, the glow of which was upon Riley's face as he lay on his back in an under bunk, unmistakably in a deep sleep. His eyes were sealed, his lips parted, his respiration slow and deep, as of one who slumbers heavily. The wild disorder of the bedclothes was corroboration enough of Greenhew's tale, at least in one article of it.

'Try him yourself,' said my companion in a low voice.

'No, no,' I answered. 'I have a sailor's reverence for sleep. You have invited me here to witness a performance. It is for you to make the play, Greenhew.'

He at once cried out: 'Riley! Riley! the ship is sinking! For God's sake, strike out, or you're a drowned man!'

I was amazed to observe the young fellow instantly rise to his knees and motion with his arms in the exact manner of a swimmer, yet with a stoop of the head to clear it of the boards of the upper bunk; which I considered as remarkable as any other part of the extraordinary exhibition for the perception that it indicated of surrounding conditions; whilst his gestures on the other hand proved him completely under the control of the delusion created by his cabin-fellow's cry. I also observed an expression of extreme suffering and anxiety in his face, that was made dumb otherwise by the closed lids. In fact it was the countenance of a swimmer battling in agony. Greenhew looked on half choking with laughter.

'Oh,' he whipped out in disjointed syllables, 'if Miss Hudson could only see him now!—Dugdale, you'll have to find me some excuse to introduce her here. Her mother must attend too—the more the merrier!' and here he went off again into a fit, as though he should suffocate.

For my part, I could see nothing to laugh at. Indeed, the thing shocked and astonished me, rather as a painful, degrading, mysterious expression of the human mind acting under conditions of which I could not be expected of course to make head nor tail. Riley continued to move his arms with the motions of a swimmer for some minutes, meanwhile breathing hard, as though the water's edge rose to his lip, whilst his face continued drawn out into an indescribable expression of distress. His gesticulations then grew feeble, his respiration lost its fierceness and swiftness and became once more long drawn and regular, and presently he lay back, still in a deep sleep, in the posture in which I had observed him when I entered.

'What d'ye think of *that?*' exclaimed Greenhew with a face of triumph and enjoyment.

'A pitiful trick for a sleeper to fall into,' said I. 'I like your show so little, Greenhew, that I wish to see no more of it.'

'Oh nonsense!' he exclaimed; 'let's keep him caper-cutting a while longer. I'll have a regular performance here every night. It shall be the talk of the ship, by George!'

As he spoke these words, Riley uttered a low cry, opened his eyes full upon us, stared a moment with the bewilderment of a man who has not all his senses, then sat upright, running his gaze over his bedclothes.

'What is the matter?' he exclaimed, looking around at us. 'Who has been'——

The light and expression of a full mind entered his eyes. He threw his feet over on to the deck and stood up.

'Have I been making a fool of myself in my sleep, Dugdale?' said he.—I was at a loss for an answer.—He proceeded: 'I know my weakness. I have heard of it often enough—at school—from my mother—again and again since, Dugdale.—Greenhew has brought you here to watch me. And that means,' cried he, turning fiercely upon Greenhew, 'that you have been exercising your humour upon me in my sleep, and instead of compassionating a painful and humiliating infirmity, you have'——

His temper choked him. He clenched his fist and let fly at friend Greenhew right between the eyes. Down went the Civil Service man like a statue knocked off its pedestal; but he was up again in a minute; and neither of them wanting in spunk, at it they went!

'For heaven's sake, stop this!' I shouted; 'consider how terrified the ladies will be.—Greenhew, cease it, man.—Riley, get you into your bunk again'——

Here there was a violent thumping upon the door of the cabin.

'Anybody fallen mad here?' was bawled in the familiar notes of Colonel Bannister. 'Or is it murder that's being done?'

He opened the door and looked in.

'What on earth is the matter?' exclaimed some one at the door.

It was Mr Emmett. He trembled, and was very pale. He had thrown his tragedian cloak over his shoulders, and looked a truly ludicrous object with a short space of his bare shanks showing and his feet in a pair of large carpet slippers. In fact, by this time the whole of the passengers were alarmed, the ladies looking out of their

doors and calling, the men hustling into the passage to see, with the sound of Mr Prance's voice at the head of the steps of the hatch shouting down to know what the noise was about. The captain, arriving on the scene, insisted on one of the young fellows quitting the cabin and sharing the berth tenanted by Mr Fairthorne. Both vehemently refused to budge. The captain then asked who struck the first blow. Riley answered that he had, and was beginning to explain, when old Keeling silenced him by saying that he would give him five minutes to retire to Mr Fairthorne's berth, and that if he had not cleared out by that time, he would send for the boatswain and a sailor or two to show him the road. This ended the difficulty, as I was told next morning, and the rest of the night passed quietly enough.

Next day, Mr Riley put in an appearance at breakfast. On seeing me he came round to my seat, and in a few words begged me not to explain the cause of the quarrel, as he had no wish that his peculiarity as a sleeper should be known to the rest of us. I gave him my word, but regretted that he should have exacted it, as I should have liked to talk with Saunders and Hemmeridge on the very extraordinary manifestations I had witnessed. It was fortunate, however, that my share in the disturbance was not guessed at. The Colonel, Hemskirk, and the rest imagined that I had been drawn to the young men's berth by the noise, as they had, and no questions were therefore asked me.

Nothing happened worth noting in the week that followed this business. The trade-wind blew as languid a breeze as ever vexed the heart and inflamed the passions of a shipmaster. It was to be a long passage, we all said—six months, Mr Johnson predicted—and old Keeling admitted that he had nothing to offer us in the way of hope until we had crossed the equator, where the south-east trades might compensate us for this northern sluggishness by blowing a brisk gale of wind.

However, if the dull crawling of the ship held the spirits of us who lived aft somewhat low, forward the Jacks made sport enough for themselves, and of a second dog-watch were as jolly a lot as ever fetched an echo out of a hollow topsail with salt-hardened lungs. There were a couple of excellent fiddlers amongst them, and these chaps would perch themselves upon the booms, and with bowed heads and quivering arms saw endless dance-tunes out of the catgut. Many a half-hour have I pleasantly killed in watching and hearkening to the forecastle frolics. The squeaking of the fiddles was the right sort of music for the show; the Jacks in couples lovingly embracing each other, slided, twirled, frisked, polked with loose delighted limbs between the forecastle rails, their hairy faces grinning over each other's shoulders; or one of them would take the deck—the rest drawing off to smoke a pipe and look on—and break into a noble maritime shuffle—the true deep-sea hornpipe—always dancing it to perfection, as I would think.

In this same week about which I am writing, Mr Colledge, inspired possibly by the noise of the fiddles forward and the spectacle of the forecastle jinks, made an effort to get up a dance aft; but to no purpose. Some of the girls looked eagerly when the thing was suggested; and certainly Colledge's programme was a promising one: there was the wide spread of awning for a ballroom ceiling; there were flags in abundance to stretch between the ridge-rope and the rail, as a wall of radiant colours through which the moon would sift her delicate tender haze without injury to the light of the lanterns, which were to be hung in a row on either side fore and aft; there was the piano to rouse up from its moorings below, and to be secured on some part of the deck where its tinkling could be everywhere heard.

Colledge was enchanted with his scheme, and went about thirstily in the prosecution of it; but, as I have said, to no purpose. Colonel Bannister shouted with derision when asked if he would dance; Greenhew was not yet well, was extremely sulky, and hung about in retired places; Riley called dancing a bore; Fairthorne pleaded tender feet; little Saunders smote his breast to Colledge's inquiry and said plaintively: 'Who would stand up with *me*?' In short, every man-jack of us aft, saving Mr Johnson and myself, declined to take any active part in the proposed ball; and Colledge, with a face of loathing, abandoned the idea, vowing to me that he had never met with such a pack of scarecrows in his life, and that we should have been better off in the direction of jollity and companionship had the cargo of monkeys been spared to take the place of our male passengers.

Thus did we somewhat wearily roll our way through the Atlantic parallels, fanned by a light north-east wind over the quarter, under a heaven of blue, with the sun in the midst of it splendidly shining, and a night-sky of airy indigo rich with stars from sea-line to sea-line. The flying-fish shot from the coppered sides of the Indiaman, but saving them and ourselves, the ocean was tenantless of life; we sighted no ship; no bird hovered near us; once only, when it was drawing near to midnight, I heard the sounds of a deep respiration off one or the other of the bows—the noise of some leviathan of the deep rising from the dark profound to blow his fountain under the stars; but there was no shadow of it to be seen nor break of white waters to indicate its neighbourhood. It was but a single sigh, deep and solemn, as though old Ocean himself had delivered it out of his heart, and the glittering heights seemed to gather a deeper mystery from the mere note of it.

THE TREATMENT OF CRIMINALS IN THE PAST.

We have less definite information about the punishment of criminals in ancient times than about any other portion of their public and private economy. The prevalence of slavery left much of what is now public jurisdiction in private hands, and few records have consequently been preserved. In an early stage of civilisation, moreover, the retribution which overtook the wrong-doer—when it did overtake him—generally took the form of private and bloody vengeance on the part of the relatives or tribe of the person injured; to use a legal phrase, the law of *tort* had a much more extended application than at present

Such particulars as have come down to us relate chiefly to the treatment of prisoners of war. These were employed by the Chaldeans, Babylonians, Assyrians, Egyptians, and the Persians on great public works, such as palaces, temples, cities, and roads; the Pyramids, Nineveh, and Persepolis were thus constructed. One of the kings of Assyria returned from a single campaign with more than two hundred thousand prisoners, and they were immediately set to work in this way. Diodorus Siculus tells us that in Egypt offenders against the law, as well as prisoners taken in battle, were employed in mining for stone, and were treated with the utmost rigour and barbarity. They were bound in fetters, and obliged to work so hard that the greater proportion speedily succumbed under the strain. No rest or indulgence was granted to the sick, the feeble, or the aged, and all were compelled, by blows and ill-treatment, to labour to the extreme limit of human endurance. No attention was paid to their persons, and they were all driven to their work with the lash, until death intervened to put an end to their sufferings.

In the history of Greece and Rome it is difficult to find any distinction between the treatment of slaves and that of criminals; both were set to heavy outdoor labour and treated with brutal harshness; but any distinct system for the punishment of crime can hardly be said to have existed until a late period of the Roman Empire. Even then, incarceration in noisome dungeons and labour in mines seem to have been the chief methods of dealing with offenders. The prisons were without light and ventilation, and abounded in filth and pestilential odours. But prisons formed a costly and troublesome means of punishment; and torture, mutilations, and whippings were preferred for many offences. The earliest account of prisons in China is found in the *Shuking*, or Book of History, compiled by Confucius, a work which covers the period from 2356 to 723 B.C. The prisons seem to have been arranged somewhat on the plan of a large stable, having an open central court, occupying nearly a fourth of the area, and small cribs or stalls covered by a roof, in which the prisoners were lodged. They were secured by manacles and gyves, a chain joining the hand to the neck, and desperate criminals were even more heavily ironed. Whipping and branding were also employed as punishments.

Coming down to more modern times, the most common form of dealing with criminals in France for many centuries was condemning them to the galleys or *galères*. Philip the Fair (1285–1314) appears to have been the introducer of this system, and from his day until well into the present century it continued in vogue. The galleys were huge rowing-vessels, often containing several banks of oars, which were largely used for the transport of soldiers and military stores. The labour of rowing was very heavy; and as scant consideration was shown to the prisoners, they frequently died from the excessive exertions to which they were compelled. To prevent the possibility of escape, each man was fastened by chains to the oar at which he laboured, a practice which gave rise to the still familiar expression, 'chained to the oar.' Convicts undergoing this punishment were also branded in early times with the three letters GAL (an abbreviation of *galères*), and later with only two, T. F. (*Travaux forcés*) or T. P. (*Travaux à perpétuite*).

Closely connected with the establishment of the galleys are to be found the rudiments of a penal institution known as the *bagne* or *bagnio*. This name was derived from a prison in Constantinople which contained a central alley where large quantities of water were gathered for the baths; from this circumstance the Italians called the prison *bagnio* or bath, and the name soon became a generic one for all prisons of the same kind. The labour imposed upon the inmates was very severe, and they were constantly under strict discipline, in addition to being chained and heavily ironed. When the galley system was introduced into France, *bagnios* were built for the accommodation of the rowers when not employed at the oars, and they continued in use for centuries; indeed, it was only so recently as 1854 that they were finally abolished.

Another class of prisons in which labour formed no part of the punishment were those of which the Bastille, the Conciergerie, La Force, and La Salpêtrière were noted examples; and their inmates were a motley crew of political offenders, debtors, vagabonds, and thieves. They were either kept in dungeons, called *cachots*, *oubliettes*, and *cabanons*, without sufficient air, space, food, or clothing; or were allowed to congregate, play games, and to purchase superior accommodation and food, in both cases, however, leading lives of enforced idleness. The evils of this state of things were perceived some time before the Revolution, and led to a gradual abandonment of the use of such prisons; and when the Bastille was taken and destroyed in 1789, it was found to be almost empty, the few prisoners which it still contained being either mad or utterly friendless persons, to whom release was no boon. The present treatment of convicts in France is very similar to our own, except that transportation is still in use, the worst class of criminals being deported to New Caledonia.

England was late in adopting any steady system of incarceration and prison discipline. Speaking of even so comparatively recent a period as the sixteenth century, Captain Arthur Griffiths says in his *Chronicles of Newgate* that the prison records are very meagre. 'No elaborate system of incarceration, as we understand it, existed. The only idea of punishment was the infliction of physical pain. There were prisons; but these receptacles, except for debtors, were only the antechambers of the pillory and the scaffold.' Transportation was a common form of punishment during the seventeenth century; and even such persons as were confined in prisons and jails could often obtain release by accepting military service. We can readily understand that the sparsity of population and the political insecurity of those times must have militated considerably against the establishment of an organised system of imprisonment and convict labour. In the beginning of the eighteenth century some steps were taken towards improvement, but they were desultory and spasmodic. Transportation to the American plantations was maintained until the war of inde-

pendence, and only debtors and minor offenders were regularly imprisoned. Their lot was a terrible one; the jails were for the most part under the complete control of the local authorities, and were often farmed out to individuals, to whom was committed, with little or no supervision, the whole treatment and discipline of the prisoners.

The terrible results of this system—or rather want of system—were made known by the investigations of Howard. When he began them in 1773, the prisons were for the most part dirty, unhealthy, and poisonous dens, and their wretched inmates were dependent for food, clothing, and all necessaries of life on the caprice of their jailers or on the charity of the benevolent. No distinction was made between tried and untried prisoners, all being alike heavily ironed. A malignant disease, known as jail-fever, was developed in these places, and was often communicated at assizes and jail deliveries to barristers, officials, and judges. Howard computed that it carried away far more than the gallows, though executions were numerous enough. His researches made a great sensation, and led to an almost immediate improvement. By an Act passed in 1779, the first and a very important step was taken towards our present system of reformatory punishment. It provided for the erection of penitentiary houses—probably the first use of the term in English law—with a proper staff of officials to manage them, and with the necessary provisions for setting the prisoners to steady and systematic work. This Act also appointed visiting justices to superintend the administration of the new system. The treadmill, oakum-picking, and stone-dressing were among the employments specified as suitable for the prisoners, and regulations were adopted to insure proper sanitary arrangements. From the date onward, progress has been steady, though often slow, and our present methods of dealing with criminals may be considered as on the whole satisfactory. It only remains to notice briefly the more important changes which have been made during the present century.

When transportation to America had to be abandoned, the practice began of sending criminals to Australia, the first batch leaving for Botany Bay in 1787. This deportation to the antipodes continued until 1853, when it was abolished, in deference to the wishes of our colonists there. Though the system had its advantages, it was not on the whole satisfactory, and led to grave difficulties in the early history of New South Wales and Tasmania. A graphic if somewhat highly-coloured picture of its working is given in a novel by the late Marcus Clark called *For the Term of his Natural Life*. About the middle of the century it was found that the prisons were administered with considerable tyranny and severity by the officials, and that a great deal of useless labour was performed on the crank and treadmill. Many of our readers will remember the fierce attack made on this state of things by the late Charles Reade in *Never too late to Mend*. When transportation was finally abolished, a thorough reorganisation of our prison system took place, and the present plan of long sentences and tickets of leave was introduced. It has on the whole worked satisfactorily, as it lessens the cost to the taxpayer, and offers prisoners inducements to good conduct and reformation. Recent statistics reveal the encouraging fact that our convict population is steadily on the decline.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER X.

Holmes started to go to Cadogan Place to settle that important point referred to at the end of the last chapter. He had forgotten the business upon which he had sent Mr Vizard until that gentleman met him at the door. Deliberating a moment as to whether he would not let Vizard's report stand over till next day, being at present of but secondary interest, he carelessly asked the agent if he had obtained any information.

'I have obtained all you want, Mr Holmes. There was no difficulty at all about it.'

'I am just going out,' said Holmes undecidedly; 'perhaps you had better call in the morning—or I will spare your time by coming to your office.'

'As you please, Mr Holmes; a very few minutes will suffice.'

'Is that so?—Come up to my room, then, and tell me.'

Without removing his hat or gloves, Frank Holmes pointed to a chair for Mr Vizard, and threw his leg over the back of another.

'This cheque,' said the agent, proceeding in a dry methodical way, and reckoning off the points of his report on his fingers, 'was paid in to the Anglo-Canadian Bank on Monday, June 12th, by a gentleman named John Henry Musgrave, and credited to the said Musgrave's account.'

'Musgrave!' exclaimed Holmes in amazement—'John Henry Musgrave!'

'The same,' said Vizard, glancing curiously in his face. 'The money was drawn out this morning by the said John Henry Musgrave in a draft on Montreal. I went no further than this point. Have you any additional instructions?'

'Not just now—it was the name that struck me. I shall probably look you up to-morrow, Mr Vizard.—Till then, good-bye, and many thanks.'

He remembered now, as he went out into the Strand, that he owed the Musgraves a call, and indeed had promised Mrs Musgrave that he would call. He had forgotten about it until Vizard recalled them by that curious and puzzling report concerning the cheque. It might possibly have been some other 'John Henry Musgrave;' it could hardly have been the man Holmes dined with the evening before. He decided to call and take an opportunity of asking about it. He had no exalted opinion of Musgrave; and if the latter were really the recipient of the cheque, it was doubtless an incident of a gambling transaction. But what, in this case, was the meaning of taking out the money that morning in the form of a draft on Montreal? If Musgrave and his wife were going to Canada, their decision was very sudden.

The entire interest of Holmes, however, in

regard to that money was for the present referable to the possibility of Musgrave being the man who received it from Faune. For this being so, at once made the advertisement to 'M' intelligible as daylight, and furnished an explanation of Faune's behaviour on the night of the 10th of June that might be worth his life to him.

As Holmes went into the *Grand Hotel* he felt that accidents were beginning to tell in the prisoner's favour. If it could be proved that he spent the evening of Friday the 9th of June at Cadogan Place, and that he kept this appointment with Musgrave the next evening at half-past nine o'clock, two powerful points in the defence were secure.

Greatly to his surprise and discomfiture, he was informed at the hotel office that the Musgraves had left. They went away before luncheon, in a railway omnibus, to Euston Station. So, then, they were gone to Canada. It must be admitted that Frank Holmes felt a little mortified and indignant at the needless deception they had both practised towards him the previous evening—needless, because he had not the slightest interest in their movements. But small impulses sometimes send great rocks rolling; and Holmes took a cab down the street to Vizard's office, and asked that gentleman to discover, if he could, the steamer by which they had taken passage. He meant that a letter from himself, couched in no complimentary terms, should overtake Mr Musgrave either at Queenstown or Moville.

Mary Clayton was lying on a couch, looking ill and anxious, when Holmes rang at the door. She sat up, seeming to recognise who it was, and that unbidden colour came to her face for an instant which often inspires new hope in a despairing lover. Of course in her case it was assignable to another cause; but her eyes were not so brave and steady when he met them now as when he saw her last.

'You are ill, Mary,' he said at once, drawing a chair near to her and looking in her altered face with deep concern. 'You ought to leave London and stay a while in some quiet seaside place or in the country. You would know all that was taking place as well as if you remained here.'

'I will go away, Frank, as soon as I am sure,' she answered gently. 'I cannot go now.'

'I wish you would.'

'I am afraid, Frank,' she said timidly—what a change from the earnestness of yesterday!—'that I have put a hard task upon you. Why should you do it, for me or for him? I have been thinking since I asked you, and I know I was wrong. You are too generous. If he—did what he is charged with—you are the last that should be asked to defend him.'

'But if he is innocent, Mary?' She started a little, and he added: 'You recollect what I said? We must not hold any one guilty until he is proved so. Suppose that I had knowledge which satisfied me, morally, of Faune's guilt, would you wish me to still try to get him acquitted? Guilty men, of course, are sometimes acquitted.'

'Oh Frank!' she exclaimed, turning white and staring at him with fear. 'Do you think he is guilty?'

'It is because this is not the time to think so, that I am doing what I can for him. To be honest, Mary, even at the risk of paining you, I am not able to form a decided opinion one way or the other yet. I am giving him, for your sake, the benefit of the doubt.'

'Thank you, Frank,' she faintly replied, letting her head sink forward.

He was profoundly distressed, but thought he had said what was best. It was not, to his view, a case for deception even temporarily.

'Matters have reached a critical point now,' he continued, 'and any moment may bring forth evidence that will be decisive. The police have possession of the fatal message which brought Margaret Neale to the Park that night; but they are as yet unable to lay their hands on its source. It is only a question of time. But so far they have not actually traced it to Faune. Something else, however, has been discovered that may have an effect distinctly in his favour. You will not attach to it more importance than at present it is worth, if I tell you what it is?'

She promised.

'It is known, then, that Faune had an appointment not far from the scene of the murder, at half-past nine that night. This would account for his leaving here so early. I am almost certain I know the man he had the appointment with, and that it related to a money matter.'

That she heard this statement with keen interest need hardly be said; but as he spoke, there came at the same time a curious reflective look into her eyes which was very singular.

'May I ask, Mary,' Holmes said, as she continued silent, 'if he made any reference to an appointment or engagement when going from here that night?'

'No,' she answered; 'he suddenly said he must go—that was all.'

'You must have thought it odd?'

She did not answer. The same reflective look was still in her eyes. 'Are you quite sure,' she asked, to his surprise, 'that Mr Faune had the appointment you refer to?'

'Quite sure; the singular thing is that he did not mention it, as an explanation of his leaving you so early.'

'He did not mention it,' she merely said.

It struck Frank Holmes that Miss Clayton knew something that she was holding back. As she kept silence about it, he could not question her.

After a pause, he made the inquiry which was the chief purpose of his call, and made it so casually that Miss Clayton did not suspect its import: 'At what hour was Faune in the habit of leaving here?'

'As well as I recollect, about half-past ten, when he dined with us.'

'How odd that it should be that particular Saturday evening he went away so early. Do you recollect whether he dined with you the previous evening, Friday?'

'I recollect very well. Mr Faune was not here on Friday at all; he did not even call in the afternoon. He dined here on the Wednesday, and then papa asked him to come on Saturday—you know why,' she added, colouring.

This statement threw the shadow of fell suspicion back on Faune again. The effect upon Holmes was depressing; he needed the stimulant

of strong facts to keep him to his task. He had built a good deal on the hope that Faune had been at Cadogan Place that important Friday evening, and now it was clear he had not been there. Holmes felt no confidence prompting him to pursue the inquiry further and ascertain where the man had been that evening.

'There is a perplexing amount of uncertainty concerning that evening of the 10th of June,' he said, in a tired way. 'It just comes to this, Mary: if Faune will not help himself in throwing light upon the points that are obscure, no one else can do much for him. I am very anxious, for your sake, to help him; but if he persists in keeping silent I must abandon the task.'

'Are you going to see him?' she asked, a little startled.

'I suppose I must. I would rather not, of course. I will see his solicitor first; and if I then find it necessary, I will go on and see him. He must speak, or be left to his chances, which at present are not many.'

He was surprised to see signs of agitation in the girl at this point. He had spoken strongly, but not more so than the case demanded.

'I really cannot do more than I am doing, Mary; I could not do more if Faune were my best friend.'

'I know that, Frank.—It is something I had never meant to mention that—that I suppose I must tell you. Even papa does not know.'

'Do not speak of aught that will distress you, Mary.'

She showed signs of great distress, and after a minute's silence, the flush left her face and she was very pale. 'When I think,' she said, in a very low voice, and commanding herself with evident pain, 'that he may have gone from here that night with the intent to murder his wife a few minutes later—oh Frank, it horrifies me, because he asked me to be his wife while you and papa were speaking down-stairs.'

'What answer did you give him? Pardon me for asking, but everything is so important.'

'I gave him no answer—I had no time to give an answer. I could not think what to say, when papa returned. Of course, there was nothing more, until Mr Faune went away after nine o'clock.'

'That was very curious,' the young man observed. Then he waited, thinking she had something further to communicate; indeed, she seemed on the point of saying more for a minute or so; but she disappointed him.

He could not help suspecting that some fact remained untold, whether of importance or not it was of course impossible to conjecture, except on the presumption that if it were important, or had any bearing on the prisoner's case, Miss Clayton, at any pain to herself, would not conceal it.

Holmes had observed of Faune's going away without an answer to his proposal that it was 'very curious.' This was how it first struck him. He thought over it on his way back with other results. No man would, if he could help it, go away from a maiden without receiving an answer to such a momentous question. Even if he read consent in her face, he would have the words from her lips before he left her. What Faune read in Mary Clayton's face when he asked her to be his wife, and during the half-hour he remained afterwards, was beside the question now. Holmes had it from her own lips that she would not have married Faune; but it was in the highest degree improbable that Faune was disposed to expect such an answer. Looks will not suffice for confident lovers, nor sometimes even words. The central fact was, that Faune, without waiting to receive a reply from Mary Clayton to his proposal, left the house more than an hour earlier than was usual.

Was the keeping of the appointment with Musgrave at half-past nine sufficient to account for such extraordinary conduct? It was not. Let the business have been ever so urgent, it was not sufficient. Thus the net results of Holmes's visit to Miss Clayton pointed more and more decidedly to the fatal identity of Claude Faune and Julius Vernon.

Even while Holmes was coming to this conclusion he felt it to be very possible that the keen activity of Cracroft and his colleagues might have riveted the last link in the chain of evidence by the discovery of the agency by which the message had been inserted in the newspaper. Still, though his view of Faune's case grew hourly gloomier, he was determined to keep his thoughts to himself, and to offer the prisoner's solicitor such material as he had. This consisted now only of the undoubted fact of the appointment with Musgrave, indicated by the advertisement to 'M' in Faune's own handwriting, and the transfer of the cheque. It would be for the prisoner and his solicitor to prove an *alibi* (if they could) between the hours of nine and ten at night on the 9th and 10th of June. Surely this was an obvious defence, and its absence would be a terrible admission of weakness.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF COMMENTATING.

USEFUL, even necessary, as is the work of the commentator, too much zeal or lack of the critical faculty has in numerous cases given us amusing and astonishing productions. Swift in one of his bitter 'Epistles' ridicules those

> who view
> In Homer more than Homer knew;

and many a 'philosophic mind' has fully deserved his denunciation. Hawthorne, in his delightful account of the books in the Old Manse, mentions a lengthy commentary on Job 'which Job himself would not have the patience to read.' The 'great books' of history—the classics—have naturally had hosts of industrious scholars at work on them, with the idea of explaining them to their less learned brethren. Many of these expounders have been wise, many otherwise; but on the whole the reading world has been the gainer.

Bentley's Horace is considered the most valuable work of its kind ever produced; but his edition of Milton is perhaps the most extraordinary failure a great scholar ever made. As a pretext for a new edition, he struck out the ingenious though absurd assumption, that as Milton in his blindness was compelled to employ an amanuensis, the accepted edition of the great poet was full of corruptions, owing partly to the carelessness of the amanuensis, and partly to the

interpolation by him of some of his own verses in the text. Bentley then pretended to restore the original purity of the reading; but his emendations only prove him to have been quite destitute of taste in his own language. The fine lines,

> No light, but rather darkness visible
> Served only to discover sights of woe,

were far more difficult than Greek to his unpoetical mind, and he proposed to render them thus:

> No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom!

The conjectures of this hero of erudition were most unfortunate, and it is not necessary to give any more of his new readings. Pope, while appreciating some of the alterations, attacked him in the *Dunciad* as

> A mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
> Made Horace dull and humbled Milton's strains;
> Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain;
> Critics like me shall make it prose again.

One writer has wittily said: 'Bentley did so vilely execute his trust that *Paradise Lost* under his ignorance and audaciousness may be said to be twice lost.' It was one of Bentley's quarrels with a brother-scholar which made Sir Isaac Newton complain that two such divines should 'be fighting with one another over a playbook.'

Of Porson many amusing anecdotes are related, most of them being fairly well known. From the fact of his visiting the British Museum so often to examine the inscription on the Rosetta Stone, he received from the officials the name of Judge Blackstone.

It need hardly be said that Shakespeare has had a goodly number of men at work on the elucidation of his text, or for the mystification of his readers. Mr Lowell in his caustic criticism of the editorial work in the 'Library of Old Authors,' remarks on one suggestion by an editor, that 'this would amaze us were we not familiar with the commentators on Shakespeare.' In explanation of those grand lines in *Hamlet*,

> There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will,

Steevens makes the characteristic comment: 'Dr Farmer informs me that these words are merely technical. A woodman, butcher, and dealer in skewers lately observed to him that his nephew (an idle lad) could only assist him in making them; he could rough-hew them, but I was obliged to shape their ends. To shape the ends of wood-skewers—that is, to point them—requires a degree of skill; any one can rough-hew them. Whoever recollects the profession of Shakespeare's father will admit that his son might be no stranger to such terms. I have frequently seen packages of wool pinned up with skewers'!

In the old editions the word 'canon' is spelt 'cannon;' and with reference to the lines,

> Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
> His canon 'gainst self-slaughter,

many commentators thought it necessary to prove that the word did not suggest the idea of artillery.

Steevens frequently wrote notes on Shakespeare to mislead his industrious rival Malone, and obtain an easy triumph in the next edition. The latter having in his edition taken great pains in the elucidation of the Sonnets, Steevens, in his edition which followed, in order to spite Malone, rejected all of them, and in the style of Dr Johnson asked, 'What has truth or nature to do with sonnets?' On another occasion, he opened a lively controversy with Malone respecting the famous second-best bed, which is still worth reading.

Pope's *Essay on Man* has always been a favourite playground or battlefield with commentators. Mr Swinburne thinks Pope unfortunate in having so many 'cassocked commentators' interested in his famous poem. He says: 'After the Rev. Mr Warton came the Rev. Mr Bowles; and after the Rev. Mr Bowles comes the Rev. Mr Elwin.' Bishop Warburton, however, was really useful to Pope, for when the *Essay* was condemned, much to the author's annoyance for its deistical arguments, he came forward, and, in a brilliant and paradoxical manner, made Pope quite a respectable champion of orthodoxy. The latest commentary on this poem has been described by Mr Leslie Stephen as 'in three cases out of four more in error than the text;' and he severely criticises the common error of taking poetic ideas too literally, and treating Pope as a philosopher and theologian rather than as a poet pure and simple.

With regard to the sentiment contained in the lines,

> Or ask of yonder argent fields above
> Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove!

Voltaire prosaically remarked: 'Any mathematician could have shown him that if Jupiter was less than his satellites, they would not revolve round him!'

Many are no doubt familiar with Mr Swinburne's article on Lamb's notes on some comments by a 'grotesque pedant' Dr Nott, who had the honour of looking over Lamb's manuscript observations on the works of the Puritan poet Wither. In illustration of one passage, Lamb quotes an apt parallel from Milton's *Apology for Smectymnuus*, and the unlucky doctor asks, 'Why is this quoted? I see little similarity.'—'It was quoted for those who can see,' rejoins 'Elia.' In relation to one of the Satires, Nott observes: 'There is but little pungency in this either.' Lamb punningly replies: 'Pray, expunge your observations, or make them a little more pungent.' In another place it is remarked: 'The beauty of this passage is too apparent to need a comment;' to which the commentator's witty tormentor replies: 'Then why give it one?'

OLD LYON'S INN.

A LAWYER'S TALE.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

At a sign from Miss Poining, after a moment of painful silence, Hester Gretworth dropped the curtain with a gesture of despair. As she turned towards me, I noticed that her lips were trembling and that tears glistened in her eyes.

'That picture,' said Miss Poining, 'is a portrait of my nephew, Reginald Gretworth—this young lady's brother. It was taken five years ago. He was a law-student at that time in Lyon's Inn. May I ask how long you have resided there?'

'Three years this autumn,' was my reply. Then I added: 'My rooms are at No. 7.'

'No. 7?' said Hester faintly. 'Those are the very rooms which my brother occupied before'—— She stopped suddenly.

But Miss Poining finished the sentence: 'Before he disappeared.'

She then went on to inform me that the furniture, which I had purchased, had belonged to him. 'Since then—for the last three years,' added Miss Poining, 'we have heard nothing of him. This letter, which you have been kind enough to bring us, is dated more than three years back. It contains no news: it only confirms all that we dreaded might be the reason for his disappearance. We are still in ignorance as to whether he is living or dead.'

What answer could I make? I did not yet feel fully convinced that the incident of yesternight was more than a dream; and it is possible that Miss Poining, with some knowledge of the matter-of-fact legal mind, understood that no questioning would lead me to commit myself to any opinion without clearer identification. It was a strange coincidence; but that was no great consolation. I began to wish that I had burnt that mysterious letter before I had brought it to this quiet home; it seemed to have revived in the hearts of those two women such a deeply-rooted sorrow.

Miss Poining expressed a hope, when I rose to take my leave, that I would visit them again. I have little doubt in my own mind that I should have found some excuse for calling even had she said nothing; for Hester Gretworth had in this one short hour made a most pleasing impression upon me. No hint had been given me in Dean Street as to her brother's motive for his disappearance; but I soon learnt from a firm of lawyers with whom I was on intimate terms that there was a warrant out against a man named Reginald Poining Gretworth, who formerly occupied my rooms at No. 7 Lyon's Inn, on an accusation of forgery. Every one, they added, believed that he was dead.

Months went by; another autumn came round with its withered leaves and dull gusty weather. I had learnt to love Hester Gretworth as a man only can love once. I was no longer a briefless barrister; through interest and hard work I was gradually becoming recognised at the bar; and if I could win this girl's heart, there would be, I thought, no happier man imaginable. No obstacle—not one that I could recognise—lay in our path. Miss Poining and I were the best of friends; no word about my love for Hester ever passed her lips. But there was a tacit understanding between us on the subject which no words could have made more explicit. My serious fears—fears that sometimes almost drove me to despair—were concerning Hester Gretworth herself. Did she care for me? Sometimes—when we sat under the old plane-tree in the little back garden of a summer's evening—I thought that, though I had not yet spoken, she loved me as deeply as I could have desired. But a change would come over her; she would suddenly avoid me, and in a manner, as I fancied, too marked to be misunderstood. At last I screwed up my courage and resolved to bring all doubts to an end. The chance soon occurred. Miss Poining had left us alone, as she frequently found occasion to do, and we were standing near one of the windows, looking out upon dreary old Dean Street, where the lamplighter was hurrying along with his ladder and distributing tremulous lights along the narrow thoroughfare. Hester was moving away; and, as I thought, an excuse was on her lips for leaving the room.

'Miss Gretworth, why do you avoid me? If you only knew—but you must have guessed it long ago—how dear your presence is to me! I have so much to say to you, if you would only give me by one word, one look, the right to speak.'

She became greatly agitated, but she made no reply.

'Ever since I have known you,' said I, 'for a whole year, you have been most in my thoughts—never, indeed, absent from them. My greatest ambition while working, sometimes day and night, has been to make a home for you, one in which my only aim would be to bring you happiness. Hester, I love you. I can keep silent no longer. Will you be my wife?'

She stood at some little distance from me with clasped hands and head bent low. Looking up now, tearfully, despairingly into my face, she said: 'I cannot; it can never be.'

Had it not been for the look she unconsciously gave me—a look of overwhelming love while she spoke—her answer would have been more than I could have borne.

She continued in a troubled tone: 'It grieves me deeply, more deeply than I can tell you, to be forced to give the least pain to one for whom I have such a very, very deep regard.'—I opened my lips to question her; but she raised her hand entreatingly, and said: 'I implore you, Mr West, let me show you how impossible it is for me ever to be your wife. The name of Gretworth has been disgraced. Reginald, of whom we once had every reason to be proud, has brought this trouble upon us. I could not have believed it possible—nothing would induce me to believe it now—had he not as good as confessed his guilt in that conscience-stricken letter which you brought us a year ago. At any moment—my heart seems to stand still when I think of it—my brother may be arrested and brought to justice! Can you believe that I—knowing what dishonour is hanging over his head—would consent to throw a blight over your brilliant career? Let us try to forget—if it be possible—that we have ever'——

'Forget? Oh Hester, that can never be! Do not, your words assure me that—more than I dared to hope—you love me? There is no sacrifice—this of your brother's misfortune is none—that I would not gladly bear for your sake. Give me the right, dear Hester, to share this trouble with you. May you not some day need my aid? If your brother still lives, if he is ever found, will he not retain me for the defence? A man is innocent in the eyes of the law until the word "Guilty" has been pronounced. Is there no gleam of hope?'

Tears came into Hester's eyes—tears of gratitude, more touching than words. But when I said, 'Is there no gleam of hope?' she slowly shook her head.

We parted; and as long as I live, as long as my memory lasts, never shall I recall that parting without a sense of pain. I was too restless to return to Lyon's Inn; I walked like a raving madman through the city into the darkest and most deserted streets that could be found in the east of London; and I chose the river-side, where the wind would perhaps cool my heated brain.

But something presently happened—something that gave me new purpose. I was hurrying along in sight of the Thames, when a man ran swiftly past me. This man, upon whose face the light from the lamp happened to fall, reminded me strangely of my dream of a year ago. I turned instantly to follow; I heard the footsteps, and saw the dark figure creeping along under the high wall of a huge dockyard, where the lamps, hanging from brackets, were far apart. For some minutes I kept this shadow—I can call it nothing else—persistently in view. Was it Reginald Gretworth? Hope revived in my heart at the mere suggestion. I shouted his name; but no answer came back. The figure grew more dim; and at last it disappeared across a drawbridge, where I could hear the wind whistling mournfully in the rigging of large ships which were lying in the docks beyond.

Night after night, following upon this incident, I wandered about the neighbourhood of Limehouse. It brought a certain relief to my restless spirit. I had begun to experience a faint hope that Hester's brother was still living; and if he could be found, a new light would be thrown upon the crime of which he was accused; for a careful investigation, which I made with the assistance of the firm of lawyers who had a knowledge of the case, convinced me that Reginald Gretworth was more 'sinned against than sinning.' His sudden disappearance had awakened a strong suspicion of guilt; but nothing positive concerning the forgery had been proved against him.

My visits to Dean Street had ceased. But I wrote to Miss Poining and asked her—if she saw no objection—to send this firm of lawyers a copy of the strange letter which I had found that eventful evening upon my hearth-rug at Lyon's Inn.

Returning late to my rooms, after one of these barren midnight searches in the East end, I threw myself into my chair by the fireside completely worn out. Again the rustling of the dead leaves outside, blown about by gusts of wind, sounded to my drowsy senses like some one crossing the courtyard; and then, I fancied, in a dream, that I was following quick footsteps—the footsteps of Reginald Gretworth—through dark ways, where I groped along like one who is blind. And yet I had no fear of the darkness; for every moment the footsteps grew louder as I gained upon them; and at last they sounded so close that I sprang forward to grasp the runaway; and in the effort I started and awoke. Or was I still dreaming? On the opposite side of the hearth, in the old armchair, sat the man with the pale face and black beard as I had seen him in my fancied dream a year ago. I could not speak or move; my limbs seemed to be paralysed and my tongue too. A strong inclination to express myself by word and action was there, but all volition had deserted me. The man now rose from his chair, as he had previously done. Meeting my glance, he held out towards me—not a letter this time—a rusty-looking key. 'Take it'—he spoke in a hoarse voice—'I will trouble you no more.'

In an instant—at the first sound of his voice—my paralysis vanished. 'What key is this?'

'The key to No. 7 Lyon's Inn.'

'To my rooms?'

He nodded, and stepped towards the door.

'Stay!—Answer me one question: Are you Reginald Gretworth?'

His hand was on the latch. He looked at me with a searching glance and said: 'What can that matter to you?'

'I will tell you. A year ago, you brought me a letter: you gave it to me in my sleep. I was so tired that I thought at the time that I had dreamt it. The letter was addressed to Miss Poining, Dean Street, Soho.'

For a moment the man looked bewildered, as if he had half-forgotten the incident. But his face presently brightened, and he said: 'I remember. In those days I was worried out of my life. It was like a dream to me. My name *is* Reginald Gretworth. What became of that letter?'

I told him; and then I related, in as few words as possible, how I had become a constant visitor at Miss Poining's house, and what grief his disappearance had occasioned.

He listened attentively to every word, and seemed much concerned; but I still observed a slightly bewildered look in his eyes. After glancing despairingly round the room, he said: 'What could I do? An old schoolfellow—a man in a good position in the City—came and asked me to endorse a bill for five hundred pounds. I gave him my signature. A few weeks afterwards, my friend was pressed—owing to some irregularity which I could not get him to explain—to "retire" the bill. He had not the money to meet it; and I could no more pay such a sum than he could. Learning from him that he must leave the country—I have no idea where he has gone—I also went abroad. It may be years,' he added, 'before I shall be able to settle this debt, and so'——

'Do you call it a debt?' said I, looking him keenly in the face. 'I should call it by a far worse name than that.'

He met my glance unflinchingly. 'What would you call it?'

'A forgery.'

A startled look came across his face—a look of blank amazement. He spoke scarcely above a whisper: 'I knew nothing of this. Who is accused?'

In a low voice I answered him: 'You.'

He gasped as though he had received a keen stab. Sinking down into a chair, he pressed his hands to his forehead and stared vacantly before him into space.

I stood looking at this man, the brother of the woman whom I dearly loved, and the thought crossed my mind: 'What a weak character is this that I have got to deal with!' But I soon had reason to alter my opinion. Reginald Gretworth suddenly sprang up with an

expression of purpose in his whole attitude. He was a changed man.

'I will stop,' said he, 'and face this affair. Had I known,' he added, 'that it was a case of forgery, I would never have left these rooms. This is indeed a grave accusation, and I will not rest until my innocence has been proved!'

I was overjoyed at his words. 'Let me defend you,' cried I. 'You are not guilty; I am convinced of that. I have already gone deeply into the matter, and your presence was all that was needed in order to remove the suspicion which your disappearance had roused in everybody's mind.'

He grasped my hand and said: 'This is true friendship. What have I done to deserve it?'

Reginald Gretworth little knew. As soon as I had proved him innocent and had restored him to his place in society, would not Hester Gretworth consent to become my wife?

We sat down face to face under the shaded lamp and went thoroughly into the affair that very night; and during our conversation he explained to me how the letter to Miss Poining appeared so dusty and faded as it had done. He had placed it in the corner of an old cupboard in the hall outside, with the intention of returning for it. His latchkey—the rusty one which he had given me this evening—had been dropped into a hole under the staircase, and had remained there ready for use in case he should at any time find it possible to steal into his rooms at Lyon's Inn, as he had done on the night when he handed me the letter.

That letter, composed hurriedly, had been vaguely expressed. 'I am concerned,' he had written, 'in the drawing-up of a bill for five hundred pounds—the man who asked me to endorse the draft is a scoundrel; but I am little better than he.' And so it happened that even Hester had been led to believe that her brother was guilty.

The man who misled him was never brought to justice. But it was soon shown, to the satisfaction of every one concerned—by letters and other documents in Gretworth's hands—that he was unaware of any criminal action on the part of his schoolfellow. This individual had forged the name of a large City house, and in order to remove any possible suspicion as to whether the bill was genuine or not, he had asked his friend to endorse it. His object in raising the money was to restore credit at his banker's. Signs of suspicion on the part of the bill-brokers who had discounted the bill had alarmed him; and being unable to get the forged draft into his possession again without paying the amount—namely, five hundred pounds—he had quietly decamped.

Nearly twenty-five years ago! In a few months' time Hester and I hope to celebrate our silver wedding. Reginald Gretworth, under my guidance, had proved his innocence; and so I had won the hand of the woman who had already given me her heart.

Soon after our marriage, I remember, the notice to quit Lyon's Inn arrived. It was 'coming down.' And when I recall to mind its mouldering walls and creaking staircases, it is a surprise to me that the place had not 'come down' of its own accord. Not a stone remains to indicate the precise locality of this ancient landmark of old London; but upon the site of old Lyon's Inn—haunted no longer now—two theatres have been built, and the gloom has gone.

Are the dramas that are played there now, I sometimes wonder, as stirring as those which were played at various times in that old inn of Chancery?

A MYSTERIOUS AND DREADED LIZARD.

THE Gila Monster (*Heloderma horridum*), which lives in the valleys and sandy plains of Arizona and Sonora, is called by the native Mexicans *Escupion*, which means 'Spitter,' derived from the Spanish verb *escupir*, to spit. It has at all times given rise to many seemingly improbable stories, and excited considerable curiosity; so it may not be amiss to take a closer look at the mysterious object in the light of recently-developed facts, and an experience of many years spent in the regions of this animal's habitat. The lizard—for such it evidently is—varies in length from fifteen to thirty inches, and has a heavy rounded body, which touches the ground when the animal creeps along, unless enraged, when it assumes a more erect posture, moves quicker, and begins to spit. Its colouring is like that of a rattlesnake, black figuring on yellow, the entire body being apparently scaly, though in reality the whole skin is composed of small particles, closely joined together, like an embroidery-work of beads. It is the only one of the lizard family that is extremely venomous.

Mr Paul C. Brown, in a most interesting recent article, says that the long-debated question as to the venomous nature of the Gila Monster was brought up at a late meeting of the College of Physicians at Philadelphia. Drs Mitchell and Reichart had on hand live vigorous specimens of the lizard. Dr Mitchell caused one to attack the edge of a dish, and some of the saliva was caught in a watch-glass. This was first tested. The venom of poisonous reptiles is acid, but this was alkaline. A minute quantity was then injected into a live pigeon, which died in less than nine minutes. Other experiments were tried which demonstrated the dangerous character of the poison. According to these learned doctors, 'rattlesnake poison is a bagatelle in comparison.'

The writer's personal experience with this saurian, which covers a period of over twenty-two years, may be condensed into the following facts. In 1867, while in the employ of the United States Quartermaster Department, I was stationed at Fort Wallen—since abandoned—in the Territory of Arizona, on the upper San Pedro River, and having considerable leisure time, I occupied myself frequently in collecting tarantulas, centipedes, snakes, campamochas, &c., and studying their habits. One day during the summer, our mail-rider from Tucson reported to me that he had met on his home-trip—in fact,

that very morning—with a horrible animal, at sight of which his horse shied precipitately, almost unseating him. He quieted the horse, which, although trembling in every limb, came to a stand. Before the rider had time to pull his revolver and take aim, the strange animal disappeared among the rocks which line both sides of the road at that place. He described the animal as about four feet long, and not unlike a young caiman or crocodile (the rider was a native of Louisiana). We had at the fort several Mexicans, employed as brickmakers and herders; and upon their hearing his imperfect description, they came unanimously to the conclusion that he had seen an *escupion;* only they shook their heads at the alleged size of the animal, all stating that they had never seen one exceeding a *vara* (thirty-three inches) in length.

In the evening I called these men to the office, and offered them five dollars for a live specimen, and half that amount for a dead one, not mutilated to any great extent. On the following Sunday two of them started out, and towards evening brought in a Gila Monster twenty-eight inches in length, which they had lassoed while it was asleep, or apparently so, on the sunny surface of a large rock, which allowed them to crawl up from behind unperceived and to throw the noose over its head. They were carrying it between them, hanging from a Cereus pole, the ends of which rested on their shoulders, leaving between the dangling animal and its carriers a distance of at least six feet. Still they appeared to me to be uncomfortable, and as soon as I approached—in my ignorance and eagerness—somewhat close to the reptile, they both burst out with: 'Por Dios, señor, cuidado!' (For God's sake, sir, take care!)

There being an empty grain-room about the place, I lodged the saurian in it, attached to a raw-hide rope fastened to an iron picket pin, giving him about four feet playroom. This I did with the help of my two Mexican friends, armed with long blacksmith's tongs, while they continually cautioned me to look out for my fingers and keep out of reach of the animal's spittle. After paying the men, I sent for something from the sutler to compose their nerves, in order to ascertain from them the cause of their abject fear. Their stories mainly coincided with those of the other Mexicans and Indians whom I have interrogated upon the subject since, and though but hearsay evidence, I would state that these reports may be accepted as facts, the narrators being men of unquestionable veracity, and my later experiments bearing them out in their assertions.

A woodcutter who had lain down in complete health to sleep, wrapped up in his blanket, failed to arise in the morning, when his co-labourers called him. Upon uncovering him they found him stone-dead, and near his body a Gila Monster, which, in the bustle and confusion of the moment, made good his escape. The body of the man bore no mark of a bite or other wound.

Near Magdalena, Sonora, a man was hunting rabbits with a dog. The latter inserted his snout into a rabbit hole, but immediately retreated, uttering fearful howls while he was trying to shake off a Gila Monster which had fastened its teeth into the dog's nose, and, although snarling and spitting without interruption, could not be made to let go its hold till it was killed, and even then its jaws had to be forced apart with an iron rod. The dog, upon being released, began to act very strangely, and showed something like the same symptoms as a horse does when suffering from the 'blind staggers;' but soon began turning around itself in a circle with the head for its centre, and in about twenty minutes fell down dead. The same actions before death were observed in a mule, only this animal was bitten in a hind-leg, and lived for several days.

A young miner while prospecting was bitten just above the shoe. Although previously in the best health, he at once began to lose flesh, became melancholy, and died after a few months in the manner of those who succumb to what in Germany is called the galloping consumption.

If space allowed, I could enumerate many similar cases, more or less authenticated; but suffice it to say, that among the natives the universal belief is that the spittle or saliva, and even the mere breath and exhalation, of the animal in an excited state is deadly poison. I have been told by many Mexicans that the Yaqui Indians hunt the Gila Monster for the sake of its flesh, which is indeed appetising enough to look at; but several Yaquis to whom I spoke about the matter have denied the assertion.

After this digression, let us return to my prisoner in the grain-room. The reader may imagine that, after the repeated cautions I had received from its captors, I personally gave the animal a wide berth, although I tried to induce a pointer, which we kept for hunting quail, to investigate the nature of the new-comer's temper. When the dog perceived the big lizard, he stood perfectly still and trembled with fear, then turned about and fled. One of the men now brought a very brave and even vicious rat-terrier, who entered boldly enough and walked, sniffing cautiously, towards the Gila Monster, which in its turn came forward to the length of the rope. The two animals were now only a few feet apart; the dog began to whine and bark alternately, advancing a few inches and retreating again, showing plainly that he would like to go in and shake his adversary, who by this time had straightened his legs and was spitting furiously, shooting out his forked black tongue, while his little black eyes exhibited the 'uncanny' fire of an angry snake. The dog could not be induced to go any nearer, and the fight was abandoned. The lizard was then given the corner of a woollen blanket; into this it bit furiously, holding on with such tenacity that we had to procure a crowbar to pry its jaws open. Cats placed in the same room—which had no door—with the saurian would, upon perceiving the animal, bristle up like the 'fretful porcupine' and make a very speedy exit. I placed some chopped meat and a bowl of water within the reach of my captive, and left him to himself. On the following morning he was gone, having dexterously slipped the noose over his head—at least there was no visible sign of gnawing on any part of the rope.

Since then, I have experimented with many

specimens; in fact, I buy a few every summer, either for that purpose or for stuffing. One I kept for over three months. It appeared to be quite old, and I used to place in its prison—a large dry-goods box—rats, mice, lizards, and birds with clipped wings. It remained entirely inoffensive; but the animals thus introduced into the box would at once retire into the farthest corner and remain there with evident signs of abject fear.

Finally, I resolved to stuff it, and now became acquainted with a new feature of this animal's nature, a feature so extraordinary, so altogether incredible, that I almost hesitate to relate it, although I can produce several eye-witnesses to the performance. In order to preserve the skin without the least mutilation, I thought that the best way to kill the animal with the least possible suffering would be to drown it. I therefore attached a heavy stone to the wire which held the animal fast around the shoulders, and immersed it in a barrel full of water, keeping the lizard completely under its surface, anchored as it were. But when I found, after twelve hours of continuous immersion, that the saurian was as alive as ever, I then, with the help of another man, tried to strangle the animal, but did not succeed. At this stage, a friend arrived at the house, and I related to him my perplexity; and he—a native of Sonora—killed the animal in a second by giving it a moderate short dry knock with the poker on the back part of the skull where the latter joins the backbone, telling me that the Gila Monster had a soft spot there, which I found to be the case while stuffing the animals.

In direct contrast with the last-mentioned peacefully inclined specimen were several which I kept at different times. They would pounce upon anything that came in an aggressive manner near them; and I do not remember any small animal or bird that lived longer than from ten to thirty minutes after being bitten, with one exception. Small creatures, like mice and little pullets, would die almost immediately. A good-sized three-year-old rooster, however, which had a fight with him one day and was bitten in the leg, survived the battle for several years, although remaining lame. The lizard had one eye put out and was otherwise pretty badly used, so that I killed him in order to make a new experiment. I boiled him for about two hours in a well-cleansed kerosene can, and then gave a street cur about one pint of the liquid substance. He lapped it eagerly, as if it were beef-tea, appeared to enjoy it greatly, and manifestly looked about for more. Although I kept him locked up for several days in my courtyard, I failed to discover in him the least inconvenience resulting from the unaccustomed diet. This experiment I repeated at different times, whenever I received a specimen whose mutilated carcase did not admit of stuffing, and always with the same harmless result; so that I came to the conclusion that either the process of boiling or the gastric juice of the dog's stomach neutralised the venom.

But where is this deadly venom located? When I dissected the first *Heloderma*, I found, to my great surprise, that notwithstanding the evident outer resemblance of its head to that of the rattlesnake, there were no fangs, no venom-bladders, no visible receptacle for venom; and furthermore, that whereas the jaws of venomous snakes are simply held in position by a number of elastic skins, which allow their throats to stretch to a great extent, and thus enable them to swallow bodies of a much greater circumference than themselves, the jaws of the *Heloderma* are well locked or hinged like those of the quadrupeds.

Although I have always been careful not to come in direct contact with a live Gila Monster, I have never taken any particular precautions for my hands while stuffing one and have handled its flesh freely. The animal has two rows—upper and lower—of very sharp teeth on each side, those of the upper jaw being considerably longer than the lower. The stomach is very small. Strange to say, the skin is thinnest on the back, and along the spine is as thin as paper, while it becomes thicker towards the belly, and is thickest around the tail. The little paws are exquisitely shaped, and the forepaws resemble—the thumb excepted—very much a human hand in form.

I have never yet seen a Gila Monster eat or drink, although I had several that became tame enough. What little they did eat or drink was made away with either at night or when nobody was present. I generally gave them chopped meat or earthworms; but am positive that quite frequently, especially after being recently captured, they would go without food or drink for a week or more. Its natural food I suppose to consist of small insects, bugs, worms, and larvæ; and as it has never been seen before April or after September, it is rational to conclude that it hibernates during the cool and cold seasons.

TRUE GIFTS.

He gives no gift who gives to me
Things rich and rare,
Unless within the gift he give
Of love some share.

He gives no gift who gives to me
Silver and gold,
If but to make his own heart glad;
Such gift is cold.

He gives me gifts who, giving such,
My wants would ease,
Feeling most pity for my need
In lacking these.

He gives me gifts most rich and rare
Who gives to me,
Out of the riches of his heart,
True sympathy.

He gives best gifts who, giving nought
Of worldly store,
Gives me his friendship, love, and trust—
I ask no more.

LAURA HARVEY.

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OUR MARGINS.

By Mrs Lynn Linton.

With the bulk of our possessions, the sane among us know pretty well how to deal. With the margins we are often at a loss, squandering and going wide, or hoarding and not utilising. Take our income as one example: we pay so much in rents, taxes, servants' wages, and the principal items of housekeeping. Take our time for another: we devote so many hours in the day to our professional work, our domestic duties, our intellectual life. So far good; but the unappropriated surplus and what we do with it—the unoccupied margin and how we fill it—these are the vital questions for the present moment; and the answer is of more consequence in the fit conduct of life than some will allow. But among the many marks of a fool, one is his contempt for small things and his grand way of overlooking the cumulative power of aggregation and repetition. In spite of the lessons taught by flint and chalk and coral, the good old saw setting forth how many a pickle makes a mickle is without significance to him. Only a few shillings—only a few pounds—surely he can afford that out of his margin!—Only a few minutes in the day—what is the worth of a few minutes? Nothing! Out of the twenty-four hours, half an hour here, a quarter there, ten minutes—just ten—what folly to make a fuss and call that waste!

The learned man who wrote a book in the intervals of waiting while his wife put on her bonnet and settled her strings, must have been a horrid bore, argue these idle ones who let their unappropriated time lie as fallow as an Irishman's corners and quarter acres. No one can be always between the shafts; and the sweet Do-nothing has its mental uses as well as its charms. It is so restful to sit and dream, weaving fairy stories of improbable chances out of the golden threads of hope and imagination! It is so pleasant, too, to dawdle and potter and linger over the thing that is in hand—to save one's energies—as if energies did not grow with the using!—and to waste the margin in long halts of inactivity between the stages of accomplishment! Why should Life be a cruel taskmaster, gaunt and grim, priggish and precise, and not the jolly, generous, loose-handed friend who winks at faults, overlooks lapses, and lets things run free in a happy-go-lucky kind of way, the margin not counting? Why not indeed! When we all emigrate into the kingdom of Cockaigne, and our larks fall from the sky ready roasted for supper, it will be so; but till then the margin has to be considered and its best use made clear.

In whatever way we spend our money, some one profits. This is one of the points of conflict between morality and political economy. After all, squandering is distribution, and personal loss is public gain. If even you waste your substance on horseracing and cards, what you disburse others pocket; and a five-shilling button-hole helps the flower-seller to live. That other bills are left unpaid—that the wife and children go short of their rightful share—these form distinct questions of their own. They are moral knots which are not untied by the most dexterous use of 'distribution' and 'public gain' or any other verbal juggle. Like metaphysical arguments on the subtleties of free-will and necessity, we blow them all aside when we come down to the 'hard pan' of common-sense and personal experience. And our dealing with our margin in income is a matter of common-sense and personal application, the rightness or wrongfulness of which is wholly and entirely conditional. The cottager who spends his margin on his flower-beds and lets his cabbage-garden go bare and his potato-patch unweeded, is a thriftless husbandman; the woman who fills her drawing-room with knick-knacks and does not renew her broken jugs and basins is as thriftless a housewife. But the millionaire may give thousands for his orchids and his vines, and his margin is well employed. And if there were no wealthy ladies with a taste for pretty things, Regent Street would go into the Bankruptcy Court, and the large world which

lives by means of the 'arts and crafts' would have to take to house-building or road-making or some other form of elemental social necessity.

'Your bindings, my dear sir, are superb. The literature they adorn is not perhaps quite up to the mark, but the tooling of the covers, and the workmanship from start to finish, leave nothing to be desired. They have cost you a small fortune, you say? Evidently. A small fortune soon goes in work of this supreme excellence.—And so you have been obliged to take your son from the school where he was doing so well and put him into business, young and only half educated as he is? That is a pity. With fair chances the lad would have made his mark and probably earned both wealth and fame. Now he is an oak in a flower-pot—transplanted from the forest where he ought to have grown to his full stature. But your bindings are superb, and quite worth, to an amateur, the money they have cost.'

'You are the best-dressed woman I know, my dear. Your colours are always so well chosen and perfectly assorted—not too dull, not too garish. It is a pleasure to look at you. You are like some sweet picture stepped out of its frame, and your milliner regards you as her best advertisement.—I am sorry to see your husband look so white and thin. He suffers from dyspepsia? your cook is so ignorant she cannot cook at all? her bread is like so much masticable lead? her made dishes are all grease? Would it not be better to have some one more experienced, whose *cuisine* would suit your husband's delicate digestion and thus spare him suffering and give him ease? You cannot afford it, you say? Good cooks are so expensive, and they would not be content with the makeshifts in the way of the "buttery" with which your clumsy Phyllis at sixteen pounds the year muddles on anyhow? Well! you know your own concerns better than I do. I am really sorry to see your husband look so ill;—but that richly-embroidered dove-colour you wore at church last Sunday is the prettiest dress I have seen for a long time. You were better dressed than the Countess; and that is saying everything.'

Will any one say that these two margins are well employed? Do they not both break the first great law of beautiful living—proportion? It is not a sin to get fine bindings for one's books, nor to dress in well-chosen colours and well-made clothes. But when it comes to the question of breadth of margin and the application thereof, the thing changes its complexion; and the chameleon which was green while it rested on the leaf becomes mud-colour when it falls into the swamp.

With our margin of time, things go the same way. It all depends on the amount of time we have in hand whether we squander foolishly or use with permissible generosity. But the rule which held good with money is inverted when we deal with time, and the man who has nothing to do, and whose whole day is therefore one wide margin, has a heavier account against him than the busy worker whose narrow little strips of leisure are almost too small to be put out to interest. And yet it is the busy people who have time for extras. The idle never have margins. Ask the man who gets up at twelve and who has not the very ghost of a duty to employ him—who has not an obligation save those which he chooses to make for himself—ask him to undertake any matter that will fill up half an hour in the fourteen he takes from sleep for idle pleasure, and he cannot find that half-hour in all his margin. Ask the man who is in his office at nine and who leaves at six, and he will do it 'off the reel' at once, and without boggling more than a thoroughbred hunter boggles at the easy fence. His margins are always available, like the corners and little vacant spaces left in close packing for the small extras; and you can always count on him for extra work and unseen margins as you can stuff into your corners the loose-lying odds and ends. One of the busiest professional men in London is also one of the most helpful friends. One of the most earnest students and prolific writers is he on whom of all you know you can most surely rely. He utilises his margins. This is the secret of his life and the answer to the enigma of how he does it. What a contrast to that man of pleasure with nothing to do—that idler, unmethodical, dawdling, irregular, unpunctual, who has never any margin at all to use for himself or for others!

With women the same rule holds good; but with women the manner in which they use their margins in time is very varied. Some never know what it is to have an unoccupied moment; others waste whole days in absolute idling, and let their time run away like water in a leaky vessel. With the first, the margin is filled in with beautiful art-work, or given to outside deeds of benevolence in the parish or the district. Or they use it for self-culture; and with a house to look after and children to bring up, they manage not only to do the first two duties thoroughly and well, but to add the third grace—proficiency in such and such a study. You never know where they find the time for all they have to do. Surely they have learned the secret of lengthening the hours so that they measure into the worth of forty-eight for them! For they do all their own work and have margins at the service of their friends over and above the main bulk. If you want any personal help, go to these women, rather than to their sisters with nothing to do beyond dress and pleasure. They will write letters of introduction for you among all that they have of their own to write; they will carry you through a press though they themselves are in the midst of a throng; they will help you in your house-moving and afterwards in your house-warming; if you have sickness in the family they will be good fairies, bringing you extra hands and extra energies; and whatever their own difficulties with work and time, they will find the margin for your benefit and help you to adjust yours. They live at high-pressure, you will say—you, the indolent dreamer sitting in the easy-chair before the fire and letting fancy run as it may without the exertion of even thinking. So be it. Living at high-pressure is not a bad thing, provided it does not increase into a strain too tense for health; and the employment of margins in active work is better than sitting before the fire half dreaming, half dozing, and letting

the mind run into nothingness—as a stream of living water, which should fertilise and bless, runs into sand and is lost. All ages have agreed to condemn the idler, man as well as woman. It is a vice that brings in its train as many disasters as those of more criminal complexion, and it holds within itself the two evils of sins of omission on the one side and of evil employment on the other. One has only to go into the house of an idle woman to see the bane of her vice in the dirt and disorder, the unpunctuality and the neglect of all about—with too probably the death of this child, and the evil career of that, directly traceable to idleness which, so far from employing margins, neglected the main portion of time.

Those who use their margins are rich in all ways; those who do not, but who let hours and weeks and months pass by like derelict vessels floating on a sluggish stream, are poor in all ways. Ask the first what they have gained?—A row of pearls would but ill emblemise the things they have accomplished and the reward they have earned. Ask the other—emptiness, and not so much as a handful of chaff to fill up the void of Nothingness! These people, if innocently and not actively vicious, come into the category of that large class who are 'owre guid for banning and owre bad for blessing.' They do no active harm, or of intention; but they do no positive good, and they suffer evil to obtain if they do not themselves effect it. Like the wild growths of the field, they bear no poisonous berries, but neither have they roots for healing. They simply hold the ground, no more. With them the world is no richer; without them, it would be no poorer. Idle dreamers, wasting time that is more precious than gold, they are the spiritual sluggards of humanity, whose souls are undeveloped and whose conscience is asleep. The shock of adversity which would arouse them would be a blessing in disguise; and the tyranny of circumstance which should force them to use their energies would be the kindly coercion of a benevolent friend. This coercion would make their margin bear fruit and give back interest, instead of, as now, lying like barren clods—buried like that famous talent by which no man was the gainer.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XI.—A STRANGE SAIL.

It was a Friday morning. On going on deck before breakfast for a pump-bath in the ship's head, I found as queer a look of weather all about as ever I had witnessed in my life. A troubled swell, but without much height or power, was running from the westwards, and the Indiaman rolled awkwardly upon it with much noise of beating canvas aloft and of straining spars.

'Hillo, Mr Smallridge,' said I, as I stepped over the rail out of the head, addressing the boatswain, who was superintending the work of a couple of hands slung over the bow, 'what have we yonder?' and I sent my gaze at a sail I had now for the first time caught sight of that was hovering down upon our port quarter some two or three miles distant.

'A brig, sir, I believe,' he answered; 'she was in sight much about the same place at daybreak. There's been a little air of wind, but it's failing, I doubt.'

'Making way for something to follow, I fancy?' said I, casting a look round the horizon.

'Ay,' he answered; 'that muck's a-drawing up, and there'll be thunder in it too, if my corns speaks right. Niver had no such aching in my toes as this morning since last Toosday was two year, when we fell in off the Hope with the ugliest thunderstorm that I can remember south of the heequator. When my corns begins to squirm I always know that thunder ain't fur off.'

'Well, thunder or no thunder,' said I, 'I hope there's to come wind enough in the wake of all this to blow us along. We shall be having to call it sixty days to the Line, bo'sun, if we don't mind our eye;' and giving him a friendly nod, I made my way to my cabin to finish dressing.

The gloomy appearance continued all the morning without the least change. The wind fell dead; and a prodigious hush overhung the sea, a stillness that grew absolutely overwhelming to the fancy, if you gave your mind to it, and stood watching the heave of the swell running in ugly green heaps without a sound.

By noon the sail that I had noticed early that morning had neared us in some insensible fashion till she hung something more than a mile away off the quarter as before. I had several times examined her with the telescope, and was not a little impressed by her appearance. She was a brig of about two hundred and sixty tons; a most beautiful and perfect model, indeed, with a clipper lift of bow and a knife-like cutwater and a long wonderfully graceful arching sweep of side rounding into the very perfection of a run.

Observing Mr Prance at the rail, steadfastly observing the brig down upon the quarter, I went up to him.

'Pray, what do you find in that craft yonder, Mr Prance, to interest you? The skipper does not seem able to keep his glass off her.'

'What do *you* see, Mr Dugdale?' he answered, viewing me out of the corners of his eyes without turning his head. 'Come, you have been a sailor. What is *your* notion of her?'

'She's a beauty, anyway,' I answered; 'no builder's yard ever turned out anything sweeter in the shape of hull—a trifle too lofty, perhaps. For my part, I hate everything above royals. Give me short mastheads, the royal-yard sitting close under the truck, English frigate-fashion'——I was proceeding.

'No, no; I don't mean that, Mr Dugdale,' he interrupted with a hint of a seaman's impatience at my criticism.

'What, then?' I asked.

'Does she look honest, think you?' said he.

'Ha!' cried I; 'now I understand.'

'Hush! not a word, if you please,' he exclaimed with a glance along the poop; 'the ladies must on no account be frightened, and it is but a mere suspicion on Captain Keeling's part at best. Yet he has had some acquaintance with gentry of her kind, if, indeed, yonder chap be of the denomination he conjectures.'

'She must have been stealthily sneaking down upon us,' I exclaimed, 'to occupy her present position, otherwise she should be a league distant out on the beam. But then such a hull as that must yield to a catspaw that wouldn't blow a feather out of the *Countess Ida's* mizzen-top. What has been seen to excite misgiving, Mr Prance?'

'Too many of a crew, sir,' he answered; 'the outline of a *long-tom* on her forecastle, but ill concealed by the raffle thrown over it. Six guns of a side, Mr Dugdale, though the closed ports hide their grins.'

'She will not attempt anything with a big chap like us, surely, Mr Prance?'

At that moment the captain called him, and he walked aft.

Ten minutes or so before the tiffin bell rang, after the hands had come down from aloft, the order was quietly sent along to see all clear for action; and as I took my seat at table, being close to the cuddy front, as my chair brought me, with a clear view of the quarter-deck through the open windows, I could see the men preparing our little show of carronades, removing the tompions, placing rams, sponges, train-tackles, and the like at hand, and passing shot and chests of small-arms through the main hatch.

Captain Keeling, stiff, and bolstered up as usual in his brass-buttoned frock coat, his face of a deeper rubicund from some recent touch of soap and towel, seated himself at the head of the table; but Prance and the other mates remained on deck. One noticed a deal of uneasiness amongst the ladies, saving Miss Temple, whose haughty beautiful face wore its ordinary impassive expression. There was no coquetry in the startled eyes that Miss Hudson rolled around. Mrs Bannister fanned herself vehemently and ate nothing. There were some of us males, too, who looked as if we didn't like it. Mr Emmett was exceedingly thoughtful; Mr Fairthorne drank thirstily, and pulled incessantly at his little sprouting moustache; Mr Hodder watched old Keeling continuously; and Mr Riley made much of his eyeglass. Nothing to the point was said for a little while; then the Colonel rapped out:

'I say, captain, have you any notion as to the nationality of that chap whom your people are making ready to resist?'

'No, sir,' answered Keeling stiffly; 'we gave her a sight of our ensign this morning; but she showed no colours in return, and I am not a man to keep my hat off to one who will not respond.'

'Dot iss my vay,' exclaimed Peter Hemskirk, bestowing a train of nods on the skipper.

'But, captain,' said Mrs Jolliffe, a nervous gentle-faced middle-aged lady, with soft white hair, 'have you any good reason for supposing that the ship may prove dangerous to us?'

'Madam,' responded Keeling with a bow, and you noticed the prevailing condition amongst us by the general nervous inclining of ears towards the old fellow to catch what he said, 'there is reason to believe that certain Spaniards of the island of Cuba have equipped two or three smart vessels to act the part of marine highwaymen. The authorities wink at the business, I am told. Their practice is to bring ships to and board them, and plunder the best of what they may come across. Last year, a West Indiaman named the *Jamaica Belle* was overhauled by one of these craft, who took specie amounting to twelve thousand pounds out of her. I believe they are not cut-throat in the old piratic sense.'

'Oh, don't speak of cut-throats!' cried Mrs Hudson. 'Will they *dare* to attack us—the monsters!'

'Ladies and gentlemen,' said Keeling, 'pray, clearly understand: my suspicions of the stranger may be ill founded. Meanwhile, our business is to put ourselves in a posture of defence ready for whatever may happen.'

'Certainly,' exclaimed the Colonel very emphatically with a look round; and then speaking with his eyes fixed upon Mr Johnson: 'I presume we shall be able to count upon all our male friends here assembled to assist your crew to the utmost of their powers, should the stranger make any attempt upon this ship?'

'We shall expect you to cover yourself with glory, Colonel,' said Mr Johnson, in a familiar sarcastic voice; 'and I shall be happy to write and print a full description of your behaviour, sir.'

'I am quite willing to fight,' exclaimed Mr Fairthorne in an effeminate voice. 'I mean that I shall be glad to thoot; but I am no thwordthman.'

'Passengers hov no beesness to vight,' exclaimed Mynheer Hemskirk, enlarging his immense waistcoat by obtruding his chest; 'dey gets in der vay of dem as knows vot to do.'

Miss Temple bit her lip to conceal a smile.

'That's all very well,' exclaimed Riley, talking at Miss Hudson; 'but suppose, Hemskirk, you should find some greasy Spaniard with earrings and oily ringlets rifling your boxes, hauling out all the money you've got, pocketing that fine silver-mounted meerschaum pipe of yours'——

'I vould coot orff hiss head,' answered the Dutchman, breathing hard.

'Gentlemen, you are unnecessarily alarming the ladies,' cried old marline-spike from the head of the table.

'I suppose there's no lack of small-arms with you, captain?' roared the Colonel; 'plenty for us here as well as for your men?'

'I shall insist upon your not meddling, Edward, in whatever may happen,' cried his wife, giving him an emphatic nod over the edge of her fan with her Roman nose.

'I *shall* meddle, then, my dear,' he shouted. 'If it comes to those rascals attacking us, I shall fight, as of course we *all* will!' and again he bent his little fiery eyes upon Mr Johnson.

'My note-book is ready, Colonel,' said Mr Johnson pleasantly, with a satirical grin at the peppery little soldier. 'I'll not lose sight of you, sir.'

'I believe you will then, sir,' sneered the Colonel, 'unless Captain Keeling takes the precaution to clap his hatches on to prevent anybody skulking below from off the deck.'

'Mere bluster is not going to help us,' said Colledge, who disliked the Colonel; 'no good in railing and storming like heroes in a blank-verse performance for an hour at a time before falling to. If Captain Keeling wants any assistance outside that of his crew, he may command me for one.'

'I wath never taught fenthing,' said Mr

Fairthorne; 'if I fight, it mutht be with a muthket.'

'If the ship should be captured, what's to become of us?' cried Mrs Hudson. 'I've read the most barbarous histories about pirates. They have no respect for sects or age; and it's quite common, I've heard, for every pirate to have twelve wives.'

Here Mrs Trevor suddenly shrieked out for some one to bring her baby to her, then went into hysterics, and was presently carried away in a dead faint by the stewards, followed by her daughter, weeping bitterly. Old Keeling whipped out an oath.

'Now, gentlemen,' he exclaimed, 'you see what your conversation has brought about.—Ladies, I beg that you will not be uneasy. The stranger will give us no trouble, I am persuaded;' and rising with a look of contempt, he bowed stiffly to Miss Temple and her aunt, and went on deck.

I was too curious to observe what was going forward to linger in the cuddy amid this idle rattle of tongues.

Our crew hung about the decks in groups, ready to spring to the first command. The captain, the chief-mate, and Mr Cocker stood abreast of the wheel, looking at the brig with an occasional glance round the sea at the weather. I was accosted by some one at my elbow.

'Do you think it possible, Mr Dugdale, that if that vessel fired at our ship she could hit us, so violently rolling as she is?'

I turned; it was Mrs Radcliffe, and with her was Miss Temple. With the exception of a 'good-morning' or a 'good-night,' I had never exchanged a syllable with this lady in all the time she and I had been together on shipboard.

'Her gunners,' said I, 'would need to be practised marksmen, I should say, to hit us from such a tumbling platform as that yonder.'

'Just my opinion, as I told you, Louise,' she exclaimed.

'If she were to begin to fire,' exclaimed the girl, keeping her gaze bent seawards, 'she would be sure to hit us, though it were by chance.'

'Very possibly,' said I.

'There will be some wind soon, I think, don't you?' said Mrs Radcliffe.

'I hope so,' I answered.

'In that case,' said she, 'we shall be able to sail away and escape, shan't we?'

'She will chase us,' exclaimed Miss Temple; 'and as she sails faster than we do, she will catch us.'

'Now, *is* that likely?' cried Mrs Radcliffe, with a nervous toss of her head at me.

'Everything is possible at sea,' said I, laughing; 'but there is a deal in our favour, Mrs Radcliffe: first the weather, that as good as disables that fellow at present anyway; then the coming on of the night, with every prospect of losing the brig in the darkness.'

'Would you advocate our running away from him?' exclaimed Miss Temple, looking at me with a fullness and firmness that was as embarrassing and vexing in its way as an impertinent stare.

'Oh yes,' said I; 'certainly. We are a peaceful trader. It is our business to arrive in India sound in body'——

'I should consider,' said she, gazing at me as if she would subdue me into acquiescence in anything she chose to say by merely eyeing me strenuously, 'that Captain Keeling would be acting the part of a coward if he ran away from that little vessel.'

'Oh Louise, how *can* you talk so?' cried Mrs Radcliffe, with a sort of despairful toss of her hands.

'I should like to see a fight between two ships,' said the girl, removing her overbearing eyes from my face to send them over the deck amongst the groups of men. 'Of course, if that vessel attacks us, we ladies will be sent below to rend the cabin with our screams at every broadside; but I for one am perfectly willing, if the captain consents, to shoot at those people through a porthole.'

'Oh Louise, the whims which possess you are really dreadful!' cried Mrs Radcliffe: 'imagine, if you should even *wound* a man! it would make you miserable for life; perhaps end in your becoming a Roman Catholic and going into a convent. Think of *that*.'

Miss Temple looked at her aunt with a little curl of her lip.

'I do not know,' she exclaimed, 'why it should be more dreadful in a woman to defend her life than in a man. Nobody, I suppose, wishes to hurt those people; but if they attempt to hurt *us*, why should we women feel shocked at the notion of our helping the sailors to protect the ship by any means in our power?—I am like Mr Fairthorne,' she continued, with a sarcastic glance at me; 'I could not fight with a sword, but I can certainly pull the trigger of a musket.'

'It is really hardly lady-like, my dear'—— began Mrs Radcliffe.

'Nonsense, aunt! Lady-like! Is it more genteel to fall into hysterics and swoon away, than to take aim at a wicked wretch who will have your life if you don't take his?' and as she said this, she whipped a cotton umbrella out of her aunt's hand, and putting it to her shoulder, as though it were a gun, levelled it at the brig.

Colledge, who was standing at a little distance away, talking to two or three of the passengers, clapped his hands and laughed out. For my part, I could not take my eyes off her, so fascinating were the beauties of her fine form in that posture, her head drooped in the attitude of the marksman, and her marble-like profile showing out clear as a cutting in ivory against the soft shadowy mass of gloom of the sky astern.

Mrs Radcliffe made me a little staggering curtsy, and walked with Miss Temple to the companion, down which the pair of them went, followed by Mr Colledge.

A few minutes later Mr Emmett and Mr Johnson approached me, bumping against each other like a brace of lighters in a seaway as they struck out on the swaying deck with their staggering legs.

'I say, Dugdale,' cried the journalist, 'shall you fight?'

'Why, yes,' I answered. 'We shall all be expected to help the crew certainly.'

'I don't see *that*!' exclaimed Mr Emmett, drawing his wide-awake down to his nose and folding

his arms with a tragic gesture upon his breast, whilst he swung his figure from side to side on wide-stretched legs. 'It's all very fine to *expect*; but I agree with Johnson, whose argument is, that we have paid our money to be transported in safety to Bombay; and I cannot for the life of me see that the captain has any right to look for co-operation at our hands, unless, indeed, he so contrives it as to enable us to help him without imperilling our lives.'

'But that fellow yonder may be full of ruffians, Emmett,' said I; 'and if you do not help our sailors to defend the *Countess Ida*, they may board us; and then they will cut your throat,' I added, with a look at his long neck, 'which is no very agreeable sensation, I believe, and an experience quite worth a pinch of heroism to evade.'

'It's a beastly business altogether,' said he, wrinkling his nose as he stared at the brig.

'But why should they board us?' exclaimed Mr Johnson. 'If they do, it will be the captain's fault. Why does he want to go on sticking *here* for, as if, by George! we were a man-of-war with three decks bristling with guns and crammed to suffocation with men?'

'There is no wind,' said I; 'and without wind, Johnson, ships cannot sail.'

'Then why the confounded dickens don't he lower all the boats,' he cried, 'and fill them with sailors, and tug the ship out of sight of that beast there?'

I laughed outright.

At that instant there was a flash of lightning that made a crimson dazzle of the dark heavens beyond the brig, where the sky sloped in a horrible yellowish slate colour into the sooty thickness which circled the horizon.

'Ha!' cried Mr Emmett, 'I don't like lightning;' and he abruptly trundled down the poop ladder to the quarter-deck and disappeared, followed by Mr Johnson.

ABOUT THE CANARIES.

It is no uncommon thing nowadays for a doctor to suggest to his patient a voyage to the Canary Islands, and a sojourn in Tenerife of two or three months during the winter or spring. The sick man is perhaps alarmed at the word 'voyage.' Perhaps, too, he does not know much about the Canaries: what hemisphere they lie in; whether they are inhabited by civilised people or barbarians; and whether or not he will find a respectable roof for his head in this mysterious place of exile. The doctor's counsel is by no means so welcome as it would have been if Nice, or Algiers, or even Madeira, had been mentioned instead of the Canaries. My little paper may do something to enlighten our friend the patient, as well as others who stand in need of doctor's advice.

The Canaries are a group of seven principal islands, and five rocks, some threescore miles to the west of Morocco, and rather less than two hundred miles south of Madeira. In the order of their size the inhabited islands are Tenerife, Fuerteventura, Grand Canary, Lanzarote, Palma, Gomera, and Hierro. Of these the principal in every way is Tenerife. It lies between Grand Canary and Palma, with Hierro and Gomera flanking it farther to the south. Its chief town, Santa Cruz—where, in 1797, Nelson got such a warm reception from the Spaniards that he was glad to retreat, and with the loss of an arm—is also the capital of the archipelago. The famous Peak rises in this island to the height of more than twelve thousand feet above the sea-level; and in the spring and winter you may see its snowy crest from the Atlantic at a distance of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles.

It is to Tenerife that the doctor is most likely to send his patient, if he thinks that the dry warmth of the Canaries will be beneficial in his case. Three or four years ago, a speculative company started a very luxurious hotel on the north coast of the island, at a place called Orotava. The hotel was broadly advertised; several influential doctors from London spent a few weeks in it, to test the island air, and determine that in sanitary matters this new health-resort was not deficient; and a number of visitors of all kinds and classes and nationalities came to it by each mail-boat from Europe. The success of this opening season was so great that the following winter found three hotels where there had formerly been but one. The number of visitors increased in proportion. A season in Tenerife is now almost as recognised a cure in some circles as a season on the Riviera. And it is probable enough that in ten years' time the flanks of the great volcano on the northern, that is, the coolest side will show as brave and gay a collection of villas, owned by the English, as one of the more fashionable resorts in the south of France.

The 'voyage' to the islands, which seems so terrible an ordeal to some of us, need not really be much of a trial. The New Zealand mail-steamers go as smoothly as boats can go. It often happens that no one is ill on board before Tenerife is reached. The much-maligned Bay of Biscay is three times out of four as calm as a lamb; and even when the waves run high, the big mail-steamers do not yield to their bullying and bluster half so much as you expect. And on the fourth or fifth day after leaving England the angular mountains behind Santa Cruz come into sight, and you are at anchor in the Bay, awaiting a visit from His Spanish Majesty's Health Officer, to certify that you are free to set foot on shore. In front of you, by the Marina, and the Botanical Garden, of which the Spaniards of Santa Cruz are deservedly proud, are two or three large houses with the British flag unfurled at the roof. These are hotels and the British Consulate.

Now, though a novel city to an Englishman unaccustomed to the Continent, this capital of Tenerife is not on the whole worth loitering in. It is several degrees hotter than Orotava or than Laguna, the old capital of the island—situated in the mountains five miles away; and in the night, if there is one mosquito wintering in Tenerife, it will pay you a visit in Santa Cruz. Most people, therefore, straightway hire a carriage, and drive the five-and-twenty miles to Orotava with heroic promptitude. I think they are too hasty. They might just as well get a little insight into Spanish methods and Spanish life before undergoing this fatigue. A Spaniard is so easy-going a fellow, that there are times when

he would rather shrug his shoulder than speak. He cannot understand why we Britishers are so energetic. What is the use, he asks, of being in a hurry? Do you lengthen your life by running, and do you make it any the more pleasant? 'Caramba!'—his favourite ejaculation—'it is better at all times to be calm;' and so he lights a cigarette, and looks as happy as he feels.

Perhaps you have a letter of introduction to a Spanish resident in Santa Cruz. If so, do not fail to use it. You can either present it in person or send it. In the former case, you find yourself at an outer door of the house, which, when you have knocked at it, opens with a curious ringing of several little bells. These are arranged in a rotary fashion and attached to a pulley, which loosens the door by a string connected with the upper part of the house. The string being pulled sets the bells ringing as the door opening works the pulley. 'Who is there?' says a voice from one of the balconies which surround the inner courtyard, where you find yourself when you have stepped within; and it is your business to reply, with due formality 'Gente de paz' ('a peaceful person'), after which you are ceremoniously invited up-stairs.

There is not much conversation in an ordinary Spaniard. He is too self-contained, too happy to need any external addition to his well-being. He does not, therefore, make a social charge upon you, like some of our own countrymen, as if he meant to be the better for your visit in one way or another. Nothing of the kind. He desires to show his appreciation of the honour you have conferred upon him by giving yourself the trouble to call upon him. This is signified with some amount of ceremony that may almost annoy you. The salutations are elaborate; the phrases of compliment lengthy; and the looks which he and his wife and family—if you be favoured with the sight of these—bestow upon you are all of the most civil yet easy kind. You cannot help feeling that if you are made uncomfortable by the formalities of a first visit, it is due to a defect in your own training, not in the hearts of your entertainers. There is another thing to which your new friends pay great respect, a respect which is really a reflection of that they pay you. Even as they ceremoniously bow you to a chair in front of the divan upon which they are seated, so also they place another chair for your hat, of which they relieve you with firm tenderness, and which they set gently, with every possible regard for it, upon the seat thereof. If you are so foolish as to wish to retain possession of your hat, all the family join issue against you. They declare they will allow you to do no such thing: it is a reproach to their hospitality. They wish to give you as hearty and full a welcome as they can, and is your hat to be mulcted of its share in their civilities? There is nothing for it but to release the article, and allow your friend, or it may be the pretty Donna Dolores, the daughter of the house, to give it its due once more. By the time this amicable little engagement is ended, in your discomfiture, and when you have drunk a glass of Canary wine—a poor liquor compared to its ancient fame—and eaten a biscuit, and exhausted your Baedeker phrases of Spanish, it is also time to rise and resume possession of your hat. But no. Even though you are on your legs, this honourable though detachable part of you shall remain in the care of your host until you are at his door. And thus in procession you make your retreat: your hat borne after you, like the coronet of a deceased Earl carried upon its cushion; and only when you have got one foot in the street, are you at liberty to re-cover your head.

The novelty of Spanish home-life, even in its most superficial phases, makes it, therefore, quite worth while presenting your letters of introduction as quickly as possible. You will then the sooner get to like these people, and to appreciate their innate as well as their formal courtesy. Every one knows that the Spaniard's phrase, 'My house is at your disposal,' must not be interpreted literally; otherwise, your ambitious desire to take advantage of the offer by carrying off, let us say, the carved balconies of the *patio*, or inner courtyard, would be doomed to disappointment.

You will like Orotava much better than Santa Cruz—that is, if you follow the fashion in the matter of preferences. There are sure in the season to be several score of English here, of the kind one meets at hydropathic establishments and Swiss hotels, with perhaps a slight flavouring from Mentone. This last, however, is not obtrusive. Though the big hotel is called a sanatorium, it is not by any means full of invalids. The doctor attached to the establishment will feel your pulse, if you wish it; but he will be far more entertaining if you press him to give forth some of his information about the history or products or people of the island in which he was born. Though a Spaniard by birth, he has matriculated in London schools of medicine and surgery, and he has much of the energy of manner which astonishes the Spaniards as our national characteristic.

We are in a sunny sweet atmosphere here. The gardens round the hotel, and the very roadsides, are perfumed with flowers and orange blossom. There is a long row of banana trees by one of the hotel walks; an arbour of purple bougainvillea elsewhere; between the other trees, clusters of date-palms; flowers on the walls and by the stems of the trees, and round about the fountains, which splash with a lazy sleep-impelling rhythm all through the day and night. Above, the sky is of the deep blue of heat. There is, however, a breeze in the air that keeps you from sighing about the oppressive closeness; and the noise of the surf, as the breakers of the Atlantic curl high against the black lava beach by the town and hurl themselves upon it, is another aid to coolness. One may go far to see such waves as those on the Orotava strand. They are of the kind that thunder upon the coral islands of the Southern Ocean.

There is one thing above all others that you will be tempted to do while you stay in sunny, quiet Orotava. Every day, if you are fortunate, you will see the mighty cone of the Peak, white against the blue, above the dark nearer wall of mountains which frames what is called the Valley of Orotava. It is an enchanting spectacle. You must have more than the average boldness to declare point-blank that you will ascend the mountain; but you cannot help longing to do it.

In truth, it is not altogether an easy task, this climb up the Peak. During the first season of Orotava, the rare adventurers who succeeded in getting to the summit were treated with a certain amount of distinction by their comrades in the hotel. They went away in the morning, with a cavalcade of guides and mules, blankets, baskets full of good things, and barrels of water. They toiled all the day until about an hour before sunset. By that time they were nearly ten thousand feet above the sea. Little deserts of ash and cinders and sand had been crossed in the meantime; some steep climbing had been done, and a perch on the great final pyramid of the mountain itself had been attained. Here they pitched their camp. The sun set magnificently before their eyes. The guides made fires of retama boughs. Soup was warmed; potatoes were cooked; and thus, in the shades of evening, supper was eaten, and all preparations were matured for the toil of the next day. But even ere this some of the travellers had begun to feel uncomfortable. The air is rarefied on the Peak, as it is elsewhere at great elevations. It makes certain people ill: they vomit, as if they were at sea; and suffer from headache and inability to proceed. When the final toil came, therefore, the candidates were sure to be reduced in number. From the place of bivouac the ascent is made wholly on foot, over ash and dust and lava blocks and obsidian and hot sulphur. It is an arduous piece of work. By day it is fearfully exhausting; for the sun's power is much greater here than upon the sea-level. It is better, therefore, to ascend in the night, with the moon for a lamp. This further enables one to view the sunrise from the summit: a spectacle of wonderful beauty and strangeness. It is bitterly cold at this height (twelve thousand one hundred and eighty feet) at five o'clock in the morning; but by seven o'clock, when you have seen the sun tread from out yonder opaline thicket of clouds in the east, and take its place in the blue zenith, it is as hot as formerly it was cold. The exertion of descending is not really greater than that of the ascent; but one feels it more. And so it happens that when, upon the evening of the second day, the traveller rides, weary and worn and amazingly sunburnt, into the courtyard of the hotel, he feels good for little except his bed, and not so sensitive about the honours he has gained as he might be. But the morrow brings its reward; and while the visitor stays on the island, he is known as a man who has ascended the Peak.

Nor is the Peak the only scenic feature of the Canaries which may be said to compel admiration. In the island of Palma, which you may see from Orotava when the day is clear, is that stupendous old extinct crater of a volcano known as the Caldera or Caldron. It is impossible to forget this when once you have seen it. The crater is several miles long, by three or four broad; and its entire circuit is bounded by walls of rock or steep inaccessible slopes several thousand feet high. The highest point these mountains attain is seven thousand five hundred feet; and the jagged rocks of the summit tear the clouds asunder, and seem to drop the fragments into the vast still hollow beneath. Now and then the stillness of the Caldera is broken. You hear a dull echoing boom; the sound is repeated from side to side. It is the result of an avalanche—of rocks, not snow. Another pinnacle or promontory of the mountains has given way, and been hurled into the depths of the crater.

There is one serious drawback to Palma—a drawback it shares with the other islands of Gomera, Hierro, Lanzarote, and Fuerteventura: the lack of regular steam communication with the main island. A weekly postal smack gives the necessary facility for arriving at these places. But the smack is an intolerable craft; the sea is sometimes very rough; and the voyage of fifty or sixty miles may extend over five or six miserable days. On the whole, therefore, the visitor to the Canaries may be advised to stay in Tenerife, or at least to be content with a further trip to Grand Canary, the second island of the group, which may be readily reached by a weekly steamer, and whence the view of the Peak is very memorable.

When his lease of holiday has expired, the visitor will be an exceptional person if he be not sorry to leave this bright and refreshing little fragment of Spanish territory.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER XI.

In crossing St James's Park, Frank Holmes lit a cigar, and for a while considered—not very seriously—certain questions of conscience which occurred to him. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, he began to speculate how far any citizen was morally justified in contributing to defeat the ends of public justice by his mere silence, as he was doing. But the ethical questions by no means touched him so nearly as another one of somewhat lower moral elevation—namely, his obligations towards the officers Cracroft and Burton, who trusted him so fully with their confidence. He was certainly not assisting them; the most he could lay claim to was the negative merit of not thwarting them.

Without settling those points with his conscience, he reached his rooms, to make some change before going out to dinner to his club. But the most unexpected of all things under the stars awaited him, involving a moral responsibility that was simply tremendous in comparison with that which he had just been weighing. Sitting in his room, waiting for him, was Musgrave.

'I thought you had left London?' said Holmes, in the first surprise of seeing Musgrave sitting in his room.

'We left this morning for Liverpool. In the hurry of departure, I forgot to let you know. But there was something I considered it best to explain to you before leaving England, and I have run back for the purpose. I leave again by the Irish mail to-night.'

Holmes disliked and distrusted Musgrave, and scarcely concealed the fact. 'Very well,' he said, sitting down.

'After looking about, I conclude that the chances of making a business in London are not many. We have decided to try another part of the world. It is not, however, to speak about this that I have returned. It is about Faune's case. I have concealed from you—from every-

body—certain important knowledge which I possess; but after thinking it over anxiously, I feel it will be best for Faune that I should make it known to you.'

'Why to me? Faune has a solicitor.'

'I have considered it,' he replied uneasily. 'I will tell you at once why I have not gone to his solicitor. There is one matter—an appointment I had with Faune the night of the murder, close to the spot—which the solicitor would certainly require me to give evidence upon. I do not want to be a witness.'

Holmes saw dimly the drift of this, and hesitated. The transfer of the cheque was connected with the murder; the confession was written in Musgrave's face. Would it be prudent to let him go on with the statement? Foreboding what it would lead to, Frank Holmes shrank from it.

'You had better see Mr Crudie,' he said at length. 'Of course he would not put you in the witness-box if he saw any danger in doing so.'

'I will not go to Mr Crudie,' replied the other doggedly. 'It was to ward off great peril from Faune that I resolved to come to you. I guess how you stand in the case, and that how little soever you have cause to care about Faune, you would not help in the hanging. Faune murdered the woman, as surely as your name is Frank Holmes; but there is a great obstacle in the way of bringing it home to him.'

'How do you know that?' Holmes demanded, in astonishment.

'No matter; you admit that I am right. If you listen to what I want to tell you, Holmes, it will be in your power to keep the defence clear of a dangerous shoal. I was no accessory in the murder—I was as astounded as you were, when I heard of it—for I believed that Faune's wife was dead more than a year ago.'

'Faune's—wife?' exclaimed Holmes, in amazement. 'Do you say that Margaret Neale was his wife?'

'I do. Will you let me tell you? I have not much time to spare, and if I leave without putting you on your guard—or Faune's solicitor through you—the consequences may be fatal.'

'Go on, then,' said Holmes.

'In my travels, the only profitable knowledge I acquired was gambling, and I needed it when I arrived here. The second night I was in London I met Faune at a gambling club in the Leicester Square neighbourhood. Afterwards I met him there frequently. I learned that his luck had generally been good until lately, when he began to take too much brandy-and-water, and of course to lose. One night, in a confidential moment, he showed me a list of his losings: there was eleven hundred pounds' worth of his paper out amongst those professionals. I was astonished that they took it, until he told me of his approaching marriage with Miss Clayton.'

'Do you mean to say,' Holmes asked, with disgust, 'that he gave those gamblers his prospects as security?'

'Certainly. In such society everything is done.'

'Well, what next?'

'I made inquiries,' said Musgrave, 'and found his prospects to be as he said. I offered to take up all his paper for him, and did so. I saw no reason why I should not have a share of the good fortune he was so freely distributing. And then came the matter of the former marriage. Considering how events have turned out, I have been sorry enough for bringing it up, or for not making more out of it.'

'How did you come to know of it?' inquired Holmes. He was strongly disposed to distrust the man; but the ready answer took him aback.

'How!' he replied, looking straight in the other's face, which was not his habit. 'Because I was a witness to the marriage. I was in London, and chanced to meet them almost at the door of the registry office. Faune took the dilemma by the horns, and I went with them, only stipulating not to use my own name, as I was not sure that all was right. I signed the register as "J. O. Spiller." The other witness was some poor woman (carrying a baby), to whom we gave ten shillings for the service. When I referred to this marriage, Faune told me the lady was more than a year dead.'

'You say nothing of the name in which Faune was married?'

'It was because he used an assumed name that I did the same. I said, "Hillo, Faune!" when I met them in the street. I remember the lady looked surprised, and he whispered something to her that apparently satisfied her. Soon afterwards I went to Sandhurst, and never saw him again until I came to London. After certain questions I put to him, it became clear that Faune had deserted his wife. His reason for marrying her I never knew, but I suppose it was a case of love.—Of course, Holmes,' he added sullenly, 'I know what your opinion of me will be when I tell you how I used my advantage; but if you had been in my situation, perhaps you would have done the same.'

'Never mind my opinion,' said Holmes.

'I discovered my advantage the moment I asked him whether Miss Clayton was aware of his previous marriage. As to his desertion of his first wife, I merely hinted at that matter in the same connection. It was a few days later that he told me he should be able to raise five thousand pounds, and I agreed to be satisfied with that and to leave England immediately.'

'Will you tell me this, Musgrave? The police are in possession of an advertisement in a morning paper of the 10th of June addressed to the initial "M," and making an appointment in the Park at half-past nine. It was inserted by Faune. Was it addressed to you?'

'It was addressed to me. It meant that he would be there with the money at the time and place named. This had been arranged beforehand.'

Holmes was puzzled by the straightforwardness of the explanation. 'Why did he not write a line to you instead, or send a telegram?'

'The reason may appear a very odd one, but it was the actual reason. From private motives of our own, my wife and I have always observed a mutual agreement to read each other's letters.'

Very conjugal, Holmes thought, as well as very odd. Of course, with a couple who trusted each other so unreservedly, it was superfluous to add that Mr Musgrave desired to secure the

money without his wife's knowledge either of that fact or of the circumstances as to how he came by it.

'You say you met Faune at half-past nine. The advertisement said "South of Grosvenor Gate." Could you indicate the precise place?'

'Quite well. Faune was waiting for me. There was a small gate close by, opposite the top of a street—South Street, is it? After our business was done, which was in three or four minutes, he went away, inside the railings, towards the fountain.'

This completed the statement. If it was true, it left no doubt of Faune being the murderer. But though the circumstantiality of the statement was dreadfully emphatic, and corroborated in several important points by what Holmes already knew, he was distrustful of this man. Granting it all true, his behaviour was not quite satisfactory.

'Will you clear up one or two points for me?' Holmes inquired.

Musgrave nodded.

'You stipulated with Faune to quit London immediately. Why did you not do so, when you had the money in your pocket?'

'In the first place, I had to wait until the cheque was cleared. In the next place, no time was specified, and I did not like to create curiosity in my wife by acting too suddenly. For that reason, also, I kept up the pretence of the emigration scheme—as you yourself know—for a week longer.'

'When you heard of the murder, did you suspect Faune?'

'No more than I suspected you,' was the ready answer. 'Why should I? It was the evidence of Lady Southfort at the inquest that first opened my eyes. I never had an easy moment in London afterwards. It was my wife's morbid interest in the murder—being a new experience to her—that prevented me from clearing out of England at once. I was day and night haunted with the horrible fear that my meeting him that night would be discovered, and that all this would be dragged from me in the witness-box.'

This seemed likely enough to be true. It was borne out by the man's conduct the evening Holmes dined with them at the hotel. He also remembered Mrs Musgrave's observation regarding her husband being 'white-livered,' and wanting to leave London as soon as he heard of the murder.

So the gist of the statement was that Faune bribed Musgrave to take away with him from England the fact—which he alone knew—of the previous marriage, and that the latter was now anxious to get away with his damning evidence, and to have the authorities kept off from all knowledge of him.

'My wife,' he said, 'sailed from Liverpool this evening, and I will catch the steamer to-morrow at Queenstown. I feel easier now I've told you everything, for I know you can avert inquiries from that affair of the money.'

That information was certainly Holmes's own, and considering all it imported now, he may be excused for wishing that it was not so.

At this moment a telegram was brought to Holmes. He opened it and glanced at its contents carelessly; the message was from Vizard: 'The parties booked passages to Montreal by mail-steamer *Uranian*, sailing to-day.'

Now the Canadian steamer never went by Queenstown.

'I take it, then,' said Frank Holmes presently, 'that you do not intend to return to England again?'

'No. I can do nothing in England. We are going first to New York, and from there, either to California or Buenos Ayres—very probably the latter. I know a man in Buenos Ayres who could put me in the way of making a business. England would never suit my wife, even if I had a fair prospect in it.' With this he stood up to go.

Holmes rose at the same time, and with apparent reluctance accepted the proffered hand of the other. He neither answered Musgrave's 'Good-bye' nor mentioned Musgrave's wife—a significant omission—but gave the man a look which caused him to breathe more freely when he was outside the door.

The young man took five minutes' thought, standing in the same position after Musgrave left. Whatever conflict might be in his mind regarding certain points of Musgrave's statement, its general effect was indicated by the fact that Holmes took no step to detain the man as a witness to the meeting in the Park—that point which he had expected to tell so much in the prisoner's favour.

Musgrave was undoubtedly a dangerous man, and best out of the way. His anxiety to escape was scarcely so disinterested as he represented it; to the mind of Frank Holmes it was only too probable that the reference to Faune's wife being believed dead was a fiction, and that Musgrave extorted the money as the price of a more criminal silence. In any case, it was better to have him out of sight, although the burden left upon Holmes was a heavy one to carry.

Mr Vizard, being impressed with the professional value to himself of the favourable opinion of Frank Holmes, had been smart about obtaining the information desired, and as Holmes was going out to his dinner he met the man coming close on the heels of his own telegram—to ask if there were any further instructions. His arrival suggested an idea to Frank Holmes which might probably not have occurred to him otherwise.

'Your telegram reached me very opportunely, Mr Vizard. The man was with me at the time; he had returned from Liverpool concerning something he had forgotten.'

'Then he hasn't sailed by the *Uranian*.'

'He informed me his wife had sailed this evening by a New York steamer, and that he was going on by the Irish mail to overtake her at Queenstown. From New York he proposes going to California or Buenos Ayres—probably, he says, the latter.'

The agent whistled thoughtfully, but offered no observation.

'He has told me all I want to know about that cheque, and I don't know that I have any further interest in his proceedings. Still'—— He hesitated, in indecision.

'If you want to keep your eye upon him,' the agent suggested, 'we must look sharp. No doubt he is going by the Irish mail, as he said; but he

will be more likely to head for Moville than Queenstown. Of course he is going to Montreal direct, not New York.'

'Very well. Follow him, and let me know what becomes of him after his arrival. I don't want to know anything further.'

After receiving a brief description of Musgrave for his guidance, the agent started on his mission, and Holmes sought his dinner.

FRESH OBSERVATIONS ON COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

Mr Thomas Gray, the assistant-secretary to the Marine Department, presented, some months ago, to the Board of Trade a very admirable Report regarding the prevalence of Colour-blindness in the Marine Department, over which he presides. That colour-blindness does exist, no one with any knowledge of the Civil Service, governmental or railway Reports, will deny; and since so much importance is attached to the ability to distinguish and read intelligently the meaning of language given by colour-sign, it is well that some attention should be devoted to the subject. This will be all the more apparent when we think of the great steamers crossing the ocean, or the railway trains travelling over the length and breadth of the land: one mistake regarding the colour of a light or the appearance of a semaphore might be, and has been, the means of many disasters attending both life and property.

Young and Helmholtz tell us that the three primary colours, red, green, and violet, have special nerve-fibres in each point of the retina of the eye; but very often these fibres are awanting or defective, and so arises the difficulty of distinguishing between the various colours. To such persons the world must appear quite differently coloured from what it appears to us. There are a great many persons—almost one in twenty—who are incapable of distinguishing red colours distinctly. They know from ordinary conversation that a certain colour is called red, and by experience only are enabled to use this expression.

Governments and railway companies have taken up the subject; and examinations are periodically held in order to ascertain the powers of men to distinguish the different colours. That the examination is indispensable alike to engine-drivers and sailors admits of no cavil. And it is always a highly commendable plan to stop a man on the threshold of a business which he by nature is unfit to occupy, to the safety of others as well as to himself.

The colour-test has been in operation since 1877; from that time, 'the power of identifying with readiness and certainty the coloured lights required under the regulations for preventing collisions at sea to be carried by vessels navigating in the dark, has taken its proper place as a necessary element in the qualification demanded of masters and mates.'

The Board of Trade has enacted that the examinations be open to any person serving or about to serve in the mercantile marine. The examination in colours alone is purely voluntary, and the fee asked is but a trifle, which is made smaller if the candidate, having once been rejected, comes up again for re-examination. But when a master's or a mate's certificate is wanted, then the examination becomes compulsory. And should it happen that the candidate is unable to distinguish the colours, he is instantly debarred from proceeding further. There are thus two examinations, the voluntary test and the compulsory test. Mr Gray in his Report gives statistics for the last ten years. In the first department, 'the voluntary,' eleven hundred and ninety-five candidates appeared; eighty-one were rejected; showing that on an average 6·78 per cent. were unable to distinguish or note the different colours. In the compulsory test, forty thousand came forward; and of these two hundred and thirteen failed; showing a percentage of ·53. The figures are very instructive; they clearly show that when the voluntary test is applied, nearly seven out of the hundred fail; whereas in the compulsory test only one in the two hundred failed. This shows a certain discrepancy from the voluntary statistics; but then it must be borne in mind that the eye for the compulsory test has been trained, and has so far rectified the defect apparent in the untrained eye. But still the statistics of the Board of Trade do not agree with the statistics of the celebrated physiolgist Bernstein; but this, too, can be accounted for partly by the fact that in the physiologist's statistics mere results are aimed at; whereas the examiner in the Board of Trade must take a bread-and-butter view of the matter, for rejection may be for the person rejected loss of occupation for life. When these facts are borne in mind, it will not be difficult to see how the two tabular Reports may differ.

The Board of Trade, however, were not satisfied with the home results, and accordingly circulars were issued to all the British colonies asking returns for the percentage of failures in the colour test; and it is a strange fact that these colonial Reports show a remarkable agreement with those already given. Out of four hundred and six candidates two failed to satisfy the examiners—that is, one in every two hundred. The aid of the governors of the various training-ships was also utilised; and they, too, give tabulated results. The *Conway*, the *Akbar*, and the *Mars* are the most interesting of all; and we cannot do better than give a few of the principal results. The *Conway*, stationed at Liverpool, has on board one hundred and fifty-four intending officers; and of these two were found weak in colour-sense, and a third cadet was pronounced so defective that he was promptly relieved from his situation. On the *Akbar*, also lying at Liverpool, one hundred and forty-eight boys were examined; four were reported very weak, and five others weak in colour-sense. On board the *Mars*, lying in the Firth of Tay, four hundred and twenty-five boys were examined, and of these eight were found defective.

The compulsory examination cannot be forced upon all seamen by the Board of Trade; yet it would be well if some method was adopted by which it might be possible to force every one, from the captain downwards, to undergo this compulsory test of colour; for it is very difficult to say when this requirement will not be called into use, when the want of such knowledge may be extremely perilous.

People affected with this colour-blindness seldom declare a white colour to be black, but oftener the reverse. Pink and green are very puzzling colours

to the candidates; pink is over and over again described as white; green, yellow; and green gets every other colour but its own. Drab and yellow also appear to be puzzling. Yellow is sixty times said to be red, and nineteen times to be green. Neutrals are made particulars, and pale blue is often called green. But the most remarkable fact of all is that a green colour shown in a darkened room was called red one hundred and seven times out of one hundred and eighty-nine.

It is not only necessary that there should be tests in the Marine Department of our trade, but also that the greatest strictness should be exercised towards those who are in any way connected with locomotion on our various railways. And it will be satisfactory to our readers to know that in this department also great care is taken that none but those capable of distinguishing the various colours are allowed to pass. That colour-blindness is widely spread is a well-known fact; three per cent. of the males in Europe are affected with it; and so far it has not escaped the notice of medical men, for they are agreed upon four different symptoms—it affects the human race (in different degrees of course); it runs in families; it is an incurable defect; and affects particularly the male section of families.

Mr Jabez Hogg, the consulting surgeon to the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, took a prominent part in bringing to light many facts connected with colour-blindness, and, if we are not mistaken, has been instrumental in getting laid before the public the Board of Trade Report. He says: 'In a family of seven children, four sons and three daughters, the eldest and youngest of the sons are colour-blind. The defect is inherited from the grandfather through the mother; but neither the mother nor any other member of the family is colour-blind. In a family of five, three sons and two daughters, the three sons inherit colour-blindness through their father and grandfather; while the two daughters, and indeed the whole of the females of this family, are free from colour-defect.'

The question may be fairly asked, Does colour-blindness increase with increasing age? There are some physical defects which can be outgrown and lost for ever; but Mr Jabez Hogg says of this very thing: 'A few carefully recorded cases lead me to think that age does aggravate the defect of colour-blindness, as it does certain other defects of vision. It undoubtedly becomes more pronounced as the near point of vision recedes. In the case of Mr D. B. C——, who at the early age of fourteen went to sea, and who, five or six years afterwards, consulted me before he applied for his certificate as third mate, I pronounced him red-colour blind; nevertheless, afterwards, he obtained his certificate; and subsequently those of second and first mate. But when, at the age of twenty-six, he applied for his master's certificate, he was unable to pass the colour-test. At this date I once more tested him for colour, and on referring back to my notes of an earlier date, I came to the conclusion that his colour-blindness had sensibly increased.

'Another case was as follows: Captain F—— consulted me for a disturbed state of vision—tobacco amaurosis. His colour-sense was also very imperfect; but as he soon recovered, I saw no more of him for nine or ten years, when he one morning called upon me, complaining of defective sight and of an inability to distinguish the ship's light. He was then very uncertain about his greens; dark-greens he called black, and dark-reds were simply warmer colours than greens. In short, he was colour-blind. Soon afterwards he retired from the service.

'The next case is more strikingly corroborative. H. J——, a lad aged sixteen, myopic before going to sea, was examined at an ophthalmic hospital and pronounced free from colour-blindness. On his return home, he passed the colour-test examination and obtained his certificate. Four years afterwards his father brought him to me. He was then complaining of his inability to distinguish the colour of the ship's signal-lights, and he often missed the ropes. This he attributed to his short sight. He was unable to select or sort the skeins of coloured wool; in short, he was completely colour-blind. I recommended him not to go up for his second examination. His friends thought otherwise. He was rejected, and his certificate was endorsed "colour-blind." This of course put a stop to his further career in the service. The father of this patient was not colour-blind; but he was unable to say whether his father or grandfather had suffered from any defect of vision. The myopia must have been transmitted.'

Nothing is so characteristic of our present educational training of youths and others for spheres in life as 'aptitude' for the trade or profession to which the candidate aspires. This is a distinct gain on the old cast-metal arrangement by which it was thought, if a man was put to any work, success would ultimately be the result. This is not so. The statistics we have just presented to our readers plainly prove that the utmost caution must be exercised by parents, railway officials, and marine inspectors before they allow their children or their candidates to enter upon a line of occupation for which by nature they are wholly unfitted. And the public themselves ought to lay to heart the many facts revealed by Messrs Gray and Hogg. A large percentage of the public are every day travelling either by sea or rail, and it is absolutely necessary that the utmost precaution should be exercised in ascertaining the competency of the men in charge for reading aright the coloured signs and signals which in their various and silent ways predict safety, caution, or danger.

A TALE OF MANY MONKEYS.

ORIENTAL tradition assigns to monkeys a very peculiar beginning. Satan, we are told, tried to imitate the works of the Creator, but failed signally to equal them. Instead of the horse, he could produce only the ass; instead of the fish, a serpent; and instead of man, the monkey. Yet in India, the paradise of monkeys, they are held in high honour because of the aid which their king, Hanooman, 'in the days of old,' gave to the god Rama when, to rescue his wife, Sita, he invaded Ceylon; Hanooman helping to bridge the strait.

Duty had taken me to Dharmsala, a hill-station considerably west of Simla. On the return journey I turned off the main road at Kangra, an ancient fortress, named by Runjeet Singh 'the key of the Punjab,' though utterly incapable

of standing a week's siege from a civilised army. The object of this excursion was to see a neighbouring shrine, much venerated by the Hindus, and called Jwala-mookhee. Not only was the temple said to be worthy of a visit, but we had been told that self-fed jets of natural fire burned night and day within its walls. To die with a cow's tail in one's hand, to have one's funeral obsequies performed by one's own son, to have one's corpse burned on the banks of the Ganges at Benares, and to have the funeral pyre lighted with fire brought from Jwala-mookhee, constitute the *ne plus ultra* of a happy Hindu's death and funeral. Hence the temple was considered particularly sacred, and the Hindu rajahs of India vied with each other—as they do at Benares, their holy city—in decorating it. We knew that quite recently the Rajah of Faridkote had covered the huge doors of the temple with thick plates of chased silver. But more than the building, I was curious to see and investigate the phenomenon of the natural fires. So from Kangra I rode to the shrine.

A few hours' ride brought us to the little town, which lies on the hill-side, below the temple, and is the offspring of the temple, in much the same way that many cities have sprung up around our own cathedrals, and for similar reasons. The native pilgrims, who come in thousands, lodge in the open air under the trees and cook their own food; the rich bring tents for their accommodation. But there was no place for a European to lodge in except the usual 'District officers' bungalow.' This is always a small house, with two or three rooms, built and furnished by the government, and put in charge of a man-servant, who both looks after it and attends to the wants of those who occupy it. In it the officers whom duty takes to such out-of-the-European's-world places, lodge and transact business during the few days of their periodical visits. To this bungalow, therefore, we went. On telling the care-taker who we were, he opened the house; and while I went in and indulged in a very needful and refreshing wash, he attended to my horse. These preliminaries being over, we sent him into the town, for the double purpose of procuring us some food and of inquiring from the priests at what hour we might pay the temple a visit.

The main road passed through a dense wood not one hundred yards from this house, which was more than half a mile away from the nearest part of the town. From the road, a narrow avenue had been cut among the trees to a small clearance around the house; otherwise, it was quite buried in the wood.

When the care-taker left me, I found the house stuffy and damp: it had probably not been opened or aired for days. The stillness around was oppressive. Not a sound was heard except the munching of our horse in the neighbouring stable or the rare cry of a bird in the trees. There was nothing in the house to read, and nothing to do. Moreover, I had had a long ride and felt rather stiff in the legs. So rising from the chair I strolled out of the house. After walking listlessly around it, and pacing the small cleared space in front, I followed the avenue to the main road; and then returning, passed into the wood, immersed in my own thoughts. It was literally a 'twilight wood;' for though it was nearly noon on a bright August day, the trees stood so close and their leaves grew so thick that scarce a patch of sunshine lighted up a few favoured spots. The giant branches of the grand old trees more than touched; they interlaced, and formed a leafy canopy overhead, with just here and there a rent, to admit a ray of light and to give a glimpse of the bright blue sky above.

Sauntering under these trees, I suddenly became conscious of noises in the branches above me. I looked up and about; but though the branches stirred and the leaves moved, I could see nothing. I was not, however, long left in doubt or speculation. A monkey, a large male, dropped from a branch to the ground at a distance of about thirty feet in front of me. As he reached the ground, he squatted on his heels, resting both his hands on his knees and gazing fixedly and solemnly at me. His gravity upset mine. Then near him another monkey dropped down; a third and a fourth followed. It began to rain monkeys. In tens, in scores, in hundreds; old, middle-aged, and young; large and small; males and females—many of the latter carrying babies, some on their backs, others in their arms—kept dropping from the trees around me. I was standing under a mighty giant of the forest; and against its trunk, some five feet in diameter, I set my back, as the monkeys in their hundreds squatted down in an irregular semicircle around. They did not go behind the tree; for its trunk was much wider than my back, and they chose to sit only where they could see me. Around they left a clear space; but at the distance of about thirty feet they sat, huddled close together, in several rows, six hundred and more in number.

It may be said in passing that monkeys are sacred animals in India. They are fed and protected and allowed to roam at large with impunity. Vast numbers infest Delhi, Agra, and other large towns. At Benares they are a perfect plague. In so favourable a situation as Jwala-mookhee, they naturally multiply beyond reckoning, and people the woods in sufficient hordes to account for the hundreds that now surrounded me. At some distance beyond, several young monkey-urchins, which preferred play to curiosity, kept suspending themselves from the branches in long living chains, holding on to each other's hands or tails, and swinging themselves pendulum-wise to and fro. They were not the small puny creatures generally seen in European menageries, but the real genuine Indian Hanooman, of which race the large and strong males stand, when erect, fully four feet in height. There were many such among others of smaller size, in the crowd around me.

It had not taken three minutes to form that solid semicircle of monkeys. They had come down as thick as a shower of hailstones; but so softly and gently had they descended to the grass- and leaf-covered ground that scarcely any noise had been made. For a short time they sat motionless and silent, staring hard at me; and a baby-monkey having made a noise, was instantly smacked by its mother in a most human fashion. They looked at me, then at each other, and again at me; and then they began to chatter

—first one, then a few together, then many at once, finally all in a chorus. They talked, chattered, jabbered, discussed, argued, shouted, and yelled; gesticulating meanwhile, making faces, and grinning. Suddenly there was dead silence for a short interval, during which they gravely stared again at me harder than ever. Every now and again, one or another or several at once would grin, snarl, and growl at me, showing their large canine teeth. Again the chattering discourses would be renewed.

The laughter with which I had greeted the first of my visitors died a very sudden death; for my curiosity to watch their behaviour did not prevent my realising the fact that I was not in a very safe position. Even one or two monkeys would be difficult enough to deal with, if they chose to attack a man, for though small, they are extremely muscular and agile; and it would be harder to prevent them from biting and tearing than it would a mad dog. True, I knew that one or two would hardly dare to attack a man; but when hundreds crowded together around one stranger, the circumstances were far from encouraging. Here I was, unarmed, nothing but a light riding-whip in my hand, surrounded by hundreds of monkeys, to which my white face and European dress were evidently objects of as much aversion as curiosity. Natives they did not mind; but Europeans they seemed to regard with the hatred due to intruders. I fully realised my danger, but continued calm and collected and reasoned the position out with myself. The only chance of safety was to remain quietly against this friendly tree, silently observing the monkeys, careful to give no offence or provocation, watchful to give them no advantage over me, till the return of the care-taker or some other chance came to my aid. Had I attempted to strike them or to frighten them or to break through them or to flee from them, I have not the slightest doubt that I should not now be writing this account. Their enormous numbers would have emboldened them to any act. I should have been quite helpless in their grasp—would, indeed, have been pounced upon by scores of them, overpowered, bitten, and torn to pieces. So making a virtue of necessity, I kept up a bold front, watched, waited, and prayed.

In one of the intervals of silence, the great monkey that had first arrived and that seemed to be one of the leaders, suddenly hopped nearer to me—two feet or so. His action was immediately imitated by all the monkeys forming the front row of the semicircle, while those behind closed up as before; and the semicircle contracted around me by two feet in the radius. More chattering and gesticulating followed, more growling and grinning, with intervals of silence. They had a great deal to say, and they all said it, and it was all about me too; for they frequently pointed at me with their hands and snarled and gnashed their teeth at me. Again they contracted the semicircle as before. And so they kept gradually coming nearer and nearer, and growing more and more excited. Still I remained quiet and silent; and still in the distance the monkey-youths played the mad gambols of their living pendulum, heedless of what engaged the attention of their seniors. All else was silent and undisturbed—no sign of man.

The semicircle had gradually contracted to within fourteen or fifteen feet of where I stood; the monkeys indeed were so near that in two or three leaps they could easily have jumped upon me. I felt decidedly uneasy; wondered how they would attack me, and when? From the right or the left or the front? With their teeth first or their claws? By jumping on me from a distance or waiting till quite near? Then I wondered whether the care-taker would return in time to stave off the assault, for I was still quite close to the house. Of the dreadful results of the attack, if once made, I had not the slightest doubt. Still I remained leaning immovable against the tree, calm and cool, facing them straight, looking fully into their faces all in turn, and showing outwardly no sign of flinching or alarm. Yet I began to think that it was now only a matter of a few more minutes. Before a quarter of an hour at the furthest they would be within touching distance of me. They would be sure to begin to handle my clothes; and whether I permitted it, or resisted, or tried to fly, I would with equal certainty be attacked and overpowered and killed.

But my deliverance was at hand. In the midst of one of their most noisy discussions—or did it only seem more noisy because they were now so near?—they one and all became suddenly silent and perfectly still. They seemed to be listening attentively. I listened too, but at first could catch no sound anywhere: the stillness of death was all around; for even the young monkeys had ceased their tricks. What could have disturbed and silenced the noisy throng? Or what did they now purpose? Next from afar off came the loud cry of a monkey—evidently the warning call of a scout on outpost duty. Then, first faintly from afar, and then gradually nearer and louder, came, down the main road through the wood, the welcome sound of the clatter of a horse's hoofs at a swift walking pace. This it was which their quicker ears had detected long before I had heard it. They kept their ground for a few moments more; but their attention was now evidently divided between me and the approaching horse. Again, and nearer, the scout's cry sounded through the wood. There was an immediate stampede. One and all the monkeys rushed off to the neighbouring trees, and scrambling up the trunks and into the branches, they were, in the twinkling of an eye, lost to sight in the leafy canopy overhead. They had disappeared in their hundreds as rapidly as they had come, and almost as silently, save when the rustling among the leaves indicated their course as they passed from tree to tree and fled farther into the wood.

I waited still against the tree till the horse and his rider—a mounted policeman going his rounds—had come quite near. Then I made for the house and bolted myself in, thankful for the timely arrival and involuntary aid of the unconscious patrol. Unknowingly, but providentially, he had saved my life. Through the window I could still see the monkeys in the distant trees and hear their chatter. When the policeman had gone away, numbers of monkeys again descended to the ground and walked about, perhaps looking for me. I was, however, secure within doors; nor did I open them till, half an hour later, the care-taker returned with food, and a message from the Brahmins, fixing

the same afternoon as the time for visiting the temple. Having satisfied the calls of hunger and, later on, visited the temple, I left Jwalamookhee and its monkeys behind me, and rode back the same day to Kangra. I don't care if I never see a monkey again in all my life.

And what about the temple and the fire? Well, there was not much to see except 'barbaric pearls and gold.' The temple is large and lofty, certainly, and differs much from the usual style of Hindu temples: it is, however, without any pretension to architectural beauty or grandeur. But the constant flames are really there. There are fissures in the rock on which the temple is built, especially in a hollow, like a rectangular cistern, natural or excavated, in the centre of the temple. These fissures are vents for the escape of natural gas, produced most probably from vast reservoirs of earth-oils in the bowels of the hill. These jets of gas, once set on fire, naturally keep burning for long spaces of time. Sometimes one jet fails, and sometimes another, to be rekindled when a fresh supply of gas has been accumulated in Nature's laboratory below. When I was there, no fewer than seventeen jets were in active combustion in various parts of the temple, the greater number being in the cistern.

FANCIES AND DEEDS OF CELEBRATED MEN.

ANECDOTES relating to the life of a great man are always interesting, since, although they may not be an index to his character, they show the leaning of his mind for the time.

Prince Bismarck has filled for twenty years the largest space in European politics. Little romance is associated with our idea of the iron Chancellor; but when the story of 'Nitschewo' is told, it is evident he is not altogether devoid of sentiment. He wears a large iron ring with the inscription of 'Nitschewo,' a Russian word signifying 'No matter,' and much used by the natives of that country. The story of the ring, which everywhere excited remark, was told by the Chancellor himself. In 1862, when he was ambassador at St Petersburg, he received an invitation to an imperial hunt; but, unluckily, he missed the rendezvous. A peasant undertook to drive him in his two-horse sleigh to the spot in time, and Bismarck accepted. Being an enthusiastic huntsman, and afraid of losing the sport, he said: 'You'll be sure to be in time?' The answer of the peasant was a curt 'Nitschewo.' The pace was not swift enough for Bismarck; the peasant, therefore, with another 'Nitschewo,' lashed the horses into such a pace that the sleigh was overturned and its occupants thrown out. Bismarck threatened punishment, but still his answer was the laconic 'Nitschewo.' However, they reached the hunt in time. Bismarck did not forget to pick up a piece of iron from the broken sleigh, which he had made into a ring as a memento of the occasion. Bismarck is said to have added: 'My good Germans have often reproached me with being too indulgent to Russia; but they should remember that while I am the only one in Germany who uses "Nitschewo" on critical occasions, a hundred thousand in Russia are saying it at the same moment.'

Every one knows how, when Sir Walter Scott was a boy, the future novelist was lost during a thunderstorm, and found by the alarmed searchers lying on his back on the hill-side looking at the lightning, clapping his hands at each flash, and exclaiming 'Bonnie! bonnie!' But a story of the same kind, with Friedrich von Schiller, the German poet, as the hero, is not so well known. One day, while a very small boy, a severe thunderstorm came on; the boy was missed, and could nowhere be found. The whole household searched for him; but it was not until the storm was past that he was seen descending from the top of a high lime-tree near the house. To the inquiries of his father as to his motives, he replied: 'I only wished to see where all the fire came from.'

Practical joking has had many followers among 'great men;' but the manner in which Beethoven was cured of it should be a lesson to all who still practise the 'art.' The wife of a pianist in Vienna was a great admirer of the composer's works, and had set her heart on getting a lock of his hair. She induced her husband to get a mutual friend to ask for it; but the friend, being a practical joker, instead of carrying out her wishes, persuaded Beethoven, who also was fond of a practical joke, to send her a lock cut from a billy-goat's beard, the hair of which in texture and colour slightly resembled that of the composer's. The lady was very proud of her supposed treasure, until another friend, who knew the facts, informed her of the trick, when she was so distressed that her husband wrote an indignant letter to Beethoven. His discourtesy to a lady being thus brought home to him, he was so ashamed that he immediately wrote a letter of apology, enclosing a genuine lock of hair; and he resolved never to be a party to such jokes again.

The following anecdote of Mozart shows that he must have been a born musician. When fourteen years old he heard in Rome the Miserere of Allegri; and knowing that it was forbidden to take or give a copy of this famous piece, he paid such attention to the music that, when he reached home, he noted down the entire piece. He was enabled a few days afterwards to check the copy, when he found that he had not made a single mistake! The next day he produced such a sensation in Rome by singing the Miserere at a concert, that Pope Clement XIV. requested that he should be presented to him. Thus, by his wonderful memory, he was enabled to begin with success his musical career.

Michael Angelo, at a time when Italy paid so much attention to ancient art that modern had no chance of being judged fairly, had, it is said, resort to a stratagem to teach the critics the fallacy of shaping their judgments by fashion or reputation. He sculptured a statue representing a sleeping beauty, and breaking off an arm, buried it in a place where excavations were being made. It was soon found, and lauded by critics and the public as a valuable relic of antiquity, far superior to anything done for centuries. When Angelo thought it had gone far enough, he produced the broken arm, and, to the great mortification of the critics, revealed himself as the sculptor. Though the praise was not so great after the disclosure, Angelo had the consolation of knowing that

he had taught the lesson that merit and not antiquity should decide the worth of a work of art.

Among many stories told of the Dumas, father and son, the two following are worth reproduction. The elder was exceedingly careless of his money. One afternoon he was in an outlying part of Paris, when he remembered that he had a debt to pay that day, and not a sou in his purse at the time. He ordered his coachman to drive to a friend's near at hand, where he asked the loan of a hundred francs. His friend was out, however, and had the key of the strong-room with him; but his wife gave Dumas one louis, which was about one-fifth of the sum needed. This he accepted, trusting to get the balance somewhere else. His hostess had been making pickles, of which the novelist was very fond, and she presented him with a jar. As he was leaving, the servant followed him to his carriage and presented the pickles. 'Thanks—take that for your trouble;' and he slipped into her hand the coin he had just borrowed from her mistress. Mr Edmund Yates narrates the following: When the first successful novel of the son appeared, the elder wrote to him as though to a stranger, congratulating him on his book, and saying that he himself should know something of novel-writing, having been guilty of several works of fiction. Alexandre the younger replied in the same spirit, thanking his friend for his congratulations, which he valued very much, as coming from one of whom he had often heard his father speak in the highest terms.

We had almost neglected to give the story of a practical joke played by Peter the Great, which had a very comical effect. During his second visit to a town in Holland he attended church along with the burgomaster, and feeling his head cold, seized the large official wig of the magistrate and placed it on his own head, where it remained during the remainder of the service, to the amusement of the congregation. Then he returned it to the deeply insulted burgomaster with his thanks. But that functionary's wrath was not appeased till one of the Emperor's suite solemnly assured him that His Majesty meant no offence; that it was his usual custom, when he felt his head growing cold, to seize the nearest wig he could clutch. The Dutchman devoutly thanked his stars that he was not a Russian.

This anecdote of Sir Ralph Abercromby, the victor of Aboukir, shows that even in the presence of death he did not forget that consideration for others which is the ruling spirit of truly great men. After the battle, at which he was mortally wounded, he was carried on board one of the ships, and a soldier's blanket placed under his head, to ease it. He felt the relief, and asked what it was. 'Only a soldier's blanket.'—'Whose blanket is it?' 'Only one of the men's,' was the reply.—'I wish to know the name of the man to whom the blanket belongs.' 'It is Duncan Roy's, of the 42d, Sir Ralph.'—'Then see,' said the dying general, 'that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night.'

The late Ole Bull, the well-known violinist, was perfectly fearless of consequences when his self-respect was touched. As an example of this: The Grand-duchess of Mecklenburg gave the musician a letter of commendation to her father, then King of Prussia, afterwards the Emperor William. With this he went to Berlin, where, as directed, he called first on the superintendent of the Royal Opera House, to whom he stated his mission. That gentleman was so patronising that Bull could hardly stand it; but eventually an hour was fixed on the following day for another call at the Opera House. The violinist, with his usual punctuality, presented himself at the hour, determined to stand no nonsense. 'Where is your violin?' demanded the superintendent. 'In the case,' responded Ole Bull coolly.—'And where is the case?' 'At the hotel.'—'But did not I tell you to play for me?' 'Excuse me, sir,' was the answer; 'I did not think you were in earnest. I play either for money or honour, and in this case neither is in question.' The manager was piqued, and he replied sharply: 'I cannot present you to His Majesty without having heard you.' 'If the request of the Grand-duchess is not a sufficient recommendation to His Majesty, her father, I am content to leave the city;' which he did that day.

HEARTSEASE.

I FOUND a faded Pansy on the page
Of an old book, long lost, one winter day;
Its velvet heart was dim with dust and age;
The beauty of its tints had passed away.

Why did my eyes gaze through a mist of tears
Which dropped on that dead flower in tender rain?
Because unbidden from the vanished years
Old hopes, old dreams, old joys came back again.

Faded away my quiet fireside nook,
And, on the wings of Memory swiftly borne,
I stood 'mid purple pansies by a brook
That sang and sparkled in the summer morn.

Rough winds no longer shook the dripping trees,
Whose leafless branches smote my lattice-pane:
I heard instead the drowsy hum of bees
Among the roses in a winding lane.

June's mellow sunshine lay on all the land;
I saw the starry eyes of daisies shine;
And from the fingers of a clasping hand
This purple Pansy found its way to mine.

Ah me! To think of all the lonely tears
My eyes have wept since that blue summer day
When, flushed with trembling hopes and girlish fears,
In this old book I hid my flower away.

You know my story, little pale Heartsease!
As long as Time rolls on, such things will be:
Death laid his hand upon Life's golden keys,
And all their melody was hushed for me.

Yet, dear dead flower, although the old, old pain
Still dims my sight and makes my heart beat fast,
I know that God will wake for me again
In years to come the music of the Past.

E. MATHESON.

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GIRLS IN ITALY.

The nineteenth century will be renowned for the strides made in education all over the world, as well as for innumerable other advances, improvements, inventions, discoveries, &c. It is not our intention, however, in the present paper to deal with education generally, but to turn our attention to that momentous question in Italy, and see in what condition it is with regard to the education of girls. In days long gone by, it will be remembered, women in Italy held high positions, and exercised a considerable influence in letters, science, and art; but affairs are very different now, and much to be deplored. The education of girls is in a low state. No progressive spirit has induced the people to endeavour to improve the lamentable state of affairs. A few ladies, fired with energy and zeal, are working strenuously to obtain the better education of the daughters of Italy. There is nothing in Italy like our own girls' schools, which, indeed, are almost unique. Ours are pre-eminently 'formative' institutions. It is rather apt to be overlooked, that in order to elevate girls into good and thoroughly useful women a very careful training is necessary.

Italy is in much the same condition as to the education of her girls as we were some fifty or sixty years ago, before Newnham and Girton leavened us. The universities are open to girls; but only about five or six avail themselves of university teaching, because the school education is not of a kind to fit them for the same place at the commencement as the young men; and in Italy girls of thirteen and fourteen would not be allowed to go to the *lycée* and *gymnase* schools with the boys of the same age, who obtain a thorough education there. As a rule, Italian girls are listless and care only for dress. There is no word for 'training' in Italian, a significant fact, just as there is no expression equivalent to 'comfortable.' In order to show how low the state of education is, we should here mention that there is no home-life in Italian circles. Father, mother, sons, and daughters do not discuss with each other what is going on in the world, at home and abroad, nor do they venture upon literary topics. The gentlemen seek their mental companionship elsewhere, either at the cafés or the ballets. Both they and their ladies would laugh at reading and having literary talks. It would be an immense boon if intellectual intercourse between the sexes, now unknown, could be effected. Education till recently was so backward among the upper classes, that Madame Zampini Salazaro's father was a distinguished man, broad-minded, whilst his sister could not sign her name! Madame Salazaro, an Italian lady with Irish blood in her veins, who lives at Naples, is quite a pioneer of intellectual development amongst Italian ladies.

Till 1800, any lady who could write her signature was supposed to make no other use of her accomplishment except in the writing of love-letters, not much to her ultimate benefit. This explains in a great measure the view taken of women in Italy, and the position they allow themselves to occupy. Innocence was supposed to be only compatible with ignorance.

There are for middle-class girls three kinds of schools: the convent schools, where nuns teach, chiefly embroidering flowers, and religion—not its history, but 'practical' devotions. The Government schools do not answer to our high-schools, and are not nearly so good. The terms are low, some five or six francs a month. These attempt to teach the natural sciences; but they are all badly organised. The teaching is very poorly paid, and is not appreciated. There are examinations, and the schools work up for anything they just happen to have set before them for the time being, so that there is no firm basis of mental culture. There are three or four so-called superior schools, two of which are in Rome (Scuola Femminilia Superiora), and these are not much better. There is the most languid interest in higher education, although there are a few notable exceptions. There is one lady-doctor

practising in Rome, who is doing fairly well; but, as might have been expected, she has had to encounter many prejudices. Queen Margherita is very anxious to see the better education of girls, and with that the advancement of women. She has named this lady, Lady-doctor to her Court; and she has also been appointed doctor to the employees on the telegraph service in Rome. There are two other lady-doctors at Bologna, who studied with the men at the universities. Bonghi opened the road of medicine to women. No Italian lady has spoken in public except Madame Salazaro, who lectures at Naples on women's education and rights. She frequently lectures in Rome at the Palombella, where the Roman Scuola Femminilia Superiora is, expressly for the Italian women. There is a private school in Rome, which is really a very good school, kept by a family named Nathan, and here girls can obtain some knowledge to fit them for their later years if they so choose.

For the daughters of poor parents there are the municipal schools, which provide a free elementary education. At these schools they are just beginning to teach them to cook and sew; but their tendency is to be too technical and not sufficiently mental. They do not attempt to talk or read to them whilst they sew, but sit silent. Primary instruction is compulsory, according to the law of 1859. The schools are composed of a lower and higher grade, each of two classes. In the former are taught reading, writing, elementary arithmetic, the elements of the metrical system, the Italian language, and religion. In the higher grade, in addition to the studies of the lower, are taught composition, penmanship, national history, elementary geography, book-keeping, and elementary science. The schools of the lower grade have to be maintained by every commune; whilst those of the higher grade have to be established in all towns having more than four thousand inhabitants. Teachers are allowed to punish their pupils by admonition, a note of censure in the school register, separation from their comrades, or suspension, of which parents must be informed; but they are forbidden to use harsh and offensive words, or to inflict corporal punishment and extra lessons as penalties. Girls of fifteen are allowed to enter the normal schools, which are of three kinds: those supported by the Government, by the provinces, and by private persons. The normal schools are also governed by certain laws, and the course of study comprises three years. The first two years are devoted to a preparation for teaching in the lower grades, and in the third year for the higher grades. The curriculum includes religion and morality, pedagogy, the rudiments of natural history and natural philosophy, drawing, music, and the principles of hygiene, as well as arithmetic, geometry, and book-keeping.

In 1861, Milan founded a higher school for girls, as it was found that so many attended the normal schools without any idea of ever teaching, but merely for the sake of a higher education. This school met with such success that other cities established similar schools. In these schools the course of study comprises ethics, Italian language and literature, hygiene, the natural sciences, French language and literature, book-keeping, penmanship, gymnastics, and needlework. Besides these studies, which are obligatory, some have also introduced the study of German and English.

It will be observed that in all schools great stress is laid upon penmanship; but little attention is bestowed upon foreign languages. The course of instruction comprises three years in all these higher schools, except in Milan, where it is four years, so that more time may be devoted to natural science. The school in Milan was for some time free; but as it was seen in other cities that a fee could be required without detriment to the school, a charge of fifty *lire* was made, which is the usual fee in the other cities. Students must be twelve years of age, and must have graduated from the primary school and passed a certain examination. Besides these, there are some other schools which board either all or a part of their pupils, and here special stress is laid on the so-called 'accomplishments'—music, dancing, drawing, foreign languages, &c.

With all these Government schools and 'high' schools, if we may use the term, it would seem that Italian girls should be able to make some better use of their lives. Of course, all are not equally apathetic and frivolous; to instance this, one young girl in a Government school broke her right arm, but she persevered, and accomplished all her writing with her left arm! Unfortunately, women in Italy are still regarded as the moral slaves of men, as may be judged from the civil and penal codes, and as a result, a low opinion of them is very general. Nothing is provided to elevate their characters or to make them self-reliant or strong.

There are several cultivated and influential men and women endeavouring to bring about a better state of things. The Countess Augusta Balzani, an Englishwoman, daughter of Professor Simon of Edinburgh, is Vice-president of the Society for promoting women's superior culture. The Queen of Italy is President of the Society, and most of the court ladies are interested in the work. The prime-minister's wife, Signora Crispi, is a zealous worker. Mrs William Grey, too, the authoress of that delightful book, *Last Words to Girls*, does a great deal for the educational cause—it can hardly be called 'movement,' for so few move.

Unmarried girls in Italy are supposed to look after the children of their married brothers and sisters, if they have any, as it is looked upon as degrading if they take to business; and the majority are very prejudiced against women-writers.

Signora Zampini Salazaro is about to establish an International Scientific and Literary Institute in Rome, to try whether that will help to elevate the girls of Italy.

From the foregoing remarks, it will be seen that the girls of Italy have a very different time of it from the girls of England. Italy must bear in mind that to instruct woman is to instruct man; to elevate her character is to raise his; and to enlarge her mental freedom is to extend and secure that of the whole community. For are not nations the outcomes of homes, and peoples of mothers? Her girls need not live grand lives, but good and useful ones,

doing the work which falls to their lot faithfully and conscientiously; for, as George Eliot tells us, 'the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life.'

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XII.—A STORM OF WIND.

THE atmosphere now took a deeper tinge of gloom. Thunder had followed the blaze of lightning in the west, low, distant, but continuous, like a rapid succession of the batteries of several ships of war heard from afar; and as the echoes of this ominous growling swept to our ears over the glass-smooth heave of the swell, the fresh dye of gloom came into the day and made an evening darkness of the afternoon.

All the ladies were below; but shortly after Mr Johnson had left me, Miss Temple came on deck and went to the side to look at the stranger, and there lingered, with her gaze upon the western sky, over which the lightning was now running in fluid lines, a cascading of fiery streaks with a frequent dull opening blaze low down, which the heads of the swell would catch and mirror as though it were an instant gleam of sunset. Had she condescended to glance my way, I should have joined her. She loitered a while, and then left the deck; and at the same moment the second mate came forward to the break of the poop and called out an order for the foresail and mizzen topsail to be furled and the foretopsail to be close reefed.

'Very unpleasant state of suspense this,' said little Mr Saunders, stealing to my side and looking up into my face.

'Very,' I answered; 'but it seems as if the weather was to extinguish our anxiety as regards the brig.'

'Yes,' said he. 'I heard the captain tell Mr Prance that he believes there is a gale of wind behind that storm yonder.—Gracious me! what a very vivid flash. Hark! it nears us quickly.'

There was a rattling peal of thunder *now*, a long volleying roar of it, and a few large drops of rain fell. Mr Cocker stood at the rail with a telescope in his hand. He busily watched the men up aloft, sometimes letting fly an order to the boatswain in a voice that went past the ear like a stone from a sling. A large drop of rain splashed upon Mr Saunders' nose.

'It's about to burst, I think,' said he, looking straight up into the heavens with his modest yearning eyes. 'I shall go below;' and down trotted the little creature.

'Mr Cocker,' said I, 'lend me your glass for an instant, will you?' I pointed it at the brig. 'Yes,' I exclaimed, talking to the second mate with the telescope at my eye; 'I believed I was not mistaken. Full of men, indeed! Phew! Why, there are hands enough upon her yards to furnish out the complement of a fifty-gun frigate.'

It was indeed as I said. They were furling all canvas upon the stranger, intending apparently to let her meet what was to come with a small storm foretrysail, which I could see a crowd of seamen bending and making ready for setting. Her fore and topsail yards were loaded with men swarming like bees along the thin delicate lines of spars, and even as I watched, the canvas they were rolling up melted away into slender streaks of white, like leaves of trees devoured by insects. There looked to me to be at least a hundred of a crew to the vessel.

'The weather will put an end to her, I expect,' said I.—'Very lucky for us, Mr Cocker. A large crew of ruffians and six guns of a side, not to mention a twenty-four pounder in the bows, and cutlasses and small-arms in galore, hardly form a joke. It is easy to figure the beauty, that sails, I daresay, three feet to our one, quietly sheering alongside and throwing seventy or eighty of her children aboard, dark-skinned assassins, armed to the teeth, reeking of garlic.—Well, hang me, Mr Cocker, if I didn't believe that the times of those gentry had passed some years ago.'

His lips were moving to answer me, but there was a wide and blinding flash of lightning at that instant that set the heavens on fire, immediately followed by a crash of thunder as deafening as though a first-rate had blown up close aboard us. Yet again the scowl of the clouds deepened in darkness, and the brig grew vague on a sudden in the gloom of the storm.

'There comes the rain!' cried Mr Cocker, pointing to a line of grayish shadow with a look of steam boiling up as it were from the base of it. It drew creeping slowly on to the brig, and its perpendicular fall made one think of it as of a vast sheet of water up above overflowing and cataracting sheer down over the edge of a cloud.

'There is no wind there,' said I; 'it is a regular Irishman's hurricane right up and down.—But here goes for a waterproof.'

I trundled below for a suit of rubber clothes, being too anxious to observe what was to happen to choose to leave the deck. All the passengers were congregated in the cuddy, and the lightning, as it glittered in the portholes and skylights, flashed up their faces in the gloomy atmosphere, making them look a pale and trembling crowd. The Colonel was pacing the deck near the piano. Miss Hudson leaned against her mother with her hands over her eyes. If ever there came a brighter flash than usual, one lady or another would scream. Colledge and Miss Temple sat over a draughtboard; but I could not gather from the hurried glance I threw over the people as I passed through them that they were playing. I equipped myself from head to foot in waterproofs and came again into the saloon on my way to the poop.

'Are you going on deck, Dugdale?' cried Mr Johnson, shouting aloud, to render his voice audible above the continuous cannonading of the thunder.

'Yes,' I replied.

'You will be struck dead, sir,' called out Mrs Hudson.

'I have half a mind to join you,' said Mr Emmett, jumping up with a wild look at the skylight: 'it's simply beastly down here.'

'Hark to *that!*' bawled the Colonel; 'there's a *shower* for you!'

The wall of rain had reached us. For a minute before it struck the ship you could hear it hissing upon the sea like twenty locomotives blowing off steam; then plump! came the cataract on to our decks. Had every drop been a brick, the noise could not have been more astounding. One couldn't hear the thunder for the roaring of the fall of water and hailstones, though the deep and awful note of the electric storm was in it to add to its tremendous sound.

'Where's the steward?' bawled the Colonel in his loudest tones. 'Confound it, are we to be left in total blackness here? Why don't some one light the lamps?'

'Are you coming on deck, Mr Emmett?' I cried; but he had sunk back on his seat with his arms folded and his head bowed; and obtaining no reply, I walked to the companion steps, receiving, as I passed Miss Temple, a half-interrogative glance from her, which made me look again in readiness to answer the question that seemed to hover on her lips. But her eyes instantly dropped, and the next instant she had turned to say something to her aunt, who was on a sofa behind her; so, rounding on my heel, up I went into the smoking wet.

There was nothing to be seen but rain—such a sheet of it as one must explore the latitudes we were in to parallel. The lightning flashed amidst it incessantly, and every line of the falling water sparkled like glowing wire in dazzling hues of crimson and of violet alternating.

I had not been a minute in the hatchway when the heavens seemed to be split open to the very heart of their depths by a flash of lightning, followed in the space of the beat of a heart by a shock of thunder that seemed to happen immediately over our mastheads—a most soul-subduing crash, if ever there was one! and as if by magic, the rain ceased, and the atmosphere sensibly brightened. There was a great noise of shrieking in the cuddy, and half-blinded, and pretty handsomely dazed by that terrible blast of lightning and the thunder-clap which had followed, I crept down the steps with my pulse beating hard in my ears to see what had happened, scarce knowing but that some one had been struck, and perhaps killed.

'What is it?' I shouted to the Colonel, who stood at the foot of the ladder.

'Only Mrs Hudson in hysterics,' he roared; on hearing which I went up again, being in no temper to make one of the nervous company below.

The swell had flattened; all to starboard there was an oozing as of daylight into the breathless thickness, with ugly hump-shaped masses of black vapour defining themselves up in the ugly sallow smother in a sort of writhing way, as though they were coming together in a jumble; but to port it was as black as thunder, an inky slope hoary with rain, with lightning spitting and zigzagging all over it. I went to the rail, where stood Mr Cocker with his clothes full of water.

'A pretty little shower!' said I.

'Very,' he answered, with his face showing of a bleached look like the flesh of a washerwoman's hand. 'A plague on this sort of work, say I! This serge shrinks consumedly when drenched, and my trousers will be up to my knees tomorrow morning—three pounds ten as good as washed out of a man's pocket.'

'Where's your glass, Mr Cocker?'

'In that hencoop there,' said he.

I pulled it out, and directed it at the dim blotch of brig that had caught my eye stealing out of the wet dusk like the phantom of a ship.

'By my great-grandfather's wig!' cried I with a start. 'So! No fear *now* of being boarded. Our windpipes are safe for the present.—Look for yourself, Mr Cocker.'

He ogled her an instant, then bawled to the skipper, who was speaking to Mr Prance.

'The brig's been struck, sir! Her mainmast is over the side.'

In very truth it was as he declared. I whipped the glass out of his hand for another look, and, sure enough, could clearly distinguish a whole lumber of wreckage lifting to the roll of the subdued swell alongside the swaying hull of the brig. Her foremast and topmast stood intact to the cross-trees, but abaft she was as completely denuded as if a chopper had been laid to the foot of the mast.

I went to the companion way and called down to Colonel Bannister.

'Halloa? What now? Who wants *me?*' he shouted.

'Tell the ladies, Colonel,' I sung down, 'that the brig has been struck by lightning, and that our safety, so far as *she* is concerned, is assured.'

I heard him roar out the news as I went to the side again, and a moment after up rushed the whole body of passengers to see for themselves.

Old Keeling cried out: 'Ladies, be good enough to take my advice and return to the cabin. We shall be having a strong blow of wind coming along in a few minutes.'

'Mein Gott, she iss on fire!' here shouted Hemskirk, pointing directly at the brig with a fat forefinger, whilst with the other hand he kept a binocular glass glued to his eye.

'It is so then, sir!' cried Mr Prance to the skipper; 'there is smoke—apparently rising from her fore-hatch.'

Mr Cocker had replaced his telescope in the hencoop; I jumped for it, and in a trice had the lenses bearing upon the brig. There was an appearance of smoke, a thin bluish haze of it, as though mounting from a newly-kindled bonfire, slowly going spirally into the motionless air; but almost at the instant of my first looking I thought I could witness something of a ruddy tinge flashing for a breath into this smoke, as though to a sudden leap of flame. Though the brig lay at the same distance that had separated her from us throughout the afternoon, the shrouded and heaped-up vaporous wall of firmament beyond her seemed to heave her as close again to us as she really was; and now quite easily by the aid of the glass I could see her decks as she rolled them our way dark with her people, many of them hacking and hewing at her rigging, as though to clear away the wreckage; others seemingly passing buckets along; others, again, running wildly and as it might seem aimlessly about, whilst with the regularity of a swing

in action the beautifully moulded hull rolled quietly from side to side with a rhythmic oscillation of her one mast upon which the fragment of white trysail filled and hollowed as it beat the air, starting out upon the eye with a very ghastliness of pallor as it swelled to its cotton-like hue out of the shadow of its incurving, and hovered like some butterfly over the hideous dusky green of the swell.

I replaced the telescope.

'Here comes the wind!' I heard Mr Cocker sing out.

'Ladies,' cried old Keeling, 'let me beg of you to step below.'

Most of them complied, but a few lingered, staring with curiosity at the coming weather. I watched it with amazement, for never before had I seen a storm of wind coming down upon a ship in a sort of wall.

The wind struck the brig. My eye was upon her, and she disappeared in the shrieking whirl of flying spume as you extinguish a reflection in a mirror by breathing upon the glass. A minute later it was upon us. It smote the Indiaman right abeam, and down she lay in a seething and hissing flatness of boiling waters, stooping yet and yet, till the line of the topgallant bulwark rail looked to be flush with the furious yeasty smother. There were two men at the helm holding the wheel jammed hard over. I swung to a belaying pin on the weather rail, and the poop deck went down from me to leeward at an angle that made one's eyes reel in the head to look along it.

I was waiting to see what the ship meant to do, when the weather maintopsail sheet parted, though a treble-reefed sail, with a sound like another clap of thunder, and in a moment the canvas was flogging away from the yard in ribbands, with Mr Cocker shouting at the top of his voice, and a crowd of seamen tumbling and capsizing about the main deck to the officer's orders to haul upon the clewlines. It was at that instant, amidst all this prodigious hullabaloo, that I caught sight of Miss Temple to leeward of the mizzen mast holding on to some gear that was belayed at the foot of the mast. As my gaze rested on her, the rope she grasped either overhauled itself or was detached from the pin, and she swung out to leeward. There were hencoops and rails and the mizzen shrouds to save her from going overboard; but there was nothing to prevent her from breaking a limb, or even her neck, if she let go. Though my legs yet preserved something of their old seafaring nimbleness, the slope of the deck made desperate work for them. Yet the girl must be reached, and at once. She did not appear to have sense enough to lower herself down the rope till her feet touched, in which posture she might have hung with safety. She maintained her first clutch of the gear, and swung above the deck to the height of some two, perhaps three feet. Keeling, who was clinging to the weather vang, did not seem to see her. The helmsmen grinding at the wheel heeded nothing but their business.

There was only one means of arriving at the girl with any approach to swiftness. I dropped on to the deck, and went down upon my knees with my head to windward, and worked my way stern first in that attitude to the line of lee hencoops, along which I made shift to travel half jammed by my own weight against the bars of the coops; until, coming abreast of the girl, I got upon my legs, and firmly planting my left foot against the bottom of the row of boxes in which the fowls were immured, and leaning on my right leg in a fencing posture, I put my arms round her waist and told her to let go. She did so at once, as likely as not because she could hold on no longer. The weight of her noble figure was rather more than I had bargained for. I had thought to hold her fairly off the deck and ease her away, whilst in my arms, down to the hencoop behind, on which she could sit; but she was too much for me. I was forced to let her feet touch the planks, where, losing her balance, she threw her arm round my neck to save herself from falling. The next moment I was lodged upon the hencoop, she on my knee, and her arms still enclosing my head; but this was only for a breath or two. It was easy to lift her to my side, and there she sat, her fine face dark with blushes, and her eyes sparkling with alarm and confusion and twenty other passions and emotions, whilst the curve of her bosom rose and fell with hysteric swiftness.

'What a very ridiculous position! It serves me right. I should have taken the captain's advice. I should have gone below.'

This was all my haughty companion condescended to say. Not a syllable of thanks—not a glance of softness to reward me! However, to be reasonable, she could have scarcely been audible had she attempted more words. Even to catch the few sentences she uttered I had to strain my ear to the movement of her lips, off which the wind clipped her speech with a silencing yell.

There had been but little thunder in the storm, which still showed livid over the eastern horizon, that surpassed the wild and prodigious roaring of this first outfly of the hurricane. The ship continued to lie down to the fierce sweep of the wind at the angle she had first reached to—it was as good or bad, indeed, as being on her beam ends—and Miss Temple and I were forced to keep our seats upon the hencoop, no more able to crawl up the deck to where the companion hatch was than had it been a slope of polished ice.

'Look!' I shouted to Miss Temple, and pointed over our stern, where, out of the flying faintness and thickness of spray, the figure of the brig was at that instant forming itself.

I sprang upon the hencoop, the better to see, grasping the mizzen shrouds for support.

'Shall I give you a hoist?' I cried to the girl.

Her curiosity was too strong: the flying brig—a fleeting vision of the object which had filled us with alarm and suspense throughout the day, was a wonder to be witnessed at such a time as that at any cost. Her lips parted in the word yes to the howl of the gale, and in a moment I had her up alongside of me, my arm through hers, securely gripping and supporting her, and the pair of us gazing breathlessly at the sight astern.

With her single mast rising to the topmast cross-trees, the yards square, the remains of the trysail streaming like white hair from gaff and boltrope, the brig swept under our stern, shooting sheer athwart, seething smoothly as a sleigh over a level plain of snow, and rushing before the

wind straight as the flight of an arrow. A coil of thick black smoke, whose base was reddened by sudden tongues of fire, blew over her bow, and coloured the atmosphere into which she rushed with a complexion of thunder. But the vision came and went in a few breaths like an object seen by lightning. So dense was the gale with spray, that there was scarcely a cable's length of opening round about us. The brig showed and was gone! a phantasm, with the white waters pouring over her sprit-sail yard as she rushed through it, and scarce more to be noted by the eye during the headlong swiftness of her plunge from one wall of spindrift into another, than the delicate lines of her rigging supporting the foremast, the bowsprit vanishing in the cloud of smoke blowing ahead of her, a length of white deck, a flash of skylight glass, the glimmer, so to speak, of some score of faces turned our way.

'She is on fire,' I cried in Miss Temple's ear: 'she carries a doomed crew into that thickness!'

She moved, as if to resume her seat, and very carefully I got her on to the hencoop again.

But the first terrific spite of the gale was now gone, and the squab form of the Indiaman lifting a little out of the seething caldron in which she lay with her main-deck rail flush with the yeasty surface, was beginning slowly to pay off. Her decks gradually grew level, and presently she was right before the wind, with the howl of it at her taffrail, and her huge bows heaping up the white sea till the leaps of the summits were at either cathead.

Mr Colledge's face showed in the companion-way.

'Oh, there you are, Miss Temple!' he roared. 'Mrs Radcliffe is firmly persuaded you have been blown overboard.'

She rose, but sat again, for the wind was too strong for her. Friend Colledge himself seemed pinned by the weight of it in the hatch.

'We may be able to manage it between us,' I shouted; and passing my arm through hers, I drove the pair of us to windward, and got her on to the companion ladder, down which she went.

HOW WARS ARE DECLARED.

One morning about the middle of January all the newspapers announced that Lord Salisbury had sent, through our Minister at Lisbon, an Ultimatum to the Portuguese Government requiring 'the withdrawal of all forces, officials, and expeditions of any kind from the banks of the Shiré River, beyond the confluence of the Ruo, and south of the Zambesi and Mashona Land.' Coupled with this demand was an intimation that failing a favourable answer within twenty-four hours, Mr Petre, our Minister, would leave the capital with the whole staff of the legation, and await further developments at Vigo.

Even to those unacquainted with the technicalities of diplomatic phraseology, the interpretation of this Ultimatum did not cause much difficulty. Whatever might be the precise significance of the language, nobody doubted that practically if Portugal did not yield and our Minister went to Vigo, we should be in a state of war with Portugal. How far this conception of the state of affairs is strictly accurate will be shown shortly. That it should be the general impression, however, points to an interesting difference between the practice of ancient and modern times in the matter of the formalities incident to the Declaration of War.

It is no doubt true that the gravity of a great war is more realised now than in earlier ages; or perhaps it is more correct to say that the gravity of such a struggle under existing conditions is *so utterly unrealisable* that no Power cares rashly to provoke war. Hence, when events arise which lead to friction, the tendency has been in recent times to prolong diplomatic negotiations in the hope of finding a peaceful solution. But, on the other hand, when it has once become apparent that hostilities are inevitable, the final plunge into war is now taken with far less of courteous formality than in days of old.

Readers of Greek history must be familiar with instances of formal embassies sent to denounce and justify war. Among the Romans, a College of twenty priests known as Fetials was maintained for the express purpose of such services. They had certain implements and sacred herbs set apart for their special use; and they often travelled great distances to demand reparation from nations who had injured the Roman State, and, if this was refused, to denounce war against them.

Even had the practice of Rome not set such a precedent, it was inevitable from the nature of the organisation of the states which rose out of the ruins of the Empire, and which afterwards formed the nations of modern Europe, that the utmost formality of Declaration should precede a great war—and this for two reasons. In the first place, where, as on the Continent, there was almost unlimited right of private war, some official pronouncement was essential for the purpose of establishing a distinction between a mere squabble among a few barons and an act of hostility for which the community was responsible. Further, military enterprises were regarded as being not so much national undertakings as personal expeditions, levied for the private honour of the sovereign as feudal superior, and to be conducted therefore with all due observance of the rites of chivalry. Witness, as instances of this feeling, the challenge of Richard I. to Saladin, and that of Edward III. to Philip of France, to settle their disputes by single combat. Under such a régime it was not to be expected that men so exact in their observance of the punctilio of the tournament would be more remiss in their wars; hence, we are not surprised to learn that as a necessary preliminary to the commencement of hostilities, letters of formal defiance were always exchanged. Of these a somewhat burlesqued example is given in *Ivanhoe*.

At a rather later date, verbal proclamation through a herald was substituted for these letters of defiance. This continued to be practised till the sixteenth century, and there are two instances of it so recently as the middle of the next century. In 1635, Louis XIII. sent a herald to Brussels to declare war against Spain; and twenty-two years afterwards, Sweden declared war against Denmark by the mouth of a herald sent to Copenhagen.

But even prior to this time, influences had been at work which undermined the old usages. After the close of the Hundred Years' War, the civil wars in England, the consolidation of the great European states, and above all, the fierce rancour engendered in the religious wars, had all contributed to discredit the old forms of feudal chivalry. Written declarations were substituted for proclamation by heralds, and as early as 1588 the Great Armada attacked England without any Declaration at all.

The great legal writers still lent their support to the older usage; as where Grotius declares that the voice of God and Nature alike order men to renounce friendship before embarking in war. But in spite of their influence, practice became very loose. On the one hand, we have the two cases already cited, and our war with the Dutch in 1671, where there was solemn proclamation. On the other, we have the war of Gustavus Adolphus with the Empire, and an English expedition against the Spanish West Indies in 1654, carried through without Declaration; and our Dutch wars of 1652 and 1665; the war between Portugal and the Dutch in 1645; and finally, the war between France and the Empire in 1688, in all of which hostilities were in an advanced state before any Declaration was issued.

Still, the lingering influence of the older usage is shown in the distinction which Molloy, a writer in touch with the practice of men of action, draws between 'solemn' and 'unsolemn' wars. 'A general war,' says he, 'is either solemnly denounced or not solemnly denounced; the former is when war is solemnly declared or proclaimed by our king against another state. An unsolemn war is when two nations slip into war without any solemnity, and ordinarily happeneth amongst us. Again, if a foreign prince invades our coasts or sets upon the king's navy at sea, a real, though not solemn war may, and hath formerly, arisen. So that a state of war may be between two kingdoms without any proclamation or indiction thereof, or other matter of record to prove it.'

In far the greater number of the struggles of the eighteenth century, no Declaration was issued until a state of war had been constituted *de facto*, and had even in some instances existed for many years. In some few cases the whole contest was begun, continued, and ended without notification, while it is difficult to find a single case where the commencement of hostilities was preceded by Declaration.

An influential minority of jurists now began to lend the weight of their authority to the new usage; but the majority continued to support the old doctrine, which died hard. Practically, however, the only two directions in which it manifested its continued vitality were equally unfortunate. On the one hand, by furnishing a defeated nation, against which no Declaration had been made, with a formal ground for regarding itself as wronged, it led to feelings of rancour being perpetuated against the conquerors. One instance of this is to be found in the indignation of Austria at the unannounced attack by Prussia on Silesia in 1740. In this case the irritation was perhaps hardly to be wondered at, as Frederick had actually his armies in Silesia two days before the Emperor even knew of the ground of quarrel.

Where, on the other hand, Declarations were issued, as was customary, long after war had commenced, angry disputes arose whether property captured before the date of issue was lawful prize. The decision that such property was good prize if *condemned* after the Declaration, shows how merely formal was even the show of respect which its supporters still managed to secure for the old doctrine.

During the latter part of the century, when the burdens laid upon neutrals had become more onerous, the very commendable custom sprang up, and was generally adopted, of issuing a manifesto or notice of the commencement of war, not necessarily to the enemy, but to the diplomatic agents of other nations who were required to observe the laws of neutrality.

The opinion of the great jurists of this century, since the close of the Napoleonic wars in 1815, has been more equally divided on the necessity of Declaration. Several of the leading continental authorities still maintain that some form of notice to the enemy is imperative. Others, along with the more influential British and American authorities, take the opposite view. Let us glance at the practice in the matter as shown in the greater recent wars.

In neither the war with England in 1812 nor with Mexico in 1846, did the United States issue either Manifesto or Declaration. Of the smaller wars down to 1870 in which a European power was engaged on one side or the other, our own unimportant contest with Persia in 1838 affords what seems to be a solitary instance of Declaration. The Opium War of 1840, the Italian War of 1847–49, the Anglo-Persian War of 1856, as well as the Danish struggle about Schleswig-Holstein in 1863, and the war between Brazil and Uruguay in the following year, all commenced by acts of hostility, preceded, indeed, in several instances by diplomatic notes and manifestoes, but in no case heralded by Declaration of War.

In November 1853, after prolonged negotiations had already taken place, the Ottoman Porte protested against Russian claims, and intimated its intention of going to war. To this the Emperor Nicholas responded in a very elaborate formal Declaration, emitted at Moscow. Hostilities did not actually commence till the 4th of November, three days after the Czar's proclamation, of which the Sultan had thus time to become aware. Relations between the Czar and the English and French courts became more and more strained during the next few weeks. On the 8th of February 1854, the Russian minister left England; and six days later, Lord Clarendon in the House of Lords stated that we were 'drifting into war.' On the 21st, Nicholas issued a manifesto complaining of the unfriendly attitude of England and France. On the 27th, Captain Blackwood was sent to St

Petersburg with an Ultimatum, his instructions being to wait six days for an answer. Before that time had elapsed, the Emperor declined to give any reply; but the Russian Foreign Minister stated privately that his master would not declare war.

On the 22d of March a message from the Queen was read in the House of Lords declaring war; and the *Gazette* of the 28th contained the announcement and justification of this step. On the 31st, according to a quaint old custom, the High Sheriff and other chief City dignitaries of London attended in their robes and proclaimed the war from the steps of the Exchange. Early in April, we completed the alliance with France, now also in arms against the Muscovite. All these steps, it will be observed, were simply for the information of our own subjects and of neutrals, no steps being taken, as in earlier times, to give a formal notice to the enemy.

This also was the case five years later in the Austro-Italian war of 1859. The Emperor's Ultimatum was presented on the 23d of April; and two days afterwards Count Cavour intimated its rejection. On the same day Victor Emmanuel announced to the army the outbreak of war, and on the 26th operations commenced.

The American Civil War presents an interesting instance of the modern tendency to rely on facts rather than forms. As the North never recognised the Southern States as being other than rebels, of course they were precluded from declaring war against them; but in a way which may be readily summarised, a state of war came to be recognised as having in point of fact supervened on a state of insurrection. The Secession movement, which began in South Carolina on the 20th December 1861, speedily spread to the other Southern States. On the 9th of January 1861 the first shot was fired from the batteries of Fort Sumter on the *Star of the West*, attempting to enter Charleston with reinforcements. Notwithstanding this, Lincoln on the 4th of March still characterised the movement as insurrectionary. Nine days later, Charleston surrendered to the Confederates, and war-votes were then asked for. On the 15th of April, letters of marque were issued by the South, and a blockade proclaimed by the North. On the 3d of May, larger war-votes were asked, and Mr Seward announced in a letter to the American Minister at Paris that the Government had 'accepted the Civil War as an inevitable necessity.' England and France thereupon recognised the rights of the South as a belligerent State, and issued proclamations of neutrality. This action they justified on the ground that although there had been no Declaration of War, the credits voted and the proclamation of blockade were facts consistent only with a state of war, not of mere insurrection.

The Seven Weeks' War of 1866 began with the rupture, on the 12th of June, of diplomatic relations between Prussia and Austria, followed on the same day by a Declaration of War by the former power against Saxony, whose territory was entered on the 15th. On the 16th, Austria intimated her intention of supporting Saxony, and this Prussia interpreted as a Declaration of War. A bellicose manifesto addressed 'To My Armies' was issued by Francis Joseph. On the 22d, Prince Fritz Carl complained of the violation of the Silesian frontier by the Austrians, without any formal Declaration of War. This complaint is a curious example of historical retribution, a precisely similar protest having been made, it will be remembered, one hundred and twenty years earlier by Austria against the Prussian invasion of Silesia. The Red Prince followed up his complaint by formally declaring war against Austria, a measure which Italy had taken two days previously.

Four years later, Prussia was again involved in a war which was destined to complete the unification of Germany, to which the Seven Weeks' War had been the first step. On the 15th of July 1870 it was announced by the French Ministry that the King of Prussia had refused to receive the Emperor's ambassador, and that the German Minister was preparing to leave Paris. Large war credits were asked, as, in the face of these facts, France could no longer maintain peace. On the 16th the slighted French Minister reached Paris, and the German representative left. France thereupon, with a self-assertion characteristic of the popular feeling of the time, issued a Declaration of War, a copy of which was handed by the chargé d'affaires at Berlin to Count Bismarck, by whom it was laid before the parliament of the North German Confederation on the 20th. England on the 19th had recognised the existence of war by her proclamation of neutrality.

In the next war of any moment, the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, we have a *reductio ad absurdum* of the doctrine of the necessity for a Declaration so far as demanded in the interests of the enemy. On the 24th of April the Czar emitted a Declaration of War at Kischeneff. Copies were circulated among the commanding officers of the various regiments, and the diplomatic agents of the Great Powers were also properly enough apprised of the contents, with the result that England, France, and Italy issued proclamations of neutrality six days later. The Sublime Porte, for whose information the Declaration was presumably, in the first instance, intended, of course got a copy of the manifesto; but the precise extent to which it benefited by the war being *declared* (not simply *begun*) will be appreciated when it is remembered that by the evening of the day when the Emperor made the proclamation at Kischeneff, fifty thousand troops had already crossed the frontier into Roumania.

Among struggles of less importance, our Ashantee War of 1873, the Transvaal War, the French wars in Tonquin and China, and the Egyptian War, all began without Declaration. In the last-mentioned case, Arabi-Pasha was required by Admiral Seymour, on the 10th of July 1882, to surrender the forts of Alexandria; and on his failure to do so within the time specified, the bombardment began.

Lastly, we have two instances in which small states have recently reverted to the ancient practice. On the 12th of November 1885, King Thebaw of Burmah favoured us with a Declaration of War, the information conveyed by which, however, appears rather superfluous, as our troops were already advancing on his capital. Our reply was a proclamation deposing his dusky majesty.

In the same month Servia went to war with Bulgaria. Servia, to be so juvenile a power,

seems to be a good deal of a formalist. In both of her attacks on Turkey—in June 1876 and December 1877—she duly declared war before attacking; and when she came to differ with Bulgaria in 1885, she acted consistently, sending a most orthodox Declaration of War, the challenge in which was cordially accepted by Bulgaria all in due form, *selon les règles*, just as if the disputants had been a couple of feudal barons of the middle ages. As, however, both parties complain of previous invasions of territory, we are tempted to inquire of what use was all this ceremony?

And now to revert to our recent dispute with Portugal, it is to be hoped that the acceptance of our terms by the court at Lisbon has obviated the possibility of this resulting in the addition of another to the precedents on the commencement of modern warfare. This being so, we can with more satisfaction consider the theoretical question as to what would have been the precise result had the required concessions been declined. Well, from the cases considered we are in a position to say that the withdrawal of our ambassador would have been sufficient intimation of our abandonment of all hope of diplomatic settlement to justify us in beginning hostilities. At the same time it would not of itself have involved us in war. Nay, even the more unequivocal step of the dismissal of their ambassador, while rendering hostilities inevitable, would not, at least in questions with outside nations, have established a state of war until followed by some recognised act of war (such, for example, as a blockade). Until this took place, it would still have been in the option of Portugal to have made terms with us, by mediation or otherwise, on the footing that we were still at peace.

As to the merits of the contention for explicit Declaration handed to the enemy, there is no better pronouncement than that of Mr Hall: 'The use of a Declaration does not exclude surprise, but it at least provides that notice shall be served an infinitesimal space of time before a blow is struck. A manifesto, unless it be understood that hostilities are not to commence until after there is reasonable certainty that authenticated information of its contents has reached the enemy's government, is quite consistent with a blow before notice. The truth is that no forms can give security against disloyal conduct, and that when no disloyalty occurs, states always sufficiently well know when they stand on the brink of war.' The incidents of the opening of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 furnish sufficient comment on this passage.

In short, steam and electricity have rendered communication so rapid, and the state of organisation—not merely national but international—is so complete in modern society, that two nations cannot approach a rupture without both being fully aware of it. The withdrawal and, still more, the dismissal of an ambassador is therefore sufficient warning how matters stand to warrant an immediate commencement of operations, which is in fact a Declaration of War. Written declarations, proclamations, manifestoes, gazette notices, and the like, are chiefly useful as bringing under the notice of outside nations the existence of a state of war which demands the observance by them of the rules of neutrality. Even for this purpose, however, unequivocal *acts of war* raise a necessary presumption of the *fact of war* which neutrals are not entitled to disregard.

J. R. C.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER XII.

When Mr Clayton learned from his daughter of Frank Holmes having been there and of the efforts he was making in Faune's behalf, he was touched by the young man's generosity. This was greater than he knew, but he knew enough to appreciate it. It somewhat altered, however, an opinion he had half formed—which events had forced upon him—that Holmes was himself in love with Mary. Mr Clayton had never had a firm opinion as to this; for if Holmes were a lover, why did he suffer himself to be cut out by Faune when the field was open to him? It indeed seemed on the whole, to the banker, that as regarded his daughter and Frank Holmes—who had both had ample opportunity of knowing each other's sentiments before Faune came upon the scene—there was a failure of love on one side or the other, or both. Faune's success seemed to have been easily won; and if Holmes loved Mary, he would hardly be so zealous a defender of his rival now.

And this brought Mr Clayton to consider the situation that would arise in the event of Faune being acquitted. It occurred to him this evening to mention it to his daughter, because that telegram from Holmes stating that the meeting with 'M' in the Park had no reference to the murder, had inclined him to a more favourable view of the prisoner's case. When he told his daughter about this matter, he found that she had already heard of it, and learned from her the important deduction which Frank Holmes had indicated—namely, the explanation of Faune's leaving Cadogan Place so early.

'That is very important, Mary: it takes away one of the most serious links in the case against him. I am beginning to feel that he has been the victim of very unfortunate appearances.'

'I hope so, papa,' she replied, without seeming to share his confidence.

'In case of his acquittal, Mary, of course a good deal of reparation will be due to him.'

Mary Clayton said nothing, and in truth her father found it difficult to get at his position. Assuming Faune to be acquitted, no stain could be presumed to remain on his character on account of the awful charge. Should he not be entitled, then, to resume his former social position and to receive the warm congratulations of his friends? Only one thing barred—this was the matter of the cheque. Mr Clayton as yet knew only a part of that transaction, enough, however, to cast a deep shadow on Faune's honour. But, unconsciously, he was still under the influence of the young fellow's manners, and if his daughter's wish was to resume former relations, the banker's sense of reparation due to the unjustly accused man would probably cover over the transgression of the cheque. And—assuming Claude Faune to be proved guiltless, and to have no worse offence against him than the affair

of the cheque, which might be open to mitigating explanation—Mr Clayton, in his present frame of mind, saw no reason why former relations should not be resumed, if his child's affections were at stake.

He shrank, however, as yet from approaching that subject with her; there was not sufficient certainty. He half resolved it would be advisable to consult Frank Holmes first. Poor Frank!

When his daughter came to say good-night to him Mr Clayton was startled by her looks. 'My child,' he said, caressing her hand, 'you are making yourself ill. Have courage; all will be well in time. Why do you not go out for a while every day? Shall I take you for a drive to-morrow?'

'Thank you, papa. No; I will not take you from your business. Perhaps I may go by myself.'

'Shall I send Frank Holmes to take you out?' he asked, after a pause.

'If he can spare time, papa, I shall be glad,' she answered; and Mr Clayton promised to ask him.

Can a refined woman willingly become the wife of a man whom she despises, or has good cause to despise? This was the problem that filled the reflections of poor Holmes as he trudged wearily towards the offices of Mr Crudie, Faune's solicitor, after Mr Clayton had called on him next morning. Mr Clayton had asked him to take his daughter out, and Holmes had promised to do so, after calling on Mr Crudie. Then Mr Clayton went on—unconscious of the pain caused to his patient listener—to state his anxieties regarding the situation on Faune's release, should he be released. The tendency of the banker's feelings was plainly indicated; and it seemed clear enough to Holmes that, if Mary Clayton consented, the marriage would eventually take place in the contingency of an acquittal.

Of course he expressed no opinion, but consented to think it over; however, that which Mr Clayton was most anxious to find out was the attitude his daughter would be likely to take in the eventuality contemplated. Frank Holmes could have told him that his daughter loved Faune; but past that, he knew nothing.

Could she marry Faune, if he should be acquitted? He remembered what she had said to him on that matter. He knew that she could never respect the man. But certain powerful forces had come into operation since then, and who can count on the decisions of a woman when her affections are concerned? We find women who are worthy of all the reverence man can give them, wedded to worthless husbands; but it was probably after marriage they discovered the clay their idol was made of. Sometimes we see such women voluntarily giving themselves to men whose worthlessness they know; alas, for the forlorn-hope of love making the creatures better! There was no variety of the melancholy case that Holmes did not turn over in his thoughts.

He believed that to Mary Clayton's pure and delicate sense there was no gilding over, with love's poor art, that which was unworthy of respect. But supposing him to be innocent, the man would come out of prison after suffering most cruel wrong, and it was far from unlikely that the girl would regard herself as in some measure responsible for the wrong. How far, then, would the combined forces of pity for his suffering and anxiety to repair her own share of the injury go towards counterbalancing the opposite feeling? To offer herself as an expiation is just the sacrifice at which some girls, of Mary Clayton's character, would not hesitate.

In the opinion of Holmes, the event would hardly occur to demand the sacrifice; none the less was the possibility distressing to him. If he did not love her so truly himself, and if he could exonerate himself from the silent reproach of having delivered her over to this rival without one attempt to win her for his own, he could regard the contingency of her becoming after all the wife of Faune with as much pity, but with much less pain. He did not think that Faune would be acquitted; but Mr Clayton had strongly impressed him with the possibility that, if acquitted, the man would still be able to win his prize. With a heavy sigh, Frank Holmes wished it were all over. One way or the other, there was no hope for him; he was long too late for that; and was so sure of his strength that he was ready to come to her whenever she wished, in the old manner. All the kindness of his nature was at her service, and he knew how she needed kindness now.

This visit he was paying to Faune's solicitor was the last step he intended to take in the case. He saw no good that he could do in any direction; but after learning how far the defence had got, he could form a more decided opinion.

Mr Crudie was a gentleman who had achieved some fame in criminal cases. He willingly gave Holmes an interview; and when the latter stated his position in relation to the case, the solicitor expressed his readiness to discuss it with him.

'I have thought of asking to see Faune,' said Holmes; 'but I am afraid it would be of little use.'

'It would be very little use, Mr Holmes,' said the solicitor emphatically. 'He is the most impracticable client I have ever had. I am afraid I cannot do much for him; and but that it would prejudice his case, I would throw it up.'

This was a surprising statement.

'Is his case so bad as that?'

'We have practically nothing to go upon, Mr Holmes, unless the prisoner's friends find something for us. Our position is simply a negative one. The only point the Crown have not yet established is the identity of Faune with Julius Vernon, or the fact of communication between him and the governess. There is something in the dark which we do not know, and which it is important we should know.'

'Will he tell you nothing at all?' asked Holmes in astonishment. 'If he closes his lips, he may as well plead guilty. Does he give any account of himself on the night of the 10th of June?'

'Merely that he left Cadogan Place soon after nine o'clock, that he met you at Albert Gate about a quarter past, and that he kept an appointment with a man in the Park for two or three minutes at half-past nine.'

'He has told you that?'

'Then you were aware of it?' said the solicitor, a little surprised.

'I happened to find it out.—I may say more about it presently.—What does Faune say about it?'

'Nothing more than what I have told you. He sullenly says: "You ask me what I did that night. I met a man by appointment inside the Park railings opposite the top of South Street at half-past nine; we spent about three minutes together; then he went back by Hyde Park Corner, and I went home."—He has refused to give me either the man's name or the business they had.'

'But he did not go straight to his rooms. Mount Street was close by, and it was within five minutes of ten when he entered his lodgings.'

'He says he had a smoke.'

'And the previous night, Friday, has he mentioned where he spent it?'

Mr Crudie took a paper from a drawer and referred to it. 'Wednesday, dined at Cadogan Place; Thursday, at club, did not leave till 11.30—that's the Schools Club; Friday, at club, left at 9, and smoked in the Park till past 10 o'clock.'

Holmes felt the gravity of that last statement. Inch by inch, from unexpected quarters, conviction was creeping upon the doomed man. The solicitor noticed the change in his visitor's face.

'I know the man he met in Hyde Park on the Saturday night, Mr Crudie, and I know why he met him. At first, I thought the fact might be important as accounting for Faune leaving Mr Clayton's when he did.'

'Don't you think so still?' Mr Crudie asked with interest. 'Is the man to be had?'

'Mr Crudie, it was chiefly to warn you against that mirage that I decided to see you. The man is gone out of the country. It is unnecessary to say more. Accept my assurance that it is best to ignore that incident, as matters at present stand. Should they take another turn, of course I would put everything I know into your hands. If Faune refuses to help himself, his friends are powerless.'

'That is very true, Mr Holmes. There is his disappearance from London on Sunday the 11th, which Faune obstinately refuses to explain. It was not done in the fashion of a murderer, was it? Of course there are exceptions to every rule; but the method of the murder, and the manner of his disappearance from London and reappearance in an East-end lodging-house, are not, to my mind, suggestive of the same origin.'

'You think it possible, then, that his conduct had reference to some other motive?'

'What can I think?' replied the solicitor with a gesture of impatience. 'The man's manner to me is reserved and sullen even; he seems apathetic, indifferent as to his fate. Now, my experience is that a guilty man is seldom able to keep up a show of that sort. But a man's fortunes and character may be so desperate, that an acquittal would be felt by him as no boon; that, in fact, being hanged for a crime of which he is innocent may be regarded as the less of two evils; the other being the usual catastrophe of suicide, to get rid of a miserable and hopeless existence.'

Holmes was growing interested.

'There is much about Faune that sometimes suggests these thoughts to me. Mind, my theory is only a theory, and a speculative one, and the furthest I will go is to think that it leaves room for a doubt as to his guilt. Of course it would be no use mentioning such a theory in court. What do you think of it, Mr Holmes? You are better acquainted with his affairs than I am.'

Holmes thought over it for a few minutes. The theory was that, if guiltless of the murder of Margaret Neale, Faune was sunk to that low ebb of existence whose only available cure is suicide, and was willing to accept judicial death with the melancholy consciousness of innocence, as a relief from the moral responsibility of self-destruction. From his own point of view, Holmes could not admit that the man's case in life was desperate, but he could not see it with Faune's eyes. All the same he shook his head.

'I do not think it is that, Mr Crudie. It is something he is afraid to confess even to you. Has he accounted for himself in no way at all since leaving London?'

'Yes—to some extent he has.—Was he, to your knowledge, addicted to drinking?'

'To my knowledge, as long as I knew him, his habits in that respect were as delicate as a lady's. I have heard, indeed, that he gambled, and lost a good deal lately from taking too much brandy; but I have hardly credited it.'

'Nevertheless, he had been drinking heavily before his arrest. I saw the evidence of it myself. He has admitted to me that all that fatal Sunday in his rooms he had been taking brandy; that he had hardly a recollection of his departure from London; that, however, he slept in the train, and therefore remembered his arrival in Dover; that there he drank more, and believes—without being certain—that he wrote a letter to Miss Clayton: what the letter contained and whether he posted it or not he does not recollect at all. Then he darkly refers to some act of perfidy which he refuses to explain; after this his memory is a blank until he finds himself, shattered and penniless and degraded, in a low lodging at the docks.—What do you think of that story?'

'I am afraid it is of little use to you, whether true or not. Miss Clayton received no letter from him, I am certain.'

'Perhaps he failed to post it, or never wrote it at all. But it is of no consequence. The only leg, in fact, we have to fight upon,' said the solicitor, 'is to stick fast to the theory that no person on earth had any motive to kill Margaret Neale except her husband, and make the Crown prove that Faune was the husband before they can ask the jury to convict him. Cases have been won on weaker grounds.'

'You mean to fight on that line, then? They will challenge you to account for the prisoner's movements the night of the murder, and I warn you again, you dare not produce the man he met in the Park, even if he was to be had.'

'That's a difficulty; but we may get over it. If they don't find evidence connecting Faune with the governess, we will make it warm for them, at all events. That is how we stand at present.'

The only hope, therefore, of an acquittal depended on the Crown being unable to establish

the prisoner's identity with Julius Vernon, or his correspondence with Margaret Neale since his return to England; in which event an able counsel might succeed in so shaking the jury as to compel them to bring in a verdict of acquittal.

HOW SAILORS ARE PUNISHED.

In the matter of punishments at the present day the sailor has a much greater variety than 'Tommy Atkins.' Although the days of flogging are past, and the severe and inhuman cruelties which were formerly inflicted by martinet and merciless captains have long been abolished, some of the offences of England's 'jolly tars' and their punishment may still be interesting.

Breaking leave—in sailors' parlance, 'stretching it'—and drunkenness are the two offences for which the majority figure in the defaulters' book. When a seaman comes on board intoxicated he is put into the cockpit or 'flats;' and if noisy, put in irons until he is sober. The irons, it may be said in passing, consist of two steel bracelets and two anklets, and these are fastened together by a heavy chain weighing from sixteen to thirty pounds; the whole forming the 'jewelry' the noisy culprits are compelled to wear. He who breaks his leave goes to his work as usual. Both classes of offenders have their names entered in the defaulters' book, and are marshalled on the quarter-deck next morning to receive punishment. When the bugle sounds the 'Cornish Mill,' each man must answer to his name—to be 'stretched off,' as it is termed—when read from the defaulters' book by the master-at-arms, before the Captain and the Commander. Usually, the sentence for a first offence of drunkenness is to have one day's pay stopped for every six hours the culprit was unfit for duty. If on this occasion it should be a second offence, in addition to this the offender loses any stripe or badge he may have and is also 'black-listed.' If the offence is continued, the punishment is doubled when possible, and the culprit is sometimes confined to cells or imprisoned on shore.

The punishment for being absent 'over leave,' for a first offence, is a day's pay stopped for every six hours over the time for returning. If the offence is repeated, the additional punishments are, being black-listed or confined to cells, and one day's leave stopped for every six hours' absence. According to conduct, the men enjoy one of four classes of leave: Special, Privilege, General, and Habitual. Special leave is an allowance of every other night ashore; Privilege, twice each week—Thursday and Sunday; General, once each month; Habitual, once in ninety days. Being 'black-listed' means that the seaman has his grog stopped, is not allowed to smoke, is put back into a lower class for leave, and has to work in all his 'spare' time. Another punishment for minor offences is '10 A'—that is, having to eat all your meals on the upper deck, being employed between watches in the daytime holystoning or cleaning bright metal-work; and when in harbour, standing from eight till ten at night facing the ship's side, aft; in addition to having the grog stopped and not being allowed to smoke. The other seamen are allowed to 'enjoy the weed forrards' in the forecastle meal-times and in the evening. At nine o'clock every morning the bugle sounds 'Divisions'—that is, the inspection by the Lieutenant of Divisions—on Sunday by the Captain. This is for the purpose of seeing that every man is clean and tidy and in the 'full rig of the day.' Should the officer be of opinion that a seaman requires a shave, that his silk is not tied as per regulation, or the tapes sewn on the collar too close, he will order the man to appear for punishment next morning. The sentence is generally the same as for breaking leave; but sometimes when a seaman is not shaved properly, he is ordered to stand on the quarter-deck during dinner-time, and afterwards allow the ship's barber to shave him there—not an easy shave by any means.

While the Divisions inspection is proceeding on the upper deck, the Commander goes below to see that the mess is properly scrubbed out, and the mess-traps, hook-pots, kettles, &c., polished and in their proper place. Each mess numbers from sixteen to twenty men; these are divided into two watches, and one from each watch is appointed cook for the day, each man taking his turn. This cook draws the meat from the steward, the cocoa for breakfast, &c., from the ship's cook, makes the pie or stew for dinner, lays out the table, &c., and after each meal 'clears up' for inspection. Should any fault be found with the appurtenances of the mess by the Commander, the cook for the day receives the punishment.

Another tour of inspection is made by the Commander at nine P.M., principally to see that all naked lights are out. If a hammock is found down on the deck instead of being 'strung up' in its place, the owner has to carry it about the next evening from eight till ten. Similarly, the owner of any bag the number of which is not properly polished has to carry the bag and all it contains for a couple of hours at night on deck.

If found washing clothes on any other but washing nights—twice each week—a seaman will be ordered to carry the article on a boat-hook round the upper deck until it is dry. As the officer of the watch is the judge as to when all the moisture has evaporated, it is as well to be 'on good terms' with him.

If a seaman should leave any article of clothes out of his bag, it is appropriated by the man in charge of the deck, and deposited in what is called the 'scran-bag.' This is opened once a week, and each sailor who is the happy owner of anything contained therein is mulct in the value of one piece of soap for each article 'bagged.'

These are the minor offences and punishments. If, however, a seaman persists in getting tipsy or breaking leave, then—should the vessel be in harbour—he is sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour for terms varying according to the offence.

To strike, 'cheek,' or even 'answer back' an officer, means being tried by court-martial and perchance dismissed from the service. We never hear now of the cases of tyranny by officers which in former times produced such a dread of the sea; but at the same time, when vessels are stationed abroad for any length of time, some of those in authority like to try punishments originated by themselves. The following is still in the memory of the writer, and occurred on a foreign station. Not being up in time when the

boatswain's mate pipes 'reelers'—those who are to hold the log five minutes before each hour—is a punishable offence, and the culprit is usually ordered to stand under the lee of the trysail for a couple of hours, so that the back-wind will beat down and chill him to the bone. On this particular occasion one man was not up to time. He was taken before the officer of the watch, who then ordered the boatswain's mate to make the 'tripping line' fast around him, giving enough 'drift' (loose rope) to allow the seaman to go down to his mess as usual. When it was again time for piping 'reelers,' several hands were ordered to 'stand by' the tripping line. The moment the whistle was heard, away ran the men hauling the line, and up came the delinquent in 'double-quick' time, with greater alacrity than he was prepared for, and being slightly bruised in his flying passage through the hatchway from his mess to the upper deck. The officer was not yet satisfied, so the culprit was ordered another dose at the next hour. We again went below, and passed the time lying on the mess-deck round the wardroom galley, some snoozing, some thinking of home. In this galley, on a stove, there always stood a large iron stock-pot, this being a receptacle for odd bits of meat, bones, pieces of fish, &c., and which was occasionally turned into a stew and sold to the hands by the wardroom cook, this being one of his perquisites. No sooner was all quiet than the culprit stealthily unfastened the tripping line from around him, and after passing it through the two handles of the pot, made it fast. The time soon arrived. The whistle sounded, and away went the pot clattering, spilling its greasy contents all over the place, and was at last hove empty on deck in front of the now literally aghast officer of the watch.

The culprit was brought before him. Whether owing to the fact that it was not a 'regulation' punishment, or that the officer could scarcely stifle his laughter when he saw the joke, we cannot say, but the seaman escaped by scrubbing and holystoning out the grease in his 'watch below.'

LA CHASSE.

FROM THE DIARY OF JONES.

'Of course I don't suppose that my wishes will influence you,' said my wife; 'but if you cared to please me, you would let me accept the Comte's invitation.'

'My dear,' I replied, 'if I could shoot, I would ask you to write and accept it at once. But, as I've told you before, I can't shoot; haven't had a gun in my hand since I was a boy. I'm sure you wouldn't like your husband to go out and make an exhibition of himself before a lot of French strangers?'

'That's nonsense, Algernon. And to say you can't shoot is to tell a deliberate untruth. Were you not a Volunteer for seven years, and didn't you win a cup?'

'That's a totally different thing, my dear; you mustn't confuse target practice with field-sport.'

'I'm quite aware that I don't know anything about it,' answered Mrs Jones, with that air of acid humility that always aggravates me. 'It's my stupidity, of course; but I confess *I* can't see the difference.'

I knew better than try to demonstrate a difference which Mrs Jones didn't want to see; so I overlooked her remark, and endeavoured to escape in another direction.

'De Villebrotonne isn't a *real* Count, you know, dearest.'

'Monsieur le Comte de Villebrotonne *is* a real Count, Algernon. You will want to persuade me next that he is not a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, though one never sees him without the ribbon in his button-hole. Besides, that's got nothing to do with it.'

It was all very well for her to say so, but I knew better.

'Well,' she said, finding I did not answer, 'I suppose it's no use my saying any more about it. But I must say, Algernon, that I can't understand your dislike to good society.' She rose from the breakfast table with a sigh and went up-stairs to her own room to answer the note which had caused this little unpleasantness. I would have liked very much to let her accept it; but if there's one man I despise more than another it's the man typified by Mr Winkle. Personally, I always avoid doing what I can't do really well; and to go out shooting with a French party, who would expect the Englishman to make an enormous bag, was not to be thought of for a moment—not for a moment.

I was pleased to find that Mrs Jones had given up all idea of going to the Château de Brotonne when she returned to our sitting-room an hour later. She produced her work, and began to converse on different topics with her usual good-temper and shrewd sense.

'Oh, by the way,' she remarked after a time, 'I heard from Mrs Jobson this morning. I can't say I like that woman, Algernon.'

The Jobsons are our next-door neighbours at Tooting; I don't know Mrs J. very well, but Jobson is an awful snob.

'They've been spending a few days with Sir Solomon Meeler,' continued my wife; 'from her letter, you would suppose they had been staying at Sandringham.'

'We shall never hear the last of that,' I said, 'though Sir Solomon is only a City Knight.'

It was not a kind thing to say, I know; but it was quite true. That fellow Jobson is always cramming his grand acquaintances down one's throat. I wonder he never sees himself what fearful bad form it is. How he would have jumped at an invitation from a French nobleman!

'Well, if she bothers me about it, I shall just tell her'—— Mrs Jones didn't say what she would tell Mrs Jobson; she broke off with a meaning nod, and began mending one of my socks.

'It's a great pity you're not a shot, Algie,' she said presently; 'but of course it would never do to go out and miss everything you fired at.'

'I don't suppose I should be quite so bad as that,' I answered.

'I wonder if Mr Jobson had any shooting at Sir Solomon Meeler's?' said my wife, ignoring my disclaimer.

It was more than probable that he had. Sir Solomon possessed very large covers round his

place in Kent, and I believe Jobson really is a bit of a shot.

'Well,' said my wife, after a long silence, 'I must run out and post my reply to the Comte's invitation.—Or will you take it for me, Algie?'

'Maria,' I said—a little awkwardly, I fear, for in principle I never change my mind—'I—er—think perhaps you might accept De Villebrotonne's invitation.'

I could not wish my best friend better luck than that he may find as good a wife as mine. She's a paragon, that woman. She has converted an old suit of tweeds into the most workman-like shooting costume, with a belt round the waist; she has begged the loan of Brunel's gun for me, and went herself to a gunmaker to order a hundred cartridges, and hire a bag for them. The man wouldn't let her have a game-bag unless she bought one at forty francs, so she very rightly declined it; it would be rather extravagant to purchase a game-bag for one day's sport.

Although I can't speak a dozen words of French, I am very glad we came. The Château is a beautiful place, well worth visiting for its own sake; and if I felt rather out in the cold at dinner last night, Mrs Jones enjoyed herself thoroughly. Never mind; my turn comes to-day. We have had early breakfast in our own room, and I am on my way down-stairs to join the shooting party; they are all waiting for me in the great entrance hall.

They make a very effective group, I must confess. De Villebrotonne is attired in a dress of dark green with brass buttons, and he wears a black velvet cap like a huntsman, and tanned yellow boots drawn high over his knees. Slung at his back he carries a number of bags and silver-mounted pouches, and an immense curly horn. All his friends are similarly attired, and I feel rather a moth among butterflies as I join them.

'Aha! my friend,' says the Count, coming forward to shake hands. 'How you are, Jone? You sleep vell this night? Good-morning. Permit that I introduce my several friends at you, Jone.'

Nice fellow the Count; he always calls me 'Jone,' which he appears to think is the proper way to pronounce my name. He presents me to eight other men, all of whom carry guns, and huge game-bags tastefully fringed with many-coloured strings. Some of them look rather severely at my costume as we stream out of doors; but no one says anything. I wish I had had an idea what these people wore out shooting; I wouldn't have gone to the expense of buying a green coat, of course; but I could at least have brought my cornet: not a man among the lot is without a musical instrument of some kind, and a few of them have two, a small and a large one.

'You have moch cartritch,' says the Count, pinching the bag that hangs over my shoulder. 'That is good; you shall see moch sport ven ve beat le plain.'

'Yes, Count,' I reply; 'I have only a hundred cartridges, but I hope they will be sufficient.'

De Villebrotonne nods emphatic approval, but suddenly he stops short and exclaims: 'You have not one game-bags, Jone!'

'I couldn't find mine,' I say uneasily. It has dawned upon me all at once that it's rather an anomalous proceeding to start with a hundred cartridges and no game-bag. Looks odd, to say the least of it.

But the Count nods again good-humouredly and says: 'Ah, it shall not import. The *garde de chasse* shall supply; it is your Engleesh custom, I know.'

I didn't know; but I thank him, and we move on. After a quarter of an hour's walk, which the Count and his friends beguile by narrating what are clearly shooting stories, we reach the corner of a wood where a number of men holding dogs in leashes and carrying sticks and horns are awaiting us. Two or three wear handsome green liveries; and after a little discussion, which I don't understand, De Villebrotonne calls a gigantic keeper and assigns him to me. 'This my chief *garde de chasse*, Jone,' he says. 'Pierre vill accompany to carry your games you shall shoot. It is vell that two gardes shall be vit you, I tink. Also I send Henri.'

He beckons to a second keeper, and then turns them round to examine their accoutrements. My heart sinks as I see that each man has on his back two game-bags of the very largest size. I knew it! I was perfectly convinced, as I told Mrs Jones, that a great deal would be expected of me. If I shot every day for six months, I shouldn't fill one of those bags; and here I am expected to fill four in a single day. However, it's no good going half-way to meet misfortune; so I respond with grave dignity to the low bows of the smiling keepers, and try to look as though an escort of two game carriers and four dogs is what I have always been accustomed to.

'It most be that you have the favourable place, Jone,' says my host, after another animated conversation with his companions; 'all my friends are moch inseesting that the favourable place is proper to you.'

'You are really too good,' I protest, while a cold stream of perspiration begins to trickle down my back; 'but I cannot think'——

'Not a vord, my dear Jone—not a vord, I beg you,' interposes the Count. 'It is my vish express.—Do you not say so?'

There's no escape; the Count is backed up by the entire company; and with a sickly smile I bow assent.

'Just tell the *gardes* that I cannot speak French,' I say, as he instructs them where to take me.

'Already I tell to them. But to-day vat imports it? To-day is busnees of *chasse*, not talk; talk after.'

He waves me off; and I follow the keepers down a narrow path which runs between a hedge and a thin coppice; some small detachments of sportsmen, keepers, and dogs have preceded me, and when I look behind, I see others following at intervals.

Before long I hear the notes of a horn in the distance. My escort halts abruptly, and stands listening; the first horn-blast is succeeded by others. Pierre gives one in his turn, and it is taken up by the parties who are in front of us. Then, with polite gestures, he beckons me to come through the coppice and load my gun. As soon as we have got clear of the trees and underwood, I find that mine is the central party of a

line of similar ones, stationed about two hundred yards apart. Before us lies a stretch of open country, grass land and stubble, which is doubtless the 'plain' we are to beat. I regulate my movements by those of the Count, whose yellow boots are conspicuous on the left, and advance slowly across the field, while the two keepers fall in behind, and step solemnly together like soldiers at a funeral.

Game is not plentiful on my beat; every now and then a lark or starling gets up and flies away twittering, under a volley of smothered exclamations from my attendants. They have set their dogs free, and those obliging animals are ranging gaily before us in a light-hearted fashion which promises to disturb any game in plenty of time to let it escape my gun. The rest of the party are very busy; on both sides gunshots and horn-blasts alternate rapidly, while the men with sticks, who dot the spaces between guns, keep up a vigorous yelling. The noise is inspiring, and my bosom palpitates with a new-born ambition to slaughter something; a French 'beat' properly conducted being very exhilarating.

I am strolling along, with my gun ready for action, and keeping a sharp lookout for something to shoot, when Pierre springs forward, and touching my arm, points to a bird perched on a tiny mound of turf. 'Tirez, Monsieur!' he whispers with hoarse eagerness. 'Tirez!—vite!'

It isn't sportsmanlike to shoot at a sitting bird, but the two keepers evidently expect me to do it; Henri is opening one of his bags, and Pierre is nervously fingering his horn. I don't care whether its sportsmanlike or not, and taking careful aim, I fire. The two men dash forward to pick up the quarry, and I follow, trying to appear cool and unconcerned. Henri has picked up the bird, and comes to meet me carrying it in both hands. Involuntarily, a disgusted 'Oh!' escapes me. It's a thrush.

'DON'T!' I shriek to Pierre, who now has his horn at his lips—'DON'T! Stop that, will you!' For I am in agony lest the Count or some one should come to see what I have killed. It's no good. The wretched man is straining his cheeks over a peal of triumph that might fitly celebrate the fall of a brace of elephants; and then Henri chimes in with his instrument until I fairly dance with shame.

'Pitch it away!' I scream passionately; 'throw it away, will you—down that hole! Oh, and stop that row for any sake, before any one comes!'

But they don't take the least notice of me; they cease their music at last from sheer breathlessness; and despite my protests, Henri carefully bestows the miserable thrush in a game-bag. I suppose he means to eat it himself. I make a firm resolution to fire at no bird or beast I don't recognise, and reload. I'll get that thrush from Henri before any of the others see it, if it costs me fifty francs. I did not believe so respectful a man as Pierre would have been guilty of such an insolent practical joke.

After a time we reach a stubble field, and a small covey of partridges gets up; they rise quite fifty yards away; but I am desperate with anxiety to redeem my character, and give them both barrels. The keepers rush forward as before, and are still searching the ground with the dogs when I join them.

'How many?' I inquire carelessly, in English.

'M'rien, Monsieur,' says Pierre, horn in hand.

'All right. Leave it in the bag; *I* don't want to see it.'

The keeper says 'Monsieur!' and blows away at his horn as though his life depended on it. When he stops, the other man begins, and goes on till he is black in the face; then they play a duet together until my frowns grow so alarming that they desist. I should rather like to see the partridge I have killed, but would not deign to ask Henri to produce it, even if I could speak the language. It doesn't do to display such childish interest in details before one's subordinates.

In spite of the disturbing ravages of the dogs, two other coveys get up during the next hour, and I increase my bag. Both are long shots, and the keepers are so quick at finding the birds that they are safely stowed away before I come up, and I don't even see a feather of the spoil. I just ask Pierre 'How many?' in English, and he replies 'M'rien, Monsieur,' before making the echoes ring with his horn. We are within sight of the farmhouse where the ladies are awaiting us with lunch when I make my last addition to the bag. It is a rabbit; rather a young one, certainly, but still a rabbit. I fired into a lot of them playing among some bushes, and one fell. I don't quite understand Pierre and Henri; they made a great fuss about that wretched thrush, and make more over the rabbit, but they never even offered to show me one of the three 'm'riens.' Personally, I'd rather shoot a partridge than a rabbit any day, and I believe all Britons would. But I have learned that English standards don't apply in this country, so do not trouble myself about it. As we enter the farmyard gate, I button-hole Henri, and ask him to give up the thrush, offering a ten-franc piece in exchange. He accepts the coin, but doesn't quite grasp my meaning, for he takes the bag containing the bird from his shoulder and endeavours to throw the band over mine. There's no time to lose, for the Count, who arrived first, is coming to meet me; I am only just able to pull the thrush out of the bag and drop it under the hedge, before he seizes me by the arm.

'Aha, Jone!' he says, 'you do not fire moch this morning. Have you make a big bags?'

'Pretty fair, thanks,' I reply. 'I got a rabbit and three m'riens.'

'Tree vat?'

He looks puzzled, so I hastily add: 'Partridges, we call them in English.'

'Vat! You have shoot tree partritch! Vell don you, Jone. Excellent indeed, excellent!'

It is really delightful to see how pleased he is; he shakes me by both hands, and then takes my arm to lead me to the long wooden table, upon which the keepers are turning out the game-bags. Most prominent are two rabbits, four partridges, and a squirrel; there is quite a little heap of blackbirds, thrushes, and larks, and I am wondering if these are considered 'game' in France, when Pierre comes up, and a space is cleared for him to discharge his cargo. I flatter myself that it will make a very respectable addition to the total head of game.

Mrs Jones comes round to congratulate me, while Pierre, with a good deal of unnecessary display, is laying out that rabbit; it looked small when I shot it; but it seems to have shrunk to half its size now, as it lies stretched out before twenty pairs of eyes.

'Is that *all*, Algernon?' inquires my wife in a disappointed whisper. 'The Comte told me'——

'Oh no, my dear; I got three partridges; the other man has them.'

Henri now comes forward and lays down—that confounded thrush! beside the rabbit.

'He says you dropped that at the gate,' interprets my wife as the man says something to me.

'I *threw* it away,' I whisper in reply; and Mrs Jones's disdainful frown vanishes.

'Ask him where the m'riens are, Maria,' I say after a pause; for Henri is backing out of the crowd, shaking his bags, to show that they are empty.

'M'riens, Algernon?'

'Yes; isn't "m'rien" French for partridge?'

I am glad that none of the Count's friends understand English, for I turn purple under my wife's sarcastic reply: 'If you weren't a fool, Algernon, you'd know by this time that *mais rien* means "nothing."'

'Oh!' I say faintly, 'I didn't know.'

'Never mind,' she says more kindly, as she sees how distressed I am. 'Only I do wish you had asked me before you told the Comte you had shot them. It can't be helped; perhaps he will think that the men couldn't find them.'

It is a very small ray of consolation, and I take good care to sit as far away as possible from the Count at lunch. There a lot of people—the whole party from the Château—and my wife and I get places together unobserved. The storm of conversation is deafening. Every man is giving his neighbour full particulars of how he shot each item of his bag—so my wife tells me—and excitement runs high. Suddenly there is a lull, and De Villebrotonne takes advantage of it to address me from the head of the table.

'After lonch, Jone'—— he begins, but gets no further. He is stopped by a man, who bounds from his chair with a shriek, and, with eyes starting from his head, points to the window. 'A hare passed over the lawn,' says Mrs Jones hurriedly. Every one has seized his gun, and the men are falling over each other in a frantic rush through the door. 'Vere is Jone?' cries the Count as he leads the charge. 'Come, Jone, here is now a sport!'

My wife detains me by catching my sleeve. 'Jump out of the window, Algie!' she says quickly.

I grasp my gun, and she throws the hinged window open; all the other ladies are crowding round another which commands a view of the direction in which the hare has gone, so my wife's readiness of resource gives me a long start of the rest, who will have to go round the house.

'Quick!' she cries, as I jump into a frightfully thorny rose-bush. 'There it is in the orchard!'

If the animal had only had the discretion to sit still, I should not have detected it; but as I step on to the gravel path, it hops a little farther away and stops behind a bush. Here is my chance! That awful blunder about the partridges I never shot is raging in my mind as I kneel down on the grass, for I mean to take a deliberate pot shot and bag that hare, if I can. I fire and kill it!

The creature is what poulterers call 'badly shot,' but no one seems to mind this. All the keepers form up in a row, and blow a pæan of praise on their horns for eight minutes. The Count himself carries my quarry into the house to show the ladies; the whole company insist on shaking hands with me; and they won't hear of beginning lunch again until I have described, through Mrs Jones, how I consummated the event of this shooting season.

We did not go out again after lunch. The Count had forgotten the 'm'riens' in his joy about the hare, and he playfully said that as I had killed every head of game on his property, it would be no use attempting to shoot any more. So we played cards for an hour, and then walked back to the Château. De Villebrotonne would have it that we should march in procession from the entrance gates to the hall door. He put four *gardes de chasse* in front, who walked abreast, blowing horns; Pierre came next, carrying the hare on his shoulders—the Count wouldn't have it put in a bag—then Mrs Jones and I arm-in-arm, she carrying my gun. The others came behind in pairs; and about a dozen more keepers, blowing horns, brought up the rear. Mrs Jones thought they made rather too much of it.

WAITING FOR MAY.

'Tis weary waiting for May, my dear;
'Tis weary waiting for May,
When never a breath of the warm south wind
Comes to open a green-leaved spray;
Sunshine for some, with its glow and light;
And for some, gray skies—but it must be right.

'Tis weary loving too well, my dear,
And finding it all in vain;
'Tis ever the hand we have clung to most
Can stab with the sharpest pain.
And hope dies hard; but the old wounds stay,
Heal them, hide them, as best we may.

My hair was glossy and bright, my dear,
When I watched and waited for May;
'Twas silvered long ere I learned to know
It never would come my way.
Yes, I know—the May-blooms wither and fall;
To have never had them is worst of all!

I should like to have had a time, my dear,
To look back on at close of strife,
And warm myself in a ghostly sun,
Which once had colour and life;
Oh, never had light such a golden haze
As that which shines through the mist of days!

The shadows are falling fast, my dear;
The night is coming soon,
And I am hastening fast to a land
That needs nor sun nor moon;
And I think beyond the grave I'll see
Sunshine and Spring-time kept for me.

MARY GORGES.

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DUELLING IN GERMANY.

By S. Baring-Gould.

Mark Twain has described and made merry over the duels that are so frequent in the German universities, winked at by the authorities, and never interfered with by the police. If these duels were comparatively harmless, as they are in France, where a scratch and a drop of blood is regarded as sufficient to satisfy honour, they might be passed over with a contemptuous laugh; but when they cost precious lives, they merit the indignant comment of civilised humanity in Europe. An incident of recent occurrence in the university of Freiburg, in Baden, calls attention to the entire system and provokes comment.

But before narrating the circumstances, a few words must be said on the societies or voluntary associations entered into by the university students. In a German university there are no colleges, as at Oxford and Cambridge, in which the students reside, and forming a sort of bond holding the men together. The German students live in lodgings, and the only bonds into which they enter towards each other are those voluntarily undertaken when they join a *Corps* or a *Burschenschaft*. To belong to a *Corps* costs a good deal of money, and entails the obligation of submitting to the code of honour which directs the members when and how to resent injuries real or fancied. The members of the *Burschenschaften* are not bound to duel; they are looked down on by the members of the *Corps* as social inferiors, and are usually men of inferior means or position in life. In the university of Freiburg there are three of these *Corps*, distinguished by their caps—white, red, and yellow, and the cost to each member is not under one hundred pounds per annum. The members of the inferior associations wear caps of other colours—green and purple. Each corps has its officers, its banner, and its insignia, and affairs of honour are regulated in it by an *Ehrengericht* or Court of Honour. It has its code or *Comment*.

Duels are fought even when no provocation has been given; the officers decide that one is to be fought between such-and-such members, no doubt with the object of accustoming them to use their swords, and to keep their hands well in. In such cases, pistols of course are not employed. From the decision of the Court of Honour there is no appeal. The member who refuses to obey its most unreasonable and tyrannical mandates must leave the corps. A student need not belong to either a *Corps* or a *Burschenschaft;* if he does not, he stands much alone, and is designated a *Wilder*, a Savage, or a Camel.

And now, we cannot better illustrate the working of this system than by narrating an incident of recent occurrence in the university of Freiburg, which exemplifies the utter barbarity and irrationality of the whole system. It was Carnival time, and on Sunday, February 2, 1890, in a Beer hall much frequented by the students, a group of the *Rhenanen* or Red Caps sat at a table drinking beer, and having imbibed quite sufficient to have exhilarated them. At another table some medical students—Purple Caps and 'Savages'—were also drinking, when a friend entered, and desiring a chair, went to the table where were the Red Caps, and finding one there unoccupied, removed it to the table where were the medical students without the usual 'With your leave, gentlemen.' The Red Caps at once fired up, and abused the new-comer, who retorted that he had a right to a chair that was occupied by no one. One of the medical students, a Jew, named Salomon, now rose from the table and endeavoured to stop the quarrel, when one of the Red Caps told him to mind his business, 'Crooked Jew that you are.' A Jew he was, and also crooked, for he had received a sabre-cut some years previously that had severed the tendons of his neck so that he could not turn his head. The insult was gross. Salomon's blood was heated, and he replied that the insolence of the *Rhenanen* was so great that they deserved to have their ears boxed all round.

Next morning the young medical student realised that he had spoken indiscreetly, when he found on his breakfast table three challenges, two with pistols, and one with sabre. On Tuesday he was due for his final examination, having passed which, he would be qualified to practise as a surgeon. He at once sent a request that the duel with sabres might be commuted to one with pistols, as, owing to his crippled condition, he was incapable of fighting with swords. This was allowed. Then he requested that the duel might be postponed till after he had gone through his examination. This was refused. The seconds agreed that the first duel was to be fought on Tuesday morning, February 4, at half-past seven, in a forest near the town, that three shots were to be fired, and that the combatants were to stand at a distance of fifteen paces apart.

Before going to the appointed place of combat, Salomon told his friends that he intended to fire into the air, and it is allowed by all who were present that he did not take aim at his adversary. It must be observed that the chances were against Salomon, as, owing to his stiff neck, he was constrained to stand full front to his opponent, and not, like the latter, sideways. For some inexplicable reason, moreover, contrary to usual custom, breech-loaders were employed instead of muzzle-loaders.

At the first round, Vehring, the adversary of the young Jew, failed to fire, the pistol hanging fire; and Salomon discharged his bullet among the bushes. Vehring can hardly have failed to observe this; nevertheless, at the second round he took such deadly aim that he shot Salomon in the breast; the bullet penetrated the lungs, came out at the back, and wounded the left arm held behind. At the same time Salomon again discharged his bullet among the bushes. Directly Salomon fell, Vehring, concerned only for his own safety, ran away, neglectful of the usual custom of going up to the fallen adversary, asking his forgiveness, and shaking hands; nor did his seconds concern themselves with anything but getting off the ground as fast as their legs could carry them. Incredible as it may seem, the wounded man was left alone in the forest with his second; not one of those who had accompanied his adversary, Vehring, took the trouble to send a litter from the town, so that it was not till *five* hours after he had been shot that he was conveyed to the hospital at Freiburg, where he was at once attended by the very Professor before whom he was to have appeared that morning for his final medical examination.

From the first, Salomon knew that his condition was hopeless. He died on February 12, and was buried on the following Sunday in the Jewish Cemetery. A large attendance of students, representing the various corps and brotherhoods, showed him honour; but an incident occurred during the procession of the funeral carriages which shows an almost incredible lack of good taste. The Sunday was one of Carnival, and the streets were full of clowns and merry-andrews. One great body of the masqueraders came round the corner of the main street of the town just as the funeral procession entered it. As already said, this was made up of students representing their several societies, in their coloured caps and wearing broad sashes, and in each carriage one bore the banner of the corps, with crape attached to the head. The coffin is never conveyed in the procession—that is invariably taken the night before to a mortuary near the burial-ground. No sooner did the merry-makers encounter the train of mourners than they surrounded the carriages, cutting capers and casting jokes, that were freely responded to. We observed that in one carriage was a young student hardly escaped from boyhood, holding one of the banners, his face quivering with emotion which he vainly endeavoured to conceal. At the pranks and witticisms of the clowns he attempted to laugh, but the effort was beyond his power, and he burst into a flood of tears.

It is hardly credible that such bluntness of feeling, such levity, such want of good taste, should exist among people whom we regard as civilised. It can hardly be supposed that the masquers were ignorant that this was a funeral procession, for the circumstance of the death of Salomon was well known, and his funeral advertised in the daily papers.

One bold manly voice was raised after the duel to protest against the entire system. A Herr Abel, who has travelled, has made himself a name in literature, wrote an article on the topic in the Baden Academical paper, from which we quote a few passages:

'We cannot let this sad incident pass without comment. What has brought this young and blooming life to such an abrupt termination? What has robbed an old and sick mother of her beloved son? What has deprived mankind of the skill of an able surgeon?—German prejudice, that specially German prejudice which has already been the cause of incalculable misery.

'Let us consider the circumstances. Here were tipsy students—tipsy at Carnival time. In their cups they insult one another—that is, if drunken men are capable of being insulted. And when, next morning, they come to their senses, they are aware that they have spoken things unbecoming men, and utterly unbecoming gentlemen. But this precious German prejudice steps in and forbids an apology; it converts the sense of honour seated in man into a miserable caricature. Their honour forbids them to admit that they have done wrong, and to seek reconciliation is regarded as "cowardice." Their honour forbids them to admit that they have acted dishonourably, and orders them to convert the squabble into a fight for life and death, and to submit their case to be decided for them by comrades who have only just put off jackets and put on tails, and these are constituted judges of life and death. Each of the combatants has parents, brothers and sisters, and kinsmen; away with all, away with Christian teaching: what is the care of parents, love of kindred, what is Christian teaching, in comparison with the insult one tipsy man has tossed in the face of another? Honour enacts blood—so stands it in the code, and the code stands above everything else. The compiler of this code of honour, scribbled at a table reeking with stale beer, commands more obedience than the founder of the Christian religion. The law of honour will have it so; away, then, with Christianity, brotherly love, and common morality.

'Why was no reconciliation effected between

Salomon and the Red Cap? He was a peaceably-disposed man. He would willingly have apologised if an apology had been admissible, although insulted in the grossest manner by a sneer at his race. What merit was it in the Red Cap that he was not himself born a Jew or an Australian negro? Providence orders our lots, and he who scoffs at a man for his place allotted to him scoffs at Divine Providence which set him there.'

After some further remarks, the writer appeals —though, he admits, without hope of a favourable answer—to the Emperor to say the word which would put down duelling in the army. If put down there, it would speedily vanish from the universities. But if the Emperor will not speak, then he appeals to the Reichstag to act as has the English parliament, and make duelling punishable as murder when death has ensued. Now, a student who has killed another in fight gets off with what, considering the awfulness of the crime, is but a slight punishment, and public opinion does not condemn him; it may almost be said that it looks upon him as something of a hero.

But the story of Salomon is not quite ended. We learn that the article of Herr Abel has roused the wrath of all the Red Caps in the university, and that he has been challenged by the entire corps, of some thirty men, to fight them one after the other in succession.

It is high time that the opinion of the Christian civilised world outside Germany should be known; the Germans are sensitive to English opinion; it is well, then, that public opinion in England should be loudly expressed in the cause of humanity, to demand the extinction of what is a relic of savagery and is eminently unchristian.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XIII.—FIRE!

It blew fiercely all that night. A mountainous sea was rolling two hours after the first of the gale, amid which the *Countess Ida* lay hove-to under a small storm trysail, making very heavy weather of it indeed. There was a deal to talk about, but no opportunity for conversing. Few were present at the dinner-table, though the sea then running was moderate in comparison with the sickening heights to which it had swelled later on.

And you may add to all this a good deal of consternation amongst us passengers. I had seen some weather in my time, but never the like of such a tossing and plunging bout as this. There were moments, indeed, when one felt it high time to go to prayers: I mean when the ship would lie down on the slant of some prodigious surge until she was hanging by her keel off the slope with her broadside upon the water, as though it were the bottom of her. There were many heave-overs of this sort, every one of which was accompanied by half-stifled shrieks from the cabins, by the sounds of the crash of boxes, unlashed articles, chairs, movable commodities of all kinds rushing with lightning-speed to leeward.

I vividly recall the appearance of the cuddy at eleven o'clock when the hurricane was nearing its height. The ship was hove-to on the starboard tack, and the lamps in the saloon would sometimes swing over to larboard till their globes appeared to rest against the upper deck. I had managed in some sort to slide down to a sofa on the lee-side; and there I sat looking up at the people to windward as at a row of figures in a gallery.

Heaven knows I was but little disposed to mirth; yet for the life of me I could not refrain from laughter at the miserable appearance presented by most of my fellow-passengers there assembled. Near to the cuddy front, on the windward seats, sat Mr Johnson, with terror very visibly working in his white countenance. His eyes rolled frightfully to every unusually heavy stoop of the ship, and his long lean frame writhed in a manner ludicrous to see, in his efforts to keep himself from darting forwards. Near him was Mr Emmett, who strove to hold himself propped by thrusting at the cushions with his hands, and forking out his legs like a pair of open compasses with the toes stuck into the carpet on the deck, as though he was a ballet dancer about to attempt a pirouette on those extremities. Little Mr Saunders, who had thoughtlessly taken a seat on the weather side, sat with his short shanks swinging high off the deck in the last agonies, as one could see, of holding on. My eye was on him when he slided off the cushion to one of those dizzy heaves of the ship which might have made any man believe she was capsizing. He shot off the smooth leather like a bolt discharged from a cross-tree, and striking the deck, rolled over and over in the manner of a boy coming down a hill. There was nothing to arrest him; he passed under the table and arrived half-dead within a fathom of me; on which I edged along to his little figure and picked him up. He was not hurt, but was terribly frightened.

'What shocking weather, to be sure!' was all he said.

But to end all this: at three o'clock in the morning there was a sensible decrease in the gale. I had fallen asleep in the cuddy, and waking at that hour, and finding but one lamp dimly burning, and the interior deserted, I worked my way to the hatch, groped along to my cabin, and tumbled into my bunk, where I slept soundly till half-past eight. The sun was shining when I opened my eyes: the ship was plunging and rolling, but easily, and in a floating launching manner, that proved her to be sailing along with the wind aft. Colledge was seated in his bunk with his legs over the edge, gazing at me meditatively.

'Awake?' he exclaimed.

'Yes,' said I.

'Fine weather this morning, Dugdale. But preserve us, what a night we've come through, hey? D'ye remember talking of the *fun* of a voyage? Yesterday was a humorous time certainly.'

I sprang out of bed. 'Patience, my friend, patience!' said I; 'this trip will end, like everything else in our world.'

'Ay, at the bottom of the sea, for all one is to know,' he grumbled. 'A rod of land before twenty thousand acres of shipboard, say I.—By

the way, you and Miss Temple looked very happy in each other's company when I peeped out of the hatch yesterday to see what had become of her, at her aunt's request.'

'You should have risen through the deck a little earlier,' said I. 'You would have found her hanging.'

'Hanging!' he cried.

'Oh, not by the neck,' said I.

'What did you do?'

'I rescued her. I seized her by the waist and bore her gloriously to a hencoop.'

'Did you put your arms round her waist?' said he, staring at me.

'I did,' I exclaimed.

He looked a little gloomy, then brightening in a fitful kind of way, he said: 'Well, I suppose you *had* to do it—a case of pure necessity, Dugdale?'

I closed one eye and smiled at him.

'She's a very fine woman,' said he, gazing at me gloomily again. 'I trust you have not been indiscreet enough to tell her that I am engaged to be married?'

'Oh now, my dear Colledge, *don't* let us trifle—*don't* let us trifle!' said I. 'Scarcely have you escaped the risk of being boarded by pirates—the chance of being beheaded by some giant picaroon—of being struck dead by lightning—of foundering in this ship in the small-hours, when round with circus speed sweep your thoughts to the ladies again, and your mouth is filled with impassioned questions. Where's your gratitude for these hairbreadth escapes?' and being by this time in trim for my morning bath, I bolted out of the cabin, laughing loudly, and deaf to his shout of, 'I say, though, *did* you tell her that I was engaged?'

The ocean was a very grand sight. The wind still blew fresh, but as the ship was running with it, it seemed to come without much weight. The sea was flowing in long tall surges of an amazing richness and brilliance of blue, and far and near their foaming heads flashed out to the sunshine in a splendour of whiteness that contrasted most gloriously with the long dark slopes of unbroken water.

I saw Mr Prance on the poop, and having had my bath, stepped aft to exchange a greeting with him.

'The ship appears to have come safely out of last night's mess,' said I.

'It was a real breeze,' he answered; 'nothing suffered but the main-topsail. The *Countess Ida*'s a proper ship, Mr Dugdale. Those who put her together made all allowance, even for her rats. There's some craft I know would have strained themselves into mere baskets in last night's popple. But there was not an inch more of water this morning in the *Countess's* well than will drain into her in twenty-four hours in a river.'

'And the brig, Mr Prance? I believe I and Miss Temple were the two who saw the last of her.'

'No. Captain Keeling spied her as she swept under our stern,' said he. 'She was on fire; and by this time, I reckon her beautiful hull—and truly beautiful it was, Mr Dugdale—will be represented somewhere around us here by a few charred fragments.'

'Or,' said I, 'even supposing they managed to extinguish the fire, Mr Prance, her one mast with most of its heavy hamper aloft was not going to stand the hurricane very long. So she'll either be a few blackened staves, as you say, or a sheer hulk. And her people?'

'Ah,' exclaimed the chief-mate, fetching a deep breath, 'from eighty to a hundred of them I allow. There's no boat put together by mortal hands could have lived last night.'

'Now, honestly, Mr Prance—do you really believe there was anything of the pirate about that brig?'

'Honestly, Mr Dugdale, I do, sir; and I haven't a shadow of a doubt that if the weather had taken any other turn, if a sailing breeze had sprung up, or the water had held smooth enough for a boating excursion, her people would have put us to our trumps with a good chance of their crippling us and plundering us, to say no more.'

Here the breakfast bell rang, and I rushed to the cabin to complete my toilet for the table.

There was no lack of talk this morning, when the passengers had taken their places. The anxieties of the preceding day and night seemed only to have deepened the purple hue of old Keeling's countenance, and his face showed like the north-west moon in a mist betwixt the tall points of his shirt collars, as he turned his skewered form from side to side answering questions, smirking to congratulations, and bowing to the 'Good-morning, captain,' showered upon him by the ladies. Mr Johnson came to the table with a black eye, and Dr Hemmeridge's forehead was neatly inlaid with an immense strip of his own sticking-plaster, the effect in both cases of the gentlemen having fallen out of their bunks in the night. Colonel Bannister had sprained a wrist, and the pain made him unusually vindictive and aggressive in his remarks. The weather had not apparently served the ladies very kindly. Mrs Hudson presented herself with her wig slightly awry, and her daughter looked as if she had not been to bed for a week. It was hard to realise, in fact, that the pale spiritless young lady with heavy violet eyes looking languidly through their long lashes, which deepened yet the dark shadow in the hollows under them, was the golden, flashful, laughing, coquettish young creature of the preceding morning.

I had made sure of a bow at least from Miss Temple; but I never once caught so much as a glance from her. Yet she was very easy and smiling in her occasional conversation with Colledge across the table. She alone of the women seemed to have suffered nothing from the violent usage of the night that was gone. In faultlessness of appearance, so far as her hair and attire and the like went, she might have stepped from her bedroom ashore after a couple of hours spent with her maid before a looking-glass. Not even a look for me, thought I! not even one of those cold swiftly-fading smiles with which she would receive the greeting of a neighbour or a sentence from the captain!

I was stupid enough to feel piqued—to suffer from a fit of bad temper, in short, which came very near to landing me in an ugly quarrel with Mr Johnson.

'D' ye know, I rather wish *now*,' said this journalist, addressing us generally at one end of the table, but with an air of caution, as though he did not desire the Colonel to hear him, 'that that brig yesterday *had* attacked us. It would have furnished me with an opportunity for a very remarkable sea-description.'

'Tut!' said I, with a sneer; 'before a man can describe he must see; and what would *you* have seen?'

'Seen, sir?' he cried; 'why, everything that might have happened, sir.'

'Amongst the rats perhaps down in the hold. Nothing more to be seen *there*, unless it's bilge-water.'

'Goot!' cried Mynheer Hemskirk. 'It vould hov been vonny to combare Meester Shonson's description mit de reeality.'

'I will ask you not to question my courage,' said Mr Johnson, looking at me with a face whose paleness was not a little accentuated by his black eye. 'I believe when it came to the scratch I should be found as good as another. *You* would have fought, of course,' he added with a sarcastic sneer at me.

'Yes; I would have fought then, just as I am ready to fight now,' said I, looking at him.

'Gentlemen, gentlemen,' exclaimed Mr Prance, in a subdued reprimanding voice, 'the ladies will be hearing you in a minute.'

'You have been a sailor, Dugdale, you know,' remarked Mr Emmett in a satirical tone, 'and might, therefore, have guessed yesterday that either the brig was a harmless trader, or that, supposing her to have been of a piratical nature, she would not attack us.'

'And what then?' cried I, eyeing him hotly.

'Well,' said he, with a foolish grin, 'of course, under those circumstances, a large character for heroism might be earned very cheaply indeed.'

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the way, you and Miss Temple looked very happy in each other's company when I peeped out of the hatch yesterday to see what had become of her, at her aunt's request.'

'You should have risen through the deck a little earlier,' said I. 'You would have found her hanging.'

'Hanging!' he cried.

'Oh, not by the neck,' said I.

'What did you do?'

'I rescued her. I seized her by the waist and bore her gloriously to a hencoop.'

'Did you put your arms round her waist?' said he, staring at me.

'I did,' I exclaimed.

He looked a little gloomy, then brightening in a fitful kind of way, he said: 'Well, I suppose you *had* to do it—a case of pure necessity, Dugdale?'

I closed one eye and smiled at him.

'She's a very fine woman,' said he, gazing at me gloomily again. 'I trust you have not been indiscreet enough to tell her that I am engaged to be married?'

'Oh now, my dear Colledge, *don't* let us trifle—*don't* let us trifle!' said I. 'Scarcely have you escaped the risk of being boarded by pirates—the chance of being beheaded by some giant picaroon—of being struck dead by lightning—of foundering in this ship in the small-hours, when round with circus speed sweep your thoughts to the ladies again, and your mouth is filled with impassioned questions. Where's your gratitude for these hairbreadth escapes?' and being by this time in trim for my morning bath, I bolted out of the cabin, laughing loudly, and deaf to his shout of, 'I say, though, *did* you tell her that I was engaged?'

The ocean was a very grand sight. The wind still blew fresh, but as the ship was running with it, it seemed to come without much weight. The sea was flowing in long tall surges of an amazing richness and brilliance of blue, and far and near their foaming heads flashed out to the sunshine in a splendour of whiteness that contrasted most gloriously with the long dark slopes of unbroken water.

I saw Mr Prance on the poop, and having had my bath, stepped aft to exchange a greeting with him.

'The ship appears to have come safely out of last night's mess,' said I.

'It was a real breeze,' he answered; 'nothing suffered but the main-topsail. The *Countess Ida's* a proper ship, Mr Dugdale. Those who put her together made all allowance, even for her rats. There's some craft I know would have strained themselves into mere baskets in last night's popple. But there was not an inch more of water this morning in the *Countess's* well than will drain into her in twenty-four hours in a river.'

'And the brig, Mr Prance? I believe I and Miss Temple were the two who saw the last of her.'

'No. Captain Keeling spied her as she swept under our stern,' said he. 'She was on fire; and by this time, I reckon her beautiful hull—and truly beautiful it was, Mr Dugdale—will be represented somewhere around us here by a few charred fragments.'

'Or,' said I, 'even supposing they managed to extinguish the fire, Mr Prance, her one mast with most of its heavy hamper aloft was not going to stand the hurricane very long. So she'll either be a few blackened staves, as you say, or a sheer hulk. And her people?'

'Ah,' exclaimed the chief-mate, fetching a deep breath, 'from eighty to a hundred of them I allow. There's no boat put together by mortal hands could have lived last night.'

'Now, honestly, Mr Prance—do you really believe there was anything of the pirate about that brig?'

'Honestly, Mr Dugdale, I do, sir; and I haven't a shadow of a doubt that if the weather had taken any other turn, if a sailing breeze had sprung up, or the water had held smooth enough for a boating excursion, her people would have put us to our trumps with a good chance of their crippling us and plundering us, to say no more.'

Here the breakfast bell rang, and I rushed to the cabin to complete my toilet for the table.

There was no lack of talk this morning, when the passengers had taken their places. The anxieties of the preceding day and night seemed only to have deepened the purple hue of old Keeling's countenance, and his face showed like the north-west moon in a mist betwixt the tall points of his shirt collars, as he turned his skewered form from side to side answering questions, smirking to congratulations, and bowing to the 'Good-morning, captain,' showered upon him by the ladies. Mr Johnson came to the table with a black eye, and Dr Hemmeridge's forehead was neatly inlaid with an immense strip of his own sticking-plaster, the effect in both cases of the gentlemen having fallen out of their bunks in the night. Colonel Bannister had sprained a wrist, and the pain made him unusually vindictive and aggressive in his remarks. The weather had not apparently served the ladies very kindly. Mrs Hudson presented herself with her wig slightly awry, and her daughter looked as if she had not been to bed for a week. It was hard to realise, in fact, that the pale spiritless young lady with heavy violet eyes looking languidly through their long lashes, which deepened yet the dark shadow in the hollows under them, was the golden, flashful, laughing, coquettish young creature of the preceding morning.

I had made sure of a bow at least from Miss Temple; but I never once caught so much as a glance from her. Yet she was very easy and smiling in her occasional conversation with Colledge across the table. She alone of the women seemed to have suffered nothing from the violent usage of the night that was gone. In faultlessness of appearance, so far as her hair and attire and the like went, she might have stepped from her bedroom ashore after a couple of hours spent with her maid before a looking-glass. Not even a look for me, thought I! not even one of those cold swiftly-fading smiles with which she would receive the greeting of a neighbour or a sentence from the captain!

I was stupid enough to feel piqued—to suffer from a fit of bad temper, in short, which came very near to landing me in an ugly quarrel with Mr Johnson.

'D'ye know, I rather wish *now*,' said this journalist, addressing us generally at one end of the table, but with an air of caution, as though he did not desire the Colonel to hear him, 'that that brig yesterday *had* attacked us. It would have furnished me with an opportunity for a very remarkable sea-description.'

'Tut!' said I, with a sneer; 'before a man can describe he must see; and what would *you* have seen?'

'Seen, sir?' he cried; 'why, everything that might have happened, sir.'

'Amongst the rats perhaps down in the hold. Nothing more to be seen *there*, unless it's bilge-water.'

'Goot!' cried Mynheer Hemskirk. 'It vould hov been vonny to combare Meester Shonson's description mit de reeality.'

'I will ask you not to question my courage,' said Mr Johnson, looking at me with a face whose paleness was not a little accentuated by his black eye. 'I believe when it came to the scratch I should be found as good as another. *You* would have fought, of course,' he added with a sarcastic sneer at me.

'Yes; I would have fought then, just as I am ready to fight now,' said I, looking at him.

'Gentlemen, gentlemen,' exclaimed Mr Prance, in a subdued reprimanding voice, 'the ladies will be hearing you in a minute.'

'You have been a sailor, Dugdale, you know,' remarked Mr Emmett in a satirical tone, 'and might, therefore, have guessed yesterday that either the brig was a harmless trader, or that, supposing her to have been of a piratical nature, she would not attack us.'

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'What is wrong there?' exclaimed Mr Prance abruptly, breaking off from what he was saying, and sending one of his falcon looks at the forecastle. 'The pose of that fiddling chap might make one believe he was tasting cholera somewhere about.'

A boatswain's mate came down the forecastle ladder and went to the fore-hatch, where he paused. Then, with a glance aft, he came right along to the quarter-deck with hurried steps, and mounted the poop ladder, coming to a stand when his head was on a level with the upper deck.

'What is it?' cried Mr Prance.

The fellow answered in a low voice, audible only to the chief-officer and myself: 'There's a smell of fire forwards, sir, and a sound as of some one knocking inside of the hatch.'

'A smell of fire!' ejaculated the mate; and swiftly, though preserving his quiet bearing, he descended to the quarter-deck and walked forward.

I had long ago made myself free of all parts of the ship, and guessed, therefore, that my following in the wake of the mate would attract no attention, nor give significance to a business which might prove a false alarm. By the time he had reached the hatch, I was at his side. The boatswain and sailmaker came out of their cabins, a number of seamen quitted the forecastle to join us, and the rest gathered at the edge of the raised deck, looking down. The fore-hatch was a great square, protected by a cover that was to be lifted in pieces. A tarpaulin was stretched over it with battening irons to keep it fixed, for this was a hatch there was seldom or never any occasion to enter at sea, the cargo in all probability coming flush to it.

I had scarcely stood a moment in the atmosphere of this hatch, when I became sensible of a faint smell as of burning, yet too subtle to be detected by a nostril that was not particularly keen. As I was sniffing to make sure, there came a hollow, dull noise of knocking, distinct, and unmistakably produced by some one immediately under the hatch striking at it with a heavy instrument. Mr Prance hung in the wind for a second or two snuffling and hearkening with the countenance of one who discredits his senses.

'Why,' he exclaimed, 'there *is* somebody below, and—and'—— Here he sniffed up hard with much, too much energy, methought, to enable him to taste the faint fumes. 'Carpenter,' he exclaimed to the withered old Scotchman who made one of the crowd of onlookers, 'get this hatch stripped and the cover lifted—quickly, but *quietly*, if you please.'

He looked sternly round upon the men; and then sent a hurried glance aft, where stood Captain Keeling in the spot we had just vacated with Mrs Radcliffe on his arm.

The battens were nimbly drawn, the tarpaulin thrown aside, and some seamen stooped to raise the hatch cover. A few seconds were expended in prising and manœuvring, in the midst of which the knocking was repeated with a note of violence in it, accompanied by a general start and a growl of wonder from all hands.

'Heave!' cried the carpenter, and up came the cover, followed by a small cloud of blue smoke, and immediately after by the figure of the hideous sailor Crabb, who sprang from off the top of a layer of white-wood cases with a loud curse and a horrible fit of coughing.

(To be continued.)

TRADE-PIRACY.

MANY attempts have been made to protect by legislation the good repute of British manufactures, and to save the public from imposition by preventing the sale of goods as British which were not so. Until lately, these attempts have been comparatively ineffectual; but in 1887, in consequence of loud complaints of the home market being flooded with fraudulently-marked foreign goods, the drastic measure known as the Merchandise Marks Act was placed upon the statute book.

Englishmen have never been believers in the worth of foreign workmanship. The preamble of an Act passed in the third year of Edward IV. runs thus: 'The artificers of manual occupations hath piteously complained how that they be greatly impoverished by the great multitude of divers commodities and wares pertaining to their mysteries and occupations, being fully wrought and ready made to sale, fetched and brought from beyond the sea, whereof the greater part in substance is deceitful, whereby many inconveniences have grown before this time, and hereafter more be like to come (which God defend) if due remedy be not in this behalf provided.' Thereupon 'our redoubted sovereign lord the king' ordained that 'after the feast of Saint Michael the Archangel next coming,' none of the articles specified in a list which probably includes all the imports of the time, should be brought from parts beyond the sea on pain of forfeiture of the goods. The trade policy pursued by this country for the four following centuries may be described as prohibitive towards foreign manufactures—either absolutely prohibitive, or practically so by the imposition of import duties; and it has only been in comparatively recent years, owing to the growth of free-trade ideas and the effort of other countries to rival English industries, that the question of trade-piracy assumed its present importance. In 1698, however, it being found that watches sold abroad were falsely described as English, parliament forbade the exportation of cases or dial-plates unless marked with the maker's name and accompanied by the movements. In 1845 the legislature turned its attention to imported watches, an Act of that year ordering them to be marked with the name and address of the foreign manufacturer; and in 1887 the word 'Foreign' was made an essential and prominent part of the assay mark.

Legislation was later in protecting other classes of merchandise. In 1845 the importation of goods bearing the marks of British manufacturers was prohibited. Individual makers were thus protected, as, say, cutlery stamped 'Joseph Rodgers and Son, Sheffield,' could not be imported; but 'Best Sheffield Steel' would not be objected to. In 1862, 1876, and 1883, steps were taken to protect the industrial community generally as well as individually. Any mark on foreign goods implying British origin was for-

bidden; and if the maker resided in a town bearing the same name as one in the United Kingdom, the name of the country was to be added. In the case of Boston, for instance, the letters 'U. S. A.' had to be appended. This would seem to do all that was required; but, in fact, parliament defeated its own intentions. The use of English characters was permitted; the word 'Manufacturer' was held to include 'Dealer;' and if the name on the goods were that of the actual importer they were to pass unquestioned. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent a Glasgow or Manchester dealer from importing, marked with his own name and address, German goods of a class for which his town was celebrated, and selling them as genuine productions of that district. It is obvious, too, that in the absence of qualification, the use of the English language on, say, French manufactures implies British make.

The measure of 1887 was much more stringent than any of its predecessors. A person selling, or having in his possession for sale, goods with false trade-marks became liable to a year's imprisonment and the articles to forfeiture; and to falsely represent one's self as purveyor, &c. to Her Majesty or the Royal Family or a government department was forbidden, as was also the application of a false description to goods in respect of quantity, quality, place of origin, or method of production. To say that an article was 'all wool' or 'hand-made' or the subject of a patent, if it were not so, became punishable; carpets could not be described as 'Kidderminster' or shawls as 'Shetland' unless legitimately entitled to the designation; and briefly, the intention of parliament was that purchasers should know what they were buying. It will be seen that this Act deals with internal trade as well as foreign; but the latter portion is all that the writer of this paper proposes to touch upon. It may be noticed in passing that British marks are not alone protected, the same privilege being given to those of the countries which have entered into a convention for the purpose; and that of the European states the only prominent dissentients are Russia, Austria, and Germany.

During the first three months after the Act came into force, one hundred and ten thousand packages were detained by the Customs officers, of which some were released without restriction, and others on the marks being qualified or defaced; while a good many were confiscated, and subsequently destroyed or sold by the Crown. One would naturally expect importers to grow wise with time, yet during the year 1888–89 there were nearly eight thousand detentions, affecting two hundred and twenty thousand packages. Of these eight thousand, nearly three thousand were in respect of German goods; France was responsible for five hundred and two, Holland four hundred and eighty-eight, Sweden one hundred and forty-six, and the United States for three hundred and seventy-eight. It is curious to find more detentions of West Indian goods than of Spanish and Swedish combined. In their thirty-second Report, the Commissioners of Customs furnish a list of the articles respecting which questions have arisen, and this list comprises an extraordinary variety of merchandise: albums and Apollinaris; biscuits and blacking; cattle-medicine and cartridges; egg-beaters, fans, furs; matches and macaroni; tambourines and pigs' heads; weather-gauges, shoemakers' wax, yeast, and toothpicks. These are just a few. The general reader will better understand the spirit as well as the operation of the measure we are dealing with, if the writer describes some of the cases which have come under his notice.

Here are several packages of bottled wines variously labelled 'Port,' 'Spanish,' and 'Xeres.' They have come from Belgium, and it is extremely likely that the contents of the bottles never saw the sun of Andalusia or of Portugal, being more probably the result of chemical operations. At all events, it was odd to find goods coming from Spain through Antwerp. Here are other bottles, this time from Hamburg, bearing the legend 'Vieux Cognac.' That port, too, is far from the usual route between the French brandy districts and England. France, on the other hand, has sent this consignment of 'Old Jamaica Rum.' Beside these drinkables lies a case of cigars from Hamburg, marked 'Habana.' There is a well-grounded suspicion of German cigars, especially when they claim to be Havanas, and no one will be surprised to hear that the importer of these was, when challenged, unable to prove their claim to the title. In all of these cases there was misrepresentation, which in some was aggravated by the use of a language other than that of the country from which the goods came. All the labels quoted were destroyed. Of course on American merchandise the English language is used, and that is one of the vulnerable portions of the Act. Still, we protect ourselves to some extent against our Transatlantic cousins. Chicago bacon-packers may describe their goods as 'Cumberland,' or any other English 'cut,' if American origin be clearly indicated; and on the other hand we have detained French macaroni, which was going to New York under Italian labels. Waltham and Waterbury watches were admitted on a promise that in future 'U. S. A.' should be imprinted beside the name of the firm. Revolvers marked 'Newhaven' were detained until it was made clear in indelible characters that they were made in America and not in the Sussex seaport. In the treatment of these cases there is apparent inconsistency; but as everybody knows the Waltham and Waterbury companies to be American, deceit could not be suspected.

Blocks of blacklead stamped 'The Raven Silver, Superior Quality,' look innocent enough until we remember that the use of an English name implies English make. The words were accordingly ordered to be obliterated. Tiles from Holland marked, say, 'Asterisk Works, Manchester,' evidently pretended to be what they were not, and deserved their fate, which was confiscation. A similar lot befell a consignment of Spanish revolvers intended for Mexico, which pretended to come from famous American makers, and Belgian rifles for South America bearing the name of a London maker.

Many attempts are made to sail close to the wind and to adhere to the letter of the law while infringing its spirit. The 'intent to deceive' is clear in the case of these lead pencils marked prominently in English on the front and in small letters on the back, 'Made in Germany;' and in these buttons on cards, styled 'Bouton de Nacre'

in front, and their Teutonic origin modestly announced on the back of the cards; and in those purses, the statement of whose nationality might be easily removed.

Among the articles forfeited were glass bulbs stamped with the name of an English electric lighting company; cigarette papers bearing French, Spanish, and Greek wording, with 'Paris and Vienna;' pocket-knives stamped 'H.R.H. the Princess of Wales;' and cloth marked 'Extra best French merino quality.' All these came from Germany. China vases of Austrian manufacture marked, say, 'Saint Blank Church, Exeter,' together with a picture of the church, met the same fate. Some fancy goods were imported fitted with microscopic views of noted places in Great Britain, the names of these places being printed in English, 'A Memory of,' &c. The owner got off comparatively lightly, the goods being delivered when the views had been destroyed. American tinned beef which boldly claimed to be English was released on the destruction of the labels, a laborious and expensive process, and payment of a fine of fifty pounds; and some thousands of medical plasters from the same country were only given up when the word 'London,' which each bore, was erased and a large fine paid.

In the examples quoted the offence lay in the implication of British origin, the rule being that when English wording is used, the possibility of misunderstanding is to be avoided by a definite statement of origin. The mark 'Best Steel' or 'Pure Wool' would not be objected to on German goods, if in proximity to these words and equally indelibly, the statement 'Made in Germany' were added. The last case mentioned—that of the vases—belongs to the same class as the ware one sees in cheap china shops, marked 'A Present from Edinburgh,' &c., and which very often comes from abroad. Except where the intention to defraud is obvious, confiscation is rarely resorted to, the authorities contenting themselves with a warning to the importer, or ordering the qualification or erasure of the offending marks. The owner of lenses marked 'Real Pebbles,' who protested that he meant no dishonesty, received his goods when he had ground out the obnoxious words; and illustrated books were passed as soon as their country of production had been confessed on the front cover. An impudent German importer of sewing-machines, bearing the name of a very celebrated maker, was more severely dealt with. Confiscation was at first ordered; but the authorities ultimately permitted the owner to take the goods back to their native place on the offending marks being removed, a by no means easy task. He was also warned that he was still liable to a civil action on the part of the maker whose name had been used.

Nice questions are often raised. What, for instance, was the legal position of barometers marked with the usual signs, 'Stormy,' 'Fair,' &c., and in addition, 'Compensated Barometer?' Well, instruments to be used in England must have the signs in English, but this did not apply to the last two words, which were consequently obliterated, this course being more convenient than to add a statement of origin. It is not easy to see consistency in the decision which permitted the importation of brooches marked 'Alice' and 'Lizzie,' while prohibiting the delivery of others marked 'Forget me not' and 'Mother;' but a knowledge of the circumstances would make the distinction clear. The question of what *is* foreign manufacture has frequently arisen. Pipes made in England are sent to Vienna in order to have mouthpieces attached; razors are sent to Germany to be hollow-ground; and art-work of various kinds, commenced in this country, goes abroad to be coloured or finished. No general rules can be laid down to meet such cases, and each is decided on its merits.

Enough has been said to show that a strong effort is being made to render the Merchandise Marks Act conducive to commercial morality, and while intelligently administered, no legitimate objection can be taken to it, as it merely insists on common honesty in the description of goods. The large number of packages detained is proof at once of the need and the value of such legislation. It would be too much, however, to say that the Act has crushed trade-piracy. The examination of goods landed in this country is only partial, and is carried out by men without technical training. The prevention of smuggling is the primary duty of Customs officers; the detection of offences against the Merchandise Marks Act is, from their point of view, of secondary importance; and a thorough examination of all merchandise would either involve considerable delay or necessitate a large increase of staff. But in any case it would be difficult for revenue officials to make themselves sufficiently intimate with private marks and brands to prevent their being wrongly used. Palpable misrepresentation is detected and punished, and at every port a register is opened in which makers may record their trade-marks for the guidance of the officers; but anything beyond this must be done by private individuals or by commercial bodies. The power of the officials is limited. Large quantities of goods, for instance, are imported without brands, and labels arrive in separate packages, evidently intended for use with the unmarked goods; but nothing can be done by the Customs to prevent the intended fraud.

A good deal has been done to suppress the operations of trade-pirates in Great Britain; but they have, generally speaking, a happy hunting-ground in foreign markets. Servia is one of the signatories to the trade-mark convention, yet our vice-consul at Nisch reports that Austrian and German merchandise, bearing British marks, literally pours into Servia. Hats of brown paper, with the legend inside the crown, 'Melton, 194 Regent Street, London, Maker to the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Napoleon III.,' and a copy of the Royal Arms, had, under the binding, the private brand of a Vienna merchant. Lozenges stamped 'Savory and Moore' were made abroad; and cakes of soap with a Frankfort manufacturer's name on the back, had the letters 'S. O. A. P.' on the front. German and Austrian dealers in steel implements were discovered borrowing Sheffield names; and the term English was found to be generally applied to linen and hosiery of continental origin.

To check this kind of thing would be extremely desirable; but it would also be exceedingly difficult unless the task were entered on heartily by the foreign governments whose subjects are being

cheated. Meanwhile, British manufacturers must console themselves with the reflection that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and that the prevalence of the piracy we have been dealing with is the best possible testimony to the excellence of British workmanship.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER XIII.

Now, in view of the possibility which Frank Holmes had been considering in relation to Miss Clayton, such a conclusion of the case would be the most terrible misfortune. It turned his blood cold to contemplate that girl, for whom he would give his life, as the wife of an acquitted murderer.

Holmes knew what a skilful advocate, instructed by so able a man as Crudie, could accomplish. The prospect of such an issue threw him into a fever of anxiety. At all risks—to her, to himself, to every one—he would try to save her from the appalling fate of placing her pure hand in one from which Justice had not cleansed the stain of blood. Holmes had no clear idea of what course to take in the contingency foreshadowed by the solicitor; but he was resolved at all hazards to save Mary Clayton. If driven to it, for her sake he would—before allowing a verdict to be won by such means—place before the prosecution the fatal evidence in his possession. Better the guilty man should forfeit his life, than live to lead an innocent girl to a fate worse than death.

He was going west to take her out as promised, and in passing Charing Cross he called at Scotland Yard on the chance of finding Cracroft there. The officer was just going out, and walked with him as far as the Haymarket. They were still at fault in regard to the woman who wrote and handed in the advertisement, and who also addressed the newspaper to Miss Neale. The stupid clerk who took the advertisement in could recollect nothing about her except that she was 'well dressed;' he could not even describe her attire, and many and sincere were the professional execrations heaped on his head from Scotland Yard. An ancient commissionaire, who dozed at the office door under the somnolent effects of idleness and beer, succeeded in remembering a certain lady coming into the advertisement office that 8th of June. What hour of the day it was he failed to recollect, until he went to a neighbouring office to consult another official with whom he had been taking beer a short time before he saw the lady: it was at or about three in the afternoon. The commissionaire had an eye for beauty, and the lady struck him as an object of beauty not often seen east of Temple Bar. Was she dark or fair, or tall or small? He could not recollect more than that she was rather tall, and, generally, 'a stunner' (as he termed it); but she transacted her business with the unobservant clerk already referred to.

'That was the party, beyond doubt,' observed Cracroft with strong disgust; 'but for all the clue we have to her identity, we might as well have been told that she wore a dress-improver.'

There was, however, one woman whom Holmes could not help thinking of as he drove over to Cadogan Place. He would not for a moment suppose that Musgrave's wife could be induced, by any pressure or persuasion to become knowingly an accomplice in such a crime; he knew that she was not acquainted with Faune; but there was every possibility of her having been the innocent agent of the two men in the matter of the fatal advertisement. There were a hundred ways in which her husband could have led her to do it. Holmes was sure it was she, and no other, who put the advertisement in the paper and addressed the wrapper, whatsoever might have been the persuasions which induced her to do so. This conviction confirmed his suspicion that Musgrave's explanation of the cheque was not the whole truth.

Miss Clayton was waiting for him at Cadogan Place, and had not yet lunched. He perceived a little change in her that gave him pleasure. The expectancy of his coming gave her cheeks a faint colour, and though the traces of suffering were visible enough, there was a look of shyness in her eyes that was as charming as it was new to him. In her bosom she wore a sprig of lilac, which he knew to be a compliment to himself, and she smiled when he noticed it.

'It was papa who suggested this waste of your time, Frank,' she said when they were at luncheon. 'He wanted to take me out himself; but I did not like to take up his time; then he asked me if I would have you to come with me.'

'I'm very glad of it, Mary. I'll come every day and take you out, if you will let me.'

'I know you would; but it would waste too much of your time.'

'My time is not very valuable, Mary, so that your conscience may be easy on that score.—And this reminds me,' he said, 'that I owe an outing to another young lady whom I have neglected of late. I must see about that.'

She slowly raised her eyes with a glance of inquiry, but dropped them again the same instant.

Holmes did not notice this, and went on: 'Have you ever ridden on the outside of an omnibus? I don't think you have, though; it is a pleasure you have missed. Now there is a commodious staircase for ascending, gallantly designed for the encouragement of ladies; and then when you are on the top, the chairs facing the front are only large enough to contain two persons, which is another mark of design in the construction of these luxurious vehicles. If you sit in front, you command a bird's-eye view of the streets and a level prospect of drawing-rooms, and you avoid the tobacco smoke. That is how my young lady and I take our outings, and I have owed her one to Hendon for some time past. She has been ill.'

'Do I know her, Frank?'

'No; I have sometimes wished that you did. Nellie is a winsome child.'

'Oh—it is a child, then?'

He laughed. 'Of course it is, Mary. May I bring her here some day to see you? I am sure you would like the little thing as much as I do. I found her in Kensington Gardens one evening when she was lost, and carried her half a mile on my shoulder before I discovered the lamenting wench who had lost her; that's how we became

acquainted, and we have been sworn friends ever since.'

'Why not kill two birds with one stone,' Mary Clayton suggested, 'and take her for a drive to-day?'

'It is good of you to propose it, Mary. But my promise to Nellie can only be redeemed by an omnibus ride out Hendon way.—Have you ever travelled in that direction?'

'No,' she answered dubiously.

'It is an elevated and bracing region, where you suddenly get out of London into country lanes which might be a hundred miles away. Come now, Mary, what do you say to an expedition of that kind?'

It had just struck him that if he could persuade her to join him in an excursion northwards by the popular mode referred to, it would be the best thing he could devise for the benefit of her health and spirits. A depressing drive round Hyde Park would be little better than staying at home.

'Oh, I don't know, Frank,' she answered doubtfully.

But Frank Holmes, resuming for the occasion his old powers of persuasion, soon overcame her hesitation, and his plan was rewarded with signs of dawning excitement in her looks as they walked down towards the cab-rank in the middle of the square.

They drove to Kensington in a hansom cab, and from there—having taken little Nellie Burton—to the Marble Arch, where Mary Clayton for the first time in her life climbed to the top of an omnibus. Frank Holmes seated himself beside her with the child on his knee. The girl shared to some extent with the child the pleased interest created by the novelty of the situation and the variety of objects which they passed. When these became monotonous from repetition, Holmes directed her thoughts another way, by describing the associations of that northern road and the places it led to. His object was to keep her from dwelling on anxieties for the time, and she submissively aided him by her passive acquiescence. It was a pleasant excursion, with a very pathetic side to it, which was presented full to them both when the affair was over and they were once more in Cadogan Place. Holmes was noting with satisfaction, as the girl took off her hat in the hall, the change which the air and exercise had effected in her face, when she suddenly put her hand on his arm and looked up with glistening eyes.

'Frank,' she said simply, 'how good you are!'

'Nonsense. I have enjoyed the ride more than you,' he answered, laughing.—'Will you give me a cup of tea now?'

Up to this point, no allusion had been made by either to the subject which was uppermost in their minds, and Holmes would have left without alluding to it. There was, indeed, only one matter of any interest to him in regard to Mary Clayton, and this was in reference to the letter supposed to have been posted in Dover. He brought away the impression on the previous day that there was some matter that she was keeping back from him; but he concluded that the reservation was due to maidenly delicacy. There must have been passages between her and Faune which it would distress her to communicate, and probably pain him to hear.

But now, as he was about to go away, she asked him, nervously, if he had gone to see Faune—as he had spoken of doing.

'No,' he answered; 'because I am satisfied it would be useless. Mr Crudie has told me all he has been able to learn from Faune, and it serves no useful purpose. He will not reveal his motive for leaving London.' Then he related to her briefly what the solicitor had told him, including the reference to the letter. At this, greatly to his surprise, her face confessed that she had received the letter. Holmes did not know what to say. He paused a while in embarrassment, and then proceeded to point out to her the ground on which the defence would be based, and the possibility of an able advocate obliging the jury to acquit the prisoner.

The girl did not appear to apprehend the matter clearly at first, and inquired, doubtfully, whether the verdict would be final.

'It would be final, of course. He could not be tried again on the same charge after being acquitted.'

'But acquitted would not mean innocent?'

'No; in such a case a Scotch jury would find a verdict of "not proven" instead of "not guilty." It would really mean "not proven."'

She thought over it for a while before she spoke again.

Holmes was anxious, very anxious that she should be able to see clearly for herself the situation resulting from such a verdict. What she did at length say disconcerted and even grieved him considerably.

'That would be an unfortunate result for an innocent man, Frank, unless he could satisfy his friends better than the judge and jury.'

Any rascal with cleverness enough could do this; and under the circumstances Holmes foresaw little difficulty in the way of Claude Faune's success with Mary Clayton and her father. It was enough to make him weary of the case, and he was indeed weary of it. He was resolved to move no further in it, but he hardly knew how to explain why. To avoid doing so, he renewed the advice he had given her the day before, to go away for a change to the country or seaside; but it was no use.

'Shall I come to-morrow to take you out again?' he asked, rising.

'Thank you, Frank, if you have time to spare.'

Then he saw from her hesitation that she had something else to say.

'Frank,' she said, clasping her hands before her and letting her head fall with a look of great distress, 'you must not misjudge me as to that letter which I have concealed from you. I cannot let you or any person see it. If they knew I had it, they might demand it from me.—Oh Frank!' she exclaimed, 'protect me from that!'

'I certainly will,' he promised, greatly astonished, 'as far as lies in my power. No one shall know of its existence from me.'

'The letter contains not a word affecting his guilt or innocence, Frank—not a word. I was sorry when I received it; there was no purpose which he could serve by writing it, beyond

informing me of the reason of his leaving London.'

'Why, Mary,' cried Holmes, greatly startled, 'that is above all things what we want to discover!'

After a minute's hesitation she took the letter from her pocket, and having opened it, folded down the first page. 'You may read what he says about it,' she said, handing Holmes the letter.

He took it eagerly, and the first glance at the handwriting confirmed what he had heard from Mr Crudie. The writing was wretchedly shaky and the lines irregular, such as only a penman prostrated with drink would have written. These were the words which he was allowed to read:

DOVER, June 11th.

MY DEAR MISS CLAYTON—I am suddenly obliged to go to Paris. I shall be back in a few days; but until I receive some sign from you——

'That is all?' said Holmes.

'That is all. I thought it not worth communicating to you, Frank.'

'You were quite right, Mary; that information is useless. Well, I shall come to-morrow.'

He only remembered now that the child was in the housekeeper's charge, and that he had to take her home. Mrs Burton was out when they called, and Nellie had been left in charge of a neighbour, with whom Holmes left his name when he took her away. The child was sent for accordingly, and while they were waiting for her appearance, Mr Clayton came in, wearing a look of excitement.

'I expected I would find you, Frank. Have you heard the news?'

'I have heard nothing.'

Mr Clayton looked at his daughter undecidedly for a moment. 'There is no reason why you should not know it, Mary,' he said, dropping in a chair and sinking his voice. 'It is bad news—for Mr Claude Faune.'

'What is it, Mr Clayton?' the young man inquired, moving a step nearer. Then he turned and looked at the girl; but she stood, still and pale as a statue, and apparently as strong.

'They have found the woman who sent the message for him to Margaret Neale.'

'Are you sure of that? Who is she? Where is she?'

'There is no doubt of it, Frank. She is Musgrave's wife. She and her husband were on their way to Canada; but an accident to the mail-train has detained the steamer at Moville. Cracroft has started with a warrant for their arrest.'

The young man's hands dropped to his sides, and they saw him turn pale. He knew, better than any other person, that Faune was doomed now beyond all hope of escape. 'Heaven help him!' he said. 'There is no chance for him now.'

Holmes turned quickly, just in time to catch Mary Clayton's swaying form in his arms. In spite of all his discipline and strength, as he laid her on a sofa, a sob choked him and a dash of tears fell among her hair. It was not love, but remorse, that fired him, gazing on her unconscious face. 'Mary, Mary—it is I who have done it—I!' And, her father looking, he kissed her colourless lips and left the room. Making for the door, something light brushed against his leg, and a little soft hand was placed in his.

'Ah, Nellie!' he said, taking the child up in his arms; 'come home.'

(To be continued.)

AN EQUINE CARNIVAL.

MAY-DAY IN LIVERPOOL.

WE live in an age of utilitarianism, and little that is not practical in some degree or other is tolerated. Our Gallic neighbours dub us a nation of workers, and certainly there is some ground for the criticism, for so keen is the struggle for existence, that romance and sentiment are fast being expurgated from the English national character. Yet our forefathers were not so wofully prosaic as we; time was when they were religiously observant of all the old festivals and customs:

> When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
> And all the village train, from labour free,
> Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree.

Foremost among these ancient festivals was that of May-day. 'Tis but three centuries ago that the good Bishop Latimer complained that once when he was to preach in a certain place on the 1st of May, he could get no audience, because all the young men and maidens were gone a-Maying. He says: 'I found the churches fast locked. I tarried there half an hour or more, and at last the key was found; one of the parish came to me and says: "Syr, this is a busy day with us; we cannot heare you; it is May-day." So,' writes the Bishop, 'I was faine to depart, and leave them to their merry-making.'

We do not now observe May-day in such a style; neither do we bring home the hawthorn bush at four on a bright May morning; nor do we, like Herrick, call upon our Corinna to awake and rise early and go a-Maying; yet we hail the merry month with none the less delight as the advent of the genial summer: and in not a few old-fashioned villages of rural England, the Maypole is still reared and the May Queen crowned amidst the merry-making of the assembled country-side. But the observance of this old-time festival is not confined to secluded village or rustic hamlet alone; for Liverpool, busy city as it is, has long been celebrated through the North Countree for its May-day observances, and it still continues to set aside from its busy roll of working-days the 1st of May, and upon it the inhabitants of the mighty seaport parade their equine workers, and the assembled multitudes pay their homage to horse-flesh with quite as much devotion as the Romans of old paid to their Maia or bestowed upon a Floralia. 'May flowers, violets, fresh and sweet,' are the cries that greet the ears of the pedestrian in Liverpool on a May morning; and such are the enticing sweetness of the flowers and the importunity of the itinerant vendors, that you find yourself nilly-willy adorned with 'a nosegay fresh and sweet.' Nor are you alone with your floral decoration. On all sides, the sombre hues which characterise the masculine attire of the inhabitants of the north are relieved by a button-hole

of some description or other, from the orchid of the wealthy merchant to the more modest lily or bunch of violets that reposes on the bosom of his perky office-boy. In the streets, vehicular traffic is almost entirely suspended, and the mighty arteries of the city, usually resonant with the din and roar of commerce, are hushed and silent. The abnormal quiet, however, is but the hush of expectancy and preparation.

As noon approaches, the principal thoroughfares become crowded with sightseers. Excursionists from the neighbouring districts flock into the city, and lend an appearance of gaiety and variety to the scene which is quite in contradistinction to the usual air of bustle and business, and in perfect harmony with the festive nature of the celebration. The love and admiration for the horse which we have no doubt inherited from our Teutonic ancestors has still a great hold over the sympathies of the modern Englishman. One has but to be in Liverpool on May-day to realise the truth of this statement. Strangers flock into the city on all sides. The busy hives of manufacturing industry, so profusely dotted over the South Lancashire coalfield, all contribute their quota to the ever-swelling throng. Smaller in stature and of a less robust physique do these visitors from the mines and factories appear, than the sturdier denizens of the northern seaport; yet their restless activity and their native capacity for good-humoured fun, combined with their broad dialect, place them very much in evidence during the day's proceedings.

Side by side with these 'Lancashire lads,' as they delight to style themselves, may be seen sturdy agriculturists from the adjoining county of Cheshire, men whose walk of life renders them competent to scan with critical eye the approaching procession, and to pronounce with just deliberation upon the relative merits or demerits of the equine specimens brought under their consideration.

Pretty thickly, too, is the crowd besprinkled with natives of the Principality, for Wales is justly proud of the fact that she furnishes a recruiting-ground from which Liverpool is wont to replenish her store of equine workers. Sailors, British and foreign, Americans, Turks, and sallow-faced, almond-eyed wanderers from the 'far, far East,' all unite to constitute the human *olla podrida* collected in the streets of Liverpool on May-day.

Perhaps the most favourable site at which to see the procession pass is Lime Street, right in the heart of the city. Here, at one side of a great open space, along which passes a continual stream of traffic, stands St George's Hall, of which the inhabitants are justly proud, claiming for it the distinction of being the finest specimen of Grecian architecture in the kingdom. Now, its classical façade and comprehensive approaches flanked as they are by gigantic couchant lions, memorials of the mighty Landseer, and containing equestrian statues of Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort, and the pedestalled monuments of General Earle and Lord Beaconsfield, are thronged with an ever-restless, ever-surging crowd. Across the mighty roadway, which is so wide that the shadow of one edifice never falls upon the other, is the *London and North-Western Railway Hotel*, which fronts the Liverpool terminus of that company's lines. Rising high above all is the Wellington Column, from whose lofty summit the eagle eye of the Iron Duke seems to glance with lofty scorn at the bubbling fountain, the architectural lions, and the gay pageant beneath him.

And now the din and roar that rise from the packed masses in the Trafalgar Square of the north is indescribable, for the cry, 'They come, they come!' is raised at the far end of the street; and barely have the police time to see that no spectator in his rash temerity has ventured through the barriers, before the procession is upon us. First come a detachment of hussars; then the mounted police; after them, the horses and engines of the Salvage and Fire Brigades; these are followed by the horses and wagons in the employ of the city corporation and the different railway companies; the teams of the cartage companies and the breweries come next; then come the turnout of the coal-firms; and a heterogeneous collection of the vehicles of private firms brings up the rear. Each horse is gaily decorated with wreaths of artificial flowers, bells, &c., and is groomed in such a fashion as plainly indicates that no amount of gaudy trappings will compensate for want of care and attention bestowed upon the creature itself. Every horse in that long procession that now winds its sinuous length through the main thoroughfares of the city knows what is expected of him to-day. Now is the occasion on which he is to show his appreciation of the extraordinary care and attention that has been bestowed upon him for months past: the careful groomings, the little delicacies, the careful loading, and the sympathetic driving must all bear their fruit to-day. And his driver, who walks beside him clad in his Sunday's best, one hand bearing his whip, gaily festooned with ribbons, and designed more for ornament than use, while the other ever and anon pats the glossy shoulder of the noble creature beside him, looking with affectionate pride at his equine charge.

His reward comes; and the acclamations that greet the show throughout its entire journey are as precious to him as was ever the wreath that crowned the brow of victor at Corinthian games. One may rest assured that the hand which grooms and feeds the four-footed fellow-labourer will never be raised against him in anger, so perfect is the mutual understanding and sympathy existing between the teamster and his charge.

But the carnival is not without its humorous and even grotesque aspect. Here and there are wagons of chubby-faced urchins, whose decorations and deportment are provocative of much mirth. Sandwiched by some unaccountable means between two magnificent teams, whose accoutrements are as splendid as the saddle and carriage maker can make them, is a miserable donkey-cart, driven by and laden with a horde of *gamins* of the most Ishmaelitish description. Their sooted faces and elaborate floral decorations contrast most strongly with the raggedness of their attire; and the air of inimical gravity with which they arrogate to themselves the plaudits bestowed upon their neighbours, and bow their acknowledgments to the spectators, is perfectly irresistible. Such facilities as this celebration presents to the original advertiser cannot be

overlooked, and the humorous and ingenious devices, in the shape of trade advertisements which assimilate themselves to the procession, are both varied and numerous. Wagons laden with loaves, hams, or vegetables proclaim the excellence of such a one's provisions; while a gigantic boot, from whose open top protrudes a bevy of youngsters, affords at once a striking realisation of the old lady of our nursery days whose domicile was a shoe, and who, to quote the old rhyme, 'had so many children she did not know what to do,' and at the same time calls public attention to the fact that there is nothing like leather, especially that of Mr ——. Here comes a ship's boat mounted on a huge wagon, and manned by sailors wearing the sea-going clothes manufactured by Mr ——.

But the afternoon wears on; the procession has passed, and the dense crowds disperse homewards; and on the morrow the city resumes its wonted aspect of bustle and commercial activity. The gay trappings which adorned the horses in yesterday's parade are looked for in vain; but the hand that bedecked his equine care with ribbons and flowers yesterday, to-day leads his charge with just as much kindness and sympathy, and the two together form a co-operative union of intelligence and instinct which is most touching to witness.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Mr Watson Smith recently delivered a lecture before the Society of Chemical Industry, taking as his subject a New Method of Tempering Steel, the invention of Captain Feodossieff, an officer in the Russian imperial navy. The lecturer commenced by pointing out that there was some confusion existing as to the meaning of the words 'hardening,' 'tempering,' and 'annealing,' as applied to steel, and he pointed out that the following definitions of these words had been accepted: Hardening is the result of rapidly cooling a strongly-heated mass of steel; tempering, that of reheating the hardened metal to a temperature far short of that to which it had been raised before hardening—to be followed or not by rapid cooling; whilst annealing consists in heating the mass to a temperature higher than that used for tempering and allowing it to cool slowly. In the new process, glycerine is employed in carrying out these various operations, and its specific gravity is altered by the addition of water, according to the quality of the metal and the effect which it is desired to produce upon it. The temperature of the liquid is varied from fifteen to two hundred degrees C., according to the condition of the metal, the harder steels requiring a high temperature, and a low heat being sufficient for the milder steels. Other effects are produced by the addition of different salts to the glycerine before the metal is plunged into it. The lecturer exhibited several specimens of steel and cast-iron which had been treated by the new process, and which had been sent to him from St Petersburg.

The gay Parisians have the knack of finding material for popular exhibitions, and their last venture in this way is of a decidedly novel character. The exhibition consists of a collection of hoarding advertisements, the work of one artist. Such an exhibition might be made very interesting in our own country, and might perchance do some good in discouraging that taste for the sensational and repulsive which is too often in evidence on our street hoardings. It is certain that some of the better-class advertisements of this nature are full of artistic merit, and should in great measure cultivate a taste for good work. We must remember, too, that some of our most noted artists have not been ashamed to contribute to these open-air picture-galleries. One of the first to appear was the late Mr Walker's 'Woman in White.' Next, Mr Herkomer executed a beautiful drawing which appeared on the walls as an advertisement for a journal devoted to artistic interests. Various enterprising advertisers have given commissions to Millais, Marks, Frith, and other well-known artists, so that there is plenty of material ready for an exhibition of this character. There would, however, be a difficulty in providing interior wall-space for such a collection, and perhaps the general public would be disinclined to patronise a picture-gallery in which the principal works were so well known to them.

The lecture lately delivered at Aldershot by Colonel Slade upon the subject of Modern Military Rifles, a verbatim report of which has appeared in many of the newspapers, will prove of great use in acquainting the public with our position as a nation with regard to one of the most important means of defence. It seems only yesterday that the Martini-Henry breech-loader was advocated as the most efficient rifle that a soldier could possess, and yet before a sufficient number has been issued to supply our full force of regulars and Volunteers, the need of a better one has been acknowledged, and is now being supplied. The new Magazine Rifle, furnished with a detachable receptacle holding eight cartridges, has been tried with the most satisfactory results. Apart from the advantage which it gives of quick firing without reloading, its greater efficiency as a weapon of war is demonstrated by its far longer range and smaller cartridge. This means that an opposing column of men will suffer loss at a distance of considerably more than a mile from their adversaries, and that the soldier can carry a far larger number of rounds on his person without any increase of weight. It is easy to imagine a number of instances in recent warfare where such conditions would have proved most advantageous to our troops, and would in such a case as the battle of Isandula have prevented the annihilation of our men. All other nations have taken the advantage of a long peace to arm their troops with Magazine Rifles, and these seem to differ but in detail from the type of weapon supplied to our own troops. This new departure will necessitate many alterations in our instructions to infantry, who will now take the field under entirely new conditions. Colonel Slade's lecture foreshadows the direction which these changes will probably assume.

Another paper bearing upon the grim subject of future warfare, and dealing with Smokeless Explosives, was read by Sir Frederick Abel at a

recent meeting of the Royal Institution. This paper gave a great deal of technical information as to the experiments which have been carried on in this and other countries with reference to various kinds of explosives other than gunpowder, and their advantages and efficiency compared with the old black powder. We are glad to see that the lecturer dispelled the common error that some of these new explosives are silent in action. It is difficult to imagine how such an error could have originated, for it is clear that gaseous matter under tension cannot be projected into the atmosphere without noise. The mistake has been promulgated by descriptive writers, who have drawn pictures of battles of the future in which silence has been the most remarkable feature, and quotations from some of these highly coloured word-pictures formed an amusing part of Sir Frederick Abel's paper. The absence of smoke will no doubt form a feature of future warfare, and will be an important help, especially in naval operations; but it must be remembered on the other hand that the smoke from an attacking party, in spite of its inconveniences, has often formed a protecting screen of no little value to them.

The *Scientific American* publishes an interesting and instructive diagram with index numbers showing the heights of the principal buildings of the world compared with that of the Forth Bridge. Here we have pictured steeples, towers, and domes of various forms, the whole being covered with the skeleton ironwork springing from one of the mighty piers of the new Bridge. This diagram shows that, with the exception of the Eiffel Tower, only three buildings overtop the great erection on the Firth of Forth, and one of them, the steeple of Old St Paul's, London, is no longer in existence. The other two are Cologne Cathedral, which is five hundred and ten feet in height, and the Great Pyramid of Egypt, which is fifty feet shorter, but whose apex is just seen above the ironwork of the Bridge. In no better way can the actual size of this great triumph of engineering be realised.

Professor Stewart lately exhibited to the Linnean Society some specimens of British crabs, which showed their habit of covering the upper part of their armour-clothed bodies with pieces of seaweed and zoophytes, which they detach with their nippers from marine plants for the purpose. This habit is continued even when the creature is blind, and is a provision of Nature for its protection from its enemies, the covering serving to conceal it among its surroundings. These specimens have been presented to the Royal College of Surgeons' Museum in Lincoln's Inn, where they will be accessible to the public. We may remind our readers that this protective mimicry on the part of animals is by no means uncommon, and is noticeable in other marine creatures.

A new apparatus for supplying fresh or rather distilled water to marine boilers has been patented by Mr Girdwood, engineer, of 13 George Street, Leith. The main feature of the invention is a closed vessel in which the salt water is evaporated by means of steam from the boiler, the salt deposited during the process at the bottom of the vessel being discharged through a blow-off cock provided for the purpose. The apparatus is so designed that the heat employed is used in the most economical manner. A later improvement, which forms the subject of another patent specification by the same author, consists in heating the water used by carrying it through a coil of copper pipe which is associated with the exhaust, so that the heat of the exhaust steam is in this way utilised to advantage. The entire system aims at using up as much as possible of the heat afforded by the fuel employed, and is worth the study of all who are interested in the economical use of steam.

The newspaper report of a destructive conflagration too often ends with the stereotyped formula, 'the cause of the outbreak is unknown.' And the cause necessarily remains unknown, because all evidence of it perishes in the heat and flame. One fertile cause of such disasters we believe is traceable to the juxtaposition of steam-pipes with woodwork, owing to the ignorant idea that such pipes cannot possibly lead to ignition. It is true that the temperature of boiling water is far below that necessary to ignite wood; but steam under pressure can be heated to a far higher degree, and under such circumstances can be very dangerous. A case in point is afforded by some steam-pipes which were recently uncovered by the New York Steam-power Company in order to make room for street subways. These pipes had remained several years undisturbed, and it was now found that where they touched woodwork the wood had been completely charred.

Mr Lawson Tait, a well-known member of the medical profession, has made public an offer of a very meritorious character. Looking over the stock of an old curiosity shop, he found two church brasses, about twenty-two inches in length and six inches in breadth, which had been evidently wrenched from the stone slabs in which they had been originally embedded. They are believed to belong to the end of the fifteenth century. They represent each a female figure, apparently almost a pair, and are clearly of the same metal. Mr Tait is anxious to set a good example to other collectors by expressing a readiness to restore the figures to their original place, provided that place can be found. He will therefore hand them over as a free gift to any clergyman who can prove that they belong to his church; and for ultimate identification he will send rubbings, or take the brasses themselves to the spot indicated.

A new industry is foreshadowed in an invention which is due to Messrs Stevens and Mountfort, of Fielding, New Zealand, by which butter can be preserved without the addition of salt or any antiseptic compound. The process employed is as follows: The butter is placed in tin pans and covered with a lid to which an air-pump can be affixed. This lid is soldered into its place, after which the air is exhausted from the pan, an automatic valve closing the orifice. This orifice, through which the air was pumped out, is now covered with a cap, which is soldered to the lid. Samples of butter preserved under these conditions for three months have been pronounced by experts to be as perfect in condition and as fresh as on the day it was churned. As the price of butter in New Zealand averages fivepence per pound, and as the preserving process is not expensive, there is a large margin for profit. We

understand that samples of this preserved butter will presently arrive in this country, and the result of the enterprise may be looked forward to with interest.

We have received particulars of a new agricultural implement which is very highly spoken of by those who have tried it. This is known as Eddy's Patent Earth Scoop, and its purpose is to quickly gather loose earth and to distribute it in heaps over the surface of the land, an operation previously performed by shovels. In appearance the contrivance looks somewhat like a child's perambulator without wheels, for it has handles at the back by which it is guided over the ground. In front, the receptacle has a cast-steel cutter, which can be easily replaced when it becomes worn by constant use. A horse is attached to the front of the implement, and drags it over the land; and as often as the box becomes full of earth, it is emptied, almost automatically, into a heap, and the work is resumed until enough soil has been gathered to form another heap. The apparatus is very cheap, and represents an important saving of labour.

Much correspondence has recently been published on the subject of Colour-blindness, and the best method of detecting abnormal perception of colour in railway servants and others, to whom the matter is one of first-class importance. This correspondence clearly shows that experts differ in their opinions regarding these questions, and its importance justifies further scientific inquiry. Dr E. Green lately put forward in a paper before the Royal Society a new theory of 'Colour-blindness and Colour-perception.' Much attention has in this way been brought to bear upon what may be looked upon as a not uncommon defect in vision, and it has been stated that the Royal Society will presently appoint a Committee to inquire into the whole subject. The subject is both interesting and important, and some of the more recent results of investigators will be found in an article on Colour-blindness at page 171 of this *Journal* for the present month.

Various plans have from time to time been advocated for increasing the illuminating power of gas, chiefly by admixture with some volatile hydrocarbon, as in the albo-carbon system; or by the employment of some special form of burner, as in the various forms of so-called incandescent gas-lights. But with the exception of the method to be presently described, we know of no efficient plan for carrying out this object by a simple addition to the ordinary fittings of a gas-lamp. This is brought about by the Regenerative Globe Cover, which has been introduced by Messrs Gardner and Son, of Jamaica Street, Glasgow, which we have had an opportunity of testing with highly satisfactory results. The cover consists of a flat plate of asbestos, with a central hole one inch and a half in diameter, covered with a small disc of the same material, which can be drawn over the opening so as to reduce the orifice to any required size. Three studs project from the lower face of the plate near its edge, and these can be so adjusted that they will hold firmly to the inner edge of the gas globe upon which the contrivance rests. The shape of the globe is preferably that of a deep coffee-cup, and specimens of the pattern, made of annealed glass so as to stand a high temperature, are supplied by the patentees. The result of almost closing in this manner the upper part of the gas globe is to turn it into a combustion chamber, and to supply the burner with highly heated air. The gas burnt under these conditions gives a wonderfully white flame, a great increase of light, amounting, according to the tests made by the Glasgow Gas Corporation, to no less than one hundred and twenty per cent., and absolute steadiness, for no draughts are able to affect the flame. Perfect combustion of this character means that no unconsumed carbon is left to blacken walls and ceilings, and we may also assume that other deleterious products of consumption are eliminated.

Disturbing reports have appeared recently in several of the technical journals with reference to the filtering of water for domestic use, and it has been asserted authoritatively that many of the filters now employed are worse than useless, acting after a few months' employment as culture-beds for those germs which they are designed to eliminate and destroy. The great fault in most filters seems to be in the difficulty of getting at and renewing the filtering medium, which it stands to reason must after a time become charged with effete matter. This renewal cannot be made without reference to the makers, for the filtering medium is as a rule cemented into an inner compartment. This disadvantage is quite obviated in a new pattern of filter which has recently been made by Messrs Mawson, Swan, and Weddell of Newcastle, and which seems to possess qualities of an unusual kind. According to the report of a well-known analyst, the filter, besides separating completely organic matter from water passed through it, also eliminates the whole of the lime and magnesia salts, so that hard water becomes soft. The removal of lead, if present, is also effected. The filtering medium can easily be renewed by inexperienced hands, and the whole of the apparatus can be taken to pieces for cleaning purposes.

On the subject of Ambergris, a correspondent kindly points out that the market values named in a recent article in this *Journal* (February 8) were too low. At an auction sale in London on February 22, ambergris of 'fair-flavoured quality' brought 120s. per oz.; ordinary black and specky, 55s. to 60s.; and a lot of inferior quality, 35s. per oz. For 'fine' ambergris, almost unobtainable at present, 200s. per oz. is quoted in the lists.

SOUTH-AFRICAN SNAKE-BITES AND THEIR REMEDIES.

It would, we presume, be safe to assert that in spite of all modern appliances and helps to scientific methods of research, man has hitherto lamentably failed to discover an infallible cure for snake-poison. As in the cases of hydrophobia and other diseases of a like mysterious nature, the public are from time to time startled by the wide promulgation and unstinted praise of some new so-called specific for snake-bites; but this only lasts for a season, when, lo! the too hastily summed-up verdict is reversed, and the once loudly extolled remedy is allowed quietly

to pass into the limbo of exploded ideas, the knacker's yard of used-up fads.

We will for the present confine ourselves to a few remarks regarding the treatment of snake-bites at the Cape. It is noteworthy that the typical fresh arrival, or 'new chum,' as our Australian cousins designate him, sets his foot on African soil with ludicrously exaggerated ideas as to the prevalence of venomous reptiles. He fully expects, for instance, if he goes up country, especially if he camps out, that the monotony of his journey will occasionally be relieved by such startling incidents of travel as waking up in the morning to find a snake confidingly secreted in the folds of his blanket, with a further consignment of one in each boot, to make his hair stand on end when he attempts to pull on those humble though useful peripatetic appendages. As it would be superfluous to dwell on the absurdity of such ridiculous notions, we will pass on to state briefly what are the ordinary specifics used in the colony.

The most common practice with the natives in cases of snake-bite is to kill a black fowl, divide it lengthwise, and apply the separated portions alternately to the wound for the space of about fifteen minutes, or until such time as they think the poison has been absorbed into the body of the fowl. Some tribes use a decoction of the *melk bosch* (wild-cotton plant). This bush exudes a nauseous, viscous, and extremely repellent fluid, which acts as a powerful emetic. It is, however, by no means a reliable remedy; and it appears to be more resorted to from the fact of its being highly offensive and revolting to the taste, than for any other particular reason.

The Namaquas, Bushmen, and Damaras have a singular and implicit belief in the all-potent efficacy of the snake-charmer's or doctor's night-cap, a decoction of which is made and given to the patient to drink! This horribly loathsome specific is made by dipping the cap into boiling water; or it is put in a pan of cold water and allowed to remain on the fire until all its virtues are extracted. The more grimy and saturated with perspiration the filthy head-covering is, so in proportion are the virtues of the decoction enhanced. The cap must be that of a snake-doctor—none other will do—one who has obtained his diplomas by a long and arduous novitiate, and has himself become poison-proof. This immunity he obtains by gradually increasing the virulence of the poison inoculations which from time to time he inflicts upon his person. One of the methods adopted by the novice to obtain the desired immunity is to collect a goodly number of scorpions and place them on a bullock hide. He then goes and lies down, and rolls and tumbles about amongst the infuriated insects, which, acting as it is 'their nature to,' are not slow to wreak their vengeance on his nude body. Instances are known of embryo medicos who have actually succumbed to this barbarous method of 'walking the hospitals.'

To come to the European's or white man's remedy: the most popular and widely used is a preparation called 'Croft's Tincture of Life.' Croft was one of the original British settlers of 1820. He had been to India, whence he was said to have brought the recipe to the Cape. During his lifetime he stoutly maintained that its preparation was a profound secret, known only to himself, and discovered by him when resident in India. When he died, he bequeathed the secret to an only daughter, with the most solemn injunctions to keep it inviolate; and further, that she was to 'will' it with the same proviso to her descendants; or, in default of the latter, to her next of kin. Croft made immense profits out of the sale of his 'Tincture of Life,' as he used to charge fifteen shillings for a small bottleful, the ingredients of which did not probably cost him so many halfpence. Of its sterling curative properties there can be no question if used externally, and also internally, within a reasonable period following the infliction of the bite. Time, of course, is everything. If the poison be absorbed for any lengthened period before the application of, indeed, any remedy, the chances of cure are almost nil. As regards the absorption of poison into the system, Sir Joseph Fayrer, in his grand work on the *Thanatophidia of India*, says: 'That any drug or substance, solid or fluid, that is either swallowed or inoculated, can counteract or neutralise the poison once absorbed and acting on the nerve-centres, I do not believe.'

THE PROMISE OF SPRING.

Slow dies the wintry day, the winds of March
Break with their icy breath the evening hush,
And snow-clad hills reflect the sunset-flush
That paints with purple all Heaven's western arch;
But, from the laden branches of the larch,
Upon the frosty air a happy thrush
Pours floods of melody, and flings a gush
Of gladsome music to the winds of March.

Thus when our life's drear winter lingers long—
When with the eve there comes no vision sweet
To our sad eyes, and hope has taken wing—
Oh, may some distant strain of seraph-song
Burst forth, and tell us that our faltering feet
Stand on the threshold of a joyous Spring!

J. G. F. Nicholson.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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THE RED SEA SLAVE-TRADE.

By an Eye-witness.

It is astonishing, considering the great interest felt in this country on the subject of the slave-trade, how little is known of the most revolting side of the question, and how little is done to attempt its suppression. The general idea seems to be that the slave-trade carried on between the east coast of Africa and the Persian Gulf is the only one worthy of our consideration, and that if a certain number of our men-of-war patrol the coast from Magadoxa to Mozambique during the south-east monsoon, and occasionally make a capture, England has done all that need be done to prevent the traffic.

Now the horrors of this East African trade, with its murderous raids on defenceless tribes, its cruel march through the desert and jungle, and its terrible voyage of six weeks or more in the crowded hold of a slave-dhow, have often been described, and are sufficient in all conscience to make every man with ordinary feelings of humanity anxious to do all that lies in his power for their mitigation; but the miseries end with the voyage, and when once a slave has been bought in the market, his life is seldom an unhappy one. The Persians and Arabs are good masters, and treat their slaves well and kindly so long as they do their work, providing them with good food and such clothes as they require; allowing them to marry, and considering them as members of their own families.

But the fate of the unfortunate victims of the Red Sea Slave-trade is a very different one. It is true they are spared the six weeks' voyage, as the run across the Red Sea occupies only from six to thirty-six hours; but the hardships which they undergo in the raid and on the march are fully as great as those endured by the slaves brought from the east coast, and are augmented by the fact that they are all children of tender years. For this revolting traffic is kept up for the purpose of supplying the harems of the wealthier classes of Turkey and Arabia with children of both sexes, and involves cruelties unspeakable. Thirty-seven children only were released at Aden in the year 1889, and of these, eleven were girls. Though the eldest could not have been more than twelve, and the youngest barely seven years of age, every one of these infants had suffered shocking and indescribable cruelties, and they all had to be sent to the hospital at Aden. There, needless to say, they received every kindness, and were treated with the greatest skill; but the youngest child died shortly after her admittance, literally murdered by the inhuman cruelties referred to. The treatment to which the boys had been subjected was equally cruel.

It must not be supposed that this traffic is carried on on a small scale. The political officers at Aden reckon that from two to five thousand children are taken across the Red Sea for this accursed purpose every year, and yet the market is never glutted.

If the law promulgated at Constantinople on the 15th December by the Turkish Government, and sanctioned by Imperial Iradé, is intended to be strictly enforced, a deadly blow has been struck at this traffic; but I fear that those who best know the Turkish nation will be the most doubtful of their *bona fides* in the matter. Slavery itself has the direct sanction of the Koran, and the horrible practices for which the Red Sea traffic provides victims are not looked upon in Turkey and Arabia with any of the disgust which they excite in the minds of the people of civilised countries.

If Article 7 of the Iradé were obeyed in the way that a similar law would be by civil functionaries of Western nations, there would be an end of the traffic at once, as all the markets are held on the western coast of Arabia, where the authority of the Sultan is undisputed; but this is hardly to be expected, as the great officials on this coast are—almost without exception—interested in the traffic themselves; if not actually as owners or consignees of the vessels,

most certainly as customers of the slave-dealers, to whose misdeeds they are consequently conveniently blind. However, the Iradé immensely strengthens the hands of those nations who are really in earnest about putting a stop to this traffic, and few Englishmen would care to believe that their own country was not so. And yet to cope with it we have at Aden only one small gun-vessel. The disturbed state of our possessions on the Somali coast renders it necessary that Aden should never be left without a man-of-war for more than a very few days, so the only way in which the senior naval officer can contend with the slave-trade is by detaching the greater number of the boats belonging to his ship to cruise on the coasts where slaves may be expected to be embarked or landed.

The boats that can be spared are generally three in number—one steam-cutter, one ten-oared sailing-cutter, and one five-oared whaler. They are all the same length—twenty-five feet, and in them from seven to fifteen full-grown men have to live and have their being during the hottest time of the year in the Red Sea. They are all open boats, and far from safe in the heavy seas and sudden squalls which so frequently occur in the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb and the southern part of the Red Sea. They are far inferior in speed to the native vessels, and the officers in charge have barely time to begin to learn something of the local currents, &c.—with which the slave-traders are of course intimately acquainted—before it becomes necessary to send them to some cooler part of the station, if, indeed, they have not so broken down in health under the continuous work, anxiety, and exposure to the terrible heat as to be forced to return to England to recover their strength.

The slaves are brought in caravans from far inland, and marched to the coast to be embarked, the leader of the caravan choosing as a rule some point between Zeilah and Asab Bay for his embarkation. The Gulf of Tajurah, being under French influence, is a favourite locality for this purpose, as the French do not interfere with the trade in any way, even if they do not directly encourage it. As we have no treaty with France on the subject of the slave-trade, our cruisers cannot stop vessels flying that flag except for the purpose of verifying their right to fly it, and even that cannot be done in sight of a French man-of-war or of a French flag flying on shore. Consequently, it is a very common thing to see a dhow—when chased by an English man-of-war's boat—hoist French colours and run in for Obokh, in sight of which place they know that English cruisers cannot, and French cruisers will not interfere with them.

From the Gulf of Tajurah they hug the African coast until past Roheita, when they are generally able to lay up to the northward of Perim, and strike the Arabian coast, and beat up for Jeddah. They never make longer stretches off shore than are absolutely necessary, so as to be always able to run in shore and land their cargoes if there are any signs of danger. Their object is always to reach Jeddah, if possible, as it is there that the great market is held at which the pilgrims buy slaves to take back with them on their return from Mecca. But should there be danger either from the weather or the proximity of hostile cruisers, they will land their cargoes anywhere to the northward of Perim and march them up to Jeddah inland. The distance across the Red Sea being so small, vessels are not built specially for this trade, as they are for that on the east coast; but any passing fishing-boats are requisitioned by the leader of the caravan, and the passages of the slaves are paid for at the rate of seven dollars a head when they are landed on the coast of Arabia.

The sharpest possible lookout is kept on the cruising-boats, and all their motions are closely watched. The slavers know well that these boats are dependent on a depot for their supplies of coal and water, and that they can never be either very long or very far away from it, and their every movement is always reported by some of the numerous canoes whose occupants make their living by fishing in the Red Sea. The caravans are frequently kept for many weeks on the coast before a favourable opportunity occurs for embarking the slaves. Khor Anjar, Ras Siyân, and Roheita are also favourite places for the caravans, as dhows can as a rule fetch to the northward of Perim even from Khor Anjar.

It is little use to watch the points of embarkation, because the slave-owners simply remain quiescent when they know that the cruisers are off the coast. Even if they have engaged vessels to take their slaves, they make some signal from the shore, on seeing which the vessels resume their ordinary occupations, and when searched, have nothing to show that they had contemplated engaging in any but lawful business. The only chance of catching them is by a strict and careful blockade of the coast on which the disembarkation takes place, and this—with the means at present at the disposal of the naval officers—is possible only to a very limited extent. A small steam-cutter able to steam at the outside seven knots in smooth water, and carrying coal enough for twelve hours' continuous steaming at full speed, can be very easily located by those whose very existence depends upon evading her, and the sailing-boats may be said to be absolutely useless.

With four—or still better six—powerful steam-launches, such as those known in the navy as picket-boats, a really efficient blockade of the Arabian coast could be maintained. Steaming twelve knots with ease, and carrying coal enough for four days' steaming at full speed, these little craft could watch the coast so thoroughly that no vessel could land at any point without being intercepted, while their superior accommodation would render life more bearable for the officers and men employed in them, and would largely diminish the number of invalids sent home from this station.

The Italians during the past year have been making strenuous efforts to destroy this trade, and have co-operated with us most heartily by giving us information when they obtained it from their native agents at or near Massowah. They kept three men-of-war constantly cruising during the season of the pilgrimage, and bought and manned native vessels, which cruised separately in the same way as the boats of our own men-of-war. They would certainly join with readiness in any scheme of blockade that was proposed by our Government, and their headquarters at

Massowah would form an admirable link between our two stations of Perim and Suakim.

No place could be better adapted for the base of operations of a flotilla such as I have suggested than the island of Perim. It absolutely commands the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, so that given efficient boats and officers whose hearts were in the work—and I venture to think that there would be no lack of these latter if they were asked for—it would be impossible for any vessel to enter the Red Sea from the southward without undergoing inspection. The island is in the hands of the Perim Coal Company, who have always shown the greatest courtesy to naval officers employed in the suppression of the slave-trade. It was the headquarters of the boats of H.M.S. *Ranger* last year, and they were assisted by the company in every possible way. Their factory was always at their disposal for any repairs the boats might require, and their engineers would at any time cheerfully work night and day to make good any defects that would have prevented the boats from going to sea, while it would be impossible to overestimate the hospitality and kindness always shown by the manager and his subordinates to the officers and boats' crews. The surgeon of the company also was always ready to give them the benefit of his skill and attention whenever it was required; and the fact that the company always keeps an experienced and able medical practitioner in its employ on the island, adds greatly to its value as a boat-cruising centre.

The launches should be altogether independent of the man-of-war at Aden, and their duty should be the suppression of the slave-trade and nothing else. In this way the trade could be practically put an end to as long as the blockade of the Arabian coast was maintained; but the great danger would be the withdrawal of the boats as soon as the trade showed signs of material diminution. This was done in the case of the *London*, stationed at Zanzibar for the suppression of the slave-trade on the east coast of Africa. As soon as a year came in which few captures were made, it was concluded that the slave-trade was finally crushed, and the vessel was withdrawn, when the trade at once revived with even more than its original vigour. To do any good, the trade must be kept down with a strong hand for enough years for the people to learn to do without slaves, and so stop the demand.

It seems curious that the king of Abyssinia does not take more active steps for the protection of his subjects, as most of these children are taken from his dominions; but I hope that was partly the object of the Abyssinian embassy which visited Zeilah in November last.

The question as to whether the employment of adult negroes as slaves for manual labour is a good or a bad thing for them is one that has been much discussed in the past; but there can be no two ways of looking at the case of these unfortunate children, and all Europe should rise and insist that such a scandal should cease. The new Treaty between England and Italy provides that vessels carrying slaves under their flags should be treated as pirates, and surely vessels under any flag whatsoever should be so treated when they are caught carrying children as slaves for such a traffic as this. But the Turkish government seems to consider one to two years' imprisonment an adequate punishment; and the French government apparently thinks the offence too trivial to require legislating for; while we who have always led the way in the endeavour to put down slavery in every form, content ourselves with making what may be called a nominal protest against the most horrible side of it, and are forced to acknowledge that the Italians have shown treble the zeal and earnestness that we have.

It is high time that this state of affairs should cease, and that England should once more resume her proud position as champion of the oppressed; and there never was a more favourable time than the present for commencing an attack upon this abominable trade and carrying it to a satisfactory conclusion.

Bab-el-Mandeb means 'the gate of tears,' and the name must have fearful significance for some of these poor children; but if Perim—which might be called the hinges of the gate—is made the headquarters of a flotilla of English boats for the purpose of releasing the slaves, the name of the Strait may be altered to 'the gate of the drying of tears.'

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. Clark Russell,
Author of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—CRABB.

The atmosphere was still red with the sunset, though the luminary was below the horizon, and there was plenty of light to see by. An extraordinary shout went up from amongst the men at the sight of Crabb, as he leapt out of the hatch in the heart of the little cloud of smoke. Those who were on the side of the deck on to which he jumped recoiled with a positive roar of horror and fright, one or two of them capsizing and rolling over and over away from the hatch, as though they were in too great a hurry to escape to find time to get upon their legs.

I very well remember feeling the blood desert my cheek, whilst my heart seemed to come to a stand, and my breathing grow difficult at the apparition of the fellow. *Crabb!* Why, I had *seen* him lying dead in his bunk! I had heard of him as lying stitched up in a hammock on this very fore-hatch! I had beheld that same hammock flash overboard, and I had watched it lifting and frisking away astern! Who, then, was yonder hideous creature that had jumped in hobgoblin fashion out of the hold? Could he be the buried Crabb himself?

There is no lack of things to frighten people withal in this world; but I cannot conceive of any shock comparable to the instant consternation felt by a man who meets another of whose death he is profoundly assured, and whom he has been thinking of as a corpse, dead and buried, for any number of days gone by. The general horror, the prodigious universal amazement which held the mate and me and others amongst us

speechless and motionless, as though we had been blasted and withered up by some electric bolt from heaven, scarcely endured a minute; yet by that handful of seconds was the picture of this amazing incident framed. I see Crabb now as he let fall his arm from his face when his fit of choking coughing ceased; and I recall the blind wild look of his distorted eyes, as he slowly turned his countenance round, as though the mild evening light was violently oppressive to his vision after the days of blackness passed in the hold. His repulsive countenance was dark with dirt and grime. I observed many scratches upon his arms, which were naked to the elbows, as though he were fresh from squeezing and boring through some ugly jagged intricacies of stowed commodities. His shirt hung in rags upon him; there were many rents in his loose trousers; and there was blood upon his exposed chest, from a wound seemingly made by the sharp head of a nail or some edge of iron-sheathed case.

'Seize that man, bo'sun,' suddenly roared Mr Prance, leaping out of his benumbed condition of astonishment in a way to make one think of a bull sweeping out through a hedge: 'handcuff him, and shut him up in your berth for the present. Get the head-pump rigged—the hose passed along.—Jump for buckets, and stand by to pass them down.'

The powerful hand of the boatswain closed like a vice upon Crabb's neck. I thought to see a struggle, but the ugly sailor seemed weak and dazed, and stepped passively to the boatswain's berth into which my friend shot him, following and closing the door, to conceal, I suppose, the operation of manacling the man from the eyes of the half-stupefied Jacks.

Half-stupefied, I say: but the orders of the mate were like the flourish of some magic wand over each man. There was a headlong rush, though with something of discipline in the hurry of it too, at the chief-officer's command. Smoke was draining through the open hatch, floating up thinly and lazily, though it was a thing to make one hold one's breath, not knowing but that the next vomit might prove a thicker, darker coil, with a lightning-like reddening of the base of it to the flicker of some deep-down tongue of flame. Fire at sea! Ah, great God! Out of the mere thought of it will come the spirit of the fleetest runner into the laziest and most lifeless shanks!

The mate sprang on top of the cases stowed level with the lower edges of the hold with a cry for men to follow him. The interior was the fore-part of the 'tweendecks, bulkheaded off some little distance before the mainmast, and filled with light, easily-handled goods. The hatch conducting to the ship's hold lay closed immediately under these few tons of freight in a line with the yawning square into which Mr Prance had sprung. Where was the fire? If in the lower hold, then heaven help us! I glanced aft and saw the captain hastily walking forward. The passengers had come together in a crowd, and were staring with pale faces from the head of the poop ladder. Old Keeling was perfectly cool. He asked no questions, made no fuss, simply came to the side of the hatch, saw Mr Prance and a gang of men at work breaking out the cargo, and stood watching, never hindering the people's labour by a question. His keen seawardly eye took in everything in a breath. One needed but to watch his face to see *that*. The placidity of the fine old fellow was a magnificent influence. In an incredibly short space of time, the captain meanwhile never once opening his lips, the head pump was rigged, the hose trailed along and pointed ready, a number of seamen were standing in files with buckets ranged along all prepared for drawing water and passing it to the hatchway with the swiftest expedition. I cannot express the wonderful encouragement the heart found in this silence alone. The captain trusted his chief-mate, saw that he exactly knew what to do, and stood by as a spectator, with just one look of approval at his quiet, resolute, deep-breathing ranks of seamen awaiting orders.

Once he turned his purple face, and observing Mr Johnson and Mr Emmett and one or two others nervously edging their way forwards, he beckoned with a long forefinger to a boatswain's mate and said in a low voice: 'Drive those gentlemen aft on to the poop, and see that none of the passengers leaves it.' He glanced at me once, but said nothing, possibly because he had found me looking on when he arrived.

All as tranquilly as though the job was no more than the mere breaking-out of a few boxes of passengers' luggage, the work of removing the cargo so as to get at the fire proceeded. The smoke continued to steal stealthily up. The contents of the cases I do not know, but they were light enough to be lifted easily. A number of them were got on deck. The mate and Mr Cocker—who had arrived from his cabin shortly after the captain had come—headed the gang of workers, and rapidly disappeared in the lanes they opened.

'Here it is!' at last came a muffled shout.

Mr Cocker coming out of a dark hole like a rat, with the perspiration streaming from him as though a bucket of oil had been capsized over his head, sang out for the hose to be overhauled and the pump to be worked.

'Have you discovered the fire, sir?' said the captain, calling down to him in such a collected voice as he would have used in requesting a passenger to take wine with him.

'Yes, sir. It is a small affair. The hose will suffice I think, sir.'

An instant after, the clanking of the plied pump was to be heard along with the sound of water steadily gushing, followed by a cloud of steam, which quickly vanished. A quarter of an hour later the mate came up black as a chimney-sweep. He touched his cap to the captain and simply said: 'The fire's out, sir.'

'What was it, Mr Prance?'

'A bale of blankets, sir.'

'Can you guess how it originated?'

'I expect that the man Crabb'—— began the mate.

The captain started and stared.

'The man Crabb,' continued Mr Prance, 'whom we imagined dead and buried, sir, has been skulking in the hold'—old Keeling frowned with amazement—'and I have no doubt he fired the bale whilst lighting his pipe.'

'Crabb in the hold!' cried the skipper; 'do you speak of the man whom we buried, sir?'

'The same, sir,' answered Mr Prance.

Old Keeling gazed about him with a gaping face. 'But he died, sir, and was buried,' he exclaimed. 'I read the funeral service over him, and saw, sir—Mr Prance, I *saw* with my own eyes the hammock fall from the grating after it had been tilted.'

The chief-officer said something in reply which I did not catch, owing to the noise amongst the men who were yet in the hold and the talk of the sailors round about. He then walked to the boatswain's berth, followed by the captain, that old Marline-spike's eyes might bear witness to the assurance that the Crabb who had leapt up out of the fore-hatch in a smother of smoke was the same Crabb who had been solemnly interred over the ship's side some weeks before.

Mr Cocker came wriggling out of the hold and got on to the deck alongside of me to superintend the restowal of the broken-out goods.

'Is the fire out?' I asked.

'Black out,' he answered. 'It was no fire, to speak truly of it, Mr Dugdale. A top bale of blankets or some such stuff was smouldering in about the circle of a five-shilling piece—a little ring eating slowly inwards, but throwing out smoke enough to furnish forth a volcano for a stage-scene. A beastly smell! not to speak of some of the stuff down there being as blackening as a shoe-polisher's brushes.' Here he looked at the palms of his hands, which were only a little more grimy than his face.—'But what's this I hear about Crabb? Has the dead sailor come to life again?'

'He's yonder,' said I, nodding towards the boatswain's berth, which the captain and mate had entered, closing the door after them: 'you'll need to see to believe. Time was that when a man was dropped over a ship's side with a cannon-ball at his feet he was as dead as if his brains were out. D'ye remember, Mr Cocker, how that hammock went floating astern, as if there were less than a dead sailor in it, though something more than nothing? There's been some stealthy diabolical scheme here, depend upon it. We may yet find out that the ship wasn't scuttled because the ugly rogue hadn't time to pierce through the lower hatch before he set the vessel on fire.'

'But he was a dead man, sir; Hemmeridge saw him dead,' cried Cocker, eyeing me with an inimitable air of astonishment.

'Ay,' said I, 'dead as the bones of a mummy. But he's *there* all the same,' I added, pointing to the forecastle cabin, 'as alive as you or I, and capable, I daresay, of kicking after a little.'

At this moment the mate put his head out of the boatswain's berth and called to Mr Cocker, on which I walked leisurely aft, with amazement in me growing, and scarcely capable of realising the truth of what I had seen.

The passengers were still crowding the fore-part of the poop, peering and eagerly talking, but in subdued voices, with Colonel Bannister moving angrily amongst them, and the boatswain's mate sentinelling the foot of the ladder.

'Oh, Mr Dugdale,' cried Mrs Radcliffe, leaning over the rail and crying down her question with a pecking motion of her head; 'is the fire out, do you know? Are we safe?'

'The fire *is* out, madam,' I replied, lifting my hat; 'and the ship is as safe this minute as ever she was in the Thames. Captain Keeling will, I have no doubt, be here very shortly to reassure you.'

Miss Temple, towering half a head above her aunt, looked down at me with an air of imperious questioning in her face. There was a hot scarlet blush all along the west, yet with power enough in its illumination to render each face of the crowd above quite distinguishable against the tender shadow stealing from the east into the air, and I could see an eagerness in the girl's full, dark, glowing, and steadfast gaze to warrant me the honour of a conversation with her if I chose to ascend the ladder. But just then Hemmeridge came out of the cuddy on to the quarter-deck with just the hint of a stagger in his walk. His eyes showed that he was only just awake, and his hair that he had run out of his cabin in a hurry.

'I say, Dugdale,' he exclaimed, 'what's been the matter, hey? Fire, is it? And the steward tells me that Crabb has come back. Has the man gone mad?'

'There's been a fire,' said I, 'and Crabb has come back.'

Here Cocker came along the deck.

'Doctor, the captain wants you.'

'Where is he?'

'Come along; I'll take you to him,' said the second mate, running his eye over Hemmeridge's figure with a half-look on at me full of meaning in it.

They walked forward, the doctor a trifle unsteady in his gait, I thought.

I went to my berth for some tobacco; I stayed a short time below, and when I returned, the last scar of sunset was gone. The west was a liquid violet darkness trembling with stars, and the ship was floating through the darkness of the night, which in these latitudes follows swiftly upon the heels of the departing day. Captain Keeling had come aft, and was standing in the midst of a crowd of passengers answering questions, and soothing the women, who were snapping inquiries in whole volleys, their voices threaded by tremors and shrill with nerves. Mr Prance, who had found time to cleanse himself, was on deck in charge of the ship. All was hushed forwards. Against the stars twinkling over the line of the forecastle rail under the foot of the foresail, that slowly lifted and fell to the heave of the ship, I could distinguish the outlines of sailors moving here and there in twos and threes. A subdued hoarse growling of voices came out of the block of darkness round about the galley and the long-boat, where were gathered a number of men, doubtlessly discoursing on the marvellous incident of the evening. The glittering brilliants in the sky winked like dewdrops along the black edge of the spars and at the extremity of the yardarms; and spite of the voices of the people aft and of the mutterings forward, so deep was the ocean hush up aloft that again and again the sound of the delicate night-breeze, breathing lightly into the visionary spaces of the sails, would fall like a sigh upon the ear.

'An exciting piece of work, Mr Prance,' said I, stepping to his side, 'taking it from the start to the close.'

'Why, yes,' he answered. 'The passengers

will not be wanting in experiences to relate when they get ashore. Enough has happened yesterday and to-day, in the way of excitement, I mean, to last out an ordinary voyage, though it were as long as one of Captain Cook's.'

'What has Hemmeridge to say about this business of Crabb, do you know?' I asked.

'You will keep the news to yourself, if you please,' he answered; 'but I don't mind telling *you* that he's under arrest—that is to say, he has to consider himself so.'

'What for?' I asked, greatly astonished.

'Why, Mr Dugdale,' said he, slowly looking round, to make sure that the coast was clear, 'you may easily guess that this business of the scoundrel Crabb—an old pirate, as I remember telling you—signifies a very deep-laid plot, an atrociously ingenious conspiracy.'

'I supposed that at once,' said I.

'The fellow Crabb feigned to be dead,' he continued. 'A sham it must have been, otherwise he wouldn't be in irons yonder. Now, are we to believe that Hemmeridge can't distinguish between death and life? He reports the man dead to the captain. The fellow is stitched up; but, as we have since ascertained, a prepared hammock is substituted for the one that conceals his remains, and we bury maybe some clump of wood. This is the part Captain Keeling least likes, I think. He is a pious old gentleman, and his horror when'—— He checked himself with a cough, and a sound on top of it like a smothered laugh, as though he enjoyed some fancy in his mind, but durst not be too candid, since it was the captain he talked about.

'It is assumed,' said I, 'that Hemmeridge represented Crabb as dead knowing him to be alive?'—He nodded.—'What will have been the project?' I continued, shaping out the truth as, bit by bit, it formed itself in my head. 'Robbery, of course. Ay, Mr Prance, that will have been it. Crabb is to be smuggled into the hold, the notion throughout the ship being that he is dead and overboard; and when in the hold'—— I stopped.

'Well,' said he with a shrug of his shoulders, 'there's the mail-room. What else? With a parcel of diamonds in it worth seventy thousand pounds, not to speak of money, jewelry, and other precious matters.'

'By heavens! did any man ever hear the like of such a plot?' cried I; 'and Hemmeridge is suspected as a confederate?'

'We shall see, we shall see,' he answered.

'Just tell me this, Mr Prance,' I exclaimed, thirsty with curiosity, 'who are the others involved? Somebody must have shifted Crabb's remains.'

'The sailmaker is in irons,' said he.

'Yes! I might have sworn it! Why is it that the high Roman nose of that chap has haunted my recollection of the ghastly appearance Mr Crabb presented at every recurrence of my mind to the loathsome picture?'

He slightly started, and I could see him eyeing me earnestly.

'By the way,' he exclaimed, 'now that I think of it, Hemmeridge showed Crabb's body to *you*, didn't he?'

'Certainly he did,' I responded.

'Well, it will give the doctor a chance,' said he, as though thinking aloud; and so saying he made some steps in the direction of the captain, and I went down on the quarter-deck to blow a cloud and muse upon the matters he had filled my mind with.

SENSATION IN LOW FORMS OF LIFE.

If the green scum which accumulates on roofing-tiles and other exposed surfaces be washed off and the water examined under a microscope, it will be found to teem with an organism either entirely green or partly green and red. This organism is known as the *Protococcus* (that is, 'first berry'), and is one of the lowest and simplest forms of true plant-life. Its colour indicates the presence of chlorophyll, and consequently the power of assimilating carbon from the carbonic acid of the atmosphere—one of the marks of a true plant. The chief end of the protococcus' life seems to be to multiply, and this it accomplishes by dividing itself in pieces, each piece forming a new individual, which in turn divides up, to form a further crop. This method of reproduction is common in the lowest forms of life, and is known as '*fission*, or splitting off. Little can be said about the inner life of the protococcus; but from the fact that the rapidity with which it multiplies is affected by conditions external to itself, it may be assumed that these conditions in some way or other influence the vitality of the organism. This is perhaps as much as can be said about sensation in this lowly form of life; yet, while occupying a position very near the bottom of the scale, the protococcus is not without a touch of romance. When Arctic or Alpine travellers meet with what they describe as 'red snows,' it is nothing more nor less than the humble but hardy protococcus flourishing and multiplying on the surface of the virgin snow.

From one of the lowest of plants to one of the lowest of animals is but a short step, and in some roadside ditch or stagnant pool the *Amœba* finds a home. The amœba is a mere speck of jelly-looking matter, possessing neither structure nor organisation. When this simple matter is found in connection with life, whether plant or animal, it is known as protoplasm; and protoplasm is found at the beginning of every form of life, from the lowest plant to man himself. The amœba is ever changing its form (hence its name, which means 'change'), and by pushing out finger-looking processes is able to move about through the water. It seems also to be able in some mysterious way to avoid collisions which might be disastrous to itself. When a smaller organism comes against the surface of the amœba, a contraction of the protoplasm takes place, and an opening is made where the organism struck. Soon the luckless wanderer is engulfed in the body of the amœba, and digested, so far as it will digest, to form new protoplasm. When the amœba, whose sense of hunger never seems to fail, is waxing too fat for its own comfort, the protruding fingers now and again drop off, and setting up on their own account as new individuals, repeat the life of the parent. From the foregoing, it will be seen that the amœba is to a considerable extent alive to what is going on around it, and were its structure unknown, it might be affirmed that it possessed the special

senses of at least touch and sight. But it does not possess the ghost of any sense-organ. The contraction of the amœba when struck by another body resembles the contraction of muscular tissue under sudden irritation; but again, the amœba has no tissue of any kind. The parting with pieces of itself would seem to be a deliberative act. Yet the amœba has no nerve or brain centre where such deliberation could be carried on.

Notwithstanding all these negations, the fact still remains that the amœba is sensitive to outside conditions, and some term or terms are required to describe this particular form of sensitiveness. Biologists appear to be agreed that the contractile motion of the amœba is sufficiently described under the term 'irritability' or 'excitability,' and the other movements are covered by the term 'discrimination.' These terms may to a certain extent be satisfactory; but their value will be better understood when actions similar to that of the amœba are considered in one or two of the higher classes of plants. When a tiny insect alights on certain parts of such plants as the sundew or Venus's fly-trap, a contractile movement is at once set up, which usually costs the luckless insect its life. If irritated a few times by the point of a pencil or a sharp instrument, the plants seem to discover the fraud, and cease to act. Drops of rain falling with presumably greater force than that exerted by the alighting of an insect, produce no effect. The sundew, moreover, is so sensitive to the presence of ammonia, that it will indicate its presence in a solution so dilute as to be beyond the recognition of the ordinary laboratory tests.

From the behaviour of these plants it might be surmised that they possess in some measure the special senses of touch and taste, and in the case of the sundew, also smell, to say nothing of an intelligence to make use of these senses. But the anatomy of the sundew and Venus's fly-trap shows neither nerve nor muscle, far less any special organs of sense. As with the amœba, biologists write down the whole phenomena as due to 'irritability' and 'discrimination.' These terms no doubt form a very convenient bridge for getting over such problems as the movements of plants; but they evidently fall short of explaining the phenomena.

The amœba being to all intents a one-celled animal, it is comparatively easy to understand that an act of irritation should affect the whole mass; but in the case of the sensitive plants, where the cells directly acted upon have to pass the irritation on to some millions of other cells, the satisfactoriness of the term 'irritability' is not quite so apparent. Again, the term 'discrimination' no doubt pretty accurately describes the actions of the sensitive plants in closing on an insect which will form food, and refusing to close repeatedly at the touch of a pencil. But while it describes what takes place, it explains nothing; and one cannot help thinking that there is a further field for discovery behind these convenient but unsatisfactory terms.

The second division in the scale of animal life includes the great family of sponges. The sponge differs from the amœba in being composed of many cells, instead of a single one, and presents the first indications of division of labour in the animal kingdom. One set of cells are told off to look after the supplies, while another set see to the digesting and building-up of material.

When first cast on its own resources, the young sponge is a small slimy body covered with minute hairs or lashes, by the movement of which it roams about in perfect freedom. By-and-by the spongeling seems to grow tired of a roving life; or perhaps the continual dread of being swallowed by one of its enemies more than counterbalances all the joy of its youthful pleasures. At all events it manifests a desire for 'settling down;' and some root-looking processes having meanwhile appeared at one end of its body, it attaches itself by these to the spot where it is to spend the remainder of its days. This is usually the solid rock; but it may be the surface of a pebble, or the back of a crustacean. By some newly-acquired vital power, the settled-down sponge now commences to separate lime or flinty material, either from its food or directly from the sea; and the fibrous structure, characteristic of the mature sponge, soon begins to appear. The lashes which have hitherto been used round the outside for catching food are now drawn inside, just when one would imagine that their presence outside would be all the more required for the increasing wants of the growing sponge. But the lashes have only been removed to a position of greater safety, not of less usefulness. Chambers are formed at intervals in the minute canals which everywhere irrigate the growing fibrous structure, and in these lies the future work of the lashes. By a vigorous concerted movement of all the lashes in the various chambers, water is drawn in through the small canals, and passed on to a larger canal in the centre, which opens to the top, and is there emitted with some force. By this arrangement food is drawn in all around the sponge, and as far as possible caught and digested by the slimy material. Should an extra-lively organism be drawn in and show an inclination to fight, the fibrous matter acts as a protection; and the would-be fighter must either be content to pass on and be ejected by the funnel, or run the risk of being absorbed in the digestive slime, and thus end its fighting days for ever.

Although the fibres of an ordinary sponge do not appear to form any regular design in their structure, there is a species known to flourish in the neighbourhood of the Philippine Islands which does produce a sponge of remarkable beauty and design. This production is known as Venus's flower-basket, and so exquisitely is the pattern worked out that it may fitly be compared to the finest lace.

From the few features of sponge-life just mentioned, it seems difficult to believe that the sponge can display so much apparent intelligence without any organs of special sense. Specially wonderful is it to contemplate the fairy-looking lacework of Venus's flower-basket, and know that it has been constructed by an organism possessing not even the most rudimentary form of eyes.

The settling-down of the free swimming spongeling might possibly be induced by the slimy matter acquiring a more solid, and consequently heavier condition, at the end by which it ultimately becomes attached. The preference for solid rock as a permanent place of abode might be accounted for simply by the prevalence of rock in the parts of the sea where sponge-life abounds. But the

formation of small canals, leading to larger ones which ultimately open to the outside, the small chambers, with the movement of the lashes, causing a current through the whole system, betokens an adaptation of means to ends that can scarcely be conceived of without associating with it a certain amount of intelligence. The sponge, however, possesses no nervous system or any of the features on which intelligence is usually understood to depend. Again, the terms 'irritability' and 'discrimination' seem quite inadequate to meet the case, and recourse is had with some reluctance to the doctrine of 'natural selection,' or the 'survival of the fittest.' This theory teaches that in some bygone age all sponges perished except a few who conformed to the mode of life that obtains with sponges of the present day. Of the families of these few, only those survived who conformed to the same rule of life. With each succeeding generation the tendency to conform would become stronger, until now the tendency to perform certain operations is transmitted from one generation to another, just as truly as the individuality itself. Granting that this is the true explanation of the sponge's mode of life, the question arises, How did the first sponge manage to strike out this line of conduct? If we assume that the first sponge had a dispensation of some special power—whatever name it might be called by—could the same power not be granted to every succeeding generation? As in the case of the sensitive plants already referred to, there seems to be some mystery in the life-history of the sponge which biologists have not yet solved, and possibly never will.

The next group to the sponges in the animal scale includes the sea-anemones and jelly-fishes, and it is in these curious creatures that the first appearance of a rudimentary nervous system and organs of special sense are found to appear. To these, however, we may revert on a future occasion.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

By the Author of 'The Jullabad Tragedy.'

CHAPTER XIV.

When Holmes returned with the child to Kensington, Mrs Burton was still absent from home, which was a very remarkable fact in regard to that domesticated little woman, and one which the good-humoured neighbour who resumed charge of Nellie declared unprecedented. But no doubt she conjectured Mrs Burton had met her husband and was waiting to come home with him.

To some extent this was the case, for, as Frank Holmes gave little Nellie a parting kiss and a sixpence, Burton and his wife were seen coming up the street. He was glad to meet Burton, in order to obtain from him confirmation of the news brought by Mr Clayton.

The story was an extraordinary one, and Mrs Burton, blushing and proud, was the heroine of it. The little woman would hardly have consented to the death of a dog, if it had bitten her child; but she had put the last rivet in Claude Faune's fate without a qualm. This was because she had no thought of that unfortunate individual at all, all her thoughts being centred in the reward and promotion awaiting her husband upon successfully proving his case.

It was Mrs Burton, then, who had enabled her husband to identify Mrs Musgrave as the lady who had been the murderer's agent in luring the poor governess to the place where she received her death-blow.

Cracroft, with warrants for the arrest of Musgrave and his wife, was already on his way to Moville. The captain of the steamer had been telegraphed to by the owners—at the request of the authorities—to await a messenger carrying despatches for the Governor-General of Canada. Of course the 'messenger' was the officer with the warrants. Unless Musgrave and his wife gave evidence for the Crown, they would be put in the dock as accessories.

'Of course they will give evidence, to save themselves,' said Holmes, with an oppressive consciousness of the startling revelations that would be made. It would be awkward for himself if Musgrave made known the fact that he had been the depositary of this fatal information and had kept silence; but he cared little for this—he felt himself beginning to care little about anything now.

Yet, as the relation proceeded of the singular manner in which Mrs Burton's quick intelligence was enabled to make the important discovery, Holmes was startled, twice, with the force of an electric shock, and a transformation scene passed before his mind which literally dumfounded him with astonishment.

An open church door on a week-day was an attraction which Mrs Burton never resisted unless pressed for time. Two or three minutes sufficed for her purpose. One morning, on her way from the Charing Cross District Railway, she was passing St Martin's-le-Grand, and seeing the door open, went up the steps with Nellie, and remained a few minutes inside, near the door. She noticed a lady and gentleman sitting further up, as if waiting for something or somebody. There was no other person in the church. The child stumbled when Mrs Burton was about to leave, and the sound attracting their attention, the parties glanced round, whispered together a moment, and then the gentleman made a sign to Mrs Burton and walked down to her. He told her that the lady and he were going to be married—they were entire strangers in London—he showed her the license—and would she oblige them by witnessing the ceremony? The lady came along while he was speaking, and when she joined in the request, Mrs Burton consented. The marriage ceremony is dear to the female heart, and it is woman's first duty to aid and abet on every occasion. Besides, the bride was very beautiful, and altogether the whole proceeding was profoundly interesting. The marriage took place, and the names the contracting parties signed in the register were 'John Henry Musgrave'—described as widower—and 'Lucy Morelli,' described as spinster. The gentleman signed nervously; the lady—contrary to rule—quite the reverse.

Thanking Mrs Burton, they walked out of the church, and proceeded together down the street and went into the *Grand Hotel*. Mrs Burton's interest in the parties at whose marriage she had just officiated could not be expected to sub-

side all at once; the great need of the moment was some friend to discourse with on the subject. She remembered one, who was a housemaid in that hotel, and whom she had not seen for some months. Having called and found her, she invited her to tea in the evening; and it happening to be another housemaid's evening out, this lady also—being a friend of the former—was included in the invitation.

Burton did not come home to tea that evening, which made the affair the more enjoyable, the best of men being deficient of sympathy in such a matter. The information that Mr and Mrs Musgrave had been married that morning was a considerable shock to the two ladies from the *Grand Hotel*, and was outside the pale of comment; until the date of their arrival at the hotel was recalled, proving that they had stayed there to fulfil the requirements of the law as to residence before they could obtain a license. The fact that they had left London that very day, soon after the marriage, was corroborative of the foregoing supposition, and it was a considerable surprise both to Mrs Burton and her friend's friend, who was a Miss Browning. But this young woman based her surprise on very noticeable grounds. Granting—as seemed to have been clearly the case—that they were waiting to complete the condition of residence before they could be married, it followed that their one object in staying in London was to be married. This being so, what had Mrs Musgrave's motive been for looking for lodgings in another part of London? It was suggested that they might have intended removing to lodgings, as being cheaper and more private, after their marriage; but against this was the fact that they had lost no time in quitting London altogether. But was it certain that Mrs Musgrave had been doing this? Miss Browning was in possession of undoubted proof of the fact. Her mother rented a house in Mount Street, and let it out in apartments; and the daughter happened to be there the morning Mrs Musgrave called to look at the rooms, and recognised her. They were the rooms which Mr Faune had occupied; and when he had been absent a week, and seeing that he was behind with the rent, Mrs Browning, sensible of losing money, tentatively put a card in the window. The lady saw the card, and called to look at the rooms. It was here suggested that it might have been curiosity to see the rooms in which the accused murderer had lived. The answer was that this was impossible, as it was later in the same day when the news of Faune's arrest became known. Besides, Mrs Musgrave merely walked into the bed-chamber and sitting-room, and remarking that they were too small, went away again. After that, nobody had access to the rooms until the police took possession of all Mr Faune's things and removed them. The maid remembered making the reflection that evening, when the news of Mr Faune's arrest was in everybody's hands, how glad Mrs Musgrave must have felt for not taking the apartments.

All this made an interesting tea; but the practical aspect of the information presented itself later. It was eleven o'clock when Burton came home that evening, and before going to sleep, he confided to his wife the state of the case regarding the newspaper advertisement, exactly as Cracroft had related it to Holmes. Mrs Burton's reasoning powers not being great, she could make nothing of the problem, and fell asleep. But soon after she awoke in the morning, the matter—as one closely identified with domestic interests—was in her powerful mind again, with the result that she suddenly opened her blue eyes very wide, and administered to her husband's side an application of her elbow which instantly roused him from his slumbers. On demanding what she meant, she informed him that it might be worth his while to have a look at Mrs Musgrave's handwriting in the marriage register.

'What reason had you, Mrs Burton,' Holmes inquired at this point, 'for suspecting Mrs Musgrave?'

'Bless you, Mr Holmes,' said Burton, laughing, 'she had no reason at all! She jumped at it, which is a woman's way; and, what is more,' he added, 'she jumped straight too, for we didn't have to look twice at the signature "Lucy Morelli" to be certain that that was the identical handwriting we wanted.'

'Poor creature,' said Holmes; 'what a pity!'

'But I don't suppose,' observed Burton, 'that if they give their evidence freely, it will matter much to them.'

Holmes made no reply, but resting his elbows on his knees, was buried in thought for several minutes. Then he asked Burton if he had ever seen the register of the marriage of Julius Vernon and Margaret Neale.

'Certainly. We had it photographed. Here is a copy.'

He produced the paper from a pocket-book, and Holmes perused it attentively. There were the signatures of 'Julius Vernon' (sprawled and splashed, as already described), 'Margaret Neale;' 'J. O. Spiller' and 'C. Smith' being witnesses. He remembered what Musgrave had told him of his signing the register as 'J. O. Spiller,' and he examined this signature with close interest. He could have sworn, now, that Musgrave never wrote that signature.

'Well, Burton,' he said, standing up and drawing a deep breath, 'an extraordinary development of your case is coming on, I believe. Will you let me know as soon as Musgrave and his wife have been arrested? You will hear early to-morrow. I will be at my rooms till one o'clock.'

Burton promised to let him know immediately the arrests were telegraphed by Cracroft.

'Thanks, Burton. Come round to me yourself if you can, and I may tell you something that will startle you.' Then he went away, leaving them puzzled as to his meaning.

On his way back to his lodgings he called at Cadogan Place to inquire how Mary Clayton was.

'She is quieter now,' Mr Clayton told him, 'and has gone to her own room for the evening. —Frank,' he added earnestly, 'I am afraid this affair will kill her. If she had killed that girl with her own hand, she could hardly be worse. Nothing will make her see that she is quite blameless in the matter.'

Holmes knew this, but believed that there

was more; however, he was silent. 'She will be better to-morrow,' he said.

'She will never be the same child—never.'

'You must lose no time in taking her out of London, Mr Clayton. But she will soon be better.'

Mr Clayton pressed him to remain for dinner; but he pleaded several things to do, and went away. The moment he reached his rooms he sat down and wrote a letter, which he presently despatched to Mr Crudie by a commissionaire from his club. He dined, and read the newspapers up to ten o'clock, when he returned and went to bed.

At eleven o'clock next morning he was at Mr Crudie's office and saw that gentleman.

'Well, Mr Holmes, I went, as you requested, to Faune this morning, and put to him the questions you indicated. He refused to answer them.'

After a minute's thought Holmes asked: 'Could you get me an interview with him? I would rather not have to do it; but I will make him speak.'

The solicitor expressed his readiness to accompany him at once. On the way to the prison, Holmes told him all about the discovery of the advertisement and of the connection of the Musgraves with the matter. He also related Musgrave's statement to himself.

'My dear sir,' exclaimed the solicitor, aghast, 'where is the use of going further? Those people will hang him.'

'Let us see, first, the effect the news will have on your client, Mr Crudie.'

When they were introduced to the cell in which Faune was confined, pity took the edge off Frank Holmes's abhorrence of the unfortunate man. His hair was turned gray, and his eyes were almost as colourless as his face. A more helpless, apathetic look no human countenance could wear.

He started on seeing Holmes; then a tinge of shame crossed his face, after which he dropped his eyes and set his features into a look of obstinacy.

'Now, Faune,' said Holmes, losing no time, 'you have chosen to refuse any assistance to your solicitor in preparing your defence. If you suppose, however, that your proceedings have remained a mystery, you are mistaken. Musgrave has left England, and has taken with him the five thousand pounds you gave him that night in Hyde Park. He told me the whole story of his relations with you before he left. Would you care to hear it?'

Faune made a movement of interest. Holmes then related it to him in detail. The effect was exactly as he anticipated. The prisoner stood up with inflamed face and denounced the story as an infamous fabrication.

'Very well,' said Holmes quietly. 'They have been arrested, and are being brought back. Musgrave will swear all this against you; and Mr Crudie will warn you of the danger of the evidence, if you don't see it yourself. How do you propose to disprove it? Or are you content to allow the world to believe that you murdered your wife, and bribed this man with five thousand pounds to keep silence? That is how the case stands. The police have the original of your advertisement to Musgrave making the appointment; it is known you gave him the cheque, because he paid it in to his account in a bank.'

'How can I disprove anything he likes to swear? I have no witnesses.'

'You can answer any question your solicitor puts to you; he will make the best use of such light as you give him. At present, all he requires of you is to task your memory as to that meeting with Musgrave in the Park.'

'There is no need to task my memory; I remember it well.'

'Where did you meet him?'

'Near the small gate facing South Street—a little to the south side of it. He was there before me; he had been dining somewhere, he said, Oxford Street way. We were not five minutes together.'

'Which way did he go away?'

'Towards Hyde Park Corner. I went on the other way as far as the Marble Arch, and back to the same place, keeping the walk just inside the railings.'

'Is it true you left the Park by Grosvenor Gate?'

'Quite true. I thought it was later, and never thought of the gate at Mount Street being open.'

'While you were with Musgrave did no person pass near you, either in the Park or outside in the street?'

'No, except a woman, outside the railings, who was walking quickly towards Oxford Street. I should not have noticed her, only that she stopped for an instant, and something in her figure or attitude gave Musgrave a start. Then she hurried on, and he laughed, explaining that at first glance he fancied it was his wife, whom he had left at the hotel in bed.'

'You did not see him again?'

'I did not, except once; this was next evening.'

'Sunday evening?' said Holmes with some surprise.

'Yes, when I was going to dinner,' was the answer.

But it was evident that, for some extraordinary reason, Faune would not go beyond this. He would not say what passed between them on this occasion, but admitted that he started immediately for Dover. Why had he taken no luggage with him? He replied, for want of time to go back, and because Musgrave promised to send it next day. He further declared that he was absolutely ignorant of the murder until he was arrested for it. As to the money, he would only say that he owed Musgrave about one-fourth of the amount of the cheque, which it was vitally necessary for him to pay that night—there was an acceptance due; this was all.

But here Crudie took him by surprise. 'Whose name was to that acceptance? Out with it, man; we know it was forged.'

'Very well; it was Mr Clayton's,' he answered, reddening and dropping his eyes. 'Now you know why I had to find the money; I was completely in his power.'

'Did he hand you the acceptance in exchange for the cheque?'

'No; not until he should be satisfied about the cheque going through all right; he kept both.'

With regard to the mode of making the appointment—through the newspaper—Faune's account, when questioned, corresponded with that given by Musgrave. He said he had never seen Musgrave's wife. He refused to state the reason of his leaving London—refused in such a way as to show that on this point nothing should be got from him.

Then they came away. Mr Crudie was puzzled as to the object Holmes had before him in this interview; but his curiosity was not satisfied until they were back in the privacy of his own office.

'Mr Crudie,' he said to the astonished lawyer, 'if there is anything clear to my mind under the sun, it is the mystery of "Julius Vernon." Musgrave is the man!'

MASTER AND SERVANT AS THEY WERE.

'It is a far cry to Loch Awe;' and from the day when Harold conquered at Stamford Bridge to our own time is a long interval, and the difference between the position of the *theów* and *esne* of Anglo-Saxon chroniclers and that of the gentleman's gentleman of to-day is undoubtedly great. But as the gulf of time may soon be bridged over, so the change in the relationship between master and servant in the two periods may quickly be traced.

In Anglo-Saxon days, servants were undoubtedly treated very badly. There was perhaps something pleasant in the character of a prefeudal household which deprived domestic servitude of some of its worst features. To the present generation the custom of high and low, young and old, sitting round the long oaken table at meals may serve to conjure up a pleasing picture; and the fashion of all parties gathering round the fire on winter evenings, carolling songs and going into ecstasies of laughter at the wit of the minstrel or the drollery of the juggler, may serve as an illustration in favour of the 'good old times.' But the fact that servants very often ran away in spite of the brutal penalties that awaited a recaptured deserter, proves that the condition of the retainers was not all that our fancy paints it. In feudal times, when the position and security of a man of rank depended upon the extent of his household, servants were in no better a position. Every groom and footboy was converted into a soldier, and until private warfare grew obsolete, every man was liable to be called upon to fight. As to the lowest class of serfs, they took rank with the oxen and the swine which they tended, and could be sold with the land upon which they worked. Like many other great changes, serfdom died out by degrees, and it was not extinguished in England for a great many years. Hume, indeed, says that some instances of bondage may be traced to the reign of Elizabeth. In Scotland, serfdom existed among colliers and salters down to nearly the end of last century.

In the time of Shakespeare domestic service was in a state of transition: the old system was decaying, the new one springing into life; and if one may be allowed to judge from casual references scattered throughout the plays of the poet, the new order does not appear to have been altogether satisfactory. In *King Lear*—to take one example—Kent denounces Oswald, the steward, as a 'knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, worsted-stocking knave!' From Shakespeare's plays it further appears that the servants of the period were companions and confidants of their master, and that they were generally sly and pilfering, and players of practical jokes. In great families it was customary for servants to take an oath of fidelity on their entrance into office. Posthumus alludes to the usage when he says of Imogene's servants:

> Her attendants are
> All sworn and honourable.

The condition of servants at this period was therefore peculiar, and it is clear that they were ruled by a curious mixture of stern discipline and great laxity. One mode of enforcing obedience was by imposing forfeits or fines, some of which are enumerated by Sir J. Harrington in his *Nugæ Antiquæ*. For being absent from prayers, for uttering an oath, for leaving a door open, or 'for any follower visiting the cook,' a fine was inflicted; while in another set of rules it is provided that

> If any one this rule doth break,
> And cut more bread than he can eat,
> Shall to the box one penny pay.

In case an offender should refuse to pay 'direct without resistance,' provision is made at the conclusion that

> Each one here shall be assistance,
> And he that doth refuse to aid
> By him one penny shall be paid.

Of the many old rules of this kind still in existence, perhaps the most interesting are those at Windsor Castle. These, according to an inscription at the top of them, were found 'in the study of King Charles I. of Blessed Memory.'

In addition to fines, masters and mistresses had power to chastise refractory servants, as is evident from references in Acts of Parliament. A statute of Henry VIII., entituled, 'An Act for Murder and Malicious Bloodshed within the Court,' provides 'that this Act shall not in anywise extend or be prejudicial or hurtful to any nobleman or to any other person or persons that shall happen to strike his or their servants within the said Palace . . with his or their hands or fist, or with any small staff or stick for correction and punishment of any offences committed and done or to be committed and done;' although an exception is made provided the persons stricken should die within one year after the stroke. A statute belonging to the reign of James I. provides that the Act shall not extend to any person who, in chastising or correcting his child or servant, shall beside his intent and purpose 'chance to commit manslaughter.' Apparently, however, there was some limit to this privilege, for at a Court Baron of the manor of Hendon, held in the time of Henry VIII., E. Rogers was prosecuted for an assault by him on his man-servant, and was fined twenty pence. Where the line was drawn it is difficult to under-

stand. From an allusion in Tusser's *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, we gather that the sluggard, also, was regarded upon occasion as a suitable subject for corporal punishment.

In a long and somewhat amusing treatise in William Gouge's *Whole Armour of God*, published in 1627, the correction of servants for trivial offences is justified by scriptural references. It is clear, moreover, that the servants of the time bargained for and expected to be beaten, and took their punishment in good part and without any sense of degradation.

The characteristics of the domestic of this period may be briefly summed up by saying that although he was full of tricks, he was less treacherous than his predecessors, and was quite willing to fight valiantly on behalf of his master. In the days of Addison and Steele—to pass on to a later period—the gentleman's gentleman, and still more the liveried domestic of whom Johnson discoursed, might not have been quite so trusty a retainer as the stubborn blue-coat of Elizabeth; but he was, as has been well pointed out, more prone to use his inventive faculties for his master than against him.

Before this time, however, great changes had taken place in the relations between employer and employed. The first Act of Parliament for regulating servants' wages was passed so early as the year 1351, a proceeding consequent upon the great plague of 1347–49, by which labour was rendered scarce. Two years previously, an Act had been passed providing that all able-bodied persons having no evident means of subsistence should offer themselves as labourers to any that would hire them. From these two Acts, therefore, sprang the custom of justices meeting once a year to regulate wages, and also the establishment of the hiring fairs or 'mops,' which are still common in some parts of England, and of which there is a representation in Isaac Bickerstaff's *Love in a Village*. It should be noted, however, that whether the origin of labourers standing for hire is due to the Act of 1349 is open to question. In ancient Rome there were particular spots in which servants plied for hire; and the establishment of such a custom in England is noteworthy, as showing the demand for labour. Although the position of servants at this period was by no means one of independence, yet very soon there arose a conflict between master and servant, which slowly waxed fiercer and fiercer, and eventually led to a loud outcry that the servant was the master and the master was the servant.

The notion that domestic service is degrading came in, it is stated, with the Revolution of 1688. It is certain at anyrate that before the civil wars ladies of rank usually had for their attendants persons of gentle blood; and if the gentlemen were not so fortunate, we have abundant evidence that they had about them servants whose long service and unswerving fidelity merit the highest admiration. There are in various parts of the country memorials to descendants of the faithful Adam in *As you like It*, bearing witness to the fact that no inconsiderable number of those so immortalised remained in one family quite as long as he who offered to accompany Orlando in his flight. In 1826 was published 'A Collection of Memorials Inscribed to the Memory of good and faithful Servants throughout the Counties of Berks, Derby, Essex, Gloucester, York,' &c.; and to this the curious reader is referred for many touching inscriptions. The terms of servitude, however, grew shorter in each succeeding generation, and gradually there set in a reaction against the old order. In noting this fact the wits were not slow, nor did they fail, to ridicule the aspirations, the dress, and the language of their domestics. Passing over the times of Addison and Steele, we find, in 1733, an anonymous writer, after noting that women are so scarce that 'from thirty to forty shillings a year their wages are increased of late to six, seven, and eight pounds per annum,' complaining somewhat bitterly that they are 'puffed up with pride nowadays,' and regretting that 'it is hard enough to know the mistress from the maid by her dress.' Garrick, in *High Life Below Stairs*, and many others, also ridiculed the aspirations of the domestic of the period.

Thirty years later than that in which the 'indignant correspondent' wrote—namely, in 1760—steps were taken to put an end to a custom which had obtained for a long time. When Pope decided that he could not afford to dine with the Duke of Montagu because each dinner involved a disbursement of five guineas to the servants of Montagu House, the Duke sent with his subsequent invitation to the poet an order for the amount in question. Thus the difficulty attending 'vails' or tips was overcome in this instance. To avoid paying them was impossible; and indeed a writer in *The World*—famous for its contributions from Lord Chesterfield—hints that a certain noble Lord, by connivance with his servants, really compelled his guests to defray the cost of the entertainment afforded them! At length, however, it was decided to put a stop to this system of extortion, and at a meeting of gentlemen in Scotland in the year 1760, it was resolved that in visiting one another they would give no money to servants, nor allow their own domestics to take any money from their guests. A few days later, the Honourable Company of Scots Hunters, at their meeting held in Edinburgh, came to a similar determination, although one noble lord vigorously opposed the proposition and threatened to knock down the first servant who refused to accept a gratuity. The servants themselves naturally looked upon the movement with disfavour; and in 1764, certain gentlemen who had resisted the payment of vails were attacked in Ranelagh Gardens by an angry mob of footmen. Even at this period there was some form of punishment for refractory servants, for it is frequently recorded that a favourite mode of checking the outbursts of disobedient footmen was the pressgang, which was held out as a dreadful punishment, like a rod to a child.

To trace the growth of liberty among servants after this period is unnecessary. As in every other trade or profession, wages gradually increased, and imperceptibly yet decisively the relations between employer and employed changed until they became what they are at present. Whether the great changes that have taken place in domestic service during the last two centuries have destroyed the faithful relations which have existed, and should exist, between master and man, is perhaps open to question. Although the terms of servitude are now of shorter duration, and although the new order has necessarily

become imbued with the spirit of the times, yet between the two classes there is, as a rule, no lack of that devotion which has formed a subject for praise by writers of all ages.

MY AUNT'S COCKATOO.

My Aunt Matilda at the time of her death was a good bit over seventy years of age. As long as I can remember she had been the same in appearance—a staid old lady, somewhat diminutive in height, and decidedly of what Scotch people call a 'perjink' manner and appearance. From year to year she scarcely ever varied her style of dress in the slightest particular, and rigidly adhered to the same mode of doing her hair as it had been done in the days of her youth. This consisted of bringing her somewhat scanty locks low down over the forehead, and culminated in a 'corkscrewy' ringlet dangling at each cheek, which she often assured me was without doubt the only sensible style of coiffure, and in her early days had been allowed to be specially adapted to her cast of features, and was considered 'most killing.' Whatever my own opinion, it was my interest to agree; so I never disputed her contention. I may as well admit at once that I had very good reasons for keeping on the best of terms with my aunt. She was possessed of considerable means, spent little or nothing, and, with the exception of my cousin Bob Steele, had no living relation but myself.

My aunt had never been married—not for want of offers, she frequently informed me—detested children, and seemed to centre all her love and affection on an ancient white cockatoo, which had been in her possession for I do not know the number of years, and was possibly as old as herself. She positively doted on the bird; but there was no cause for jealousy on my part, as she could hardly leave her money to her pet, and that was the main thing. At the same time I never could abide the creature. It neither spoke nor whistled, and with the exception of now and then indulging in a most unearthly 'squawk,' was totally devoid of vocal accomplishments. In Aunt Matilda's eyes, however, it was a paragon of sense and cleverness. There was no bird in the wide world like 'dear Cockie;' and to have hinted at the contrary would have been rank heresy, and demolished all my hopes of a favourable mention in her last will and testament. In truth, I once, when a lad, had a narrow escape from such a fate. Even then I hated the creature, and never missed a chance of tormenting it when I could do so without fear of discovery. One day, however, I was fairly caught—caught, in fact, in a double sense. While indulging in some sly digs at the cockatoo, he suddenly made a grab at my hand and took a piece clean out of one of my fingers. My frantic yells at once brought my aunt upon the scene, and I had to confess I had been taking unwarrantable liberties with her favourite. Of course I caught it hot. No anxiety was shown for me or my lacerated finger; all my aunt's endearments were reserved for her pet, and grave fears expressed lest he should have swallowed the piece and it might disagree with him. 'You know,' she remarked in a serious tone, 'you know, Ebenezer, he has never been accustomed to eating raw meat!'

It took some time to reinstate me in Aunt Matilda's good graces; but from that day I had an almost uncontrollable inclination to wring that bird's neck.

Some years after this unfortunate episode, I really thought we had seen the last of my *bête noire*. One fine morning he somehow or other managed to get free, and the window being open, he unceremoniously took his departure. Aunt Matilda was in despair, and I was at once sent for. I found her in a terrible state, perfectly prostrate with agitation and grief. Men were despatched in all directions, advertisements inserted in the newspapers, and no money or pains spared to effect the recovery of the absconding cockatoo. In my heart I fervently prayed the bird would never be found alive again, but was constrained by circumstances to exhibit an appearance of anxiety and diligence in the search which I certainly did not feel. As luck would have it, however, after an absence of three days the truant was ignominiously brought home in a soot-bag, having been discovered by a chimney-sweep in a disused flue. Into this he had either fallen, or had taken refuge in it from the inclemency of the weather. He was in a filthy and rather emaciated condition, and it was only after a thorough washing that my aunt was able to recognise her 'dear Cockie.' Her joy at his recovery was excessive, and even I came in for a share of thanks, amid the general rejoicing, for my praiseworthy exertions! From that time my aunt seemed to regard me with altered feelings; and my hopes rose high as one day she informed me, in confidence, that she was going to make her will and would 'not forget' me.

Meantime, the cockatoo's cage had been found to be defective, and a new one was specially constructed for him. It was made according to his mistress's directions, extra precautions being taken to prevent a second escape. Not content with this, a silver ring or collar was also procured with her name and address engraved upon it. This, after a good deal of expostulation on the part of the bird, was securely fixed round his neck, much to his disgust. He spent several days in fruitless efforts to claw it off with his feet; but in time got used to it, and his feathers growing over it, it was scarcely noticeable to a casual observer.

My cousin Bob Steele and I often met at Aunt Matilda's, and to all appearance were on thoroughly friendly terms, as cousins ought to be. Somehow or other, however, Bob and I were never very intimate; and when we left our aunt's, we generally parted at the first corner. No doubt, Bob had 'expectations' like myself, and there may have been a little feeling of rivalry between us; but after my aunt's confidential reference to her settlement, I felt I could afford to look with complacence on his desperate endeavours to 'keep sweet' with the old lady.

So things went on until my aunt's death occurred—somewhat unexpectedly in the end—and Bob and I were called upon to pay our last respects to her memory. To say that I was inconsolable would be an exaggeration. I certainly respected her; but at the same time I felt that the extent to which I was likely to profit in a pecuniary sense would go a long way to assuage my grief. I was in receipt of a very small salary at the time, and any decent sum would be a welcome addition to my annual income. After the funeral—at which Bob Steele and I officiated as chief mourners—my aunt's man of business produced her will, and at once made us aware of its contents. That document was, from my point of view, an extraordinary and at the same time most unsatisfactory one. In the first place she left me her house and furniture. (This was all right, and just what I had expected.) In the second place she bequeathed the sum of two thousand pounds to Bob Steele. (This was *not* so satisfactory; but of course I could make no objection.) Next, with many injunctions as to proper diet and treatment, she gave to me her 'dear white cockatoo, his cage and contents.' (This was a legacy I would willingly have passed over to Cousin Bob, and one which I did not at all appreciate.) Then came the climax. The residue of her estate, consisting of some three to four thousand pounds invested in Bank stock, was to remain so invested, and the annual income therefrom was to be paid to me so long as the cockatoo lived! At his death, the stock was to be realised, and the proceeds divided equally between Bob Steele and myself.

To say that I was disappointed would be putting the case rather mildly. Here was I saddled with the custody of a creature I detested, and my income dependent on my care of the wretched bird. This was my aunt's idea of 'not forgetting' me. As for Bob Steele, he was infinitely better off than I was. Not only had he a substantial sum at once, but he also participated to the same extent as I did at the ultimate division. No doubt my immediate income was much better than his; but who could say how long it might continue? The whole affair was obviously a clever plan of my Aunt Matilda's to ensure her favourite's being well looked after. Of course my interest would be to keep the bird as long alive as possible, and I tried to console my wounded feelings with the knowledge that cockatoos frequently lived to a great age. I inwardly vowed that nothing on my part would be wanting to keep Cousin Bob out of his share of the residue as long as possible. From the look on his face I could very well see the latter was enjoying my ill-concealed disappointment. He, doubtless knowing the bird to be very old, expected he would soon receive his legacy, which would put him in a much better position than I would be. On one point, however, he was disappointed, and said so openly: this was about the total amount of our aunt's estate. I agreed with him in this, having always considered her to be worth about as much again as her will showed. There was, however, nothing to do but accept the inevitable, and the testator's instructions were carried out with the least possible delay. I immediately took possession of my aunt's residence, and devoted myself with as good a grace as possible to the care of the cockatoo.

For some time after this I saw little of Bob Steele. We occasionally met in the street; but a rather stiff nod was all the recognition that passed between us. Then I heard he had got married and had given up his situation and taken to speculating on the Stock Exchange. Rumour said his life was not a particularly happy one. His wife was somewhat extravagant, and spent his money freely. Meantime, with my salary and my annual income under my aunt's will, I lived very comfortably. At the same time there was something unpleasant in the thought that my position depended on the life of a wretched old cockatoo. The latter, however, continued in a most lively state of health, and to all appearance seemed likely to last my time. No effort on my part was wanting to assist him in becoming a veritable Methuselah of the parrot tribe.

My aunt died in February; and one evening in the following December I was surprised to receive a visit from my cousin, Bob Steele. He looked rather dejected, and for some time did not inform me of the object of his visit. He talked on things in general; but although he must have seen the cockatoo's cage standing on a side-table, he never once referred to it. We had a bit of supper, and were enjoying a quiet pipe afterwards, when at last he blurted out his reason for calling. It was simply this—his speculations had not turned out as he anticipated; he was in immediate need of four hundred pounds, and wished me to put my name to a bill for that amount.

This, I thought, was rather cheeky on his part, and I had little difficulty in giving him a point-blank refusal. He talked and implored for some time longer, declared he would be ruined, &c.; but at last, seeing me perfectly obdurate, he gave it up and rose to depart. I accompanied him down-stairs, and was assisting him on with his overcoat, when he suddenly remembered he had left his pipe in the sitting-room. He at once ran up-stairs for it, leaving me standing in the hall holding his overcoat. In a few minutes he returned, said good-night in a somewhat curt manner, and took his leave. I felt honestly I was justified in refusing his request. In all probability he would have failed to meet the bill when it came due, and I would have had to retire it, which would have deprived me of any little savings I had. Besides, he had got a good sum in cash by my aunt's will, whilst I at present had not received one penny of principal. I accordingly went to bed that night with a clear conscience. Before doing so, however, I had my usual look at my charge, who was all right, and sound asleep on his perch.

Next morning when I awoke I heard the cockatoo squawking away in his usual vociferous style. Whilst I was at breakfast, my housekeeper, as was her daily custom, removed the cage to give it its regular clean out, at the same time giving the bird a fresh supply of food and water. I then went to business, and returned home at my usual hour—half-past four. Imagine my consternation on being met with the astounding information that the cockatoo was dead! I

was simply thunder-struck. Here was an end to my annuity at a moment when I was never dreaming of such an occurrence. I found the bird lying perfectly stiff at the bottom of the cage, just as my housekeeper had discovered him about an hour previously. What could have been wrong with him? He seemed all right when I left in the morning. Suddenly the fact of Bob Steele's unexpected call and my refusal of his request flashed across my brain. Was it possible he could have had anything to do with the misfortune? Still, I did not see how he could have accomplished any sinister design with me in the room all the evening. My head was in a whirl, and it was only that evening, whilst I lay thinking in bed, that I remembered his return to the sitting-room for his pipe, when he was for a couple of minutes or so alone with the bird. I at once concluded Steele had poisoned him in revenge for my refusal, and to get his share of the residue of our aunt's money without delay.

I was indignant at his treachery, and resolved I would have the bird carefully examined; and should my suspicions prove correct, would make Bob suffer for it. Unluckily, as I mentioned, the cage had been cleaned and the food and water renewed; so I could not get that analysed; but next morning I placed the dead cockatoo in the hands of a competent person for investigation. I then, as in duty bound, went and informed the lawyer of my loss. He sympathised with me, but of course could only proceed to carry out my aunt's behests and divide the money between Bob Steele and myself.

Meantime I waited somewhat impatiently for the result of Cockie's post-mortem. In a few days I received the report. Distinct traces of arsenic were found in the bird's stomach, and seemed to have been administered in the form of poisoned wheat, a favourite species of vermin-killer.

I immediately consulted my legal adviser; but he was afraid I could have no case against Steele. We both were satisfied in our own minds as to his having put the poisoned grain amongst the bird's food, but we had no way of proving it. I also found, on inquiry, that there was actually a box of this same vermin-killer in my own house, which my housekeeper—seeing I would not permit of a cat being kept, for the sake of the cockatoo—used for destroying mice. The lawyer suggested that the woman, who was not aware of the terms of my legacy, might have herself wished to get rid of a disagreeable charge; but nothing could free me from the opinion that my cousin Bob was the culprit.

I had a note the next day from the analyst asking what I wished done with the dead bird, and inquiring if he would send it to a bird-stuffer's. I answered at once that he could pitch it out. However valuable the bird was to me alive, it was no use dead, and I never wished to cast eyes on the creature again. As for spending any money on stuffing it—no, thank you! 'Master Cockie' had been a nuisance to me all my life, and now he was gone, I was not going to cry over *him*, however much I might mourn my lost annuity. The defunct bird's cage was at once removed from my sight, and I made up my mind to make the best of a bad job.

A post or two afterwards I received a small packet. On opening it I found it contained the bird's silver collar, which I had forgotten all about. There was also a note from the analyst saying he had, as desired, put away the dead bird, but thought it right to send me the collar, which being silver was of some little value, and might be interesting as a memento of an old pet! Pet, indeed! Poor man! he little knew my feelings towards 'the deceased.' However, the ring was silver and would realise a few shillings; so I replied, thanking him for it. As for the collar itself, I scarcely looked at it; indeed, I never took it out of the tissue paper in which it was wrapped, but unceremoniously pitched it into a drawer in my desk amongst some other odds and ends.

Some months afterwards, whilst looking through my desk for something or other, I came across the packet. At first I did not remember what it was, and it was only when I opened it out I discovered the cockatoo's silver collar. I did not replace it, however, thinking I might as well get quit of an article which called up no remembrances of a pleasing nature. That evening, as I was sitting in a meditative mood over the fire, I, without thinking, took up the ring and began turning it round in my fingers. The first thing that caught my eye was my aunt's name and address engraved round the outside. Then, just as I was on the point of laying it aside, I observed something scratched on the inside. This at once interested me; and on a closer and more careful examination, I made out the following words: 'To E. R.' These were my initials. 'Apply to North British Bank.—M. B.' These latter were my aunt's initials.

Here was a mystery. The words were roughly scratched with some sharp instrument, and evidently by my aunt herself. 'Apply to North British Bank.' Certainly I would. The message was without doubt intended for me; but what the result of it would be I had no idea.

Next forenoon found me in the private room of the manager of the London branch of the North British Bank. I told my story. He at once turned to the bank ledger, and, much to my amazement, informed me that there was a sum of five thousand pounds standing to my credit! On further inquiry I found this sum had been paid in by my aunt some two years previously, with instructions that it should lie until applied for by me personally.

Her seeming unfair treatment of me was now explained. She knew that so long as the cockatoo lived I would be pretty comfortable with my annual allowance, while the fear of losing it made me pay due regard to the comfort and well-being of her favourite. At the same time, when the bird did die she made certain I would be none the worse. Dear old lady! I do not believe I ever thought so well of her as I did at that moment. As for Bob Steele, all my animosity was fled. Instead of punishing him for killing the cockatoo—which I still believe he did—why, I blessed him for the deed. Goodness knows how long the wretched bird might have lived, and now, instead of losing by its untimely decease, I would benefit to a considerable degree. It was only another proof of the old saying, that blessings often come in disguise. Certainly, I

did not in my wildest moments ever conjecture it possible I could benefit in the smallest degree by the death of that bane of my existence, 'My Aunt's Cockatoo.'

THE NEW RIVER COMPANY.

AN 'ADVENTURER'S SHARE.'

FROM time to time one sees in the newspaper an announcement to the effect that the fractional part of an 'Adventurer's Share,' or a 'King's Share,' as the case may be, in the New River Company has been put up to auction and sold for a sum which, without exaggeration, may be considered a handsome fortune. Comparatively few persons perhaps know of the origin of these peculiar classes of shares, and a short sketch of their history may therefore prove of interest.

The New River Company, the first and most successful company of its kind, was founded nearly three centuries ago by a Mr Hugh Middleton, a City man of some wealth and repute. During the reigns of Elizabeth and James, various schemes seem to have been projected for supplying the London metropolis with water; but it was not until the year 1609 that anything decisive was done in the matter, when, at the invitation of Mr Middleton, the Court of Common Council transferred the powers they had obtained from parliament to that gentleman, who at once began what was at that time considered a gigantic work. The object in view was to connect certain springs at Chadwell and Amwell, in Hertfordshire, with the metropolis—a distance of some twenty miles; but, owing to the many hills and valleys, nearly double that distance had to be taken for the course.

From the outset the work appears to have been beset with difficulties, on account of the opposition of certain interested landowners, whose action compelled Mr Middleton to ask the corporation for an extension of time in which to complete the undertaking. This having been granted, his next difficulty was the want of funds, the great expense he had already incurred having considerably impoverished him, which obliged him to ask the corporation for financial help; but meeting with a refusal on their part to embark in what they considered a hazardous enterprise, an application, with better success, was made to King James I. The king, it is recorded, in consideration of his having an interest in half the concern, agreed to bear half the expense of the whole work. The shares created were seventy-two in number; thirty-six thus came into the king's possession, and were designated 'King's Shares.'

With the king's support the work proceeded without interruption; the year 1618 witnessing its completion, by which time, however, its originator had been compelled to part with the whole of his thirty-six shares to various persons, such shares being termed 'Adventurers' Shares.'

Although this public-spirited benefactor suffered great losses from his enterprise, it is satisfactory to learn that a few years later he received the honour of knighthood, besides being held in much esteem by the public for his plucky conduct in undertaking a work of such magnitude, and that, after his death, a tribute was paid to his memory by an Urn being placed on a pedestal, on a small island near Chadwell, with an inscription as follows: 'Sacred to the Memory of SIR HUGH MIDDLETON, BART., whose successful Care, assisted by the Patronage of his King, conveyed this Stream to London. An Immortal Work, since Man cannot more nearly imitate the Deity than in bestowing Health.'

Up to the time of the date of the company's charter—the year 1619—the work is said to have cost upwards of half a million of money; and until the year 1633, no dividend appears to have been paid on the shares. In fact, so unpromising was the aspect at that period of the company's affairs, that Charles I. re-granted to the heirs of Sir Hugh the whole of the thirty-six shares possessed by the Crown on condition that a yearly rent of five hundred pounds was paid to the Crown. Thus it will be seen how the general public became possessed of these shares.

It may be of interest to note here that the holder of a King's share is excluded from having any part in the management of the concern, its founder, in order to prevent the direction of its affairs from falling into the hands of courtiers, having stipulated with King James that His Majesty should take no part in the management. Thus these shares are slightly less valuable than those of the 'Adventurers,' which give the holders a seat on the direction. Both classes of shares have by alienation become divided into fractional parts, which in regard to the Adventurers' shares necessitated an application being made, in the year 1711, to the Lord Chancellor to determine how the holders of these fractional shares were to be represented on the Board. The problem was solved by a decree to the effect that the possessors of two or more fractional parts of a share were empowered to jointly nominate one of their number for election to the Board.

To give an idea of the enormous value to which these shares have risen, it may be stated that in the year 1800 one was sold for £14,000; in 1811 the price obtained was £17,000; in 1878, £93,000; and at the close of last year, the eighth part of a share sold for a sum at the enormous rate of £100,000 per share, an amount which in years to come is not unlikely to be exceeded, owing to the reversions of a large property which will accrue to the company, and so still further enhance the value of these historical securities.

SPRING.

CHEERLESS the day and wintry, gray and chill;
No gleam of sun; no breath of balmy air;
Within the woods the trees stand gaunt and bare,
Around them Winter's desolation still;
But yet, within those bare and leafless trees,
Though all unseen, do hidden life-germs lurk,
Astir, each hour, in silent ceaseless work;
And on the chilly wind there faintly breathes
A whisper of bright days to come ere long,
When wood and field in beauty shall be clad,
And rich and full shall rise the joyous song
Of birds; and hope anew makes all men glad,
One balmy breath the Winter's charm to break,
And Nature from her long cold sleep will wake!

M. C. C.

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ON THE GIFT OF HUMOUR.

Humour—a keen sense of the ridiculous—has been called, what it undeniably is, a dangerous gift. Charming as cheerfulness is universally allowed to be, and greatly as cheerfulness is aided by a happy sense of humour, this gift may, if indulged beyond the limits of 'becoming mirth,' be destructive of that state of mind the most healthful for young or old—namely, a reverence for something nobler, greater, better than ourselves. Ridicule, so useful a weapon when employed to fight folly, presumption, or hypocrisy, needs careful handling, and in the implied superiority of the person wielding it lies the danger. Not always is mockery justified of her children. The jibes which patient merit of the would-be witty takes are more injurious to the mocker than the mocked. A youth of little reverence is apt to curdle into an old age of contempt—despising and despised. And here lies the danger to the mimic; urged on by the laughter so easily created, he too often outsteps the modesty of nature, and sacrifices his own self-respect for effect; thus, while all laugh, few love, and still fewer respect him. If a humorous man does not love generosity, kindness, morality, and religion more than humour, he is in 'a par'lous state.'

But while granting freely the danger of the gift of humour, it must be allowed that there are times and seasons when it is dangerous to be without it. In the hands of a non-humorous man, not only does pathos degenerate into bathos, but things that should be sacred suffer almost as much, if not more than they can do in those of his opposite. Thus teachers, lecturers, orators, and even some preachers, for want of this dangerous gift, occasionally do and say things perilously likely to awaken it in others. Unconscious that they are not carrying their hearers with them, unaware of some mannerism, some tincture of oddity, they not only miss their aim, but possibly hit a mark they never intended. To such, the gift of humour, rather than a snare, would be an invaluable safeguard. For instance, we all remember the laughter which greeted the late Earl of Beaconsfield's ironical self-congratulations on the 'solid piece of furniture' betwixt himself and his right honourable and impassioned opponent, who, borne away on the tide of his own enthusiastic eloquence, had made use of gestures which were not without their ludicrous side.

Again, most people can recall occasions when, in listening to a sermon, some trifling impediment has interfered with their due appreciation of the same. We recollect one such. The preacher, an extempore one, had placed in his Bible certain 'markers' in the shape of long slips of paper at certain texts to be quoted in his discourse. As these slips were discarded, they were allowed to float away whither they listed, and their general list was to whirl round in spirals for some seconds before settling. Sometimes two would be in motion at once, and it was quite impossible for us to prevent ourselves speculating on their destination. One, we well remember, twirled into the glass of water placed for the preacher's refreshment. It was a perilous moment for the gravity of more than one of his younger hearers when he came to drink.

A lecturer to whom we once listened, who read every word of his lecture, had sewn the leaves together with such injudicious firmness that the last word of each line was all but indecipherable—a pain to himself and an exasperation to his audience. This gentleman was so little aware of the want of touch between himself and his hearers, that the ironical plaudits which gradually began to salute his success in getting at a more difficult word than usual, only evoked an assurance that though the applause was extremely gratifying to him, he rather feared it took up time! The cheers this provoked took up so much time that when they were over, a good part of his hearers also were gone.

We take it that in both these instances a keener perception of the ludicrous—or, as some have asserted, the incongruous, reckoning the latter as an integral part of the former—would have been serviceable.

Nothing that we know of brings people more together, makes them feel so profoundly 'the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin,' as a good honest hearty side-shaking laugh, not even excepting an earthquake. If terror and pity purge the soul of pride and self-love, so does laughter clear away the fog of supercilious self-importance. An apt word, it may be an unconscious pun, will often serve the purpose of a soft answer to turn away wrath. We remember once, when an irascible whist-player was urging and goading his unfortunate partner to greater speed in playing, that the mild reproof which restored harmony by evoking laughter was given in this unconscious pun: 'Come, come, you take an hour yourself, and give me no quarter.' On another occasion, a young subaltern, smarting under the rather emphatically expressed displeasure of his colonel for some slight breach of etiquette, ended his indignant description of the scene to his messmates by perpetrating a ludicrous but unconscious pun. The laughter which this produced extinguished the young officer's anger.

But laughter to be wholesome must not only be seasonable, but seasoned to the understanding; for as a knavish speech sleeps in a dull ear, so will a joke hang fire wofully sometimes in a rusty receptacle. Perhaps not a boy in the school perceived that the dunce who called the patriarchs 'partridges' was probably attempting a jest. Among all the definitions of man, such as an animal with pockets—by the way, the Marsupials must be allowed to run him close in this particular—as a laughing animal and so on, we think this last—taking laughing as indicative of a sense of humour—to be among the least justified by facts. Many animals, not human, are endowed with a most delightful sense of fun, which they express in antics the most gay and frolicsome. Setting aside the race of monkeys, whose fun is perhaps too nearly allied to mischief to be pure, and whose countenances of utter woe seem always to give the lie to the mirth their actions seem to display—setting aside, then, our distant cousins, who can deny the gift of humour, not merely to kittens, whose playfulness might be supposed to be due in some measure to their youth—but, say, to an old pony 'playing' his would-be captor? Look at the indescribable air of drollery in his pricked ears, half-closed eyes, and dilated nostrils sniffing at the sieve of oats for which he has no longing, but which he will pretend to desire for the pure fun of the hour's dance he is going to lead his groom. Again, if you should happen ever to have watched two half-grown cats at their play, is not the sudden raising of the shoulders of the one who comes unexpectedly on its playfellow unmistakably and consciously humorous? Of late it has been the fashion, since Rivière painted them, to glorify pigs as the most humorous of beasts, and a drove of piglings, with tails, ears, and eyelids twinkling, as they emerge from cover for a gallop, or return to shelter in a stampede of pretended terror because a piece of thistle-down has crossed their flight, looks certainly an embodiment of sheer unalloyed and grotesque humour. But such instances might be multiplied almost endlessly. Women, as being gifted with smaller brains than men, have often been credited with a less keen sense of the ridiculous; and Queen Elizabeth's masculine appreciation of the character of Falstaff has been praised lately at the expense of the want of humour in the rest of her sex. It must be granted, we fear, that the fat knight is no favourite with women; but we would suggest, in all humility, that if so, it is because women love not fun the less, but decency more. We cannot but think that such a charge might be more easily maintained by reference to the manuals of fashion. Looking back for years, nay, centuries, on the vagaries into which fashion has led its male and female votaries, we must concede that upon the whole men cut a less ridiculous figure than their sisters. That 'deformed thief, fashion,' but too often proves himself what he is, by stealing from women their perception of beauty as well as the wit which their attire should exhibit.

We have endeavoured to show that humour, under certain restrictions, may be a valuable gift, enabling a man to avoid some of the snares and pitfalls of life. That we might, as human beings, have lived our lives by the light of pure reason alone, cannot be denied, just as tasteless food might have nourished our bodies; but life is not colourless and tasteless; we have bright colours to delight our eyes, sweet scents and sounds to charm pain and age—the morning's 'smile,' 'the valleys stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing'—he who will may see and acknowledge that all this light and brightness makes life all the better worth living. It rests a good deal with himself whether he shall be cheered with innocent laughter, kindly humour, genuine mirth, or whether he shall kill joy by that suicide of a smile—a sneer, and despising the banquet that has been so graciously prepared for him, choose rather to walk heavily and morosely all the days of his pilgrimage.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XV.—A SINGULAR PLOT.

It speedily ran amongst us of the cuddy that the dead sailor who had been so very impressively interred by old Keeling had returned to the ship, and was alive in some part of her, secure in handcuffs or in leg-irons; but so much was made of the fire which had broken out that Crabb's reappearance lost as a miracle half the weight it would have carried had it happened alone. Besides, the sense of the people soon gathered that the business was a plot which had been managed with astonishing cleverness, and it all seemed plain as mud in a wine-glass when the whisper went round that Hemmeridge was under arrest as an arch-conspirator in the matter. And certainly it made one feel far from comfortable even to think that for the past weeks a ruffian of a true piratical complexion had been secreted in the ship's hold, where his confederates would keep him supplied with tobacco and the means of lighting it, and where, in his

borings and pryings, he was tolerably certain to have stumbled upon something inflammatory in the shape of spirits. Indeed, it made me draw my breath short when my mind went to the rum puncheons and the powder-magazine below, and to the vision of Crabb, drunk, stupidly groping with a naked light in his hand, during some midnight hour, maybe, when we were all in bed.

However, the imagination of the passengers would hardly go to these lengths. Their thoughts held to the fire, and their talk chiefly concerned it. When the skipper came below for a glass of grog that night, the ladies so baited him with questions that one pitied him almost for not being able to enjoy the privilege of venting his heated soul in a few strong words.

'I *cannot* satisfy myself, Captain Keeling, that the fire is utterly extinguished,' said Mrs Bannister.

'Might it not burst out again, capting?' cried Mrs Hudson. 'There should be plenty of pails kept filled with water ready to empty if smoke is smelt.'

'Perhaps something may be on fire even now!' exclaimed Mrs Jolliffe, 'something that doesn't make a smoke; and how *then* are the sailors to tell if all is right in the bottom of the ship?'

'Captain Keeling,' cried Mrs Trevor, 'is it quite safe to go to bed, do you think?'

'If a fire should break out,' said Miss Hudson in a trembling voice, as though shudder after shudder were chasing through her, 'how can we depend upon being called? It is impossible to hear down-stairs what is going on on deck.'

Poor old Marline-spike made a bolt of it at last, fairly turning tail and rushing up the companion steps when it came to the Colonel striking in and topping off the female broadsides by inquiries of a like nature delivered at the very height of his pipes.

However, the night passed quietly; and when next morning came and the people assembled at breakfast all fear of fire was seemingly gone, and little more was talked about than Crabb and what his designs had been, the topic gathering no mean accentuation from the doctor's vacant place. Somewhere about ten o'clock I was standing at the taffrail watching the ship's wake, that was languidly streaming off in a short oily surface, and wondering whether, if we were to fall in with nothing brisker than these faint airs and draughts of wind, all hands would not have grown white-haired and decrepit by the time we were up with the Cape, leaving the Indian Ocean and Bombay out of consideration, when the head-steward came up to me.

'Captain Keeling's compliments, sir, and he'll feel greatly hobliged, providing you're not hotherwise occupied, by your stepping to his cabin, sir.'

'Oh yes, with pleasure,' said I. 'Is he alone?'

'He is not, sir.'

I went down the companion steps, knocked at the captain's door, and entered. It was a roomy interior, a very noble ship's berth, occupying hard upon the width of the deck right aft, saving, as I have before described, a sort of small chart-room alongside, bulkheaded off. There was a large stern window, after the olden fashion, with the blue line of the horizon gently sliding up and down it, and a shivering light lifting off the sea to the glass, sharp and of a sort of azure brilliancy, as though from diamonds set a-trembling. Keeling, in full fig, his face showing of a dark red against some maple-coloured ground of bulkhead or ship's side, was seated at a table. He instantly rose on my entering, gave me one of his wire-drawn bows, and motioned me to a seat, thanking me in a few words for coming. On the starboard hand stood Crabb and the sailmaker, handcuffed, and on either side of them was a seaman with a cutlass dangling at his hip. On the port hand sat Dr Hemmeridge, his legs crossed, his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and his head drooped. He was deadly pale, and looked horribly ill and worried. Near him was one of the sailors, a young fellow of some seven or eight and twenty, with a quantity of hair falling over his brow, a straggling beard, and small black eyes, which roamed swiftly in glances charged methought with the spirit of mutiny and menace and defiance. Mr Prance was at the captain's elbow; and the third mate was seated at an end of the table with a pen in his hand and some paper in front of him.

I bowed to Hemmeridge, but he took no notice. Until the captain addressed me, I stared hard at Crabb; for even now, with the ugly ruffian standing before me, my mind found it difficult to realise that he was alive; that the creature I gazed at was the man whom all hands of us, with an exception or two, supposed overboard a thousand fathoms deep. There was besides the fascination of his ugliness. The hunch-like curve of his back, his little blood-stained eyes looking away from his nose, as though they sought to peer at something at the back of his head, the greasy trail of carroty hair upon his back, the fragment of nose over his hare-lip, these and the rest of him combined into the representation of the most extravagantly grotesque ill-favoured figure ever witnessed outside the bars of a menagerie. The sailmaker's face was as white as one of his bolts of canvas, but it wore a determined look, though I noticed a quivering in the nostrils of his high-perched nose, and a constant uneasy movement of the fingers, as of dying hands plucking at bedclothes.

'Mr Dugdale,' exclaimed old Keeling with the dignity and gravity of a judge, 'I've taken the liberty to send for you, as I am informed by Mr Prance that when that man there'—inclining his head towards Crabb without looking at him—'was lying, as it was supposed, dead in his bunk, you accompanied Mr Hemmeridge the ship's surgeon'—here he indicated the doctor with a motion of his head but without looking at him either—'into the forecastle, and stood for some considerable time surveying the so-called corpse.'

'That is quite true,' said I.

'Did Mr Hemmeridge expose the man's face to you?'

'He did.'

'What impression was produced upon your mind by the sight of the—of the—body?'

Crabb gave a horrible grin.

'That he was stone-dead, Captain Keeling; so stone-dead, sir, that I can scarcely credit the man himself is now before me.'

Hemmeridge looked up and fixed his eyes upon me.

'It is but reasonable I should inform you, Mr Dugdale,' continued old Marline-spike, 'that Mr Hemmeridge is under arrest on suspicion of conspiring with Crabb, with Willett, and with Thomas Bobbins'—he glanced at the man who stood next to the doctor—'to plunder the ship. Bobbins has given evidence that leaves me in no doubt as to the guilt of Crabb and Willett.'

Crabb uttered a curse through his teeth, accompanied with a look at the young seaman, in the one-eyed gleam of which murder methought was writ too large to be mistaken for any other intention. Old Keeling did not heed him.

'Bobbins' story,' he continued, 'is to this effect: that Crabb was to swallow a potion which would produce the appearance of death; that the sailmaker was to have a hammock weighted, shaped, and in all respects equipped to resemble the one in which Crabb would be stitched up: that in the dead of night, when the ship was silent, and the deck forward vacant, the sham hammock was to be placed upon the fore-hatch by the sailmaker and Bobbins, and the cover containing that man'—inclining his head at Crabb—'conveyed into the sailmaker's cabin, where it was to be cut open, the man freed, and secreted in the berth till consciousness had returned, and he was in a fit state to seize the first opportunity of sneaking into the hold.—All this was done,' old Keeling went on, Mr Prance meanwhile looking as grave as an owl over the skipper's shoulder, whilst every now and again a hideous grin would distort Crabb's frightful mouth, though the sailmaker continued to stare at the captain with a white and determined countenance, and Hemmeridge to listen with a frowning worried look, his leg that crossed the other swinging like a pendulum. 'The man Crabb got into the hold, was supplied with food and drink by Willett and Bobbins, and with tools to enable him to break into the mail-room'——

'And I'd ha' done it too,' here interrupted Crabb in a voice like a saw going through a balk of timber, 'if it hadn't been for the stinking smoke of them blasted blankets.'

'This inquiry,' continued Keeling, 'now entirely concerns Mr Hemmeridge. You tell me, Mr Dugdale, that Crabb seemed to you as a stone-dead man.'

'The devil himself couldn't ha' told the difference,' bawled Crabb. '*He*'s not in it,' insolently motioning with his elbow towards the doctor. 'Wouldn't that blooming Bobbins ha' said so?' and he darted another murderous glance at the hairy young sailor.

'I can assure you, Captain Keeling,' said I, 'that the man was perfectly dead. There is not a shadow of a doubt in my mind that Mr Hemmeridge was fully convinced the body was a corpse. Convinced, captain, but dissatisfied too; and perhaps,' said I, with a glance at Crabb, 'it is a pity for more sakes than one that he did not carry out his idea of a post-mortem examination.'

'Mr Dugdale,' exclaimed Hemmeridge in a low, deep, trembling voice, 'before God and man, I am innocent; and I hope to live to call Captain Keeling to account for this monstrous slander, this enormous suspicion, this dishonourable and detestable accusation.'

'I've never heered,' said the man named Bobbins, in a long-drawn whining voice, 'that this gent was consarned. I remember Crabb asking what was to be done if so be the surgeon should cut him up to see what he died of, and Mr Willett kissed the Bible afore Crabb and me to this: that if the surgeon made up his mind to open Crabb, Willett was to show him the bottle of physic, and to tell him that Crabb had took it for some bad complaint, and that, though he might look dead, he worn't so.'

Crabb hove a fearful curse at the man. The bushy-whiskered sailor who guarded him on the right significantly put his hand upon the hilt of his cutlass whilst he said something to him under his breath.

'This is new to me,' exclaimed Keeling, screwing his eye gimblet-fashion into the face of Bobbins, and then letting it drop, as if satisfied. —'Mr Hemmeridge, I have *suspected* you, sir; but it's a little soon for you to talk of my having *accused* you. You are a medical man. If anybody knows death by looking upon it you should. Yet, though this man Crabb is merely counterfeiting death, you come aft to me and report him dead! What am I to infer? Your ignorance or your guilt, sir?'

'Captain Keeling,' cried I, 'believe me when I promise you the man was not *counterfeiting* death. He was to all intents and purposes a corpse. How was this brought about? Surely by no exercise of his own art. The look of the eye—the droop of the jaw—the hue of the skin—Captain Keeling, it was death to the sight: no counterfeit—an effect produced by something much more powerful than the effort of such a will as that man has;' and I pointed with my thumb at Crabb, who told me with a curse to mind my own business.

'Mr Dugdale, I thank you,' said Hemmeridge, bowing to me.

Captain Keeling held up a long thin phial about three-quarters full of a dark liquor. I had not before noticed it.

'This has been produced,' said he, 'by the man Bobbins, who states that it is the stuff which Crabb swallowed, and which produced the death-like aspect you saw in him.' He put the bottle down; then clenching his fist, smote the table violently. 'I cannot credit it!' he cried. 'I cannot be imposed on. Am I to believe that there is any drug in existence which will produce in a living being the exact semblance of death?'

'Oh, I think so, sir,' said Prance, speaking mildly.

Hemmeridge sneered.

'A semblance of death,' roared old Keeling, twisting round upon his chief-mate, 'capable of deceiving the eye—the practised eye of a medical man? You may give me a dose of laudanum, and I may look dead to you, sir, but not to Mr Hemmeridge yonder.—No, sir; I am not to be persuaded,' and here he brought his fist down upon the table again. 'It is either gross ignor-

ance or direct connivance, and I mean to be satisfied—I mean to sift it to the bottom—I mean to get at the truth!'

His face was full of blood, and he puffed and blew like a swimmer struggling for his life.

'You've got the truth,' broke in Crabb, with an oath.

The armed sailor ground his elbow into the fellow's ribs.

'I am merely here to answer your questions, Captain Keeling,' said I; 'and must apologise for taking a single step beyond the object you had in calling me to you; but at least permit me to ask, cannot Mr Hemmeridge explain the nature of the drug contained in that bottle?'

'I do not know what it is,' exclaimed Hemmeridge.

'Suppose, sir,' said Mr Prance, 'we give Crabb another dose; then you'll be able to judge for yourself.'

'You don't give me no more doses!' said Crabb. 'Try it on yourselves.'

The captain sat a little, looking at me vacantly, lost in thought. He suddenly turned to Hemmeridge.

'You are at liberty, sir; I remove the arrest.'

'And is that all?' exclaimed the other, after a brief pause, viewing him steadily. 'I must have an apology, sir; an apology ample, abundant, satisfying.'

Old Keeling looked as if about to say something strong, then checked himself. 'You can leave this cabin, sir.'

Hemmeridge rose from his chair. 'I leave this cabin, sir,' said he, 'and I also leave my duties. Professionally, I do no more in this ship, sir. You have disgraced, you have dishonoured me. But,' said he, shaking his finger at him, 'you shall make me amends at Bombay, sir—you shall make me amends at Bombay!'

He stalked from the cabin, old Keeling watching him with a frown, but in silence.

'Captain,' I exclaimed, rising as the door closed behind the doctor, 'I am persuaded that Mr Hemmeridge is innocent of all participation in this bad business. You have on board a gentleman who, I believe, has a very extensive knowledge of drugs and herbs and the like—I mean Mr Saunders. It is just possible he might know the nature of the contents of that bottle.'

Keeling reflected a minute, and then said: 'Mr Prance, send my compliments to Mr Saunders, and ask him to my cabin.'

The mate went out; I was following him.

'Pray, stay a little, Mr Dugdale,' said the skipper.—'Men, take those fellows forward.—Remain where you are,' he added, turning to Bobbins.

A seaman flung open the door, and Crabb and the sailmaker passed out, followed by the second armed sailor, who silenced some blasphemous abuse that Crabb had paused to deliver, by giving him a shove that drove him headlong into the cuddy.

'I am sorry to detain you, Mr Dugdale,' said the captain. 'Mr Saunders is a rather nervous gentleman, and it might be agreeable to him to find you here.'

'You do not detain me, Captain Keeling. This is an amazing business, almost too wonderful in its way to believe in.—Have you ascertained how Crabb became possessed of that magical drug?—and magical it must be, captain, for I give you my word that never lay any corpse deader than that fellow Crabb showed when Hemmeridge removed the canvas from his face.'

'I beg your honour's pardon,' exclaimed Bobbins, preserving his lamenting and whining voice, and knuckling his forehead as he spoke, whilst I could see old Keeling lifting his eyes to him with disgust and aversion strong in his purple countenance. 'Mr Willett told me that Crabb 'ud say he'd got that there stuff off a travelling Jew that he fell in with at some Mediterranean port. He bought two lots of it, and tried a dose on a man who took it unbeknown, reckoning it good for spasms. He believed as it had killed the chap, sich was his corpse-like swound; but he come to all right arter four-and-twenty hours, and niver knowed nothen about it, and believed it still to be Monday when it were Toosday. This put the scheme he tried on here into his head.'

'Has he ever attempted anything of the same sort before?' inquired Keeling.

'I dunno, sir. He's a bad un. It 'ud make a marble heffigy sweat to hear him talk in his sleep.'

There was a knock at the cabin door, and Mr Prance ushered in Mr Saunders. The little chap looked very small as he entered holding his large hat in his hand. He was pale, and stared up at us with something of alarm as we rose to his entrance, the skipper giving him the same hide-bound bow that he had greeted me with.

'Is Mr Saunders acquainted with the story of this business, Mr Prance?' old Keeling inquired.

'Yes, sir,' replied the mate. 'I gave him the substance of it in a few words as we came along.'

'It is extremely startling,' said the little man, climbing on to the chair into which old Keeling had waved him, and dangling his short legs over the edge as a small boy might.

'Your knowledge of drugs and medicines, Mr Saunders, is, I believe, very considerable?' said the skipper.—The little fellow bowed.—'This,' said Keeling, holding up the phial, 'is a drug, the stupefying effects of which, I am informed, are so remarkable that any one who takes it entirely loses animation, and presents such an aspect of death as will deceive the eye of the most expert medical practitioner. Is such a thing conceivable, Mr Saunders?'

The little man reflected very earnestly for some moments, with his eyes fixed upon Keeling. He then asked Mr Prance to hand him the phial, which he uncorked, and smelt and tasted.

'I cannot be positive,' he exclaimed with a slow, wise shake of his large head; 'but I strongly suspect this to be what is known as *morion*, the death-wine of Pliny and Dioscorides.—Mr Dugdale, observe the strange, peculiar, faint smell—what does it suggest?'

I put the bottle to my nose and sniffed. 'Opium will it be, Mr Saunders?'

'Just so,' he cried.—'Captain Keeling, smell you, sir.'

The old skipper applied the bottle to his

nostrils and snuffled a little. 'I should call this a kind of opium,' said he.

'If,' exclaimed Mr Saunders, 'it be morion, as I believe it is, it is made from the mandragora or mandrake of the kind that flourishes in Greece and Palestine and in certain parts of the Mediterranean seaboard.'

'But am I to understand,' said Keeling, 'that a dose of it is going to make a man look as dead as if he were killed?'

'The effect of morion,' responded Mr Saunders, 'is that of suspended animation, scarcely distinguishable from death.'

'Could it deceive a qualified man such as Dr Hemmeridge?' demanded the skipper.

'I should think it very probable,' answered little Saunders cautiously; 'in fact, sir, as we have seen, he *was* deceived by the effects of that drug, be it morion or anything else.'

'You can go forward,' said the captain to Bobbins.

The fellow flourished a hand to his brow and left the cabin.

'Mr Saunders, I am obliged to you, sir, for your information,' continued old Keeling. 'I trust to have your opinion confirmed either in Bombay or in London. To me it seems a very incredible thing.—Mr Dugdale, I thank you for the trouble you have given yourself to attend here.'

He bowed; and little Saunders and myself, accompanied by Mr Prance, entered the cuddy.

'A most extraordinary business altogether,' cried the little man: 'it is wonderful enough, supposing the stuff to be morion, that a common sailor should be in possession of such a drug; but much more wonderful yet that it should occur to him to employ it as an instrument in probably the most audacious project ever adventured on board ship.'

'Hemmeridge might have opened Crabb,' said I.

'Well, the rogue foresaw it, and provided against it, as we know,' exclaimed Mr Prance. 'There is pocketable booty in the mail-room to the value of hard upon a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. A man like Crabb will run risks for such plunder, Mr Dugdale. If the sailmaker had kept his word and produced the bottle to Hemmeridge, the doctor would have been pretty sure to stay his hand.'

'Why, likely as not,' I exclaimed: 'but tell me, Mr Prance—that fellow Bobbins seems to have been coaxed very easily into peaching.'

'Ay,' said he; 'there'd been an ugly quarrel between him and Willett ten days ago. I believe the rascal would not have split whilst Crabb lay snug and secret in the hold; but on his showing himself, Bobbins took fright, thought of his neck, and being actuated besides by hatred of Willett, came forward and volunteered the whole yarn.'

'And how is he to be served?' inquired Mr Saunders.

'Left to be at large, sir,' answered the mate; 'and punishment enough, too, as any one may suppose, of a false-hearted, lily-livered shipmate who has to swing his hammock three or four months among a forecastle full of hands. For my part,' added he with a laugh, 'if I were that miscreant, I'd rather be snug in irons along with Willett and the cast-eyed pirate, stowed safe out of sight.'

He entered his cabin, and Mr Saunders and I stepped on to the quarter-deck.

STRANGE VOICES.

No one that has not lived in the country and in the neighbourhood of trees has any notion of the strangeness of the sounds that are heard at night. The owls have very different notes. One snores, another to-whoos, and one screams. We have been positively scared by the appalling cries of the horned owl that we have heard in Brittany, like the screams of a person in pain. In Ceylon the Devil Bird is a constant source of alarm and inquiry. No one knows exactly what bird it is that produces the horrible blood-curdling cries that thrill through the night-air; but it is supposed to be an owl. A friend who has long lived in Ceylon says: 'Never shall I forget when first I heard it. I was at dinner, when suddenly the wildest, most agonised shrieks pierced my ear. I was under the impression that a woman was being murdered outside my house. I snatched up a cudgel and ran forth to her aid, but saw no one.' The natives regard this cry of the mysterious Devil Bird with superstitious terror. They believe that to hear it is a sure presage of death; and they are not wrong. When they have heard it, they pine to death, killed by their own conviction that life is impossible.

Autenrieth, professor and physician at Tübingen, in 1822 published a treatise on *Aërial Voices*, in which he collected a number of strange accounts of mysterious sounds heard in the sky, and which he thought could not all be deduced from the cries of birds at night. He thus generalises the sounds. 'They are heard sometimes flying in this direction, then in the opposite through the air; mostly, they are heard as though coming down out of the sky; but at other times as if rising from the ground. They resemble occasionally various musical instruments; occasionally also the clash of arms, or the rattle of drums, or the blare of trumpets. Sometimes they are like the tramp of horses, or the discharge of distant artillery. But sometimes, also, they consist in an indescribably hollow, thrilling, sudden scream. Very commonly they resemble all kinds of animal tones, mostly the barking of dogs. Quite as often they consist in a loud call, so that the startled hearer believes himself to be called by name, and to hear articulate words addressed to him. In some instances, Greeks have believed they were addressed in the language of Hellas, whereas Romans supposed they were spoken to in Latin. The modern Highlanders distinctly hear their vernacular Gaelic. These aërial voices accordingly are so various that they can be interpreted differently, according to the language of the hearer, or his inner conception of what they might say.'

The Jews call the mysterious voice that falls from the heaven Bathkol, and have many traditions relative to it. The sound of arms and of drums and artillery may safely be set down to

the real vibrations of arms, drums, and artillery at a great distance, carried by the wind. The barking of dogs is attributable to the Brent geese which pass in their migrations high overhead, generally at night, and make a strange sound not unlike the yelping of an aërial pack of hounds. They have given rise to the stories of the Wild Huntsman.

The writer was sleeping one night under his tent in Iceland, when he was suddenly roused by a note like that of a brazen trumpet sounded high aloft. He scrambled out of his tent, and looking up saw a flight of swans gilded by the midnight sun, against a translucent green sky. Such a note as that might well induce belief in a hunter galloping by and sounding his horn.

The English traveller Davy, whose rambles in Ceylon were published in 1821, relates that in April, at the commencement of the rainy season, the call of the Devil Bird is heard, though the creature has never been seen. This is not quite certain. In fact, the hideous noise made has as yet been brought home to no bird in particular, and the title of Devil Bird is given to that uncertain being which produces the unearthly cry.

The Dutch traveller Hafner, whose account of Ceylon was published in 1810, gives a description of his experiences, which strikes us as highly coloured. He says that he was traversing the highlands in the island at the end of the rainy season, when, about midnight, he heard a distant barking of dogs, that seemed to break from a range of mountains opposite. Almost immediately, however, he heard it behind him, at some distance, but waxing louder and louder. He fancied he could distinguish various men's voices, as if they were laughing and talking loudly. These sounds came and went—sometimes they were from one direction, sometimes from another, from near and from far. Then all at once they ceased, and a great stillness supervened; but after an interval, such a peal of voices in the air echoed from the mountains, that Hafner in alarm retreated under a cliff, when a piercing scream in his ear drove him from his shelter. Frightened nearly out of his wits, he dashed forth and heard around him harsh and confused voices, so strange, so weird, that he put his fingers into his ears. He was afterwards told that these were the cries of wandering spirits. What he heard was doubtless the passage of a flight of migratory birds.

A Mecklenburg traveller called Wolf, who spent twenty years in Ceylon, and published his description of the island in 1784, says that he heard once, and only once, at one o'clock at night a fearful voice. The cry was not exactly like that of a man or of an animal, but seemed to issue from some hollow. He had been told that such voices were to be heard in the north part of the island in the dry season, in the forests, and near ponds. Sometimes what was heard was a loud call, sometimes a shriek, sometimes like a song or musical call; but however it sounded, the effect on the spirit was overwhelming; even the boldest man shuddered. This frightful voice flew faster than any bird from one place to another. In an interval of a few seconds it could be heard from two points a mile apart. It did not occur to Wolf that possibly a pair of Devil Birds were calling to each other at that distance apart.

Knox, who spent many years in Ceylon at the close of the seventeenth century, and whose Travels were printed in 1681, also mentions this voice, which he says was heard in the mountains, and not in the lowlands. Though the tone had some resemblance to the bay of a dog, it had that quality in it which would curdle the blood of him who heard it. It ceased suddenly at one point, and was heard again from quite another quarter. He says that the Cingalese were assured that it was the devil who, at night, uttered these frightful cries.

In the desert of Gobi, which divides the mountainous snow-clad plateau of Tibet from the milder regions of Asia, travellers assert that they have heard sounds high up in the sky as of the clash of arms or of musical martial instruments. If travellers fall to the rear or get separated from the caravan, they hear themselves called by name. If they go after the voice that summons them, they lose themselves in the desert. Sometimes they hear the tramp of horses, and taking it for that of their caravan, are drawn away, and wander from the right course and become hopelessly lost. The old Venetian traveller Marco Polo mentions these mysterious sounds, and says that they are produced by the spirits that haunt the desert. They are, however, otherwise explicable. On a vast plain the ear loses the faculty of judging direction and distance of sounds; it fails to possess, so to speak, acoustic perspective. When a man has dropped away from the caravan, his comrades call to him; but he cannot distinguish the direction whence their voices come, and he goes astray after them.

Rubriquis, whom Louis IX. sent in 1253 to the court of Mongu-Khan, the Mongol chief, says that in the Altai Mountains, that fringe the desert of Gobi, demons try to lure travellers astray. As he was riding among them one evening with his Mongol guide, he was exhorted by the latter to pray, because otherwise mishaps might occur through the demons that haunted the mountains luring them out of the right road.

Morier, the Persian traveller, at the beginning of this century speaks of the salt desert near Khom. On it, he says, travellers are led astray by the cry of the goblin Ghul, who, when he has enticed them from the road, rends them with his claws. Russian accounts of Kiev in the beginning of the nineteenth century mention an island lying in a salt marsh between the Caspian and the Aral Sea, where, in the evening, loud sounds are heard like the baying of hounds, and hideous cries as well; consequently, the island is reputed to be haunted, and no one ventures near it.

The traveller Burckhardt, who visited Sinai in 1816, says that from the top of the mountain sometimes by day a thundering noise is heard, like the repeated discharge of cannon. The monks in the monastery assured Burckhardt that it had been heard five years before his visit; and the steward of the convent, who had lived in it forty years, remembered having heard it on several occasions at long intervals. It was not attended by earthquake.

The writer, one autumn night a year or two ago, was startled late by a crash, followed by a loud and strange series of cries. He rushed out of doors, and found that a peacock that had been roosting on the branch of a cedar near the house had fallen down, and woke up with the fall, that

had frightened it considerably and elicited its noisy protest. A relative of the writer was sitting up late one winter night writing, when she was startled by the strangest and most mysterious sounds at the window. The sounds were rasping, slow, and long protracted. Her heart stood still; she hesitated for long what to do; at last she recovered moral courage, went to the window and drew up the blind, to see—one of the deer of the park licking the frosted glass panes for the sea salt that had congealed on them after a gale from the Atlantic.

But one of the weirdest and most perplexing sounds on a window is produced by a snail crawling up the pane. The sound is somewhat musical, but is attended by a grating note caused by the rubbing of the shell against the glass. When the writer first heard this mysterious noise, he met with some difficulty in bringing it home to a snail, the little creature seemed so inadequate to produce such a volume of sound.

In Cornwall, and also in the east of England, a plaintive cry in the air at night is attributed to the Seven Whistlers. Out of the still, dark sky are heard the calls, sad and clear, Ewe! ewe! ewe! They burst loud on the ear, then become fainter, then are again heard loudly. The call is to the soul to depart.

'I heard 'em one dark night last winter,' said an old Folkestone fisherman. 'They came over our heads all of a sudden, singing Ewe! ewe! and the men in the boat wanted to go back. It came on to blow and rain soon afterwards, and was an awful night, sir! And sure enough, before morning a boat upset and seven poor fellows were drowned.'

The passage of the Brent geese has already been spoken of as occasioning the superstition relative to the Wild Huntsman. In the north of England the 'Gabriel Hounds' or 'Gabel-racket' are said to race by in mid-air barking before a death. Mr Henderson, in his *Folklore of the Northern Counties*, says that a friend in Yorkshire informed him that when a child was burned to death in Sheffield a few years ago, the neighbours immediately called to mind how the Gabriel Hounds had passed above the house not long before. From another gentleman he heard of a person who was hastily summoned one night to the sick-bed of a relative whose illness had suddenly assumed an alarming character. As he set out, he heard the wild sound of the creatures above his head; they accompanied him the whole way, about a mile, then paused, and yelped loudly over the house. He entered it; and found that the patient had just expired.

That the Irish Banshee may be traced to an owl admits of little doubt; the description of the cries so closely resembles what is familiar to those who live in an owl-haunted district, as to make the identification all but certain. Owls are capricious birds. One can never calculate on them for hooting. Weeks will elapse without their letting their notes be heard, and then all at once for a night or two they will be audible, and again become silent—even for months.

That most if not all the weird sounds that are heard at night in the air, invested with superstitious terrors, and often magnified and altered in quality by fear, are attributable to birds admits of no doubt. The gun has reduced the number of our wild-birds enormously, and gamekeepers have no pity for owls. How vocal, how full of strange voices the nights must have been of old, when man was armed only with the sling and the bow!

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER XV.—CONCLUSION.

LIKE a thunderbolt out of a blue sky came the announcement next day that the murderer of Margaret Neale was neither Claude Faune nor Mr Musgrave, but—a woman! Even to the man whose intelligence had put the police on the true track, this announcement was a shock. He had not expected it.

The reader will recollect the two main facts in the narrative of Mrs Burton which shed a new light on the brain of Frank Holmes. These were the private marriage of the two persons who had passed as man and wife on the first day the law allowed; and the visit of the woman to Faune's rooms the morning he was arrested. The first fact suggested to Holmes that Musgrave might himself be Julius Vernon; and the second, that the woman's purpose in going there was to drop that parcel of the dead woman's letters in the rooms. They might have heard privately of the arrest at the time; they might be aware the detective was hunting Faune down; they certainly knew that, owing to the man's flight after his suspicious presence in the Park on the night of the murder, the train was laid, ready to be fired, for his arrest. Circumstances all favoured the suspicions against Faune, above all his expected marriage with Miss Clayton.

The chain of evidence against the Musgraves was quickly forged. When the man felt it closing round him with fatal strength, he made one last desperate and revolting effort to secure his own safety by offering his evidence against his wife! He admitted that he was 'Julius Vernon,' and that he had deserted his first wife. He met his second wife abroad, and told her of his former marriage, and that he believed Margaret Neale was dead; but without legal proof of this he could not make Lucy Morelli his wife. She came to England with him, when he explained to her that, in case he was free, a certain term of residence was necessary before they could be married. This term being short, they put up at the *Grand Hotel*. When he found—as no doubt he had expected—that Margaret Neale was living, and in London with Lady Southfort's family, he had much to do to prevent Lucy Morelli from committing suicide. Then her passion suddenly subsided, and he was puzzled what it meant. Then came the fatal night of the 10th of June. He was not dining with his wife that evening; but when he was standing in the Park with Faune he was startled at seeing her pass outside the railings; she halted an instant and looked towards them, but though her face was not visible, he recognised her. He

walked back to Charing Cross, and she was already there before him. By her looks, he knew that something had happened. She admitted she had been to the Park.

'You know what an Italian is,' he said, explanatorily. She did not look at her act with English eyes. She had lured the unsuspecting victim to the spot where 'Julius Vernon' had more than once met her in years gone by, and the swift and sure Italian hand with one silent stroke made Musgrave free. She demanded her bond now. As soon as he realised the awful position in which they stood, he warned her that immediate flight was their only chance. The woman laughed—called him 'white-livered'—and told him not to be a fool: he had been near the spot with another man, and his sudden disappearance now would be sure to bring suspicion quickly on his track. Musgrave was struck with the force of this warning. She was determined to stay there and watch them working in the dark—determined to stay there until he fulfilled his promise and made her his wife. The event showed it to have been the most prudent course. When they heard of the police being on Faune's track, the woman took the parcel of Margaret Neale's letters and dropped them in his rooms, exactly as Holmes concluded it to have been done.

The police, it will be remembered, had been kept in ignorance of the transaction of the cheque. Musgrave was asked what was his business with Faune in the Park that night. He told this story, too, without reservation—he wanted to save his neck, and was willing to tell everything. Musgrave had bought up a large amount of Faune's gambling debts, which, with some money due to himself of the same character, came to thirteen hundred pounds. Faune's confidence in his matrimonial prospects made him a little reckless; but when, on pressing for his money, Faune asked him if he would be satisfied with a ten days' draft, accepted by Mr Clayton but 'not negotiable,' he consented. He got the acceptance, which was due on the 10th of June; Faune was to notify him through the newspaper when ready to pay it. On receiving the five thousand pound cheque he retained the acceptance until the cheque was cleared; he believed the acceptance to be a forgery, but destroyed it on receiving the value of the cheque.

Had he returned Faune the balance of the cheque? No. On learning, that night, of the murder, he at once resolved upon flight; it was not till Monday that he finally decided to remain. He should want this money more than Faune. He knew the signature 'Frank Holmes' on the back of the cheque was spurious, though he was ignorant of Faune's motive for putting it there. He saw Faune that evening (Sunday evening), and perceived that he had been drinking. He told Faune that he would have to return the cheque to him, as he dreaded the risk of taking it to Clayton's bank or passing it through another bank; and pointed out that in this case he would be obliged to present Mr Clayton's acceptance to that gentleman next day for payment. Faune was terribly scared, and too intoxicated to suspect Musgrave's sincerity. Musgrave eventually proposed to attempt the passing of the cheque if Faune would allow him for the risk two thousand pounds in all, which was only seven hundred more than his debt. Faune agreed; and then Musgrave carried his main object, which was to get Faune out of London, and so leave the coast clear for his own escape the moment he got the money. He frightened him to start to Dover, to be ready to cross if he received a telegram of the cheque being refused; Faune being probably sensible that Holmes would owe him no leniency for forging his name, doubtless made him all the readier to adopt this course. He had another motive, too, which Musgrave knew nothing of, but which seconded the proposal. He started for Dover, and of course received neither money nor telegram; and Musgrave, tied in London, and hourly expecting him to return, felt that fate was favouring him when he heard of suspicion having fallen so naturally on the fugitive.

Meanwhile, however, the police had obtained evidence enough of the guilt of Musgrave's wife without his assistance. The handwriting was identified; the unobservant advertisement clerk, confronted in the prison with a row of ten women similarly dressed, immediately recognised Mrs Musgrave; so also did the commissionaire and Mrs Browning. It was found that she had gone out of the hotel the night of the 10th of June at nine o'clock, and there was not the least difficulty in finding the cabman who drove her to and from Hyde Park Corner. Her clothes were examined, with criminating results; and the fatal instrument itself—a stiletto—was discovered in one of her trunks.

Musgrave was now indignant against his wife as the cause of all his trouble. But for her, he would have left London immediately with five thousand pounds, and would now have been far away and safe. He had no scruple, therefore, in offering his testimony against her as the price of his own immunity; but the man's mortification was piteous when he found that his evidence was declined on those terms, and that he would have to take his trial.

We may now dismiss this couple by stating that retribution dealt with Musgrave in a striking fashion. His wife, seeing all hope lost, poisoned herself in her cell, no one being able to tell how she obtained the poison; and Musgrave had to stand his trial alone. He was condemned, and the sentence commuted to penal servitude for life.

Faune was released, and sent once more into the world from which he had so nearly been removed as a felon. As this took place, another man retired into the solitude of hard work and resignation. This was Frank Holmes. The Claytons, father and daughter, were gone to Westgate. Holmes trembled for what would next happen. Faune was free—cleansed of the awful charge; and Mary Clayton would be the last girl living to absolve herself of the reproach of having been a principal cause of the suspicion under which he had suffered. What would she do to make reparation?—rather, what would she not do! considering that she loved the man. To her merciful and gentle eyes, suffering would have purified him of much of his unworthiness. So be it!

Shutting himself in from all knowledge of what was taking place, and working hard in order to drive it out of his mind, Holmes con-

tinued in his rooms for a fortnight, only going out late in the night for a solitary walk on the Embankment. He can hardly realise to this day that the period was only a fortnight. Then one morning came to him a letter bearing the Liverpool postmark in a hand which he knew too well. It was from Faune, announcing his embarkation for Australia; but it contained more. He had seen Mr Clayton; and Holmes inferred from the terms of the letter that Mr Clayton had furnished him with money to start in a new world. But it was not this that brought the blood to the young man's face and the light to his eyes. Faune's letter went on:

'I know now that I wrote to Miss Clayton from Dover. Ask her to show you that letter, because it concerns you. When you have read it, you will perhaps perceive why I refused to explain the reason of my departure from London. I left so suddenly, on account of Musgrave's persuasions, but chiefly because I meant never to return. Had Musgrave sent me my clothes and the money, I should have gone to the Continent. The letter I refer to will explain why I went and why I kept silent. I knew too well that there was nothing to stay or come back for, and I had staked and lost everything. My silence is the only credit due to me. I cared little about my life. Even now I care little about it.'

Seizing his hat, Holmes rushed out to Charing Cross Station and caught a Margate train. By mid-day he arrived there, and started along the cliffs to Westgate. He cared nothing now about that Dover letter—he knew its purport as well as if he had read it—knew why Mary Clayton refused to let him see it. Oh, fool and blind that he had been! not to have known better; not to have known that it was to her pride—wounded by his own blindness—that Faune owed her tolerance of him. Perhaps, in time, when the sobbing of the late troubles was over, she would forgive him; and if forgiveness was ever worth waiting for, that of Mary Clayton surely was.

He met her on one of the walks in front of the *St Mildred's Hotel*, going down to the beach. Some of the colour had returned to her cheeks already; but the moment her eyes met those of Frank Holmes all the tell-tale blood in her glad heart bounded to her face. He took her trembling hand in both his own, caressing it tenderly.

'I had a letter from Faune this morning, Mary, which has sent me down to you, and now, I can't say what I want.'

'Don't say it, Frank,' she answered shyly, looking away. 'Does it matter very much?' For his look had said it all already.

'Were you soon going in?' he asked, hungering for speech which this public place would not allow.

'No, Frank; I was going to have a sail. There are the boats on the beach. Will you come with me?'

Would he, indeed? He threw back his shoulders and strode down the cliff in advance; and when the girl came up, he had the boat ready, and had sent the boatman away to cool himself with beer for a couple of hours.

'Because,' he explained, helping her in, 'I'm going to pull the oars myself. I could pull a barge-load of bricks this morning; and I want you all to myself, Mary.'

Before they returned, Frank Holmes and Mary Clayton were as one in—amongst other things—the opinion that this was the most delightful spot on England's coast; and Mr Clayton, on discovering their opinion, showed the practical side of his character by engaging furnished, for the summer, the prettiest house upon that sunny cliff. The house was occupied very soon.

One day, two months later, when they were again drifting on the pleasant waters, Holmes, after observing his bride's face thoughtfully for some time, asked: 'Mary, are you conscious of it when your eyes are speaking?'

She blushed and laughed.

'It is wonderful,' he said slowly, 'how they do speak. They are always doing it. I have been watching them just now, speaking to the ripples. I know every word they say to *me*.'

'Dear me,' said Mary, smiling, and blushing again. This young man was always bringing blushes to her face now.

'But you can control them, too, Mary,' he went on. 'They never said an encouraging word to me when I was in darkness. You said you gave no answer to Faune; but they gave it—he understood, you see. Ah, those eyes! and they would not speak to me.'

'They did, Frank—one day, over on the cliff, when they were penitent,' she said softly, leaning forward and putting her hand in his.

P. L. M'Dermott.

A WORD FOR THE ROOK AND THE JAY.

One would have thought that the natural history of so familiar a bird as the common Rook had long since been thoroughly established, and that every useful quality, as also the contrary, had been so often repeated by well-known writers on ornithology, that nothing further remained to be said on the one side or the other; but this would appear to be erroneous. Of late, in the north of England, a growing dislike has obtained against the rook. In place of a useful bird, the friend of the farmer, he is now declared to be thoroughly mischievous, and to have changed altogether for the worse. Further, he is accused of having become a thorough poacher, a destroyer of partridges' nests, a pilferer of the fowlhouse, and a bad character in general. And in consequence of these many crimes and offences, we read that a relentless persecution is being carried on against the rook, and both landlords and tenants are combining to destroy the unfortunate bird in every possible way.

All this is surprising. We ask, what possible reason can there be for so general a favourite as the rook suddenly taking to bad habits such as described above, and can they be proved against him? We venture to say that these accusations have been greatly exaggerated, and that those now so eager to exterminate the rook will before long find out their mistake, and regret having drawn such hasty conclusions.

Over and over again, the destruction of birds has ended disastrously. Surely our neighbours

across the Channel have taught us a useful lesson in this respect. There are many parts of France, especially in the neighbourhood of large towns, where, from the cruel practice of killing every bird that flies, however puny and innocent, insects of various kinds have gained the upper hand, with the inevitable result that the crops of the husbandmen, the vines and orchards, all have suffered considerably from the unchecked ravages of these destroyers—thus again proving that the balance of powers as ordered by Nature cannot with impunity be interfered with.

But to return to the rook and his enemies. What is this cry we hear against him from 'far-off Northumbria'? We find it stated, among other serious and novel charges, that 'in a poultry-yard he has become more destructive than a hawk, and that ladies have had to complain of their ducklings, chickens, and eggs being carried off by rooks.' Now, we confidently assert that however true this accusation may be in the north of England, such a state of things is most exceptional, if not altogether unknown in our southern counties; and therefore it would be most ill advised to follow the example of Northumberland landlords and tenants in this wholesale destruction of the rook.

One of the commonest errors, even among fairly well-informed ornithologists, is to mistake the common carrion crow for the rook, which in figure it much resembles, and *vice versâ*. We believe that not one lady in a hundred could distinguish between the two birds either when on the ground or on the wing; and we feel convinced that these tales of slaughtered chickens and ducklings should be laid to the charge of the real culprit, the vagrant crow, and not be foisted on to the shoulders of the poor rook. The carrion crow is fairly numerous in the north of England, still more so in the western parts of the country, but is comparatively rare in the south-eastern counties, the very quarter where the rook is most numerous; and yet, as before stated, we hear of no *fresh* complaints against the rook from our farmers of Kent, Sussex, or Surrey, beyond the old, well-known tiresome habits which have been handed down to posterity, such as, pecking up seed-corn, occasional forays on laid barley or corn in the stooks, potatoes dug out of the ground and carried off, and when pressed by dire hunger during severe winters, a mischievous habit of boring holes in turnips, thus letting in the frost and damp and destroying the root. We quite allow all these and sundry other peccadillos, such as occasionally sucking the eggs of game-birds in dry summers; and sometimes—though we believe this fault to be very rare—killing young pheasants or partridges; and yet we affirm that any experienced, unprejudiced agriculturist given to observing the ways of birds, and thus learning their real value, will at once, without hesitation, wisely spare the rook, scaring him away from the fresh-sown wheat, in place of destroying him with poisoned grain or other cruel methods, knowing well that later, the good qualities of the bird as an insect destroyer will amply reward him for his clemency.

It is a pretty sight on a bright autumn morning to watch a crowd of hungry rooks, often in company with a beautiful flock of sea-gulls, following the plough, as the fresh earth, crumbled by the keen frost of the previous night, is turned over to the surface by the gleaming steel as it cuts its way through the hard ground. What is it that attracts that black mass of keen-eyed birds so close up to the ploughman's heels, struggling and hustling one another who shall first grip the prey? We know, or should know, quite well what they are about. Those rooks and their companions the sea-gulls are devouring in thousands various kinds of mischievous grubs, and worms, which would later, if left unmolested and to their own devices play havoc with the crop. Jack Frost when let into the ground by the plough's deep furrow quickly destroys the eggs of insects; but were there no rooks to pick up the old ones, they would bury themselves again in the soil, and later lay their eggs afresh.

It is interesting to watch the rook busy devouring earthworms on the pastures, especially after a heavy roller has passed over the grass, awakening sluggish Lumbricus from his repose, and causing him to peep out. In an instant the keen black eye of the rook fastens on the unfortunate; one quick blow of the bill and he has him by the head, and draws the reluctant wretch slowly and steadily from his retreat; for, mind you, he has no intention of breaking the worm in half by a too sudden jerk or pull, and thus losing half the spoil. A good-sized earthworm holds on tenaciously in this extremity, its ringed muscular body enabling it to cling strongly to the sides of its burrow. If the rook finds that the worm is too long to draw out with one effort, he doesn't let go his hold; the clever bird knows quite well that if he did so, the worm would instantly disappear like a spiral spring; so, to prevent such a catastrophe, not to say disappointment, the cunning old rook, having drawn Mr Worm out a good stretch, calmly and carefully places his foot down on it just where the tightened body comes out of the ground, and *then* quits his hold of the head, seizes the creature lower down, draws it out, and leisurely discusses the tender morsel.

When thus harmlessly employed, the rook shows great confidence in man, allowing the passer-by to approach quite close to him, and then only walking jauntily away without taking wing. But at other times, when bent on mischief, and engaged in picking up the farmer's seed-corn, the crafty bird is perfectly well aware that he is doing harm, and shows great wariness to guard against surprise. Two or three vigilant sentries are often posted on the tops of trees hard by to keep a lookout all round, and a single 'caw' of alarm from one of these keen-eyed watchmen —more especially if the intruder proves to be the dreaded 'man with the gun'—produces an instantaneous effect on the black mass of rooks; and it is amusing at such times to observe the hurry and confusion betrayed by the conscience-stricken birds, as, with hurried scrambling flight and hoarse croaks of fear, they make off in every direction.

Rooks, however, when once they have discovered newly-sown wheat are very persistent and tiresome in returning to the spot; and keeping well away from hedgerows and cover of any kind, settle down in the middle of the field, out of gunshot range, and unless an active crow-

boy is constantly on the move, speedily do mischief. A common round bullet discharged from a gun, and so aimed that the ball ricochets through the midst of a mass of rooks feeding on forbidden ground, has a wholesome effect on their nerves. The flock, scared by the report of the gun and whiz of the bullet in their midst, quickly disappear, and will not trouble the spot again for many a day.

Included in the Crow family is that beautiful merry bird the Jay. The old lines,

> The joy-bird sat on the hickory limb;
> He winked at me, and I winked at him,

give us an idea of his lively social character; but one would imagine, from the constant persecution he receives, that a greater sinner among birds never flew. Here, again, we venture to say that when the sum-total of his misdoings are fairly recorded there is little to justify such ill-usage. The gamekeeper is the jay's special enemy; and it cannot be denied that occasionally, though we affirm rarely, the bird destroys the eggs of pheasants and partridges. Undoubtedly the jay is by nature a regular and inveterate egg-sucker; but the patient observer will find that the bird devotes his chief attention to the nests of small birds, more especially the thrush and blackbird, which are generally built in the thicket or evergreen shrubs, and that he seldom interferes with or searches for nests containing eggs *on the ground*. Moreover, the jay is arboreal in his habits, preferring the gloom of our densest woods, and seldom quitting them for a more open country. And we know that although pheasants inhabit the same coverts as the jay during the autumn and winter, yet, when spring arrives, and the hen-pheasant begins to look for a nesting-place, she leaves the thick woods and wanders away along hedgerows, narrow plantations, or lanes bordered by thick grass. Often enough she foolishly pitches upon a spot close to a much frequented high-road; but wherever the nest is made, it is nearly always away from and not within dense woods.

The partridge generally inhabits a still more open country during the 'danger' season, or, in other words, when she has maternal cares. Often enough her eggs are deposited in meadows or clover, so that both these game-birds at their nesting-time are away from the haunts of the wood-loving jay.

Again, we constantly hear it said by keepers that the jay uses his powerful conical-shaped bill in destroying the young of game-birds; but we maintain, from long experience, that this accusation is the exception, not the rule, and that many a time the misdeeds of the magpie —a really mischievous bird and an enemy to game of all kinds—have been through ignorance laid to the door of the jay.

For the rest, a sly visit to the cherry orchard betimes in the early morning, or an occasional inroad on the gardener's peas, and such-like small crimes, and we have recorded the besetting sins of the poor jay. The gamekeeper would do well to remember, before he raises his gun or sets his trap, that many is the time when the harsh grating alarm-cry from the depth of the wood of the ever-watchful jay has caused him to pause and listen, for he well knows from the bird's cry that something is on the move disturbing the covert, maybe a poacher busy with his ferrets, a prowling cat, or, likely enough, if towards evening, Mr Reynard the fox starting on his rounds.

J. H. B.

TOFANA, THE ITALIAN POISONER.

In the annals of most lands we generally find some period when the lust of shedding human blood was rampant; but few can point to a worse condition of existence than that which prevailed in the Italy of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, the Italy of the petty republics and principalities, when the most brutal selfishness and most cringing servility went hand in hand. When baseness, deceit, cruelty, and selfishness are combined in the character of public men, the profession of secret murder becomes one of the fine arts; in fact, so callous do people grow that they cease to think of killing as murder, but simply as the removal of a hateful object.

The most remarkable of these professional poisoners was a woman, by name Tofana, a native of Palermo. This monster, while still a young girl, by some means or other became possessed of the recipe for a mixture of which from four to eight drops were fatal. This liquid, which has become known under the name of 'Tofana Water,' has been described as clear, tasteless, colourless, and odourless. It was of such a nature that it baffled the cleverest medical men of the seventeenth century, and the acutest analysts were utterly unable to testify to its presence in the organs of one of its victims after the most searching post-mortem examination. It was, in fact, the poisoner's beau-idéal of a poison. Doubtless, if some modern Tofana were to make use of this so-called 'water,' she would not have the same guarantee of absolute security which her seventeenth-century prototype possessed. In the period during which she flourished, chemistry had scarcely risen to the dignity of a science; but in this nineteenth century it is not only an experimental but also a mathematical science. Our analysts can speak with as absolute certainty of the most infinitesimal quantities as others can of tons; they are accustomed to weigh with a balance which indicates the tenth of a milligramme (that is, the ·00154 of a grain) with perfect distinctness; while many of their tests are sufficiently delicate to point out without the shadow of a doubt the presence of even the millionth part of a grain.

In the Italy of the period in question, women were but little better than the slaves of their male relatives; they were married or divorced in the most reckless way to promote political or social alliances, and generally discovered their places to be occupied by some other fair ones, who, though more favoured, were perhaps neither more nor less frail than themselves. It was to such wretched women that the infamous Tofana sold her secret, and with society in such a state, there were only too many fair ones who thought they could be benefited by the removal of some hard or faithless lord or some more favoured rival.

The first dose, administered in wine or tea or some other liquid by the flattering traitress,

produced but a scarcely noticeable effect; the husband became a little out of sorts, felt weak and languid, so little indisposed that he would scarce call in a medical man; but if he did, it was only to be told it was a mere nothing, which a draught or two would put to rights. After the second dose of poison, this weakness and languor became more pronounced, and the doctor would begin to think that, after all, the patient required to be put on a course of diet and rest. The beautiful Medea who expressed so much anxiety for her husband's indisposition would scarcely be an object of suspicion, and perhaps would prepare her husband's food, as prescribed by the doctor, with her own fair hands. In this way the third drop would be administered, and would prostrate even the most vigorous man. The doctor would be completely puzzled to see that the apparently simple ailment did not surrender to his drugs, and while he would be still in the dark as to its nature, other doses would be given, until at length death would claim the victim for his own.

Then, when too late, the dreadful word 'poison' would be uttered; upon which, of course, to save her fair fame, the wife would demand a post-mortem examination. Result, nothing; except that the woman was able to pose as a slandered innocent, and then it would be remembered that her husband died without either pain, inflammation, fever, or spasms. If, after this, the woman within a year or two formed a new connection, nobody could blame her; for, everything considered, it would be a sore trial for her to continue to bear the name of a man whose relatives had accused her of poisoning him.

While still at Palermo, Tofana became acquainted with an old sorceress, Hieronyma Spara, to whom she imparted her secret. The two worked together until the number of deaths among young married men began to attract attention; whereupon Tofana started for Naples, while Spara betook herself to the Eternal City. At Rome, Spara began operations on an extended scale. She formed a band of poisoners, the principal of whom was a woman named Gratiosa, for, be it remembered Spara was well up in years. Spara's method of working seems to have been this: she gave herself out as a sorceress and fortune-teller, and in this capacity wormed the secrets out of the hearts of the silly women who consulted her. She would then cleverly insinuate that in three or four days the cruel husband or the faithless man, as the case might be, could be removed with the most absolute safety. A bargain was struck; mutual promises of the most profound secrecy were exchanged; and within the week there was a new widow in Rome. If the discontented wife were a member of the middle classes, Spara artfully contrived that the dangerous portion of the negotiations should be carried on by some of the other members of the gang; for she judged that the women of the 'masses' would be much more likely to betray her than the women of the 'classes.'

Of course, the number of deaths among newly-married men soon attracted the attention of the authorities in Rome, as it had done in Palermo; but though the police may have had their suspicions, it was some time before they were able to bring the crimes home to the proper quarters; even after they knew that the sorceress Spara was implicated, it was long before they could obtain proof positive. At length, however, they found a lady who was willing to act in concert with them; and so well did this amateur detective carry out her rôle, that at last the police knew all the principal members of this infamous gang.

The band was taken and put to the torture, according to the custom of the time. All confessed except Spara, who seems to have had so little knowledge of human nature as to have thought some of the frail ladies whom she had assisted would step forward to protect her from justice. She withstood the torture several times, but, as no relief came, at length cried out in despair: 'Where are the Roman princes, nobles, and knights who have made use of my art? Where are the ladies who have promised me their favour?' But they came not; whereupon the miserable wretch denounced them all and confessed her crimes.

Pope Alexander VII. ordered Spara, Gratiosa, and three others to be executed at once; within the month he sent several others of them to their last account; and the remainder he banished for ever.

It was in 1658 that this band of secret murderers was thus broken up and destroyed.

Meanwhile, the prime villain was still at large, exercising her terrible vocation not only at Naples, which was her headquarters, but in various parts of Italy. For many years she evaded the police and the custom-house officers with her bottles of poison in her luggage; and death after death in the most mysterious way was reported. At last, by mere accident it was discovered that a little old woman, a voluble and lively talker, was the infamous wretch who carried death far and near. In her luggage were found bottles labelled, 'Manna of St Nicholas of Bari,' and embellished with the saint's portrait, just as if it had been a registered trade-mark. At Bari, where St Nicholas was buried, the monks pretended that an oil-spring with miraculous healing properties welled out of his grave. This oil or 'manna' was sacred, and no policeman or custom-house officer dared lay profane hands upon it. No wonder, therefore, that the chatty little old woman who carried this healing oil about was allowed to pass unmolested.

As soon as the terrible secret was discovered, Tofana fled to a convent which had the right of sanctuary. General Thaun, Viceroy of Naples, gave orders for her arrest; but the sanctuary could not be broken, and all the religious bodies in Naples seemed determined to protect the wicked old wretch who had set religion at defiance. The contest between Church and State was continued with bitterness, until at last General Thaun lost patience and tore the wretch out of sanctuary by main force. This was in 1709.

At first, Tofana maintained her innocence; but, on being put to the torture, confessed ultimately to no fewer than six hundred murders! Short work was made of her after this, and she was condemned to be strangled. Just before her death, she also confessed that she had, only a day or so before her arrest, sent two boxes of her 'manna' to Rome, addressed in initials. All haste was made to the Eternal City, and

the boxes were found as described; but no one ever claimed them.

What was this poison? It is known as Tofana Water (Aqua della Tofana); but what was its composition? There have been many conjectures on this subject, some of them of the wildest description: (1) That it was principally composed of the saliva of mad people; (2) that it was nitric acid; (3) that it was a preparation of poppy and Spanish fly; (4) that it was sugar of lead and Spanish fly; (5) that it was extract of snapdragon, a common flower; and so on. Scientific men, however, are disposed generally to believe it to be an artfully disguised preparation of arsenic; and Garelli, head physician to the Emperor Charles VI., stated that his imperial master, who saw the official reports of the trial, told him it was a preparation of crystallised arsenic dissolved in water with *Herba Cymbalaria*.

Whatever the poison may have been, the reports as to its action would seem to have been exaggerated, for no known poison would work precisely as reported—at once so bland and so deadly; while, on the other hand, we think we are speaking with the strictest scientific accuracy when we state that the modern toxicologist would undertake to detect every and any poison administered in a fatal dose, if the case were presented to him within a reasonable time after death.

A VERY OLD DICTIONARY.

BURROWING lately in that great storehouse of literature, the British Museum Reading Room, the writer happened to light on a quaint old dictionary, which illustrates in a striking manner the growth of the English language, and the changes it has undergone during the last two centuries and a half. It is a small paltry volume, duodecimo size, dated 1626, and entitled in the prolix fashion of the time, 'The English Dictionarie: or An Interpreter of Hard English Words, enabling as well Ladies and Gentlewomen, Young Schollers, Clarkes, Merchants, as also Strangers of any Nation to the understanding,' &c., by H. C., Gent. The author was Henry Cockeram, belonging to a Herefordshire family. His little book, which ran through many editions, was one of the earliest dictionaries published, a similar volume by a Dr Bullokar, a medical man, being dated a few years earlier. Both confine themselves very much to the more difficult words; indeed, the interpretation of 'hard' words, rather than the explanation of all words great and small, seems to have been the leading notion in the minds of these early lexicographers. The derivation of words was not even thought of at that stage, the first to attempt etymologies being Nathan Bailey, of Stepney, about a hundred years later; and after him Dr Johnson.

Many curious features are noticeable in these seventeenth-century manuals in the way of obsolete words, quaint definitions, and the alterations of meaning which many English words still in use have undergone. Probably few persons who have not investigated the matter have any idea of the extensive changes that have taken place in these as well as in other departments of philology. The scientific study of the origins of words, more especially, is a comparatively recent thing. Cowper gave humorous expression to the prevailing indifference on the subject in his time when he wrote:

> Those learned philologists who chase
> A panting syllable through time and space,
> Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark
> To Gaul—to Greece—and into Noah's ark.

But we have changed all that, and it may therefore not be a superfluous task to give some illustrations, from Cockeram's work, of the contrast between English past and present—that is, between the philological fashions current in the reign of James I. and those of the present day.

As examples of the changes which have taken place in the meaning of many English words still in use, may be noted the following: 'enormious,' (*sic*) meaning 'wicked,' a signification still surviving in the substantive enormity; 'buxom,' which is rendered 'pliant, obedient,' and 'buxomness' as 'lovliness'—both of which meanings, although found in modern dictionaries, are quite obsolete. And nowadays, in addition to jolly, which is the usual modern acceptation of the word, the element of stoutness must also be included. Nobody ever heard buxom applied to a thin woman. An equivalent for 'solitary' is found in 'monastical' which is at least an example of solitary living. Then we have to 'blunder' paraphrased by 'to bestir one's self;' to 'improve,' to 'raise rents;' 'impeach,' to 'hinder;' and 'vegetate,' to 'make strong.' Among substantives, 'catastrophe' has an odd signification, the rendering being 'the end of a comedy,' in which sense it is used by Shakespeare, although the end of a tragedy would be nearer the present meaning. Other instances are 'orchestra,' meaning 'a skaffold;' 'sycophant,' 'a false accuser;' 'sinews,' 'nerves;' 'appendix,' 'a waiter;' 'miscreant,' 'an infidel,' applied to Joan of Arc by Shakespeare; 'speculation,' a 'watching in high places.' The latter two are both literal renderings according to the etymology, and much more exact than the modern explanations. So also 'harbinger,' 'one that takes up lodgings for others;' and 'illustrate,' to 'make famous or noble,' a legitimate explanation, if we consider it is from the same root as illustrious. 'Illustrate' and 'illustration,' however, are now chiefly used in connection with the embellishment of books or periodicals. A century ago, 'decorations' was the usual term, as, for example, 'The Works of William Shenstone, with Decorations.'

Many of the definitions are amusing, and some of them ludicrously absurd. The 'pole' is described as 'the end of the axle-tree whereon the heavens do move,' a very primitive explanation. The 'Hebridean wave' seems rather a poetical substitute for the 'Irish Sea;' and a 'badger' is a still more extraordinary equivalent for a corn-merchant—'one that buys corne or other victual in one place to sell it in another.' Still funnier are some of the natural-history definitions. A 'baboon' is said to be 'a beast like an ape but farre bigger;' a 'lynx' is 'a spotted beast—it hath a most perfect sight, insomuch as it is said that it can see thorow a wall.' The account of the 'salamander' reads like an

elaborate joke—'a small venomous beast with foure feet and a short taile; it lives in the fire, and at length, by his extreme cold, puts out the fire.' Turning to more general topics, we have the 'alphabet' defined as 'the cross rowe of letters;' and 'an abecedarian' is 'one who teaches the cross rowe.' According to Cockeram, 'an idiote' is 'an unlearned asse;' a 'labourer,' a 'swinker;' and 'a heretick' is sketched more roundaboutly, but with a clear assertion of the right of private opinion, as 'he which maketh choice of himselfe what poynts of religion he will believe and what hee will not.' Then from classic times, the 'Olympic games' are 'solemn games of activity;' and 'Amphitrite' is not, as usual, the goddess of the sea, but the 'sea' itself. 'Mathematicks' and 'mathematicians' are hardly dealt with. The latter means 'a soothsayer;' and the science, as defined, includes nearly all knowledge—'the arts of arithmetic, musick, geographie, geometrie, astronomy, astrology, cosmography;' reminding one of the trivium and quadrivium of the schoolmen of the middle ages. 'Actresse' has a very literal and interesting signification—'a woman doer;' but at this decade of the seventeenth century there were no actresses in the modern sense of the term, the female parts being then taken by boys or young men. Women actors first appeared in 1660.

Words which have become obsolete are numerous. There is 'agonist,' meaning a 'champion,' or one striving for the mastery; 'adequate,' as a verb, 'to make level;' 'buccinate,' 'to blow a trumpet;' 'aduncity,' 'hookedness,' both words being extinct. 'Caleb' is explained as 'a bachelor,' an apparently unaccountable definition; 'ventoy' interpreted as a lady's fan;. and many others. There is a large class of other words which have come down to us only in other forms or parts of speech. Take, as apt examples, in our English of to-day, threnody, but not 'threne,' a lamentation; lassitude, but not the verbal form to 'lassate;' ineffable, but not 'effable;' behests, but not 'hests;' excelsior, excelling, &c., but not 'exelcitie;' germane, but not 'germanitie,' brotherhood; internecine, but not 'internecate;' tragedy, but not 'tragedize,' both of these old verbs meaning to 'kill.' Some words, again, have survived, but with a change of prefix, such as 'sufflated,' 'conspicuity,' 'adcorporated,' 'orambulate,' instead of inflated, perspicuity, incorporated, perambulate, as they are now printed. These various examples of changes in the language are both interesting and instructive, and show, what is indeed more obvious now than at any former period, that the English vocabulary is not a fixed quantity, but is constantly gaining accessions or suffering diminution. And it may be here said that in recent years the influx of slang phrases and words, and a too facile habit among all classes of making use of them, may afford ground for the opinion that the well of 'English undefiled' is more turbid than it was.

An interesting question suggested by this ancient waif of a book is the number of English words now existing. Considerable difference of opinion exists on this point. Mr George P. Marsh, an American author of repute, in his *Lectures on the English Language*, estimates that the number (in 1861) 'probably does not fall short of one hundred thousand;' and large additions, especially in art and science, have come into use since that date. Other writers, however, come to a different conclusion, and think that forty thousand would include the whole. It depends a good deal on how calculations are made. If all the subsidiary words—participles and the like—are to be taken into account, it will swell the sum-total very considerably. Taking the first three words that occur at random, we find that from 'demonstrate,' in one of our modern dictionaries, there are thirteen derivatives; from the word 'bright' there are twelve; and from 'deplore' there are ten. There is also redundance in other forms. In one of Todd's editions of Dr Johnson there are upwards of eighty words with the prefix 'all'—all-complying, all-divining, all-drowsy, and so on—a very notable instance of dictionary padding. In ways like these the vocabulary may be indefinitely increased. Probably, if we take leading words and all their derivatives, the number at the present time will exceed Mr Marsh's estimate. An approximate verification of this may be found by multiplying the number of pages in any good modern dictionary by the average number of words in a page. Shakespeare's works, it is believed, include about fifteen thousand separate words, and Milton's about eight thousand; but from these figures we have no criterion of the extent of the actual English vocabulary. It may be mentioned here that while Cockeram has only about seven or eight thousand words, there are in Bailey's Dictionary approximately about thirty-six thousand, and in Johnson's not more than that. In some of the larger modern works, again, the figures, as has been said, reach to upwards of one hundred thousand.

In Dr Johnson's vocabulary many technical and scientific terms were omitted, and in his original preface he excuses himself in a very naïve and characteristic fashion. 'I could not,' he says, 'visit caverns to learn the miner's language, nor take a voyage to perfect my skill in the dialect of navigation, nor visit the warehouses of merchants and the shops of artificers to gain the names of wares, tools, and operations of which no mention is found in books.' An adverse critic might be inclined to ask, why not? But all the same, it will be readily conceded that he did a great work according to his lights. The science of philology has been revolutionised since his day, but his labours largely contributed to the earlier stages of its progress.

PALM-WINE.

MEN of all races have by some instinctive process discovered the art of preparing fermented liquors. These liquors are produced, either directly or indirectly, from the natural sugars which plants contain, or from the sugars which we prepare by artificial means. Hence it is that whatever be the material from which these liquors are made—whether the juice of the sugar-cane, the must of the grape, the wort of malted grain, the sap of the palm-tree, the juice of the apple or the pear, the milk of the Tartar mare, the sap of the aloe, or the juice of the ava—the intoxicating principle present in them is always the same—namely, alcohol. From this it follows

as a natural consequence that the effects of these exhilarating beverages upon the human system are in nearly every case the same. A wide difference, therefore, prevails between fermented liquors and narcotics; for we find that, unlike fermented liquors, each narcotic indulgence produces its own peculiar and special effect.

Though we know but little of palm-wine in Europe, it is largely used as an exhilarating beverage in India and other parts of Asia, in the islands of the Pacific Ocean, in Africa, and in some parts of America, such as Chili; indeed, it is probably consumed by a larger number of the human race than the wine produced from the grape.

Most trees of the palm tribe contain a sap which is rich in saccharine matter, and it is from this sweet juice that palm-wine—or, as it is sometimes called, 'toddy'—is prepared. At least two methods of obtaining this sap appear to be generally employed. In the islands of the Pacific the spathe or flowering head of the palm-tree is bound up tightly with sennit, and is then cut. The sap exudes from the wound, and is caught in a cocoa-nut shell suspended underneath. When the juice ceases to drop, another piece is cut off the spathe, a fresh quantity of sap is obtained, and the process is repeated until the spathe is entirely removed. Soon, however, a new flowering head is formed above the old one, and this, when sufficiently grown, is treated in exactly the same manner.

On the west coast of Africa the sap is obtained by making an incision just below the crown of leaves with which a palm-tree is surmounted. The incision slopes upwards and inwards; and the juice which exudes is conducted by a small piece of bamboo into a gourd or vessel placed underneath the wound.

The sugar which the sap contains is exactly the same kind as is yielded by the sugar-cane. In some countries, therefore, the palm-juice is boiled down after proper treatment, and furnishes a sugar which, when refined, cannot be distinguished from the best produce of the West India Islands. In other countries the sap is allowed to ferment spontaneously—a change which occurs very quickly in hot countries—the sugar is thereby converted into alcohol, and the liquid acquires intoxicating properties.

As might be expected, the juice of a palm-tree varies both in quality and quantity with the species of palm from which it is extracted. The place of growth also appears to exert considerable influence upon the readiness with which the sap ferments. Hence it is that different varieties of palms are employed in different parts of the world for the preparation of wine or toddy. On the western coast of Africa, for example, the beverage is obtained from the oil-palms, a species which are said to yield wine of the best quality. The tree is tapped in the evening; and in the morning the gourd which receives the sap is found filled with a liquid somewhat resembling the milk of a cocoa-nut, but richer and sweeter. The juice soon ferments and becomes intoxicating, but the percentage of alcohol which it contains is comparatively small.

In the fertile oases with which the Sahara and the other deserts of Northern Africa are dotted, large groves of date-palms are to be seen, from which the Arabs and other wandering tribes of the desert obtain an intoxicating beverage which they call *lagmi*. When drunk immediately, the sap of this palm resembles rich milk; but when allowed to stand for a time, it ferments, and acquires the flavour and sparkling qualities of champagne.

The use of wine is strictly prohibited by the Koran, but the intoxicated Mohammedan excuses his apparent disregard of the injunctions of the Prophet by saying: 'Lagmi is not wine, and the prohibition of the Koran refers to wine.'

The same species of palm-tree is very abundant in the hilly Indian province of Bahar. Here the annual tapping for toddy is made on alternate sides of the tree, and in this way the trunks become curiously distorted, growing upwards in a zigzag direction. In other parts of India the beautiful fan-palm and the toddy-palm are the varieties chiefly employed in the manufacture of the wine. The toddy-palm will frequently yield more than one hundred pints of sap in the course of twenty-four hours!

In Ceylon, whole forests of the cocoa-palm are set apart for the preparations of fermented liquor; while in the islands of the Indian Archipelago, the Moluccas, and the Philippines, it is the sap of the gommutti-palm which is allowed to ferment and furnish an exhilarating beverage known as *neva*. The natives of the beautiful islands of the Pacific obtain their toddy or *karaca* by wounding the flowering head of the cocoa-nut tree; and each tree yields from two to six pints of liquid in twenty-four hours. When drunk immediately, it closely resembles the milk of the young cocoa-nut; but when allowed to stand for a few hours, it ferments, acquires intoxicating properties, and becomes acid.

Nearly everywhere in Africa and in many parts of Asia the fermented sap is subjected to distillation, and thus yields a strong brandy or spirit, which, like palm-wine itself, has received different names according to the district in which it is produced, or the variety of palm from which the wine has been procured.

FULFILMENT.

'Under the influence of the sun the last remnants of winter vanish, almost, as it seems to us, by magic; leaves open, birds sing, and flowers smile from the brown earth. It is as if some good enchanter had waved his wand and transformed all.'

Lo, Spring is here! Her soft, transforming hand
She lays on branches, cold and brown and bare,
And swift, like work of some magician's wand,
Verdure and bloom are round us everywhere:
Buds open in the warm and perfumed air;
And birds' glad voices thrill the grateful ear;
Each moment sees the birth of something fair.
The April morn is fresh, serene, and clear;
No withered forms make sad the heart that grieves
O'er Autumn's hectic glory; all is new,
And 'mid the loveliness of half-blown leaves,
The kind Spring sun shines in a heaven of blue.
Linger a while, delicious days! ye are
More charming than full Summer's radiance far.

J. C. Howden.

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LOVERS OF HORACE.

Of all the poets of antiquity, Horace has always been the favourite and chosen companion of men of letters of every kind and rank from his own day to the present time. The reason is not far to seek: It was the attractive personality of Horace, his kindly nature and genial good-fellowship, that made him ever welcome in his own memorable circle of friends in ancient Rome. The friend of Varius and Virgil, of Mæcenas and Augustus, has since, for similar reasons, been, through his writings, the friend of men the most diverse in position and occupation. Horace's love of books and of the country, his abundant lyrical power, the cheerful optimism of the poems, their genial humanity and philosophic content, have all successfully appealed, and will continue to appeal, to each successive generation of lovers of letters.

The admirers of Horace are of every age and of all nations. Dante places him second to Homer; Cowley, who had for Horace, says Dean Sprat, a 'peculiar reverence,' calls him 'the next best poet in the world to Virgil.' French men of letters of the most varying natures—Fénelon, La Fontaine, Bossuet, Boileau, Voltaire—all pay homage to the Roman poet. Boileau endeavoured to imitate his great predecessor by writing satires, epistles, and an *Art of Poetry*. The last work served Pope as a model for his Essay on Criticism. Malherbe had his Horace always with him whether at home or in the fields, and called the poet his breviary. Montaigne, a thorough Horatian in taste and nature, is steeped in the writings of the Roman poet. To both Gascon and Latin might be attributed the confession of Mr Hardcastle in Goldsmith's comedy: 'I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine.'

The great Condorcet, when hiding during the Reign of Terror, made a copy of Horace his constant companion, until at last the little book helped to seal his doom. In rags and worn out with hunger and fatigue, he left the thickets and quarries about Paris in which he had been lurking, and entering a tavern in the village of Clamars, asked for breakfast. His appearance at once aroused suspicion, notwithstanding his explanation that he was a 'servant out of place.' He was seized and searched. In his pocket was found a Latin Horace—hardly the usual kind of reading with lackeys out of place. The passage to the prison cell was short, and there, with his Horace open beside him, Condorcet was found dead on the following morning. Horace was a consolation in death to another famous man. When Cornelius de Witt was sentenced to banishment on a false charge of conspiring to procure the death of the Prince of Orange, his greater brother, the famous John de Witt, resolved to accompany him. They were leaving the Hague, when an infuriated mob attacked them and tore them savagely in pieces in the street. In the midst of his agonies, Cornelius repeated one of Horace's Odes—the third of the third book—whose opening words were peculiarly applicable to his most unhappy condition.

Love for Horace has in one or two instances been carried almost to an extreme. A Cambridgeshire gentleman named Underwood, who died in 1773, left a will containing some curiously eccentric directions as to his funeral. The terms of the will were duly observed, and among other unusual features of the ceremony, the last stanza of the twentieth ode of the second book of Horace was sung by six gentlemen during the interment; and the thirty-first ode of the first book was similarly performed at the funeral supper after the ceremony. Inside the coffin were placed, with other books, copies of various editions of the favourite classic. Under the head of the deceased, who was fully dressed, was placed Sanadon's Horace; and at his feet was Bentley's Milton. The right hand held a small Greek Testament, and the left a miniature edition of his beloved Horace, while Bentley's edition of the same poet lay under the back. The famous orientalist, Sir William Jones, always carried a copy of Horace in his pocket, and in his will ordered that it

should be buried with him, which direction was duly carried out.

When Dryden was buried in Westminster Abbey on May 13, 1701, the public funeral was preceded by an interesting ceremony at the College of Physicians, where the poet's body had been embalmed and had lain in state for some days. Dr Garth, the poet of *Dispensary* fame, delivered a Latin funeral oration, and the nobly prophetic ode of Horace, beginning 'Exegi monumentum ære perennius,' was solemnly sung to music.

The English love for the Roman poet is well seen in the immense variety of translations and imitations which during the last three hundred years have appeared in endless succession, and to which every year adds its quota. The first appearance of Horace in English was a version of the first two satires published by Thomas Colwell in 1565. In the following year Thomas Drant issued his translation of the two books of Satires in somewhat strange conjunction with a metrical version of Jeremiah. Drant added in 1567 a translation of the Ars Poetica and the Epistles, and in his preface curiously says: 'I can soner translate twelve verses out of the Greek Homer than sixe oute of Horace.' How was it, one may ask, that the worthy man published no translation of any part of Homer, but remained faithful to the less congenial Horace? To name all the many translators who have rendered either detached poems or the entire works of Horace into English would be impossible. Milton translated the Ode to Pyrrha and a number of detached sentences containing striking thoughts. Dryden imitated some of the Odes and Satires, and stimulated Creech to the production of his complete version. Walsh and Otway translated single lyrics; Marvell and Broome were responsible for others. A certain poet named Coxwell translated all the Odes, and his renderings, if not very poetical, are at least amusing. He commences the address to Mæcenas:

> Great sir, that didst from Royal Race descend,
> My safeguard, dear and honoured friend.

A duller versifier was Samuel Dunster, who issued a version of the Satires and Epistles in 1710, which supplied the satirists of the day with a target for their shafts. Thomas Francklin wrote:

> O'er Tibur's swan the Muses wept in vain,
> And mourned their Bard by cruel Dunster slain.

In recent times, the translators have been legion, from Barry Cornwall and Leigh Hunt to Professor Conington, Lord Lytton, and Sir Theodore Martin.

But attachment to Horace among Englishmen has not been confined to the army of translators nor to the writers, such as Cowley and Pope, whose works show plainly the influence of the Roman poet. Horace has been appreciated by students of all ranks and classes. Hooker, the divine, took refuge with him in the fields beyond the sound of his Xantippe's voice. Chesterfield, the man of the world, said that when he talked his best he quoted Horace. Gibbon says that while serving in the militia, 'in every march, in every journey, Horace was always in my pocket, and often in my hand.' Pye, the poet-laureate, who was also a magistrate, was a lover of Horace, although he failed to catch any of his lyrical inspiration. Another magistrate of similar tastes was Mr Kinnaird, who used to form one of the set of acquaintances, including Leigh Hunt, Fuseli, and Bonnycastle, that early in this century were in the habit of meeting at the table of Mr Hunter, the bookseller, in St Paul's Churchyard. Mr Kinnaird, says Leigh Hunt, 'had a body that "had increased, was increasing, and ought to have been diminished." Next to his bottle, he was fond of his Horace; and in the intervals of business at the police-office would enjoy both in his armchair.' An extraordinary classicist was Tillimant Bobart, Bachelor of Arts and stagecoach driver. Bobart took his degree at Oxford; but instead of pursuing the paths of learning, preferred the occupation of driving the Oxford stage, of which he was proprietor. From his seat on the box he would astonish his passengers by his acquaintance with the classics, and, as Leigh Hunt says, capped verses and the front of his hat with equal dexterity, and read Horace over his brandy-and-water of an evening.

Matthew Prior when a youth was found by the Earl of Dorset reading Horace in his uncle's tavern, the *Rummer*, at Charing Cross. The Earl generously sent him to Cambridge; and the reading of the Roman classic laid the foundation of the fame and prosperity of the future poet and statesman. The liking for Horace did not desert him later in life, as may be seen from his account in *The Secretary* of his mode of spending Saturday evening when acting as Secretary of Embassy at the Hague. A statesman of a later day, Warren Hastings, occupied himself, on his voyage from Bengal to England to face his accusers, by writing imitations of Horace's Odes. Public men of our own time, such as Mr Gladstone and the late Lord Derby, have made excellent translations of detached odes.

The late President Garfield showed his love for the Roman poet in another way: he made a very large collection of the different editions of the works of Horace. A Manchester gentleman is said to possess over seven hundred and fifty volumes of editions and translations of Horace, and this is probably the largest collection of the kind in this country. The number of volumes in Garfield's possession we do not know, but the collection was considered to be the most complete in America. A visitor to the President is said to have found him at work surrounded by piles of books, and when asked the nature of his occupation, Garfield replied: 'I find I am overworked, and need recreation. Now, my theory is that the best way to rest the mind is not to let it be idle, but to put it to something quite outside of the

ordinary line of its employment. So I am resting by learning all the Congressional Library can show about Horace and the various editions and translations of his poems.'

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XVI.—WE SIGHT A WRECK.

THE wonder and excitement raised in us by the extraordinary forecastle conspiracy to plunder the ship's mail-room passed away in two or three days. Monotony at sea is heavy and flattening. It passes over the soul as an iron roller over a lawn, and smooths down every asperity of memory into the merest flatness of moods and humours. Hemmeridge showed himself no more. He lay hid in his cabin, where he was fed, by the captain's orders, from the cuddy table; but he refused to leave his berth, swore he would not prescribe so much as a pill though a pestilence should fall upon the whole ship's company, and virtually left us all without the means of obtaining professional advice.

Three days passed away. It was a Monday morning, as very well, indeed, do I remember. I went on deck at about seven o'clock for a bath; and on looking over the forecastle rail, down away upon the starboard bow I caught sight of something sparkling that might very well have passed for the reflection in the water of a brilliant luminary. The old Scotch carpenter was leaning against the forecastle capstan smoking a pipe, his weather-hardened face of leather drooping over his folded arms.

'Pray, what is that object shining down there?' said I.

'Well, it puzzled me, sir,' he answered, slowly raising his head, and then leisurely staring in the direction of the appearance: 'it's naething mair nor less than a ship's hull, sir.'

By this time I was able to distinguish a bit clearer, and could trace, amid the delicate haze of silver glory that was hanging all over the sea that way, as it came in gushing and floating folds of magnificence from the sun, that was already many degrees above the horizon, the outline of the hull of a small vessel, the proportions so faint as to be almost illusive.

At breakfast there was some talk about this hull, and Mr Emmett told the captain that he hoped a shot would be sent at her, as who was to know but that another cargo of monkeys might be exorcised out of the fabric.

'I should rather like to visit a wreck,' I heard Miss Temple say across the table to Mr Colledge: 'I mean, of course, an abandoned vessel floating in the middle of the ocean.'

'I protest I would rather die than think of such a thing,' exclaimed her aunt.

'Well, I don't know,' said Colledge; 'it would be something to do and something to talk about.—Did you ever board a wreck, Captain Keeling?'

'No, sir.'

'I would choose a wreck,' continued Miss Temple in her clear, rich, somewhat trembling voice, but with an air that let you know she confined her speech to Mrs Radcliffe and the young sprig opposite, and old Marline-spike, as I love to call him, 'that had been abandoned for months, indeed for years, if such a thing could be: a hull covered with shells and weed and grass, into which the spirit of the enormous loneliness of the wide ocean had entered, so that you could get to think of her as a creation of the sea itself, as an uninhabited island is or a noble seabird.—Think,' she continued, fixing her large dark eyes upon Colledge with a light, almost sarcastic smile flickering about her lips, as though she was perfectly sensible that her thoughts and language were a trifle taller than that honourable young gentleman's intellectual stature rose to—'think of being utterly alone during a long, breathless, moonlit night on board such a wreck as I am imagining. The stillness! the imaginations which would come shaping out of the shadows!—By putting one's ear to the hatchway, as you sailors call it, Captain Keeling, what should one be able to hear?'

'The noise of water washing about below, ma'am—I don't see what else,' answered the old skipper, stiffening up his figure whilst he adjusted his cravat, and gazing at her with a highly literal countenance over the points of his shirt collars.

She did not seem to hear him; her head had drooped, as though to a sudden engrossing thought, and her gaze rested upon something which her delicate fingers toyed with upon the table.

'What very odd fancies you have, Louise,' exclaimed Mrs Radcliffe with a peck of her face at the girl's handsome profile.

'Rather a good subject for a descriptive article, Johnson,' exclaimed Emmett aside with a drawl.

'Or for a picture,' answered Johnson; 'better on canvas than on paper, I think; don't you, Mr Saunders? Calm sea—a moon up in the air—a wreck showing black against the white reflection under the planet—a haughty young lady'—here he softened his voice—'inclining her head to the fore-hatch with her hand to her ear.—A first-class idea, Emmett. Seize it, or it may occur to another man.'

Miss Temple was speaking again, but the rude imbecile jabber of the journalist prevented me from hearing her; and bestowing a sea-blessing on his head under my breath, I left the table and went on deck.

There was every promise of a dead calm anon. I went to the rail to view the wreck, and instantly made out on the other side of her the shining square of a sail—some ship on the rim of the horizon that had crawled into sight since six bells of the morning watch, and was now creeping down the smooth plain of sea with her yards braced somewhat forward, making a wind for herself out of what was scarce more than a catspaw to us, who had the thin fanning nearly over the stern.

Prance came up from the breakfast table with a telescope in his hand and stood by my side.

'That ship down yonder grows,' he exclaimed, pointing the glass and speaking with his eye at it; 'there'll be more air stirring down there than here; but little enough anywhere presently, though I tell you what, Mr Dugdale: there's

drop enough in the mercury to inspire one with hope.'

He brought the telescope to bear upon the hull, and was silent for a few moments, whilst I waited impatiently for him to make an end, wanting to look too.

'I don't think I can be mistaken,' said he presently in a musing voice: 'look you, Mr Dugdale.'

'At what?' said I, as I took the glass from him.

'At the hull yonder.'

I put the telescope upon the rail and knelt to it. Points which were invisible to the naked sight were clear enough now. The wreck was that of a vessel of some two hundred and fifty tons. She sat very light or high upon the water, and it was a part of the copper that rose to her bends which had emitted the flash that caught my eye on the forecastle. Her foremast was standing, and her foreyard lay crossed upon it. Her bowsprit also forked out, but the jib-booms were gone. Lengths of her bulwark were smashed level to the deck; but gaunt as her mastless condition made her look, miserable as she showed in the mutilation of her sides, the beautiful shape of the hull stole out upon the sight through the deformities of her wrecked condition, as the fine shape of a woman expresses itself in defiance of the beggar's rags which may clothe her.

'By George, then, Mr Prance—why, yes, to be sure! I see what you mean,' I cried all on a sudden—'that must be our buccaneering friend of the other day!'

'Neither more nor less,' said he; 'an odd rencounter certainly, considering what a big place the sea is. And yet I don't know: such a clipper will have sailed two feet to our one, though she exposed no more than her foresail. She'll have run as we did, and the light airs and baffling weather which followed will easily account for this meeting.'

'She is not yet the handful of charred staves you thought her, Mr Prance,' said I; 'they managed to get the fire under, anyway, though they had to abandon the brig in the end.—What is that fellow beyond her? She has the look of a man-of-war: a ship, I believe; yes, I think I can catch sight of the yards on the mizzen peeping past the sails on the main.'

All her canvas had risen, but nothing of her hull, saving the black film of her bulwark hovering upon the horizon with an icy gleam betwixt it and the sea-line, as though there was no more of her than that. When the others came on deck there was no little excitement amongst them on learning that the hull was neither more nor less than the veritable wreck of the brig whose presence had filled us with alarm and misery a few days before. Glasses of all sorts were brought to bear upon her, and by this time it was to be ascertained without doubt that she was absolutely deserted; 'unless,' I heard Mr Emmett say to Mr Prance, 'her people should be lying concealed within, hoping to coax us to visit her by an appearance of being deserted, when, of course, they would cut us off, and plunder our remains—I mean, those who would be fools enough to board her out of curiosity.'

'Likely as not,' Mr Prance answered with a sour smile. 'I would advise you not to attempt to inspect her.'

'Not I,' answered the painter; and the chief officer turned abruptly from him to smother a laugh.

It was not long, however, before the delicate miracle of distant canvas shining past the hull upon the calm blue like some spire of alabaster was recognised as a man-of-war.

'An Englishman, do you think, Captain Keeling?' asked Colonel Bannister.

'Oh, God bless my heart, yes, sir,' answered the skipper.

'Now, *how* do you know, capting?' cried Mrs Hudson.

'By my instincts as a Briton, ma'am,' he answered; 'patriotism so enlarges the nostril that a man can taste with his nose whenever anything of his country's about in the air.'

'To think of it now!' exclaimed Mrs Hudson. 'I'm sorry the robbers have left that wreck. I should like the pirates to have been caught by that man-of-war and hung up.'

The hour of noon had been 'made,' as it is called at sea, and it was then a dead calm, with the clear chimes of eight bells ringing through a wonderful stillness on high, so faint was the undulation in the water, so soft the stir in the canvas to the gentle swaying of the tall spars. The wreck of the brig lay about two miles distant off the starboard beam, and by this hour the corvette, as she now proved to be, with the crimson cross fluttering at her peak, had floated to within a mile and a half or thereabouts on the other side of the hull; and thus the three of us lay.

I went down on the quarter-deck to smoke a pipe, and whilst I lay over the bulwark rail watching the man-of-war, my eye was taken by a somewhat curious appearance in the line of the ocean away down in the south-west quarter. It was a sensible depression in the edge of the sea, as though you viewed it through defective window-glass. It was an atmospheric effect, and an odd one. The circle went round with the clearness of the side of a lens, save to that part, and there it looked as though some gigantic knife had pared a piece clean out—with this addition: that there was a curious sort of faintness as of mist where the sky joined the sea in the hollow of this queer dip. I ran my eye over the poop to see if others up there were noting this appearance, but I did not observe that it had won attention. For my part, I should have made nothing of it, accepting it as some trick of refraction, but for it somehow entering into my head to remember how the second mate of the ship I had made my first voyage in once told me of a sudden shift of weather that had taken his craft aback and wrecked her to her tops, and that it had been heralded, though there was no man to interpret the sign, by just such another horizontal depression as that upon which my eyes were now resting.

However, on dismounting from the bulwarks for a brief yarn with little Saunders, the matter went out of my mind and I thought no more of it.

Whilst we were at lunch, Mr Cocker came down the companion steps cap in hand and said something to the captain.

'All right, sir,' I heard old Keeling answer: 'it will be a visit of curiosity rather than of courtesy.—How far is the boat?'

'She's only just left the wreck, sir.'

'Very well, Mr Cocker.'

The second mate remounted the steps.

'The corvette,' exclaimed old Keeling, addressing us generally, 'has sent a boat to the wreck, presumably to overhaul and report upon her. The boat is now approaching us. I have little doubt that the corvette is homeward bound, in which case, ladies and gentlemen, you might be glad to send letters by her. There will be plenty of time. The calm, I fear, threatens to last.'

There was instantly a hurry amongst the passengers, most of whom rushed away from the table to write their letters.

I emptied my wine-glass and went on deck, and saw a man-of-war's boat approaching us; the bright ash oars rose and fell with exquisite precision, and the white water spat from the stem of the little craft as she was swept through it by the rowers, with a young fellow in the uniform of a naval lieutenant of that day steering her. She came flashing alongside; up rose the oars, the lively hearty in the bows hooked on, and the officer, lightly springing on to the rope ladder which had been dropped over the side for his convenience, gained the deck with a twist of his thumb that was meant as a salutation to the ship.

Old Keeling was now on the poop, and Mr Cocker conducted the lieutenant to him. I happened to be standing near, talking with Colledge and Mrs Radcliffe, Miss Temple not yet having returned with the letter which she had gone to her cabin to write. The skipper received the naval officer with a gracious bow.

'Our captain,' exclaimed the young fellow, in a gentlemanly easy way, 'instructed me to overhaul yonder wreck, and then come on to you to see if we can be of any service;' and I saw his eye rest with an expression of delight upon Miss Hudson, who rose through the companion at that instant and drew close to hear what passed.

'Sir,' cried old Keeling with another bow, 'I am obliged to your captain, sir. It is, sir, very considerate of him to send. My passengers are preparing letters, and we shall be very sensible of your goodness in receiving and transmitting them.'

'Pray, what ship is this, sir?' exclaimed the lieutenant, glancing about him with the curiosity of a stranger, and then taking another thirsty peep at the golden young lady.

'The *Countess Ida*, sir, of and from London for Bombay, so many days out.—And pray, what ship is that?'

'His Majesty's ship *Magicienne*.'

Colledge started. 'Beg pardon,' he exclaimed. 'Isn't Sir Edward Panton her commander?'

'He is,' answered the lieutenant.

'By George, my cousin!' cried Colledge; 'haven't seen him these seven years. How doocid odd, now, to fall in with him *here!*'

'Oh, indeed,' said the lieutenant, with a hint of respect in his manner that might have been wanting in it before. 'May I venture to ask your name?'

'Colledge.'

'Ah! of course; a son of my Lord Sandown. This will be news for Sir Edward.' He sent a look at the corvette, as though measuring the distance between the vessels.

'Sir,' here said old Keeling, 'I believe that luncheon is still upon the table. Let me conduct you below, sir. It will have been a mighty hot ride for you out upon those unsheltered waters.'

The lieutenant bowed, and followed the skipper to the companion. Colledge put his arm through mine and led me to the rail.

'I say, Dugdale,' he exclaimed, 'I should like to see my cousin. It would be rather a lark to visit his ship, wouldn't it? Not too far off, is she, d'ye think?' he added, cocking his eye at the vessel.

'Why, no; not on such a day as this.'

'Will you come if I go?'

'With the greatest pleasure.'

'Oh, that's downright jolly of you, by George. We'll go in my cousin's boat, and he'll send us back. I like the look of those men-of-wars-men. It makes one feel safe even to see them rowing. —Ah, there goes something to drink for the poor fellows. Upon my word, old Keeling buttons up a kind heart under that queer coat of his.'

'I presume,' said I, 'that the lieutenant will make no difficulty in consenting to carry us in his boat. I am ignorant of the rules which govern his service. Suppose you step below, and arrange with him? If he may not take us, Keeling will lend us a boat, I am sure.'

Down he went full of eagerness, his handsome face flushed with excitement. Mrs Radcliffe had joined two or three ladies, and stood with them asking questions of Mr Cocker about the corvette and the wreck. On glancing through the skylight presently, I saw the lieutenant picking a piece of cold fowl at the table with a bottle of champagne at his elbow. Old Keeling sat at his side, and opposite were Colledge and Miss Temple. The four of them were chatting briskly. I took a peep at the boat under the gangway. It was a treat to see the jolly English faces of the fellows, and to hear the tongue of the old home spoken over the side. A number of our seamen had perched themselves on the bulwarks and were calling questions to the men-of-wars-men whilst they watched them draining the glasses which the steward had sent down to them in a basket.

In about twenty minutes the lieutenant made his appearance upon deck, followed by Keeling and Miss Temple and Colledge, who came sliding up to me to say that it was all right: the lieutenant would convey us with pleasure and bring us back: and what did I think? Miss Temple was to be of our party.

'Humph!' said I; 'any other ladies?'

He made a grimace. 'No,' he responded in a whisper; 'the lieutenant suggested others; but I could twig in Miss Temple's face that if others went she would remain. You know there's not a woman on board that she cares about.—I rather want,' said he, returning to his former voice, 'to introduce her to my cousin. He will be seeing my father when he returns, and is pretty sure to talk,' said he, giving me a wink.

'Does Miss Temple know that you've invited me?'

'She does, Trojan.'

'And how did she receive the news?'

'With rapture,' he cried.

'A fig for such raptures! but I'll go, spite of her delight.'

By this time Miss Temple had made known her intentions to her aunt. I became aware of this circumstance by the old lady uttering a loud shriek.

'It is entirely out of the question; I forbid you to go,' she cried, with a face of agony on her.

'Nonsense!' answered Miss Temple: she and her aunt and old Keeling and the lieutenant were slowly coming towards the break of the poop, where Colledge and I waited whilst this altercation proceeded; so everything said was plainly to be heard by us. 'It is as calm as a river,' exclaimed the girl, sending one of her flashing looks at the sea.

'You may be drowned; you may never return. I will not permit it. What would your motlier think?' cried poor Mrs Radcliffe vehemently, pecking away with her face, and clapping her hands to emphasise her words.

'Aunt, do not be ridiculous, I beg. I shall go. It will amuse me, and I am already very weary of the voyage. Only consider: at this rate of sailing we may be five or six months longer at sea. This is a little harmless, safe distraction. Now, *don't* be foolish, auntie.'

The old lady appealed to Captain Keeling. He was looking somewhat dubiously round the horizon when the lieutenant broke in; then Colledge indulged in a flourish, and though I can't trace the steps of it, nor recollect the talk, somehow or other a little later on the three of us were in the boat, a bag of letters on a thwart, the lieutenant picking up the yoke-lines as he seated himself, the bow-oar thrusting off, with a vision through the open rail of the poop of old Captain Keeling stiffly sawing the air with his arms, in some effort, as I took it, to console Mrs Radcliffe, who flourished a handkerchief to her face as though she wept.

GOLD IN NATURE.

From its feeble affinity for other substances, gold is almost always met with in what is called the 'native state;' that is, as gold itself, simply alloyed with a little silver or copper. Wherever this precious metal is met with in considerable quantities, it is always at the surface of the soil, strewed in sand or gravel, in the beds of rivers, or in the débris of quartz rocks. Such is the case, for instance, in California, Australia, British Columbia, &c. These deposits are known as 'alluvial formations;' they are the same in which are found also the diamond, the ruby, the sapphire, and other precious stones. These alluvial formations are common enough; they occupy a large portion of the earth's surface, and wherever they exist, gold has been or is to be found.

Formerly, the British Isles had their gold-fields, like other countries. In Lanarkshire, in Scotland, gold was discovered in the time of James IV., and for some time as many as three hundred men were employed in mining for it. England was a rich gold country in the time of Queen Boadicea, and the fact was well known to the Romans. In the time of Henry VIII. some three hundred thousand pounds sterling were obtained from English gold mines. In fact, there can be little doubt that in early historic periods, the alluvial formations of Great Britain and Ireland were as plentiful as regards gold as those of Australia or California at the present day; and this British gold has disappeared as population has increased.

We find the same thing occurring in America and Australia: no sooner does the population become thick in a gold district, however rich, than the alluvial gold disappears. The precious metal is then only to be met with in the rock itself, generally in quartz which traverses clay schist—white quartz and green schist, like that of the Clyde district in Scotland and that of Nova Scotia—and the mining operations become more and more difficult as the work advances.

The remnants of the ancient gold-fields of Great Britain and Ireland are still manifest. We find traces of gold in the quartz 'gossan' of Cornwall, Wales, Peebles, Wicklow, &c. Generally, it is accompanied by silver, and often the silver yields a return when the gold will not. But instead of a miner being able to pick up twenty pounds' worth of gold a day, as has been done over and over again of late years in Vancouver's Island and British Columbia, for instance, he gets down a ton of rock at a cost of some two pounds sterling, and finds that it yields, after stamping, nine pennyweights of gold, or, say, about twelve shillings' worth. This is the general rule; there may be here and there an exception, but such an exception is very rare, in fact quite a curiosity.

Although miners in Australia and California, &c., have met occasionally with gold nuggets of enormous size—for instance, the nugget weighing twenty-eight pounds found in North Carolina, and the mass of gold weighing upwards of one hundred and thirty-four pounds found once in South Australia—such specimens are only to be met with in newly-discovered gold districts, and even there are rarities. More generally, the precious metal lies in smaller nuggets, or *pepites*, often as scales, grains, or dust, which are collected by 'washing' and 'panning'—two simple processes, to which we will refer presently.

Before the discovery of gold in California, the Russian mines in the Ural Mountains were the most productive in the world. The Ural alluvial washings rarely yield less than one and a quarter ounce of gold to the ton of gravel, never more than two and a third ounces. The best Brazilian and other South American sands average about two and a half ounces of gold to the ton of sand. Several mines which yield much less than that are worked, but only with very small and precarious profits. Africa and Asia have also their gold-sands, and supply annually a large amount of gold-dust. In Europe, however, the surface-work has been done ages ago; and where gold is still to be found, it is only to be got by mining. Thus, at a place called Varospatok, in Transylvania, one of the richest gold districts in Europe, the mines have been worked ever since the time of the Romans.

To form some notion as to the profuse manner in which gold is distributed over the earth, and to be forewarned as regards speculation in mines where a small quantity of gold has come to light, we have only to consider that almost all the European rivers carry along a certain amount of gold-dust in their sands. Such are the Rhine, the Seine, the Reuss, the Aar, the Danube, and a number of others; besides the Clyde in Lanarkshire, and many other streams in Scotland, Wales, and Cornwall.

The quantity of the precious metal contained in these river-sands is, however, extremely small. One ton of sand from the bed of the Rhine yields only nine and a half grains of gold, or one-fiftieth part of an ounce. Yet, with this very minute quantity the bed of that part only of the Rhine which flows through what was formerly French territory was calculated by a friend of ours to contain no less than thirty-six thousand tons of pure gold.

Dr Phipson has called our attention to the curious fact, that when the sand of the river Seine, near Paris, is used for glass-making, it is not an uncommon occurrence to find here and there in the glass-house a crucible which is slightly gilt at the bottom. The Quai des Orfévres, near the Louvre, used to be a noted gold-field: a class of men similar in many respects to the ragpickers of the present day were in the habit of purchasing five francs' worth of mercury; and after passing the sand of the river through it all day, they sold the mercury again in the evening for six or seven francs; thus making one or two francs a day by the gold of the river. This industry has, however, long ceased to exist.

More than half a century ago a curious experiment was made by M. Sage, a Professor of Chemistry in Paris. He burnt several of the vines which grow in luxuriance around the city; his specimens were collected near the banks of the river. From the ash of these plants he extracted enough gold to coin three napoleons. From this experiment, which made a considerable sensation at the time, it would appear that the gold of the sand finds its way in some unaccountable manner into the plants which grow on the banks of the river. It was rather an expensive experiment, as each of the gold pieces of the value of twenty francs thus produced cost the Professor over one hundred and twenty francs.

The modes adopted for extracting gold are 'washing,' 'panning,' 'amalgamation,' and 'cupellation.' The first two are based upon the specific gravity of the precious metal, which is very high. Therefore, when a stream of water is caused to flow over gravel containing gold-dust, scales, or nuggets, the gravel is carried away to a certain distance; whilst the gold, from its greater weight, falls to the bottom and collects nearer the source of the water. This method is practised in Africa and America by means of wooden troughs constructed specially for the purpose.

The operation called 'panning' is carried out by the miners in California, Australia, and British Columbia; it consists in taking a pan, like the lid of a saucepan, throwing the auriferous gravel and dirt into it, and washing the latter with water, allowing the muddy liquid to flow over the sides of the pan; while the gold and heavy pebbles are retained by the rim. Among these pebbles, sapphires, rubies, garnets, &c., are sometimes met with. This operation when practised in some of the newly-discovered gold districts is said to be highly exciting.

'Amalgamation' is practised in many of the American, Austrian, Russian, and other mines. It is based on the property possessed by mercury (quicksilver) of dissolving gold. The rock is first reduced to as fine a powder as possible by appropriate stamping machinery and then treated with mercury. The latter is afterwards pressed through chamois leather, which retains the amalgam. This amalgam, a compound of gold and mercury, is distilled in earthenware or iron retorts; the solid gold is left behind in the retort, whilst the mercury distils over, and is collected for another operation.

'Cupellation' consists in fluxing the ore in crucibles along with oxide of lead or pure lead. The latter metal runs through the melted mass, and takes up all the gold, silver, copper, and other metals that may be present in the ore. The lead is then extracted from the crucible and submitted to what is called cupellation; that is, heated in contact with the air in porous vessels called cupels. By this process the lead, the copper, the antimony, and other metals—but not the gold and silver—which may be present are oxidised; the melted oxides penetrate into the pores of the cupel, and are now and then blown off from the surface of the molten mass. Finally, a button of silver, containing all the gold, remains alone on the cupel. This operation must be seen to be properly understood. The gold and silver are separated by nitric acid, which dissolves the latter and leaves the pure gold behind.

Not unfrequently, gold is present in minute quantities in iron pyrites or mundic, in copper pyrites, blende, galena, and other minerals, which often contain also a little silver. When this is the case, both the precious metals may ofttimes be extracted with profit.

In conclusion, we should observe that when minerals of any kind contain gold in appreciable quantity their specific gravity is found to be above the ordinary figure. Thus, for instance, quartz has a specific gravity of 2·60; that is, its weight is about two and a half times that of its own bulk of water. But when quartz contains a notable amount of gold, its specific gravity rises to 3, 4, 5, and even more, according to the amount of precious metal present.

Within the present century, several enormously rich 'gold-fields' or gold districts have been discovered. First came that of California, where the surface-gold is said to be already exhausted in great measure, and mineral lodes are now mined there for the precious metal, just as we mine for copper or tin in England. Then came the discovery of gold in Australia, followed by that in New Zealand, which latter country has been known to export as much as thirty thousand ounces of gold in a single week. Afterwards came the discoveries in British Columbia, Vancouver's Island, South Africa, &c. Sooner or later, the surface-gold of all these localities will be exhausted, as is that of Great Britain; but there are, doubtless, still many large tracts upon

the surface of the globe where gold abounds. Who knows what treasures may await us in the alluvial formations of the interior of Australia?

MY WEDDING DAY.

A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN STORY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'WELL, Miss Grey, you *are* going to have a scorcher,' said Mr Green as he greeted me one summer morning.

I would gladly have doubted his word, for it was Christmas Day, and, moreover, my wedding day as well; but early as it was, the sun was shining from a cloudless sky—'shining with all his might;' and though he had browned the grass, and baked the earth, and pumped up every drop of water long ago, leaving nothing but hot stones in the creek beds, he set to work as earnestly as if he had just taken a contract to dry up the deluge and wanted to get done in time.

'Ah, well,' I said, trying to make the best of it—'ah, well, blessed is the bride the sun shines on, you know.'

I left the shady veranda, and went across to the wool-shed to give a finishing touch to the wedding breakfast, already laid there on a long table improvised for the occasion. Only the decorating part was left to me; and as I arranged such greenery and flowers as I had, the old saw kept running in my head: 'Blessed is the bride the sun shines on.' Surely the omen is true this once, for was there ever such a splendid fellow as Jack, or such a lucky girl as I? I changed my opinion of old saws before the day was over; but there, that's telling.

Then I thought of my past life, and wondered if I was the same Mary Grey who, two years—yes, only two years ago, had been all alone in the world. I remembered my timid, scared feeling at being among strangers when I came as governess to this up-country run. How queer the life had seemed at first, and how home-like it seemed now. It was hard to realise that I could ever be afraid of Mrs Green, who was like a loving mother to me. I soon got to like my work too; and then—yes, then came Jack, and had things been ever so bad, life would have seemed *couleur de rose* to me.

So I was dreaming over my work on that hot Christmas morning thirty years ago, when I was disturbed by Minnie Green. 'Oh Miss Grey,' she said, 'Mr Rushton has come, and Mr Stanley' [Dick Stanley was to be Jack's best-man], 'and Mr Bruce, *and*'—with emphasis—'the parson! Such a funny little man, Miss Grey, with yellow hair, and a pink face like a baby's, and white hands.—Do parsons always have pink faces and white hands?'

I never had an opportunity of answering this question, for just then Jack appeared, and Minnie having gone to have another look at the cleric English complexion and white hands which had so impressed her, we fell into a conversation, interesting enough to ourselves, but of no concern to outsiders, till we were interrupted by Mrs Green.

'Well, upon my word,' she said, 'what on earth can you two have to talk about?—Come, Mary; it is time for you to think of dressing. You can't have anything very particular to say to Jack here; and if you have, there is all the rest of your life to say it in.' With which profound remark she sent Jack to the dining-room, where a picnic sort of first breakfast was going on; and taking me to my room she brought me a cup of tea, and told me to rest a little, for I had a thirty-mile ride before me.

Now, though my dress was simple in the extreme, and I could have put it on myself in five minutes, being a bride I must be dressed. Mrs Green and Minnie, who was to be my bridesmaid, undertook this office, and hindered me sadly. My dress was plain white muslin, simply made, and I had not intended wearing a veil; but Mrs Green said that as they seldom saw a wedding, and she did not suppose I would be married again in a hurry, I might as well do the thing in style while I was about it; so, to please her, I shrouded myself in a length of plain tulle that covered me almost from head to foot, and really the effect was rather good.

At last I was dressed; but somehow we managed to be late, and it was a quarter of an hour behind time when I went across to the wool-shed on Mr Green's arm; while Biddy held an umbrella over my head, and Mrs Green followed sticking in utterly unnecessary pins to the very last moment. Every one was waiting; and the shed, decorated with such greenery as was available, looked quite festive. At one end stood the breakfast table with the cake, home-made, but imposing, a towering monument to Mrs Green's housewifely skill. By a small table stood the clergyman in his surplice, looking a trifle out of place; while round about were ranged all available seats from chairs to milking-stools and slab benches with stick legs. They were all occupied, for, as I have already said, a wedding was not an every-day occurrence, and people had turned out in full force.

We advanced with all possible decorum, and the ceremony proceeded as usual till the ring had been put on and the blessing given, when some one, breathless and dusty, dashed in at the door and cried: 'Fire! Bush-fire! Close here!' Instantly most of the forms were upset, and there was a rush for the door.

'Hi! Stop a minute,' cried Jack as he collared his two friends and dragged them back; 'we will get this over now.'

The clergyman hesitated, then skipping a good deal, he began the exhortation in which wives

get so much good advice and husbands so little.

'Oh, never mind all that,' cried Jack, stamping with impatience; 'we will have the "amazement" and all the rest of it some other time. —What have we to sign? Be quick!'

Jack's friends made the poor clergyman show where we had to sign; and we all did it in a desperate hurry, the two witnesses scrawling something when their turn came and bolting at once. Jack just took me in his arms and gave me a hurried kiss. 'Good-bye, dear little wife,' he whispered—'good-bye;' and he was gone, leaving the clergyman and me alone together.

He—the clergyman—was a young man just out from Home. He had a clear complexion, and fair hair parted down the middle, and was altogether the mildest-looking little man imaginable; his little round face just now displaying the blankest possible astonishment. 'Ye husbands—loveth himself—ye wives—subject—plaiting of hair and wearing of gold—amazement,' he muttered incoherently, looking from me, standing alone in my white veil and dress, to the deserted and upturned forms, and the cake towering in solemn grandeur at the end of the room. I believe he manfully intended to do his duty, if no one else did, and finish that ceremony to the bitter end; but to read that exhortation at one poor woman left all alone would have been, to say the least of it, personal; so he gave it up and shook hands, as is the practice of clergymen.

'I—I wish you every happiness, Mrs Rushton,' he stammered; then, remembering that I had just been unceremoniously deserted by my bridegroom, and not being sure whether such was the custom of the country or not, he muttered something about 'sympathy;' and then, gathering his wits together with a violent effort, he burst out like Mr Winkle: 'Where are they? What is the meaning of this most indecorous behaviour?'

I did not answer, but ran to the door to look out.

'What does this mean?' he repeated, following me.

'Can't you see? Can't you smell?' I answered impatiently. 'It is a bush-fire.'

The head station was built in a valley at the foot of a range of hills that formed a sort of semicircle behind it. They were thickly wooded with 'stringy bark,' and covered with fern and grass-trees, and from among them there now rose, through air already quivering with heat, a column of thick white smoke, that floated upwards in billowy clouds. The fire was near—*that* one could tell by the smell of burning gum-leaves; and though it could not have been burning long, it promised to be a large fire, and a fierce one, for, as we watched, puffs of reddish-brown rose before the white smoke, showing that the flames were getting stronger.

The first set of men had disappeared over the ridge already; but Jack and his friends were only half-way up, and had stopped to cut boughs from some young saplings. They looked back, and I snatched off my veil and waved it to Jack; they returned the salute with a flourish of their branches, and then resumed their climb; while I twisted that unfortunate veil into a turban and went to the house with the bewildered parson.

We found Mr Green giving orders for the boughs with which the veranda posts were decorated in honour of Christmas to be pulled down and all inflammable things to be put away.

'Will the fire come here?' asked the Rev. Augustus Smith anxiously.

'Not if we can help it,' said Mr Green; 'but it will be hard work stopping it on a day like this, and it is well to be ready.'

'If the fire don't come, the sparks will,' said Biddy, whose experience of bush-fires was extensive; 'and them branches is just the things to ketch.'

'Yes; get them down at once,' said Mr Green, and he hurried off, calling back to his wife: 'Send up some tea to the men as soon as you can.'

I went to my room to change my dress, and there on the bed was my habit laid out for my homeward ride with Jack. 'Dear me! how differently the day was turning out from what we expected,' I thought. If it had not been for that fire, I would have been putting on my habit instead of this print morning-dress. No. On second thoughts, I decided things had happened so fast that, supposing the ceremony to have been finished properly, we would just have sat down to breakfast, and I would be cutting the cake; instead of which I went to the kitchen and cut large hunks of bread with cheese to match.

It really was a disappointing wedding day. What was the good of getting married only to lose sight of my bridegroom at once, and have to work away as if nothing had happened? And Jack, poor fellow, what a day he must be having, hard at work in the heat and dust and smoke. I felt half inclined to give in and have a real good cry; but laughed instead, for through the window I saw the Rev. Augustus working hard under Biddy's directions, taking down and carrying away the decorations put up with so much care an hour or so before.

Mrs Green and I set to work at once on woman's work in time of fire—boiling kettles and getting tea and provisions ready for the men—no light task in this instance, for there were thirty or forty men, and no other station near enough to share in the providing. When the first batch was ready it was taken up the hill by two of the men's wives.

Mr Smith and I next busied ourselves in taking out and filling all the tubs in the establishment, and in them bags and branches to be used in beating, should the fire come near the house.

We paused, Mr Smith and I, when we had done all we could, and gazing upwards, wondered what it must feel like to be before that awful fire. Even where we were, the air quivered and danced with the heat and smoke, and the baked earth almost hurt our feet. What must it be up there? we wondered. The wind had strengthened, driving the smoke across the sky; and the sunlight coming through it, shed a lurid yellow glare on all around. Behind the hill the smoke rose thicker, faster, and darker, and the deep sullen roar of the fire could be heard. As we watched, a figure appeared on the top of the hill,

then another and another, till quite a dozen were in sight. I could just make out Mr Green with Jack and his friends beside him. They seemed to be consulting about something. More men kept coming up by twos and threes, dragging or carrying scorched branches; some flung themselves down in the nearest shade with the characteristic impulse of old hands at bush-fires to take a rest when they could get it. The rest stood or lolled in groups, evidently waiting for orders. At last the council of war on the hill-top came to an end: Mr Green pointed along the ridge and shook hands with Jack, who with ten or a dozen men started off in the direction indicated.

We had not noticed—or, at least, I had not, for of course I had eyes for no one else while Jack was in sight—that all this time the two women had been scrambling down the hill, accompanied by a man, who turned off to the stables, while the women came down to the house, whither we followed.

'Mr Green says will you give Jackson tea and tucker for ten men; Mr Rushton is going over to the big range,' Mrs Brown, one of the women, was saying as we came in.

We all fell to work at once. Mr Smith cut beef and sliced plum-pudding; while Mrs Green and I made substantial sandwiches; Biddy hurried up the kettles; and Mrs Brown and Mrs Jones packed things up as soon as they were ready. As we worked, we asked brief questions, and got them answered still more briefly, with most aggravating interruptions at interesting points.

'Is it a big fire?'

'Yes.'

'Where were they when you got up?'

'Just coming off the steep range. They had stopped the fire all along; but it got into the stringy bark and came along over their heads.—Are these the bags, Mrs Green?—Yes; they had to run. It got behind Mr Rushton and a lot of 'em.—Where do you keep the clean towels?'

Imagine my feelings when at this point she dived head first into a cupboard and became deaf to questions. I can see it now, that country kitchen, fresh whitewashed in honour of Christmas, with a bunch of gum-boughs hung from the ceiling by way of a fly-catcher. A good-sized room, with a roughly flagged floor, just now intolerably hot, for we had a roaring fire in the large fireplace, on which two large kettles and a fountain were singing and spluttering. The window-panes were hot to the touch; plates taken from the shelves were ready warmed, and the butter was a clear transparent oil. It certainly was warm work.

At the end of the long table stood Mr Smith, just now with knife and fork suspended, as he gazed at Mrs Brown, who was now intent on sorting towels.

'But—but, Mrs Brown'—— he gasped.

'What's that?' she said, emerging from the cupboard.

'How *did* they escape?'

'Oh, they come through it, of course.—Here's a towel to wrap that pudding in.'

I suppose, if I had had time to think of it, I would have been wretched about Jack's danger. I was anxious as it was; but we were all so busy that I had no time to fret; besides, I knew he was safe. If he had been killed or badly hurt, nothing would have hindered Mrs Brown from telling me every detail.

I suppose we all looked hot; but poor Mr Smith was the picture of misery, as he stood in his hot black clothes slicing beef in a temperature considerably above a hundred degrees.

'Why don't you take off your coat?' said Biddy, noticing his distress.

Poor little man; I believe he blushed furiously, but can't be sure, for it was a simple impossibility for his face to get any redder than it already was.

'Do, Mr Smith,' said Mrs Green. 'I wouldn't work in a hot thing like that for anything; besides, it's real good cloth, and it's sure to get spoilt.—Here, Biddy; take Mr Smith's coat, and hang it up somewhere out of the way.'

'Look sharp, sir,' said Biddy, holding out her hand; 'I've no time to lose.'

So he had to give it up. And I think that after a while he was glad, though just at first he looked hotter and more uncomfortable than ever.

When we had packed up the provisions and seen Jackson start, we all went into the back veranda and looked up at the hill. The fire was nearer now, and the smoke was thicker; ashes and bits of burnt fern and gum-leaves were falling all around; the sun shone hotter, and the parched air seemed to scorch one's face. On the hill-top the men were cutting down branches, and evidently getting ready for a struggle.

'They are going to burn a track,' said Mrs Brown. 'I expect they'd like their tucker now; they won't have time to eat when the fire comes.'

'Where is it now?' I asked.

'About half a mile off; but it won't take long to come,' said Mrs Brown.

'But,' said Mr Smith, looking puzzled, 'why don't they extinguish it farther off?'

'Because they can't,' said Mrs Brown. 'It's in a grass-tree gully. If they were fools enough to try to stand against it, they would be shrivelled up like so much brown paper.' And she went into the kitchen, where Mrs Green and Biddy were already preparing more tea and provisions.

All this time I had been longing to hear more about Jack; but every one had been too busy to answer questions; now I tried again.

'What?' said Mrs Brown. 'Oh, Mr Rushton? He's not hurt: not that I know on at least. Some one got his arm burnt, but I don't think it was him'—in an aggravatingly doubtful tone.—'Mrs Jones here saw it all; I only saw them afterwards. They *did* look like sweeps, and no mistake.'

'I didn't see much,' said Mrs Jones modestly; 'I only see half-a-dozen men beating like mad; and all at once the fire got into the trees and come along over their heads; and they never took no notice till the sparks and things had lighted the fern behind them.—Where's the sugar, Mrs Green?—Yes; they had to run for it, they did! But it was all so smoky you couldn't make out which was which. The fern was blazing, and the burning bark was coming down like rain. If it had been up-hill they had to go, not down, they wouldn't have got away, no, not one of 'em.—Oh no!—Mr Rushton isn't

hurt; he's got his eyebrows singed and lost the ends off his moustaches, that's all.—My husband has lost half his beard, and got a hole the size of your two hands in the back of his waistcoat.

THE NICKNAMES OF BRITISH REGIMENTS.

It has frequently been remarked, with a good deal of truth, that the 'soldier lives in the past of his regiment;' and there is no doubt that much of the conversation round the camp-fire or in the guardroom refers to traditions of the 'Service'—to events which, being unrecorded, would otherwise long have been forgotten. In this way the sometimes curious nicknames attached to many regiments have been preserved from oblivion. Some of these sobriquets have crept into a place in the official titles of the corps concerned; others, again, are hardly known except among soldiers, to whom, it is not going too far to say, not a few regiments are more familiar by their nicknames than their new 'territorial' names. In the present paper it may be as well to adhere to the old regimental numbers; for such designations as, for example, The Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders make large demands on space.

We have above noted that some nicknames have become portions of the authorised titles of regiments. Such are the Buffs, the Blues, the Greys. Everybody has heard of the Buffs. But the 3d Foot have enjoyed other and less widely known sobriquets. During the Peninsular War they were first the 'Nutcrackers,' and afterwards the 'Resurrectionists.' The latter arose from their skill in discovering and unearthing concealed treasure. Originally, the 3d had scarlet coats, faced and lined with buff, together with buff waistcoats, breeches, and stockings. Hence the name. In 1702, another regiment, the 31st, was raised and similarly clothed. Soon afterwards, the new corps displayed extraordinary valour in some action; so a general rode up and cried: 'Well done, old Buffs!' A few of the men replied: 'We are not the Buffs, sir.'—'Then well done, *young* Buffs,' said the general; and ever since we have had both 'Buffs' and 'Young Buffs.' The 22d Foot, again, once acquired the nickname 'Red Knights' from having been served out with complete suits of scarlet; but they are better known as the 'Two Twos.' In like manner the 44th are the 'Two Fours,' and the 77th the 'Two Sevens' or the 'Pot Hooks.'

Peculiarities of uniform have been a prolific source of nicknames. The Rifle Brigade, for instance, from their sombre costume are the 'Sweeps;' and on account of the very dark tartan invented for them, the Highlanders of what is now the 42d Regiment were originally called *An Freiceadan Dubh*, or the 'Black Watch.' The 35th Foot, from their facings, are the 'Orange Lilies;' the 53d are for a similar reason the 'Brickbats;' and the 56th are the 'Pompadours'—their facings being of Madame's chosen hue. Having sky-blue facings, the 97th are dubbed the 'Celestials;' while the 5th and 7th Dragoon Guards are respectively the 'Green' and 'Black' Horse. In addition, the latter regiment is the 'Virgin Mary's Bodyguard,' and also the 'Straw-boots.' They received the first of these names from having served under Maria Theresa of Austria; the other was gained during the suppression of agricultural riots in the south of England. From their uniform when raised the old 70th were known as the 'Glasgow Greys;' and the old 90th had the amusing name of 'Sir Thomas Graham's Perthshire Greybreeks,' for obvious reasons.

Some nicknames are very suggestive, if not always flattering. Of this sort are the 'Rib-breakers,' 'Piccadilly Butchers,' or the 'Slashers.' The 'Rib-breakers' are the 3d Battalion Grenadier Guards, who obtained this sobriquet from the combat at the Sandbag battery at Inkermann—a struggle which has been immortalised by Mr Kinglake. For some years at the beginning of the century the Life Guards were familiar as the 'Piccadilly Butchers.' On the occasion of the arrest of Sir Francis Burdett in Piccadilly, a conflict took place between the troopers and the mob; and from the execution done by the former the nickname arose. In 1788, the Household Cavalry were remodelled and re-officered. The old school of officers boasted of their 'blue blood,' and sneered at their successors as 'cheesemongers.' From this circumstance the regiments acquired the cognomen of the 'Cheeses,' which adhered to them till the period of the affair in Piccadilly. During the American War, the 28th Foot obtained the well-known nickname of the 'Slashers.' An old story accounts for this term as follows: A Canada merchant refused to provide the women and children of the regiment with quarters. This happened in winter, and several persons died in consequence from exposure. Some of the officers of the 28th, however, resolved to exact vengeance; they donned the garb of 'red men,' and bursting in on the merchant while he was at dinner 'slashed' off one of his ears. In America, too, the 62d got the name of the 'Springers' from their rapid pursuit of the enemy after the battle of Trois Rivières. And in some similar manner, no doubt, the 12th Lancers became the 'Supple Twelfth.' With the object of following up Nana Sahib, very small and light men were enlisted for the 20th Hussars, who still retain the nickname of the 'Dumpies;' while the 39th Foot, having once acted in India as mounted infantry, are 'Sankey's Horse'—the then colonel's name being Sankey. The regiment immediately preceding this, the 38th, used to be known by the curious name 'Pump and Tortoise,' on account of their great sobriety, and equally remarkable slowness, when once stationed at Malta.

Having been detained for a long time in Scotland by the general indicated, the 3d Hussars were called 'Lord Adam Gordon's Life Guards;' and the 14th Foot once had three battalions under a Colonel Calvert—hence 'Calvert's Entire.' The 87th used to rush to the charge with the old Irish war-cry, 'Faugh-a-Ballagh,' and they are therefore the 'Faugh-a-Ballagh Boys;' while the 33d, whose recruiting sergeants carried an oaten cake on the point of their swords, were appropriately dubbed the 'Havercake Lads.' Having earned distinction in many campaigns, the 5th Fusiliers are the 'Old Bold Fifth;' the 68th are the 'Faithful Durhams;' the old 94th were the 'Garvies;' the 58th are the 'Steelbacks,' from

some forgotten circumstance; and, from their initials, the 51st King's Own Light Infantry call themselves the 'Kolis.'

But there are many further nicknames of a similar kind. The 11th Foot, from the terrible slaughter they sustained at Salamanca, are the 'Bloody Eleventh.' At Albuera, the 57th earned the name of the 'Die Hards;' while the 101st are the 'Old Dirty Shirts,' or sometimes 'Lord Lake's Dirty Shirts,' acquired during hard service in India. The 103d are the 'Old Toughs,' also gained in India; and the 'Holy Boys' was the nickname applied to the 9th Foot during the Peninsular War, when they are said to have sold Bibles and sacked monasteries. A famous regiment, the 50th, is the 'Fighting Fiftieth,' the 'Blind Half-Hundredth,' and the 'Dirty Half-Hundredth.' The latter two titles arose the one from ophthalmia in Egypt, and the other from the men having once removed the perspiration from their faces with their cuffs. As they always maintain a regimental goat, the 23d are the 'Royal Goats,' or the 'Nanny Goats;' and the 63d, from some forgotten incident, are the 'Bloodsuckers.' The Royal Engineers and Marines, again, are the 'Mud Larks' and the 'Jollies;' the Medical Staff Corps are the 'Linseed Lancers;' while the Military Train (now extinct) had the complimentary sobriquet of the 'Murdering Thieves.' For a reason which requires no explanation, the 6th Carabineers are known as 'Tichborne's Own;' while the 11th Hussars are familiar to every one as the 'Cherry Pickers,' in consequence of some of their men having been captured by the French while robbing an orchard in Spain. In Spain, too, the 13th Hussars gained the nickname 'Ragged Brigade' from having fallen into a somewhat tattered condition in the course of hard service. And from their antiquity, the oldest of all our regiments, the 1st Foot, are 'Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard.'

We have not yet, however, exhausted the list of regimental nicknames; for another batch of corps derive sobriquets from their time-honoured badges or mottoes. Thus, the 17th Lancers are the 'Death or Glory Men,' their badge being a death's head, with the words, 'or glory.' This famous regiment was once called the 'Horse Marines,' two of its troops having acted as marines on board the *Hermione* in the West Indies. Subsequently, from the colonel's name and the very smart uniform, the 17th were known for a time as 'Lord Bingham's Dandies.' By way of a badge the 2d Foot have a 'Paschal lamb.' They were on very active duty during the Bloody Assizes under General Kirke, hence 'Kirke's Lambs.' But the 2d are also the 'Sleepy Queen's,' having, at Almeida, allowed General Brennier to escape. The 17th Foot, again, from their badge, are the 'Bengal Tigers;' and the 78th, by translation of their Gaelic motto, consider themselves the 'King's Own Men.' From the Roman numerals XL, the 40th are well known as the 'Excellers;' while the 30th are the 'Three Xs' (XXX).

Before concluding, we may notice two regiments alluded to at the beginning of this paper—the 'Greys' and the 'Blues.' When raised in 1681, the men of the 2d Dragoons wore gray uniforms; and about 1702 they were mounted on white horses. From one or both of these circumstances the name 'Greys' originated—the title 'Scotch' or 'Scots Greys' soon came into semi-official use. Popularly called the 'Oxford Blues,' the Royal Horse Guards were raised after the Restoration by Aubrey, Earl of Oxford. Their uniform, so far as colour is concerned, was the same as at the present day; and the term 'Oxford' is merely a curious survival of the period when almost all regiments received the names of their commanding officers.

THE REFORMED BURGLAR.

My name is Louisa Law, and I am the wife—I am afraid that, to be quite truthful, I ought to say the plain and middle-aged wife—of a hard-working general practitioner in one of the suburbs of London. We have a large family, who at the commencement of my story were still very young, though now most of them are making their own way in the world. It is needless to add that we have never at any period of our career been overburdened with money, although we are now in comfortable circumstances, owing chiefly to the fortunate intervention of a reformed burglar. I will tell the story.

One day I was walking down a quiet thoroughfare near Oxford Street on my return from a shopping expedition, when a respectable-looking man, dressed like a mechanic, suddenly stooped just in front of me and lifted—or appeared to lift—something from the pavement. 'Might this be your property, ma'am?' he civilly asked, as he held out a purse towards me. 'Have you lost your purse?'

Following a custom of very doubtful wisdom, I was at that moment carrying mine in my hand. Taken off my guard, I involuntarily held it out, to show that it was perfectly safe, without reflecting whether or not it was advisable to do so. 'Oh no; the purse does not belong to me. I have mine here all right, as you see.'

Before I could divine his intention, before I could even cry out, much less follow him, he snatched my property from my careless hold, and darted like the wind up a narrow court which just there opened into the street; and I was left alone to lament my folly.

The loss was irremediable, for the man was quite out of sight, and no policeman was visible in the quiet street. I felt deeply vexed, for not only had there been much more money in it than a poor doctor's wife could well afford to lose, but also the purse itself was a very good one, nearly new, which for additional security I had had stamped on the flap inside with my name and address, so that if I chanced to lose it among honest people, I might thereby recover it again. I made my way to the nearest police station to lay a complaint, but the authorities were not very sanguine that any good would result from the inquiries they promised to make. The whole thing was intensely annoying, the more so that with my purse I had lost all the bills for my day's shopping, together with other useful memoranda, and my railway return ticket; and not having a penny in my pocket to buy

another, I had to go to the expense of a cab all the way home, which made the adventure indeed a costly one.

I was writing some letters in the dining-room next morning, when my housemaid entered, bearing a gentleman's card, with the intimation that a visitor awaited me in the drawing-room. The name given was 'Mr T. Gerard,' with an address in Fenchurch Street.

'But I know nobody of that name,' I said dubiously. 'Are you sure it is not a mistake?'

'Oh no, ma'am; he asked for Mrs Law. And he's quite the gentleman, ma'am, or I shouldn't have shown him into the drawing-room.'

Jane's ideas of a gentleman hardly corresponded with mine; but certainly the dark-haired, well-dressed young man who presented himself to my gaze on entering must be described as eminently respectable in appearance; and accordingly I asked him to be seated. He wasted no time, but plunged at once into business. Putting his hand into his pocket, he drew out a small parcel, which he handed to me, asking if it was mine. I was agreeably surprised to behold my lost purse, empty, indeed, but for the papers it contained, but otherwise uninjured.

'It is mine. Where did you find it?'

'I am a clerk in the City, madam, employed, as you see, in Fenchurch Street; and happening to be in —— Place yesterday afternoon on business for the firm, I picked up this purse—it is needless to say quite empty—at the entrance of a small back street which communicates, I believe, with Oxford Street.'

'The turning is near an upholsterer's shop?'

'Yes, madam.'

'Then that is the very court up which the man escaped. He must have thrown the purse away as he ran.' And in great indignation I related my story.

Mr Gerard was shocked and grieved to think that such an outrage could be possible in a civilised capital; and heartily wished that he had been at hand to arrest the thief in his flight. He asked if I thought I should recognise the man again, to which I replied that I believed so; and then, as delicately as I could, I began to hint that I really could not think of troubling him to come so far out of his way only to restore my purse. But he was up in arms at the mere suggestion of any reward.

The only thing I could do to show my gratitude was to ring for cake and wine and press them upon him; repeating my thanks many times as we parted, mutually pleased.

'Well, at anyrate it's a comfort to think that there are *some* honest people in the world,' I reflected as I returned to the dining-room.

I related the incident to my husband when he returned from his rounds; but instead of being pleased, he rather unsympathetically remarked that it was odd the young man had nothing better to do with his time than waste it in restoring my purse, and that he pitied the firm in Fenchurch Street. Somehow, men never will see these things as women do; they are always so hard to please and so suspicious!

Next day, the truth came to light. Jane sought me out with a very pale face to inform me that some of the drawing-room ornaments were missing. In accordance with the rather senseless custom of the day, my tables and what-nots were crowded with a miscellaneous collection of small articles, many of them valuable. My smooth-spoken young friend had utilised his spare moments well, while Jane departed in search of me. A pair of silver column-candlesticks, a silver snuff-box, a very costly *étui* of Battersea enamel with gold fittings, and a tortoise-shell paper-knife with a silver handle, had disappeared—no doubt for ever. I had been proud of my knick-knacks, which were more valuable than perhaps befitted the establishment of a poor doctor; but they had cost us little, being either heirlooms or wedding presents.

I sat down and cried, of course; while my husband in terse language expressed his opinion of humbugging clerks. We both scolded Jane for admitting him into the drawing-room, although his respectable appearance had also taken me in; but nothing could bring back our lost property. John gave information to the police, who promised to inquire among the pawnbrokers; but not a vestige of the stolen property was ever forthcoming. Perhaps what annoyed me even more than the serious loss was to think how civil I had been to the depredator, pressing cake and wine upon him when all the time my property was snugly stowed away in his pockets! How he must have laughed in his sleeve at my simplicity!

The effect of my strictures upon Jane was to make her ever after very chary of admitting any stranger to the drawing-room, actually on one occasion leaving the clergyman of the parish, who was the son of a bishop and the possessor of an honoured historical name, standing forlornly on the hall mat, while she came to inform my husband that 'there was a person in the hall who wished to see him!' In short, the annoyance produced by that unlucky purse was almost endless; and for years it was a sore subject in our house, until lapse of time caused it to be forgotten.

Some years afterwards I went down to Brighton to pay a visit to a wealthy old aunt of mine, Miss Symes, who had resided there for a long time. She was between seventy and eighty, but still active and strong, her mental faculties being also in full vigour. A distant cousin of mine, Fanny Gresham, lived with her, for the sake of companionship; but her duties were light, for Miss Symes was an old lady of a proud and independent spirit, who disliked being waited upon, and still insisted on transacting all her own business. She was strict in her religious observances, and among the most constant visitors to her house was the vicar of the church she attended.

The first day after my arrival had been chosen by my aunt to hold a drawing-room meeting in advocacy of a mission which was doing much good in the slums of London, and the founder and conductor of which, Mr David Bryant, was to make an appeal in person. The vicar, Mr Stephens, was one of the first to arrive with his wife and daughters; and in a short time my aunt's spacious drawing-room was full of people, chiefly elderly.

Doubtless many of my readers have attended similar gatherings, so that there is no need to give a detailed account of the proceedings. Mr Bryant, who was formally introduced to the

assemblage by the vicar, was a tall, good-looking, dark-haired man of about forty, dressed in black, with a white tie, which gave him quite a clerical appearance, although he was only a layman. He proceeded to make a long statement of the work and results of the mission, which appeared to be achieving a great deal of good, although until that moment I had never heard of it. It was very odd, but a fancy seized me, before I had listened to Mr Bryant very long, that I had surely seen him somewhere before, though I could not remember where. I listened rather abstractedly, being puzzled over this, while one person and another rose to make a few remarks; and last of all, a salver was handed round for donations.

It was a very good collection, so much so that I felt quite ashamed of my modest half-crown, as I looked at the show of bank-notes and sovereigns and half-sovereigns. Some of the old ladies were in tears over Mr Bryant's touching account of his experiences as a missionary in the slums. Then tea and coffee were handed round, and after that the company dispersed, except the vicar and Mr Bryant, who remained to spend the evening with my aunt.

My conviction that I must have seen Mr Bryant before became deeper and deeper as the minutes sped on; so at last I asked him boldly whether we had not previously met.

The missionary turned his bright dark eyes upon me with a smile, saying that it was not impossible, although he retained no recollection of the circumstance. He had never visited that part of London in which my home was situated, and many years of his life had been spent abroad; but I might perhaps have seen him on the platform of Exeter Hall or some similar place.

He was evidently in high favour with my aunt, who unbent towards him more than I ever saw her do to any stranger before. But I noticed that Fanny sat by with a disapproving expression on her face.

I followed my cousin into her room for a confidential talk before going to bed that night, being curious to ascertain what I could from her respecting my aunt's new friend. 'Who is this Mr Bryant, Fanny?' I asked, as I took a seat.

'Odious man! Don't mention him, Louisa; I detest him too much!'

'Why, what harm has he done you?'

'Harm! He has come here and inveigled himself into aunt's good graces, getting a lot of money out of her on one pretence and another, and making her believe he's a saint and a hero, when he's nothing of the sort! He almost lives in this house now, and from morning till night we hear nothing but his praises.'

'I thought his mission was in London. How comes it that he is here at Brighton?'

'He gives out that he was ordered down here for rest and change of air. He came first about three months ago, and managed to scrape acquaintance with Mr Stephens, who took an immense fancy to him, and introduced him to aunt. And now, as I told you, he is always coming here; and aunt is so besotted with him, that unless something is done soon, I really believe she will let him coax her out of half her fortune. I hope I'm not more greedy than other people; but you and I are the only relations she has in the world, Louisa, and I confess I do grudge every sixpence she bestows on that fellow, after always leading us to expect that we should inherit her money.'

'I can see you don't believe in him.'

'Not a bit! I'm convinced he's nothing better than an impostor, and his mission and all his other schemes are only dodges to get money out of people. For instance, there was that large collection this afternoon; thank goodness, I only gave sixpence, for who is to know that he doesn't keep all the money himself?'

'Does he not furnish accounts?'

'Oh yes; he professes to give you a balance-sheet; but it would be easy to have anything he liked printed, just to satisfy people. No one could tell whether it was correct or not.—Didn't you say you fancied you had seen him before?'

'Yes; but, unfortunately, I can't recollect where.'

'Well, you won't repeat what I have said to aunt, will you? She won't hear a word against him. But I'm sure she'll live to repent it, if she doesn't take warning in time.'

I had never seen Fanny so disturbed, and I could not wonder at it, for a very few days' residence under my aunt's roof convinced me of the serious nature of the case. My aunt had always been in the habit of taking strong likes and dislikes; and it needed a great deal to shake her faith in any person who had once succeeded in gaining her confidence. Mr Bryant was clever enough to perceive this, and by humouring her peculiarities, easily contrived to secure her favour. I soon heartily joined Fanny in her detestation of the missionary, believing him, as she did, to be a hypocrite and time-server, who fawned upon my aunt for the sake of her wealth, and advanced his own interests under the cloak of religion. In the meantime, I endeavoured to persuade my aunt to be more cautious; but in vain.

'Did you really know nothing about Mr Bryant, aunt, before he came here?' I ventured to ask one day.

'He has told me his history, Louisa, and that is sufficient.'

'But you have only his own account of himself—have you?'

'What does that matter, when I know him to be a man of honour? But I suppose you'll be calling him a swindler next, as Fanny did the other day.'

'I must say, aunt, that I do think it would be better to be on your guard in dealing with a total stranger.'

'Well, really, the way you young people'—I was fifty, by-the-bye—'take upon yourselves to lecture your elders nowadays is something astonishing! Surely, Louisa, a woman of my years might be trusted to exercise discretion! Do you suppose I should allow a plausible impostor to take me in? Mr Bryant is what he professes to be, beyond a doubt.'

I was afraid to say any more, although I was really very uneasy; for almost insensibly the stranger had succeeded in gaining such an ascendency in my aunt's house that he would have been very difficult to dislodge.

But I must confess that my aunt's infatuation was after all not greater than that of Mr Stephens. The vicar took Mr Bryant with him

everywhere, introducing him to his brother clergymen, and trumpeting his praises far and wide. Like my aunt, he would not listen to a word against him, for a great show of piety sufficed for Mr Stephens.

'I do believe it will end in the man inducing aunt to make her will in his favour!' fretted Fanny, on the last morning but one of my stay.

'But I thought aunt's will was made?'

'Yes; but she may alter it any day. I may as well tell you that neither you nor I am in very good odour with her at present, Louisa. That man does his best to poison her mind against us in a quiet way. I should not be at all surprised if she leaves him nearly everything.'

'She could never be so unjust.'

'Well, he is quite capable of forging a will, if it comes to that. She has foolishly told him so much about her affairs that it would be easy for him to do it.—Oh dear, how it rains! Don't you wish we hadn't to turn out to this horrid old meeting to-night?'

'Indeed, I do.'

We were going to hear an address given by an individual known as 'The Reformed Burglar.' From a career of crime, he had been suddenly brought to repentance; and now spent his time going lecturing about the country in aid of the temperance cause and public morality generally.

Mr Stephens had secured his services at his parish schoolroom, and we all, including my aunt, made our way there. The hall was very full, but places had been kept for us; and when the lecturer, John Wood, made his appearance on the platform accompanied by the vicar, there was great applause. The hero of the evening was a small, rather slightly built man of about forty-five, clean shaven, and neatly dressed in black—not a bit like the popular idea of the members of Mr William Sikes's profession.

'Where's Mr Bryant? I don't see him on the platform,' whispered my aunt to Mrs Stephens, who was seated on her left.

'Is it not unfortunate? He was very anxious to be here; but at the last moment he sent a note to William saying that he had such a terrible face-ache that he dare not venture out.'

Then the lecturer rising, briefly announced himself as a man who had been in prison at different times for upwards of seventeen years, and stolen from first to last several thousand pounds' worth of property, none of which had benefited him in the least. In a simple graphic manner he went on to describe the incidents of his career, pointing out how from a slight theft committed in a drunken freak he had gone on to crimes of greater magnitude; and earnestly exhorting his hearers never to yield to the smallest temptation, for no one could say what the consequences might be to himself or to others.

'Because, you see, one sin always leads to more—often leads other people to do wrong as well,' he continued impressively. 'Now, for instance, once when I was very hard up and not long out of prison, I thought I'd try a little street robbery for a change. So I tried an old trick on with a lady, pretending I'd just picked up a purse, and wanting to know if it was hers. "No," she says; "I've got mine all safe here in my hand"—showing it to me. With that I snatched it from her, and cut up a court close by. Now that was bad enough; but unfortunately the lady's name and address were printed inside the purse, and that put a pal of mine, who saw me throw it away empty, up to dressin' himself up very respectable the next day, and going to the lady's house to take the purse home, when he helped himself to some silver candlesticks and other things, and the poor lady thankin' him all the time. He hadn't been a reg'lar dishonest sort of chap before, that pal o' mine—at least, I can't say that I'd known him ever actually steal anything; but after that he went from bad to worse, and was soon in prison.'

I heard little more, but sat as if in a dream. If this man had not just related to me the story of my own stolen purse, my ears must have deceived me. Every detail tallied exactly, and it was evident that he was speaking the truth.

Greatly to the astonishment of my aunt and Fanny, I insisted on remaining after the audience had dispersed; and when the hall had been cleared of all but ourselves and the vicar, I went up to John Wood, who had been detained at my request, and looking him steadily in the face, announced myself as the person he confessed to having robbed. He did not dispute my assertion, but readily gave the date and the name of the street; adding, 'Now that you've found me, ma'am, you can of course prosecute me if you choose. It was strange that you should be among the audience to-night; but I've frequently used your case as an illustration of crime leading to crime, though, as you see, I've no formal plan for my lecture, but just say whatever comes into my head.'

'No,' I said after a minute's reflection; 'I won't prosecute you, for I believe that you are now trying to lead an honest life and do good. It is against your "pal," as you call him, that I feel the most resentment; for I must blame my own carelessness in carrying my purse in my hand when you robbed me; but he had no possible excuse for coming to rob me in my own house. What was his name?'

'Owen, ma'am; or Wilson, he used to call himself. "Shiny Jim" was another name he had. He was that artful that he was very difficult to catch; and he was mixed up in a lot of robberies after that. But I haven't seen him now for a long time.'

'I wish you could find him for me,' I answered vindictively.

'If I see him I'll let you know, ma'am; for I consider it my duty now to protect honest people when I can, though at one time I'd have died rather than betray a comrade.'

As I could see that my aunt was becoming impatient at the lateness of the hour, I was obliged to cut short the interview; and went home with the others, filled with amazement at the curious manner in which I had discovered the man who robbed me of my purse after all this lapse of time. I could not cherish vindictive feelings against him, for I felt convinced his penitence was genuine; so I transferred all my hatred to Shiny Jim.

I was sitting in my aunt's parlour with Fanny the next morning, when about eleven o'clock the

maid came to the door to say that there was a man in the hall who wished to speak to Mrs Law. I went out, and found John Wood, with a small portmanteau in his hand. He pulled his hair awkwardly, and began: 'I took the liberty of coming here on my way to the station, ma'am, to say that I forgot last night that I was bound to make restitution to you for what I stole; and as the money for the lecture covers it, as near as I can remember, here it is, ma'am; and many thanks for your goodness in declining to prosecute, and I hope you'll forgive me for all the annoyance I caused.' And he put into my hand a sum which I ascertained to be a full equivalent for my loss.

I was beginning to say that I hardly liked to take all his last night's earnings, when a pompous double-knock at the front door announced a visitor; and Jane threw it open to admit Mr Bryant, whose face-ache had evidently abated sufficiently to allow him to come as he had promised to transact some business for my aunt.

John Wood looked up quickly, and stood for an instant as if paralysed; then suddenly caught him in a frenzied grasp, ejaculating 'Shiny Jim!' In an instant my aunt's quiet hall had become the scene of a conflict, as the new-comer vainly tried to shake off his assailant. My aunt and Fanny came rushing out, while I secured the front door and despatched Mary in search of a policeman. Mr Bryant at first attempted to deny his identity; but John Wood was so positive that he had to desist, and fall back upon bad language. It must indeed have been irritating to him, after he had purposely avoided going to the lecture for fear lest his old companion might recognise him, to stumble thus unexpectedly upon him in Miss Symes's hall. My aunt was horrified at witnessing the harsh treatment of her favourite; but I would listen to no appeals for mercy, and resolutely barred the door. When a policeman at last arrived, I formally charged the captive with being a rogue and impostor, feeling quite sure, after what John Wood had said, that his pretended mission would turn out to be a fraud.

So, indeed, it did; and with the help of the Reformed Burglar, we were enabled to prove sufficient against him to procure him a long term of penal servitude. The police recognised him as an old and artful offender; and although he rented two rooms in a miserable street in Whitechapel, to which he had directed his letters to be addressed, the charitable work carried on there was so little as to solve the question of the destination of the large subscriptions he had raised. Indeed, inconvenient inquiries had already been made about him in London, which was the reason of his coming to Brighton for 'change of air.'

My aunt was too proud to acknowledge all she had lost through her misplaced confidence in a swindler, but we knew the amount to be considerable. He had obtained goods on credit from the Brighton tradespeople in her name, besides appropriating to his own use cheques which she had entrusted to him for other purposes, and loose cash whenever he could. Her large donations to his mission were of course entirely lost, and ever after the name of Bryant was a sore subject with her and Mr Stephens.

My aunt died a few months ago, when Fanny and I divided the property between us. But it appeared we had narrowly escaped losing all save a mere pittance, for my aunt's solicitor, who had known us both from childhood, confided to us that his deceased client at one time seriously contemplated leaving a large amount to Mr Bryant, whose plausible tongue had completely conquered her prudence. She believed that in so doing she would be helping a most deserving charity, as she supposed her protégé to be entirely devoted to the work of his mission. She had actually given Mr Senior instructions to that effect, after a tiff with Fanny; and but for the fortunate advent of the Reformed Burglar upon the scene, I who write this would not now be enjoying, for the first time in my life, the delicious sensation of freedom from pecuniary care.

SWEETBRIER LANE.

Dearest of all are the sweet spring flowers
That come with the sun and rain.
I was stirred to the depths of my soul to-day
By the sight of the primrose again.
It was held in the grasp of a childish hand,
And its odours, subtle and sweet,
Were borne on the wings of the gentle wind
Through the city's unlovely street;
And in thought I was treading the turf again
In Sweetbrier Lane.

And the sweet pure air, a vigorous breath,
Swept down from the green hillside,
And rustled the myriad leaves of the trees
That o'ershadow the footpath wide—
The path that leads to the pasture-gate,
Where the cattle stand sleek and strong,
Where the blackbird whistles a low sweet note,
And the thrush pipes loud and long;
And my light heart echoed the glad refrain
In Sweetbrier Lane.

The sunbeams chased the shadows along,
Like merry elves at play;
And, decked with flowers, the children trooped—
Dear living sunbeams they!
They flutter and dance and laugh and shout,
They revel the long day through,
With never a thought of the storms that hide
The sun and the sky so blue.
How different life from the city strain
In Sweetbrier Lane!

Dear Sweetbrier Lane, so far away!
'Tis only in dreams I see
The wondrous beauty that Spring so loves
To lavish abroad on thee.
I sigh as I dream of this boyhood's haunt—
Of the changes that Time hath wrought;
Of the innocence sweet so rudely effaced
By knowledge so dearly bought;
And my song of joy hath a sad refrain,
Dear Sweetbrier Lane!

Charles H. Barstow.

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A ROMAN CITY IN THE CHEVIOTS.

Some thirty-five miles north-west of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the very heart of the Cheviot Hills, the observant traveller comes upon some interesting ruins. These consist of fragments of walls, built of large blocks of hewn freestone beautifully finished and jointed together, and rising in some places to a height of eight or nine feet, but even this evidently much short of their original height. If you trace these walls from point to point, they will be found to enclose a great space of ground, nearly square, measuring 475 feet in length from north to south, and 440 feet from east to west, and with a gateway entering from each of the four sides. These walls, moreover, are of immense thickness, the exterior face being of ashlar work, and the interior of rubble. Even in their present ruined and fragmentary condition, they suggest a place of enormous strength, intended for the secure and permanent protection of its inhabitants. And when the visitor reaches the gateway in the western wall, he will find it standing intact up to the spring-stone of the arch on either side; and at his feet he will see two parallel grooves worn in the stone pavement of the entrance, marking where wheeled vehicles had passed in and out. These grooves were not made during any recent time; for in the middle of the gateway is a square block of stone against which the gates of the fortress shut, and which stone would effectually bar the way of our modern vehicles. How, then, were these grooves hollowed out, and when? They were worn out by the high wheels of the double-horsed Roman chariots, the horses being so harnessed that they could separate and pass one on each side of that stone block in the centre; and these grooves are the record of their many exits and entries. The ruins around us are indeed the remains of a Roman station, the ancient City of Bremenium, built when our era was little more than a century old.

It is strange to stand here amid these gray mountain solitudes and look upon those traces of a life that has long since died out. What long centuries have come and gone since the Roman here set up his altar and offered sacrifice to his gods, and yet how near to him does the sight of these worn grooves bring us! They seem as if made but yesterday, and half suggest that the sound of his chariot wheels cannot have more than passed out of hearing. Yet it is eighteen hundred years since Agricola and his legions subdued the fierce Brigantes to whom these hills and valleys then belonged, and nearly fifteen centuries since Honorius recalled the Roman armies from Britain and left our island once more a prey to other and more enduring invaders. And one has only to look around to realise this. The ground inside the walls of the camp is not only the site of modern farmhouses and offices, but it has on it also the ruins of two old Border keeps. For the immense fortifications which the Romans here erected have for hundreds of years served but as quarries for the people in the neighbourhood. At the very time of our visit, a few masons were engaged in building an additional cottage within the camp, and were for this purpose digging materials out of one corner of the wall. It is well that the grooved stones in this ancient pavement of the western gateway have hitherto been left undisturbed.

Every dweller in London knows the name of Watling Street. This long Roman causeway ran from Dover to Chester, approaching London from the south by way of Blackheath, crossing the Thames near Westminster, and running north-west in the line of what is now Edgeware Road. But this was not the only Watling Street which the Romans constructed in Britain. There was, among others, one that came north through the counties of York and Durham and Northumberland, passing up the vale of Rede Water across the Cheviots into Scotland, in which country it terminated as far north as Stirling. This famous Roman road is still to be seen and traced for miles in many places,

for seven years, when he fell under the dagger of one of his own servants. With this episode it is just possible that the Roman occupation of Bremenium came to an end. Carausius had enough to do to repel his enemies on the south, and he probably left the Romanised Britons on the north to look to themselves; in which case the camp of Bremenium would shortly be devastated by the fierce Picts. Rome herself was in her decline. After holding our country much longer than we have yet held India, she was forced by her internal necessities to withdraw her troops from Britain; and all that is left among us of the greatest Empire of the world are a few such relics and ruins as have been found at Bremenium. Rome, in teaching the barbarians her arts of war, taught them how they might conquer herself; and that very year in which the Romans left Britain for ever, the Imperial City itself was stormed and sacked by the Goths. So passes the glory of the world! J. R.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE 'MAGICIENNE.'

THE corvette looked a mighty long distance away from the low elevation of the boat's gunwale: almost as far as the horizon, it seemed to my eyes, though from the height of the deck of the Indiaman the sea-line showed something above the bulwarks of the man-of-war. One hardly noticed the movement in the sea on board the *Countess Ida*, so solemn and steady was the swing of the great fabric, a movement stealing into one's thoughts like a habit, and leaving one unconscious of it; but the heave was instantly to be felt in the boat, and I own that I could not have believed there was so much swell until I felt the lift of the noiseless polished fold and marked the soft blue volume of the water brimming to the hot and blistered sides and green sheathing of the Indiaman.

A huge lump of a ship she looked as we were swept away from her: her masts soaring in three spires with the flash of a vane above the airy gossamer of the loftiest cloths: groups of passengers watching us from the violet-tinted shadow under the awning, heads of seamen at the rail, or figures of them upon the forecastle near the huge cathead that struck a shadow of its own into the water under it.

'A grand old ship,' exclaimed the lieutenant.

'I had no idea she owned such a handsome stern,' said Colledge; 'quite a blaze of gilt, I do protest, Miss Temple. How gloriously old Keeling's cabin-windows sparkle amid the gingerbread magnificence of decoration.'

'What is there in the art of painting to reproduce such a picture as that?' exclaimed Miss Temple, with her dark eyes glowing to the mood of delight raised in her by the beautiful spectacle. 'It is like looking at an image in a soap-bubble. What brush could fling those silver-bluish daintinesses of tint upon canvas, and make one see the ship through this atmosphere filled with ocean-light?'

'Ocean-light!' exclaimed the lieutenant, viewing her with an air of profound admiration; 'that is the fit expression, madam. Light at sea is different from light on shore.'

'As how?' cried Colledge.

'Oh, my dear fellow, see what a reflecting eye the ocean has,' said I; 'it stares back in glory to the glory that looks down upon it. Mould and clay can't do that, you know.'

'True,' said the lieutenant.

'Pray,' said I, addressing him, 'when you overhauled that hull yonder, did you meet with anything to warrant our suspicion that she was a rover?'

'I found no papers,' said he; 'forward, she is burnt into a shell. All her guns are gone, dropped overboard, I suppose, to keep her afloat. She has a little round-house aft, and in it sits a man.'

'A man?' exclaimed Miss Temple.

'He sits in a musing posture,' continued the lieutenant; 'he frowns, and seems vexed. He holds a feather pen in one hand, and supports his head on the elbow of his left arm, but he doesn't write: possibly because there is no ink and the wind seems to have blown his paper away.'

'Is he dead?' exclaimed Miss Temple.

'Quite,' responded the lieutenant with a smile of enjoyment of her beauty.

'Bless me!' cried Colledge, staring at the hull under the sharp of his hand.

'Is she a picaroon, think you, sir?' said I.

'Impossible to say,' he answered; 'there are stands of small-arms in her cabin below, and a sweep of 'tween-decks full of piratic bedding. She will have been crowded with sailors, I should think, sir.'

The six men-of-warsmen were making the fine little cutter hum as they bent to their oars, one hairy face showing past another, the eyes of each man upon his blade, though now and again one or another would steal a respectful peep at Miss Temple. What exquisite discipline their demeanour suggested! One hardly needed to do more than glance at them to sound to the very depths the whole philosophy of our naval story. How should it be otherwise than as it is with a nation that could be the mother of such children as those fellows?

The lieutenant was very talkative, and had a deal to say about the west coast of Africa and Cape Town; and he had a great many questions to ask about home. Miss Temple constantly directed her eyes over the side, as though affected and even startled by the proximity of the mighty surface. And boundless the light blue heaving plain looked as it went swimming to the far-off slope of sky that it seemed to wash—the vaster, the more enormous for the breaks of toy-like craft upon it; for the Indiaman and the corvette were standards to assist the mind into some perception of the surrounding immensity.

It was a longer pull than I should have believed, and roastingly hot, thanks to the flaming reflection that filled the heart of the sea, and to the motionless atmosphere, which was scarcely to be stirred even into the subtlest fanning of the cheek by our passage through it. Miss Temple's face in the shadow of her parasol resembled some incomparable carving in marble, and but little of vitality was to be seen in it outside of her rich, full, eloquent eyes, when she

fell into some pause of thought and looked away into the dim blue distance as though she beheld a vision down in it. The corvette appeared deserted with her high bulwarks topped yet with a line of hammocks; but it was easy to see that it was known on board the lieutenant was bringing a lady along with others to visit the man-of-war, for there was already a proper gangway ladder over the side, with a grating to step out on, though the broad-beamed craft swayed more to the swell than the Indiaman, and so dipped the platform that it needed a deal of manœuvring to save Miss Temple from wetting her feet.

Sir Edward Panton, a tall, exceedingly handsome man, with iron-gray hair and a sun-reddened complexion, received us at the gangway. He seemed scarcely able to believe his eyes when Colledge called out to him. He welcomed Miss Temple with an air of lofty respectful dignity that would have sat well upon some nobleman of magnificence welcoming a royal visitor to his home. Chairs were brought from the cabin and placed on the quarter-deck in the shelter of the awning, along with a little table, upon which were put some excellent sherry, claret, and seltzer-water, and a box of capital cigars. The look of this ship, after the Indiaman's encumbered decks broken by their poop and topgallant forecastle, was a real treat to the seafaring eye. She was flush fore and aft: every plank was as white as a peeled almond; the black breeches of her artillery gave a noble, massive, imposing character to her tall immensely thick bulwarks; the ratlines showed straight as thin bars of iron in the wide spread of shrouds and topmast rigging; the running gear was flemish-coiled; the brass-work sparkled like burnished gold; the snow-like cloths of the fore-course gathered an amazing brightness from their mere contrast with the red coat of a marine pacing the forecastle; the sailors in white clothes, straw-hats, and naked feet, sprang softly here and there to the light chirrupings of a pipe, or went on with the various jobs they were about on deck and in the rigging amid a silence that one might ask for in vain among a crew of merchantmen.

Sir Edward was delighted to see his cousin, and it seemed as if there was to be no end to their talk, so numberless were the questions the commander put about home, his family, doings in London, matters political, and so on, and so on. I had a chance, whilst Colledge was spinning some long twister of private interest to Sir Edward, to exchange a few words with Miss Temple, whose behaviour in the main might have easily led me to believe that she was absolutely unconscious of my presence; in fact, I shouldn't have addressed her then but for finding in the domestic and personal gossip of the two cousins an obligation of either talking or walking away.

'The *Countess Ida* looks a long distance off, Miss Temple.'

'Farther, I think, than this ship looks from her.'

'That is owing to a change in the atmosphere. We shall be having some weather by-and-by.'

'Not before we return, I hope.'

'The blue thickens yonder,' I exclaimed, indicating that quarter of the sea where I had noticed the depression of the horizon.

She gazed listlessly; her eyes then went roaming over the ship with a sparkle in them of the pleasure the whiteness and the brightness and the orderliness of all that she beheld gave her.

Presently Sir Edward exclaimed: 'Miss Temple, you would like to inspect this vessel, I am sure. I wish to show Stephen my wife's portrait, and I want you to see it.—Mr Dugdale, you will join us?'

Down we went into a very pleasant cabin, and the captain produced a water-colour sketch of his lady.

'A sweet face!' exclaimed Miss Temple; whilst Sir Edward gazed at the picture with eyes full of the yearning heart of a sailor long divorced from his love.

'Have you found your charmer yet, Stephen?' said he. 'Any girl won your budding affections?'

The youth looked at me suddenly and turned of a deep red. I believe he would have said no at once, and with a cocksure face, had I not been there. Miss Temple's gaze rested upon him.

'Why, who is it, Stephen, eh?' exclaimed Sir Edward with a merry laugh.—'See how he blushes, Miss Temple! a sure sign that he has let go his anchor, though he is riding to a long scope all the way out here.—Who is it, Steve?'

'Oh, hang it, Ned, never mind; you bother a fellow so,' answered Colledge with a fine air of mingled irritation and confusion, and a half-look at me that was just the same as saying, 'What an ass I am making of myself!'

'Miss Temple,' exclaimed Sir Edward, laughing heartily again, 'he may possibly have confided the lady's name to you?—Pray, satisfy my curiosity, that I may congratulate him before we part.'

'I am as ignorant as you are,' she replied with an expression of cold surprise in her face.

I marched to a porthole to look out, that I might conceal an irrepressible grin.

'I say, show us the ship, will ye, Ned?' shouted Colledge; 'there's a long pull before us, and we're bound to India, you know.'

Captain Panton led the way out of the cabin, and went in advance with Miss Temple, pointing here and explaining there, and full of his ship. Colledge sidled up to me.

'Dugdale,' he exclaimed in a whisper, 'do you believe that Miss Temple will guess from my idiotic manner just now that I'm engaged to be married?'

'Oh yes; I saw her gaze sink right into you and then go clean through you. It is best as it is, Colledge. You may breathe freely now.'

He smothered an execration, and continued gloomy and silent for some time. There was not very much to be seen below. We were presently on deck; and after another ten minutes' chat, during which Colledge seemed to regain his spirits, the boat was ordered alongside.

'It shall be my secret as well as yours, Stephen, long before you are home from your tiger-hunts!' exclaimed Sir Edward at the gangway, waggishly shaking his forefinger at his cousin.

We shook hands, entered the boat; the lieutenant took his seat, the oars sparkled, and away we went with a flourish of our hats to the

commander, who stood for some time in the open gangway watching us.

'There's a trifle more swell than there was, I fancy,' said I to the lieutenant.

'I think there is,' he answered, looking over the sea with a face as if he thought of something else.

'What a confounded quiz Ned is,' exclaimed Colledge. 'He's rather too fond of a laugh at other people's expense. I think that sort of thing a mistake myself.'

'He is a very handsome gentleman,' said I.

'Well, I'm mighty glad to have seen him,' said Colledge. 'He's a dear good fellow, only—— I hope you've enjoyed the trip, Miss Temple?'

'Thoroughly, thank you; it is a delightful change.—How strange to think of that toy yonder as being our home for some months to come! It is like fancying one's self as dwelling in a star, to see her floating out there in the blue haze, as though she were poised in the atmosphere.'

She fastened her eyes on the Indiaman as she spoke. One saw in this that she had a sailor's observation for atmospheric effect. Star-like the ship looked in the distance—a dash of misty light in the blue haze, hovering as it were above the junction of sea and sky, where the blending of the elements was so dim and hot that you couldn't tell where they met.

'Isn't it thickening up a trifle, somehow?' said I to the lieutenant. 'Look to the right of the wreck there—what is that appearance?'

'What do you see?' he exclaimed.

'Why, to my fancy, it is as though there were a dust-storm miles away yonder.'

He smiled, and answered: 'Mere heat. One doesn't need many months on the west African coast to grow used to that sort of aspects. They suggest nothing but quinine to me.'

'What time is it?' said Colledge.

We pulled out our watches: it was half-past four.

'I am sorry we are returning to the Indiaman,' said he. 'I should like to get away from her for a little while; then one would find something of freshness in her when one returned. I am not thirsting to meet Mr Johnson and Mr Emmett and Mr Greenhew again.—Are you, Miss Temple?'

She slightly smiled, and said: 'I wish Bombay were as near to us as the *Magicienne* is to the Indiaman.'

'I have an idea!' cried Colledge, whose shining eyes methought seemed to suggest the influence of the last large bumper of sherry he had tossed down before leaving the corvette. 'Let us kill another hour by boarding the wreck.'

'I shall be very pleased to put the boat alongside,' said the lieutenant.—'What do you say, Miss Temple?'

She looked at the Indiaman, and then sent a swift glance at me, as though she would read my face without having me know she had peeped at it.

'Will there be time before it falls dark?' she answered. 'I am in no hurry to return; but I do not want to make my aunt miserable by remaining out upon the water until after sunset.'

'Oh, we have abundance of time,' said the lieutenant.

'It will give us so much to talk about,' exclaimed Colledge. 'I want to see what sort of a ship it was that frightened us so abominably the other day.'

'What do you say, Mr Dugdale?' said Miss Temple.

'I am thinking of the lonely sentinel this gentleman was telling us about as we came along,' said I.

'Oh, one peep! one peep at him, just one peep!' cried Colledge; '*don't* let us go back to the Indiaman too soon.—At this rate,' he added, turning up his slightly flushed face to the sky, 'we may have another six months of her.'

The lieutenant laughed, and, anxious to please him, as I supposed, quietly pulled a yoke-line and swept the boat's head fair for the hull. His making nothing of the appearance I had called his attention to was reassuring. I should have thought nothing of it either but for the indent in the horizon that morning, and the recollection that grew out of it, as I have told you. But then old Keeling had let us start from his ship without a hint, and Sir Edward had uttered no caution, though, to be sure, in those days the barometer was not the shaper of marine speculations it has since become; and the silence of these two skippers, and the smile and careless rejoinder of the lieutenant, should have been amply satisfying. Nevertheless, there was no question but that the light swell heaving out of the north-west was sensibly gaining in volume and speed, and that it was the mere respiration of the ocean I could by no means persuade myself, though it might signify as little.

Colledge grew somewhat frolicsome; indeed, I seemed to find an artificiality in his spirits, as though he would clear Miss Temple's memory of Captain Panton's *badinage* by laughter and jokes. The lieutenant fell in with his humour, said some comical things, and told one or two lively anecdotes of the blacks of that part of the coast the corvette was fresh from. The men-of-warsmen pulled steadily, and the keen stem of the cutter sheared through the oil-smooth surface with a noise as of the ripping of satin; but now and again she would swing down into a hollow that put the low sides of the wreck out of sight, whilst, as we approached, I noticed that the hull was leaning from side to side in a swing which did not need to greatly increase to put the lieutenant to his trumps to get Miss Temple aboard.

But by this time the girl was showing some vivacity, smiling at the lieutenant's jokes, laughing lightly in her clear, rich, trembling tones at Colledge's remarks. It seemed to me as if her previous quietude had produced a resolution which she was now acting up to. She was apparently eager to inspect the wreck, and said that such an adventure would make a heroine of her at home when she came to tell the story of it.

It was a long dragging pull over that heaving breathless sea, and through that sweltering afternoon with its sky of the complexion of brass about the zenith. The three craft as they lay formed a right angle triangle, the apex, to call it so, being the derelict, and the getting to her involved a longer stretching of the Jacks' backs than, as I suspected, the lieutenant had calculated on. The

sweat poured from the men's brows, and their faces were like purple rags under their straw hats as they swung with the precision and the monotony of the tick of a clock over the looms of their oars.

'She's rather unsteady, isn't she?' exclaimed Colledge as we approached the hulk.

'So much the better,' said the lieutenant; 'her bulwarks are gone, and every dip inclines her bare deck as a platform for a jump.'

'She may be sinking,' cried Miss Temple.

'Dry as a bone, madam, I assure you,' said the officer. 'I looked into her hold, and there's scarce more water than would serve to drown a rat.'

'I see her name in long white letters under her counter,' I exclaimed. 'Can you read it, Colledge?'

'The *Aspirante*,' said the lieutenant.

We now fell silent, with our eyes upon the hull, whilst the officer manœuvred with the yoke-lines to run the cutter handsomely alongside. A single chime from a bell came thrilling with a soft silver note through the hushed air. Miss Temple started, and the officer grinned into Colledge's face, but nothing was said. She was a very clean wreck. Her foremast stood stoutly supported by the shrouds; but the braces of the foreyard were slack, and the swing of the spar, upon which the canvas lay rolled in awkward heaps, roughly secured by lines, as though the work of hands wild with hurry, somehow imparted a strange, forlorn, most melancholy character to the nakedness of that solitary mast. She showed no guns; her decks appeared to have been swept; the rise of her in the water proved that her people must have jettisoned a deal of whatever they were able to come at; her wheel was gone, and her rudder slowly swayed to every heave. There were a few ropes' ends over her side, the hacked remains of standing-rigging; but the water brimmed clear of wreckage to her channels.

'Oars!' cried the lieutenant. The bowman sprang erect; and in a few moments we were floating alongside, soaring and falling against the black run of her, with the deck gaping through the length of smashed bulwark to the level of our heads when we stood up, each time she came lazily rolling over to us. The clear chime of the bell rang out again.

'What is it?' cried Miss Temple.

'The ship's bell,' said the lieutenant; 'it'll have got jammed as it hangs, and the tongue strikes the side when the heave is a little sharper than usual.'

He followed this on with certain directions to the men. Two of them, watching their chance, sprang on to the slope of the deck, and then went hoisting up away from us as the hull swayed wearily to starboard. 'Stand by now!' bawled the lieutenant.—'Miss Temple, let me assist you on to this thwart.' She sprang upon it with something of defiance in her manner, and the officer grasping her elbow supported her. I thought Colledge looked a little uneasy and pale. We waited; but an opportunity was some time in coming.

'Mr Colledge,' said the lieutenant, 'be kind enough to take my place and support the lady.' He jumped lightly into the main-chains, and was on deck in a jiffy. 'Haul her in close, men.—Now, Miss Temple. Catch hold of my hand and of this sailor's when I say so.'

Up swung the boat; the girl extended her hands, which were instantly grasped. 'Jump, madam!' and she went in a graceful bound from the thwart to the deck.

I watched till a heave brought me on a line with the chains into which I leapt.

'Now, Mr Colledge,' called out the lieutenant. He hung in the wind, and I thought he would refuse to leave the boat; but Miss Temple with her face slightly flushed stood watching as though waiting for him, her noble figure swaying with a marvellous careless grace upon the floating slopes of the planks; and this started him. He got on to a thwart, where he was supported by a sailor till a chance offered for his hands to be gripped, and then he was hauled on to the hull; but he came perilously near to going overboard, for the sudden sinking away of the cutter from under him paralysed his effort to jump, and he swung against the side of the wreck in the grasp of the lieutenant and a seaman, who dragged him up just in time to save his legs from being ground by the soaring of the boat. The two sailors then jumped into the cutter, which shoved off, and lay rising and falling upon the quarter to the scope of her painter.

(To be continued.)

THE TUBEROUS BEGONIA.

THE Geranium, or, as it is now more correctly called, the Zonal Pelargonium, has long been unrivalled among the denizens of our flower-gardens. Its brilliancy of colour, easiness of propagation and culture, hardiness and general good qualities, have justly made it a universal favourite, and by far the most extensively grown of all our ornamental plants. Indeed, it has been so much used, especially in that kind of gardening arrangement called 'bedding-out,' that variety of form and colour, which is the most pleasing to the eye, has been sacrificed for uniformity, and too often our gardens have been laid out in a style that brings to mind Pope's satirical description of the gardens at Canons:

> His gardens next your admiration call:
> On every side you look, behold the wall!
> No pleasing intricacies intervene;
> No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
> Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
> And half the platform just reflects the other;
> The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,
> Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees.

This, while being a matter for regret, has been, perhaps, unavoidable; as there has not been, until quite recently, any plant possessing anything like the good qualities of the Geranium which might have been used as a substitute. We have, however, within recent years, by the skilful and tenacious labour of our scientific florists, secured another ornamental plant, which already has equal if not superior merits to the Geranium, and promises to be deserving of as much popularity and general cultivation as that old-time favourite. This welcome addition to our garden treasures is the Tuberous Begonia. A short sketch of its history and improvement under cultivation may be interesting to those who find pleasure in gardening.

The Begonia family—so called after M. Begon, a French botanist—contains about three hundred and fifty species. About one half of this number has been already introduced into Britain. The known species for the most part are natives of tropical America, Asia beyond the Ganges, and the southern tropics and sub-tropics of Africa. In these parts of the world they are found growing in great abundance. As a botanical family, the Begonias are isolated from any other group in the vegetable kingdom, their characteristics being distinct and easily recognised. They have succulent or sub-shrubby stems, or climbing stems which cling to moist surfaces by adventitious roots. Their leaves are stipulate—that is, having small leaf-like appendages at the bases of the leaf-stalks, and are generally ornamental. The flowers are irregular, and male and female blooms are produced on each plant. The stamens are numerous, and sometimes free, sometimes united. The ovary, which is adherent throughout to the calyx, is three, four, or many celled. The fruit is a three-cornered, sometimes winged capsule.

The Begonia's nearest allies are four species forming the Datiscaceæ family, which are similar in the structure of their unisexual flowers, ovary, and seeds. The Passion-flowers, Saxifrages, and Cucumber have also a slight affinity to it.

Besides the above general features, there are other interesting characteristics seen in the structure of some members of the family. For example, in the species *Begonia phyllomanica* the stems are densely covered with small adventitious leaves. Many species, again, may be propagated from leaves alone, while others produce numerous small bulbs in the axils of the leaves, as in *Lilium bulbiferum*, from which new plants may be raised.

So far as can now be determined, the first species brought to this country was *Begonia nitida*, which was found in Jamaica in 1777. Other species were introduced from time to time; but it was not until close on a hundred years after its first introduction that the Begonia entered on its career of popularity, and developed such surprising tendencies to vary and improve in the hands of the cultivator, that to-day it stands in the front rank of our decorative plants.

We owe the introduction of the species of the Begonia from which the varieties now grown were derived to one of our foreign-plant collectors—a class of men about whom we hear very little, yet to whom we owe much for enriching our gardens and conservatories by searching out, often at the risk of their lives, and sending home to us, beautiful plant-children of other lands. Richard Pearce, a native of Plymouth, and a man of unassuming character yet intrepid courage, while collecting in Bolivia, discovered and sent home, in the year 1864, the variety *B. boliviensis;* in 1865, *B. Pearcei*, also from Bolivia; and in 1867, *B. Veitchii*, from near Cuzco, Peru. To these were soon added, also from Peru, the species *B. roscæflora*, *Davisii*, and *Clarkei*. These six species were the progenitors of all the varieties of Tuberous Begonia now cultivated. It may be interesting to note the colours of the flowers produced by these species. They are respectively bright cinnabar-scarlet, clear yellow, vivid vermilion, pale brier-rose red, bright scarlet, and bright rose.

In 1868 the first hybrid was raised, and was named *Begonia Sedeni*, after the raiser. It produced blooms of a beautiful rosy-crimson colour. From that year up to the present time many of our leading florists, as well as those of the Continent, recognising the beauty and promise of improvement in the Begonia, have, year after year, given their closest attention to its culture; and every season's labour has invariably produced one or more varieties distinctly marking an advance from previous attainments.

The results secured up to the present are simply marvellous, and show what may be done in the field of floriculture by earnest, persistent, and well-directed work. From its introduction in 1777 up to as late as ten years ago, the Begonia was little more than a botanical curiosity. The habit of the varieties then in existence was very weak. The stems were usually gaunt straggling branches, two feet or more long, scant of foliage, and surmounted by one or two small, thin-petalled, poorly-coloured flowers, which hung their heads in a melancholy fashion. No one looking at them could have dreamt that they would be the progenitors of a race of plants with such wonderful beauty of form and colour as that now possessed by their descendants. The family has developed with such rapid strides that to-day it possesses a larger number of valuable qualities than any other flowering-plant, with the possible exception of the Zonal Pelargonium (Geranium).

The good points of the Begonia as now improved, are: The power of flowering continuously over a period of five or six months in the year. A range of colour embracing almost every conceivable shade of white, rose, pink, red, scarlet, crimson, lake, orange and yellow, with the richest and most delicate tints. A wonderful adaptability to any kind of culture, either with or without artificial heat. Great freedom from any kind of plant disease. It can be used most successfully as a 'bedding-out' plant. The last is perhaps its most valuable quality, and for which it will be most extensively grown, as it makes a good companion to or substitute for the too much employed Zonal Pelargonium. That it can be used as a bedding plant with fine effect is now beyond dispute. In widely-separated localities both in England and Scotland the writer has seen Begonias growing in the open air from June to October with great vigour and luxuriance. They withstand extremes of heat and cold much better than the Zonal Pelargonium. Come sunshine or shade, rain or storm, their richly-coloured blossoms look up ever bright and fresh. In wet, cold seasons, when its rival produces only a very limited number of flowers and seems only to live, the Begonia will grow vigorously and throw up a bloom from every joint.

The single varieties with scarlet and crimson flowers, of which colours there are many different shades, give the best results in the open air. It would be difficult to imagine a grander gardening effect than that produced by a mass of healthy plants, with flowers of these bright colours, in full bloom under bright sunshine.

In the immediate future, the Begonia must take a prominent place in all kinds of gardening decoration. It is hardly possible to plant it where it

will be out of place. It looks pleasing in nearly any position and arrangement, whether planted in separate colours, in mixed beds, in isolated groups, in hollows of rustic stumps, in ornamental stands, in ivy-clad baskets, or as single specimens.

To those who find, like Bacon, that gardening is the source of pure pleasure and refreshment of spirit, the Begonia will come as a welcome addition to the sum of their enjoyment.

MY WEDDING DAY.

A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN STORY.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

'WHAT time is it?' asked Mrs Green, when the two women had started up the hill once more.—'Two o'clock? You don't say so! Well, we may as well have a bit of something ourselves. The fire will be on the top of that hill in half an hour, at the rate it is coming. If they can't stop it, it will come down here, and we'll have to turn to and fight with the rest of them.'

'We'll have to look out, anyways,' said Biddy. 'The sparks will be all over the place, with this wind, and it's not much time we'll have then to be thinking of dinner.'

The children were called in; and we sat down to a picnic sort of meal, consisting of cold beef, plum-pudding, and a tart or two from the unfortunate wedding breakfast. These tarts reminded me of a fact that I found hard to realise—that I was really married, and that this was my wedding day; yes, actually my wedding day! and here was I, the bride, sitting down to a demoralised sort of Christmas dinner in a hot kitchen, with a half-roasted clergyman in his shirt sleeves, and Mrs Green in a voluminous cooking apron.—And Jack? Where was he? Over a mile away, fighting the fire in heat and dust and smoke. In danger, perhaps! Oh Jack, dear Jack! And I lost myself in loving anxious thought, till I was roused by Biddy's voice: 'My word!' she said, coming to the back door—'it's near now, roaring like anything, and they're beating like mad.'

We jumped up at once and went outside. There was a fierce deep roaring rushing sound like a big bush-fire, and nothing else. The smoke hung over us thicker than ever, and like a lurid cloud kept off the sunlight, the sun itself showing through it as a dull deep crimson disc; and through the roaring and crackling of the flames we heard the sound of the branches as the men fought with all their might.

While we watched, Mrs Brown and Mrs Jones came hurrying down again, bringing with them some of the eatables they had just taken up.

'They've no time to eat,' said Mrs Brown; 'but they're just dried up with thirst. They want some more tea as soon as you can send it up.'

'I will take it,' I said.

'Pray, allow *me*,' said Mr Smith.

'Well,' said Mrs Green, 'I expect Mrs Brown and Mrs Jones are tired; besides, they want their dinner.'

I went in search of my shadiest hat, and the parson donned his coat—a great mistake, as it proved—and we started off, he with two buckets of tea, and I with one. Now, full buckets are awkward things to carry up a hill-side at the best of times, and when they are full of tea, every drop of which you know will be precious to the thirsty men above, you get nervous, and consequently spill more. Mr Smith started with a light heart to carry those buckets up that hill, and if his heart was heavier when he reached the top, the buckets were considerably lighter. We got on well enough at first, but soon came to a steep place, where, though our arms were aching furiously, there was no place flat enough to set the buckets down on. Then we had to sidle along the hill, and Mr Smith had to hold one bucket higher than the other to keep it off the ground; and in spite of all his care, that up-hill bucket would keep catching on sticks and stones, and sending cataracts of steaming tea over his legs. He did not complain; but it must have been too hot to be comfortable. At last we got on to a cattle track, which made walking easier, though it had its drawbacks too, being six inches deep in soft well-trodden dust. The condition of the parson's moist legs after two minutes' walk through this may be imagined. He sailed benignly on, however, with one long coat-tail in each bucket of tea, till I could stand it no longer.

'Mr Smith,' I said, 'I am afraid the tea will spoil your coat.'

'Dear me! dear me!' he said, 'what shall I do? They *will* go in, and I can't put the buckets down, and the tea will be spoilt. Dear me! what shall I do?'

'Shall I pin them up for you?' I asked.

'Thank you, thank you, Mrs Rushton, if you would,' he answered gratefully.

I managed to set my bucket down and steady it with my foot while I pinned the tails of his coat together behind, so that it looked like a demented swallow-tail.

'Thank you, thank you, very much indeed,' was all he said just then; but when we came to a place where we could set down our loads and rest, he observed, as he mournfully gazed at his muddy legs: 'Really, Mrs Rushton, I am afraid this kind of work is detrimental to my cloth.'

At last we reached the top, and found the men hard at work. The fire had come upon them before they expected. Where a track was already burnt, they stopped it easily enough; but just here they were having a hard fight. So much we learned from one and another as they stopped to swallow a pannikin of tea and then rush back to their work again. How hot they looked; hot and tired, with faces scorched and grimy, and eyes red with the stinging smoke. I had seen thirst before, though not quite so bad as this. Mr Smith had not, I think, and his face grew very grave as he watched them.

'Well, parson,' said one, as he drank the tea, in a voice husky and weak with exhaustion, 'you're a Christian for this, if you never said a prayer.'

The little clergyman looked distressed; he was a little shocked at first, I think; then I heard him murmur to himself: 'A cup of cold water! I never knew what that meant till to-day.'

When we got down again, he insisted on making another trip at once. I could not help admiring him as he started up the hill again with a bucket in each hand, this time without his coat.

'Well,' said Biddy, looking after him, 'he's got some pluck in spite of his coat.'

'He's a brick!' said the children, and I quite agreed with them.

The fire was stopped on the hill behind the house, and the men had gone along the ridge to stop it farther on. We had dismantled the neglected breakfast table, and rearranged it with more regard for compactness than elegance, ready for the men's supper; and at last the long hot day was nearly over. Having nothing particular to do, I went and sat under the back veranda to rest. Mrs Jones did likewise, and leaning her elbows on her knees and her chin on her hands, gazed silently upwards at the smoke that told of the fight still going on. Mrs Brown seized a broom and proceeded to sweep up the leaves scattered about by our discarded decorations, talking meanwhile about other bush-fires she had seen. Now that the fight was no longer in sight, the sense of excitement and conflict we had felt all day in some degree abated. Peaceful home sounds—the crying of a calf, the musical sound of milking from the bail-yard close by, and the cheerful tinkling of teaspoons in the kitchen—contrasted strangely with the lurid glare of the smoky sunlight and the distant roaring of the flames. In a gum-tree close by were a crowd of magpies that had flown screaming away from the fire, and were watching it intently, now and then bursting into a flood of angry song; while once or twice a flock of paroquets whizzed shrieking overhead.

I paid little attention to Mrs Brown's conversation, but fell to thinking—of Jack, of course—till Biddy came across to the dairy with her buckets of milk, and Mrs Green came out and called the children in to tea. They came scampering in, discussing the day's events with a vivacity which put day-dreaming out of the question for the time being.

During tea, the talk was still bush-fires; no one ever talks of anything else while one is burning. Afterwards, when Mrs Brown and Mrs Jones had departed to their respective homes—cottages a little distance off—and Mrs Green and Biddy were busy preparing for the men, whom they expected soon, I sat on the veranda and tried to talk the children into a calm enough state of mind for bedtime. It had been a wildly-exciting day for them, and a 'continual feast' as well; for they had made raids on the kitchen every now and then, carrying off their booty to be devoured in some place where there was a good view of the fire. They implored me not to speak of bed at first; but in spite of themselves they grew drowsy as they calmed down, and were soon ready to say 'Good-night.'

When they had gone I lost myself in my own thoughts again. How long I sat there dreaming I do not know. The sun had set; the short twilight was over, and the smouldering logs shone out like large red stars from the blackened hillside above, when I noticed a strange light to my left. Going to the end of the house, I saw a line of fire coming towards us along the flat. A smouldering log must have rolled down from above and lighted the grass. 'Fire! fire! just here!' I shouted.

Mrs Green and Biddy rushed out, and took in the situation at a glance. Biddy just threw back her head, put her hands to her mouth and 'coo-eed' loud and long.

'Get a can and wet the grass at the end of the house, Mary!' Mrs Green called to me as she ran round the house shutting the windows, to keep the sparks out.

'Biddy,' she continued, 'throw water on the roof; it's as dry as tinder.'

Biddy gave one more long 'coo-o-ee!' and seizing a bucket, fell to work; while Mrs Green disappeared into the house, returning with the children, blinking and bewildered. Rolling them in blankets, she deposited them in the bed of a dried-up creek near the house. Meanwhile, I had been running backwards and forwards with two large watering-cans from the tubs we had filled in the morning, trying to soak a strip of grass to check the fire in its advances on the house. My task was only half finished, however, when the fire came up. I caught up a branch and called to the others for help. We beat and beat with all our might; but the wind was high and the grass long, and it seemed as if we could not keep it back. The heat was intense, and the smoke choked and blinded us; but we kept on, till I felt as if each blow would be the last, and dimly wondered what would happen when I gave in, as I must do soon.

I do not know how long we worked; it seemed hours; but I suppose it was not many minutes. All at once we heard men's voices and running feet, and a dozen strong arms were beating beside us. It was a sharp tussle; but they got it under, and were just congratulating themselves on arriving in the nick of time, when a voice—Jack's voice—was heard calling for help, and they saw that the fire, though turned away from the house, was making straight for the wool-shed, which stood on a slight rise a little beyond. Jack was fighting it single-handed. It seemed to be getting the better of him; then, while I watched, I saw him fall, and the fire rushed onwards. And then I suppose I fainted, for I remember nothing more till I felt myself slowly and painfully coming back to life in my own little room. At first, I was only conscious of a deathly sick feeling; then I remembered that something had happened, something dreadful. What was it? Ah!—Jack. I believe I called his name aloud; and then—could it be true?—I heard his dear voice answering me, and felt his strong arms and his kisses on my face. It was no dream, but Jack himself! I hid my face on his shoulder and sobbed. I have a dim remembrance of hearing some one say, 'She'll do now;' then the door was shut and we were alone. I had my arms round his neck, and clung closely to him, unwilling to loose my hold even to look up at his face.

'Hush, Mary,' he said—'hush, my darling. I am here, safe and sound. Look up, dear, and see for yourself.'

At last I did look up. Could that be Jack? It looked more like a badly-blacked Christy minstrel. 'Why, Jack!' I cried, 'you are as black as a'—— and I paused for want of a simile.

'A kettle?' he suggested.—'Come, little woman, don't call names. I fancy there's a pair of us,' he added, looking laughingly at me.

Of course I sat up at once, and looked towards the glass to see what was the matter, and this is what I saw—Jack kneeling by the side of the couch, looking like a sadly-dishevelled sweep, for one of his shirt-sleeves was burnt off to the shoulder, and he was more or less black all over; while his eyes were red, and his teeth, displayed just now by a broad grin, shone like a negro's from beneath the singed and stubbly ends of what had once been his moustache. As for me, my light cotton dress was ornamented by sundry prints of a human hand in black, while round my waist was a broad band of the same hue. My left cheek was one dark smear; while on the other, as well as on my forehead and lips, were numerous rough but unmistakable impressions of Jack's moustache.

It was no use trying to be sentimental under the circumstances, so I laughed instead, to Jack's relief, for he had a man's hatred of scenes.

'How did you escape?' I asked. 'I thought I saw the fire go over you.'

'Why, so it did,' he answered. 'When I found I could not stop it, I lay down, and let it go over me.'

'Oh Jack! you must have been hurt.'

'Well, I found it rather warm, certainly; and I am afraid my clothes have suffered.—There, there, little wife; don't cry like that.' The thought of his danger had been too much for me. 'I am quite safe, thank God. I don't think I am seriously damaged, though my complexion *is* a little spoiled for the present.'

He stayed talking a little while, and then had to rush back to his task. They had just managed to save the wool-shed, but a good deal of fencing had gone. The worst of the fire was over, but it needed watching.

Next morning, a rather dilapidated but very happy bride and bridegroom started on their homeward way, after saying good-bye to a still more dilapidated parson, and being honoured with three very husky cheers from all hands.

OLD SHOWS AND CUSTOMS.

With the spread of education the various old customs so familiar to our forefathers are gradually dying out. Our old friends Punch and Judy show themselves less every year, while their rival Fantoccini has quite left the field. It is true that Punch was in greater demand in the Jubilee Year; but he, with his friends the Travelling Showman, the Fat Lady, and the Skeleton Boy, are daily finding themselves nearer the end of their existence. For this we do not pretend to offer any explanation other than that the public, naturally wishing to see all they can for as little as possible, are not so liberal with the pence, or that the pence are not so plentiful. This, however, cannot be the case with the old customs which our ancestors associated with the great festivals of the year, and it is of some of these we wish to speak.

Every one is acquainted with the practice of giving eggs at Easter-tide; these are now generally made of sugar or some kind of composition; but their preparation used formerly to occupy, for a few days before Easter, a good deal of the time of the donor. They were called *pask*, *paste*, or *pace* eggs, terms derived from the word paschal, and were made as follows: an ordinary egg having been immersed in hot water, the end of a common candle was made use of to inscribe names of individuals, &c. Thus inscribed, the egg was placed in a dye; and the part over which the tallow had been passed being impervious to the operation of the dye, the egg presented a white inscription on a coloured ground.

An old custom formerly prevalent in many parts of England was that of 'heaving' or 'lifting,' mostly performed in the open street. People formed into parties of twelve or more, and from every one 'lifted' they extorted a contribution. There is said to be a record in the Tower of London of certain payments made to ladies and maids of honour for taking King Edward I. in his bed at Easter, whence it has been presumed that he was lifted according to the custom which then prevailed among all ranks throughout the kingdom.

A custom prevailed at Twickenham of dividing two great cakes among children on Easter Day; but in 1645 parliament ordered that loaves of bread should be bought for the poor instead, and for some time these were thrown from the church steeple, to be scrambled for, a custom which also prevailed for some time at Paddington.

The great festival of the milkmaids and sweeps of the 1st of May dates its origin back to the Romans, who were wont to commemorate the festival of Flora, the goddess of flowers, for several days in May. Maypoles were forbidden to be erected by parliament in 1644; but they were restored again on the restoration of Charles II.; and in 1661 the Maypole in the Strand was reared with much ceremony and rejoicing. This pole, which stood near where Catherine Street joins the Strand, was of cedar, and was raised by twelve seamen, commanded by the Duke of York, who was then Lord High Admiral of England.

Bartholomew Fair was the last of the great fairs held in London; this took place near Smithfield, and lasted three days, taking place about the beginning of September; and here were to be seen probably the greatest collection of shows of all kinds ever brought together at one place.

Allhallow Eve or Halloween was formerly the occasion of many curious customs throughout the country. It was sometimes called 'nutcrack night' in the north of England, from the practice of throwing nuts into the fire.—Burns says: 'Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.' He also mentions the custom of Scotch women of pulling cabbages; they must go out hand in hand blindfolded and pull the first cabbage they come to; its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the grand object of their spells—a husband. If any earth stuck to the roots, that was a fortune; and the taste of the *custock* (the heart of the stem) was indicative of the natural temper and disposition. In certain parts of Perthshire, bonfires were lit in every village. When the fire was consumed, the

ashes were carefully collected in the form of a circle; then a stone was put in the fire for each person in the several families interested in the charm, and if any stone was moved out of its place or injured before next morning, the person it represented was supposed not to live twelve months from that day. This same custom was also observed in North Wales.

The inhabitants of the island of Lewis, off the west coast of Scotland, had an ancient custom to sacrifice to a sea-god called 'Shony' in the following manner: Every family furnished a peck of malt, which was brewed into ale. One of their number was then chosen to wade into the sea up to the middle, who carrying a cup of ale in his hand, cried out: 'Shony, I give you this cup of ale, hoping you'll be so kind as to send us plenty of seaware for enriching our ground the ensuing year;' and so threw the ale into the sea. This was performed at night-time. On his return to land, they all went to church, where a candle was burning on the altar; and after standing silent a short time, one gave a signal, at which the candle was put out, and immediately all went to the fields, where they drank their ale and spent the remainder of the night in dancing and singing.

The burning of a good Guy on the 5th of November was once a scene of uproar unknown now. A huge bonfire was lit in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where upwards of two hundred cartloads of fuel and more than thirty Guys were brought to be burnt. London was so lit up with bonfires and fireworks that from the suburbs it seemed in one red-heat. Many were the overthrows of horsemen and carriages from the discharge of rockets and the pressure of moving mobs; but this fiery zeal has gradually decreased; men no longer take part in the observance of the day, and boys carry about their Guy with no other thought than how much they will get by the operation to make merry with.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

For some years there have been rumours to the effect that Baron Nordenskiöld, the most successful navigator of modern times, was considering the equipment of an expedition for Antarctic exploration. When the colony of Victoria proposed an expedition of the kind two or three years ago, the enterprise fell through owing to the refusal of the Home Government to provide a ship for the purpose. The idea has now been revived, and Australia will furnish five thousand pounds towards the expense; while a similar amount will be given by Mr Oscar Dickson, who has before been a liberal patron of Baron Nordenskiöld's projects. It will be remembered that the *Challenger* went just within the Antarctic circle, but that it was quite foreign to her mission to undertake exploration work of a geographical character. Sailing-vessels have been the only ships which have really penetrated far towards the South Pole; and it was with such vessels that Captain Cook exploded the idea of the existence of a great Antarctic continent. We may hope that this new expedition, aided by the potent power of steam, and under the command of an intrepid navigator who knows perhaps more about ice-conquest than any other man, will lead to great results. We may also hope that the sum already promised may be greatly increased, so that the efforts of the expedition may not be handicapped by want of funds.

Whenever a serious explosion of fire-damp occurs—and we have unhappily had more than one such fatality within the last few months—the usual stories are current regarding the carelessness of miners in opening their lamps, carrying matches, and in other ways placing in jeopardy their own lives and the lives of their fellows. It is possible that instances of such reckless and criminal conduct may occasionally occur; but it is far more probable that the initial spark which brings about the mischief is due to a far more common cause. Every one knows that when iron strikes stone, sparks are produced; and it is a common thing to see such sparks flying from a horse's hoof as it strikes the hard road. Our forefathers were dependent upon a flint and steel for both light and fire. In a coal-mine, unfortunately, are all the conditions necessary for producing such sparks, for the miner's pick has only to strike a nodule of ironstone and the fire appears. It is quite certain that if gas be present in dangerous quantity, or if the mine be a dusty one, such a spark is quite sufficient to deal death and destruction around. We throw out the suggestion that it would be practicable to substitute for miners' tools some other metal, such as one of the new bronzes, for the iron which strikes sparks so readily.

Mr A. Upward, of Kensington, has invented an apparatus of simple construction which will enable a miner to ascertain whether in working upon the face of the coal he is likely to come upon water or gas. The contrivance consists of a chamber fitted with a slide-valve, which can be held firmly against the face of the coal by means of struts and temporary supports. Through this valve, in which is a stuffing-box, a boring tool is worked for several feet; and should water or gas be tapped, the one or the other will rush into the chamber and will be immediately registered by an attached pressure-gauge. But should the coal be solid and give no sign, the apparatus is removed, and the collier can work with confidence to as great a depth as the boring tool has already penetrated. A modification of the apparatus, in which a larger boring tool is employed, can be used for passing nourishment to miners who may be imprisoned, with a wall of coal between them and their rescuers.

A remarkable instance of the convenience of the electric motor is reported from Chicago. Owing to a boiler explosion at a large printing-office in that city, work had to be suspended, and many employees were thus left idle. This state of things must have continued for some weeks, while new boilers were fitted to the engines, if the happy suggestion had not been made to make use of electricity in lieu of steam. A powerful dynamo-machine was procured and connected with the shafting, while at the same time it was connected by cables with a similar machine outside. By this means work was resumed two days after the accident.

It will be remembered that many months ago M. Pasteur proposed to deal with the rabbit pest in Australia by inoculating a few of the animals with disease virus, and turning these few among their fellows, so that they could infect the rest by their presence. M. Pasteur sent his nephew and another of his assistants to Australia with a view to repeat upon a larger scale the experiments which he had already carried out with success in his laboratory. These gentlemen returned to France a few months later much discouraged with their experience among our colonists. They allege that they were only allowed to try a few experiments, and although the results were of a promising nature, all kinds of impediments were placed in their way. Adjournments and delays took place until M. Pasteur abandoned all hope of being able to succeed in his enterprise. It may be that the prize of twenty thousand pounds which was offered by the Australian Government for the discovery of a successful remedy for the extirpation of the rabbits had something to do with this treatment of a foreigner's representatives.

The Journal of the Chemical Society contains an interesting note, from a foreign source, with reference to the pigment known as Egyptian Blue, which was used by the Romans in the first few centuries of the Christian era, and which is of such a permanent character, resisting as it does both atmospheric and chemical influences, that works executed with it many centuries back still retain their brightness of colour. The pigment is said to have been discovered by Vitruvius, in Alexandria, who made it by mixing fine sand with carbonate of soda, adding copper filings to the mixture, and moulding into balls with water. These lumps were then dried, and heated in clay pots until the blue colour was developed. It is thought that the manufacture of this pigment, which has the advantage of being very cheap as well as good, might be revived with great benefit to the arts.

The Royal Meteorological Society recently held in London their eleventh annual Exhibition of Instruments, and it was devoted almost entirely to apparatus which combines photography with meteorology. Some of the exhibits were of very great interest, notably the camera which is used at Kew and other observatories for taking instantaneous pictures of clouds from different points of view at the same moment. In practice, two cameras are used, one being distant half a mile from the other. An observer is stationed at each, and the two men are in telephonic communication with one another. But the simultaneous exposure of the two cameras is of course under the control of one hand, and this is brought about by an instantaneous shutter upon each lens worked by an electro-magnet, both being on the same circuit. The photographs of clouds so obtained can be accurately measured, and their height above the earth can be determined. Photographs of lightning flashes, showing all sorts of peculiarities, also formed an interesting feature of this Exhibition.

A remarkable story is published in a New York scientific journal concerning the method adopted by a gang of horse-stealers in Arkansas to get rid of their ill-gotten steeds. Owing to a quarrel among the gang, the aid of a surgeon was requisitioned, and it seems that this gentleman put in an appearance at an inopportune time. He found a horse under the operation of being bleached, that is to say the animal was enveloped in a coat made out of india-rubber garments, and was being treated with sulphur vapour. The operator was a woman, who had adopted this plan of treatment after experiments upon her own hair. It is said that the appliances to carry out the deception were very ingenious. The system was to run a stolen horse into the bleachery, and to change its black or chestnut coat into a tint approaching white; at the same time its tail and mane would be trimmed. Thus disguised, the stolen animal could be ridden past its real owner's door without chance of detection. For the present these nefarious practices have been stopped by the authorities.

A French scientific journal, *La Nature*, publishes two photographs which show very well the different effects produced in volley-firing from using ordinary gunpowder and the newly-invented smokeless powder. In each photograph we see a line of soldiers kneeling on one knee and discharging their weapons; but whereas in the one picture all but the nearest five men are hidden in the cloud of smoke which they have produced, in the other the haze which hangs over the muzzles of the weapons is not sufficiently thick to obscure any of the men.

The discovery of Coal-measures near Dover has naturally caused much excitement in the south of England. Geologists have long been of the opinion that the coal-fields of South Wales, Somersetshire, and Gloucestershire might very possibly represent a continuation of the coal-fields of Belgium and Northern France. And it would seem that the boring near Dover has tapped the valuable mineral at an intermediate point. This is not the first time that an attempt has been made to find coal in the southern counties. In 1872 a boring was undertaken at Battle, near Hastings, and a depth of nearly two thousand feet was reached, when the machinery collapsed, and the works were abandoned. Professor Boyd Dawkins, the eminent geologist, formed one of a committee which undertook this experimental boring, and he it was who, in 1886, persuaded Sir Edward Watkin to make a similar boring at the foot of Shakespeare Cliff, an enterprise which has been just crowned with success. The coal this time has been found at a depth of twelve hundred feet from the surface, and it is described as a bright blazing variety, and of the quality found in the collieries in the Mendip Hills. No one can yet tell whether the coal near Dover exists in sufficient quantities to pay for working it. Should it be as abundant as enthusiasts would have us believe, it will certainly change the face of the country, and will turn a large stretch of land which is now devoted to farming purposes into a manufacturing district. The prospect is not a pleasant one, except from a matter-of-fact commercial point of view.

An interesting Report has been published referring to the experiments which have taken place in the New York State prisons with the electrical apparatus which has been erected there for the purpose of carrying out the death penalty. The Committee which was appointed to deal with this question have been testing the power of the

apparatus on the bodies of living animals. In the case of a horse weighing about one thousand pounds one electrode was placed on the forehead of the animal, while the other was fastened to a hind-leg. When the electric current was passed through the circuit, the animal fell dead instantaneously. In order to settle the question whether this supposed instant death was not a case of suspended animation, a calf was subjected to the effects of the current. Immediately after the apparent death, artificial respiration was kept up for half an hour, but the animal showed no sign of returning life.

The immense deposits of chalk and clay, the one underlying the other, which have been discovered in the county of Grey, Ontario (Canada), are of far-reaching importance, for the two materials are of the kind from which the best Portland cement can be manufactured. Hitherto, this cement has been always imported to the American Continent from Europe, for the American chalk hitherto found was not pure enough to make good cement. These deposits are situated at a short distance from the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and are proved by experiment to yield a cement of the very best quality.

A Dynamite Gun is now in course of construction at Birmingham, and this weapon will soon be in the hands of the English Government for exhaustive trial. This gun is the invention of Lieutenant Graydon, late of the United States navy, and its purpose is to throw a shell containing six hundred pounds of dynamite a distance of three miles. We have in recent years had some unpleasant experience as to what very small charges of this explosive are capable of, and can only imagine that no ship afloat could survive the impact of such a missile. The inventor believes that the gun will be convenient in handling, and can be quickly trained and elevated. If it be as successful as he hopes, it will most certainly lead to a revolution in the science of gunnery.

A German paper states that a new form of pipe for the conveyance of water has been introduced. Its core is of glass, over which is a covering of asphalt, in which is imbedded on the outside fine gravel. These pipes are intended to supersede those of iron and lead which at present are universally employed. It is difficult to see how such a fragile substance as glass can be sufficient to withstand the pressure and strain to which water-pipes in roadways are continually subjected; but the new pipes would have a limited application in chemical works and factories for the conveyance of acid and alkaline liquids.

It is said that the largest nickel mine in the world is at Sudbury, in Canada, where the present output is at the rate of four thousand tons per annum. The metal, for which so many uses are now found, occurs at a depth of three hundred feet, and after being raised to the surface, is calcined on the spot, for the purpose of eliminating the sulphur with which it is associated. The metal is next taken to the smelting furnace, and after being robbed of further impurities, assumes the form of an alloy, of which seventy per cent. is nickel and thirty per cent. copper. Much of this alloy finds its way to Swansea (South Wales), where the two metals are separated and refined. A further quantity is shipped to Germany to go through the same processes.

We lately referred in these columns to the value of the Australian Wattle as a substitute for oak-bark in tanning. A correspondent has kindly called our attention to the fact that the Boers of South Africa have for a long time employed the bark of the mimosa, which is also an acacia, for the same purpose. Our readers may be reminded that the mimosa forms a thorny undergrowth, and that it was much used during the war in the Soudan as a defensive hedge for our troops. It seems that every Boer farm possesses a tan-pit of novel construction: it consists of a framework fastened to the top of four posts, from which is hung a bullock's hide. In the receptacle thus formed is placed a quantity of mimosa bark with a sufficiency of water. This is allowed to macerate, when the bark is removed; and the hides, which have been denuded of hair, are placed in the liquor, stones being sometimes employed to keep the skins well immersed therein. In this way an excellent leather is made, and the farmer is dependent upon it for his harness, shoes, and many other articles. The 'tan-pit' is without shelter of any kind, so that when a tropical shower passes over the place the liquor becomes much diluted; but this only results in the tanning process being delayed, and this does not matter, for no one on a Boer farm is ever in a hurry about anything.

A system of fireproof floor construction has recently found favour in New York and has been adopted in many buildings there. It cannot be described as new, for it has been known and practised for many years in other countries, and more particularly in Spain. The flooring is put together upon a light wooden arched framework, which is removed when the work is complete. First, there is placed in position a layer of well-burnt clay tiles, which measure twelve inches in length, six in breadth, and are one inch in thickness; and they are fixed together with a quick-setting cement. This is followed by other layers of the same material, which are set in mortar chiefly composed of Portland cement. This mortar adheres to the tiles with such tenacity that the arch possesses wonderful strength, and when the upper surface is brought to a level by means of concrete, the whole construction is practically monolithic. The system is cheap as well as strong, and the weight per cubic foot is about one hundred pounds.

There are already signs that the cheaper production of the metal aluminium is extending its employment. It is now taking the place of brass for different parts of scientific apparatus, and we notice that besides being used for the mounting of opera and race glasses, it is also coming into use for the fittings of photographic cameras and the mounting of lenses. The saving in weight of a lens so mounted is astonishing, being about seventy per cent. The metal has the appearance of silvery zinc; it does not tarnish, and besides its lightness, is possessed of great tensile strength. For a long time its use was limited, owing not only to its price but to the impossibility of soldering it. This last difficulty, we learn, has now been obviated; and there are rumours that improvements in the method of its manufacture will in time to come make it compete with the cheapest metals for a number of useful purposes.

It is said that the wild buffalo has found a congenial home in the plains of Northern Australia, where it is now to be found in vast herds. These animals are supposed to be the descendants of the first buffaloes which were landed in Australia sixty years ago. In the meantime, the kangaroo, the typical Australian marsupial, is said to be gradually becoming so reduced in numbers that there is a chance of its extinction unless rigorous measures be taken for its preservation. A kangaroo will, it is said, eat as much grass as six sheep, so that from a farmer's point of view its extermination would not be looked upon as an unmixed evil. It is estimated that in the year 1888 there were about thirty per cent. fewer kangaroos in Australia than there were in the previous year.

'THE BAD LANDS' OF DAKOTA.

THERE is a section of territory in the State of South Dakota designated on the maps by the words Les Mauvaises Terres, or The Bad Lands, which in area covers several hundred square miles. Most of these Bad Lands are quite useless so far as agriculture or stock-raising is concerned, for they are composed of cliffs and canyons where no vegetation grows except the prickly-pear, a species of cactus, and the soap-weed.

Other portions of this section of country are considered to rank the peer of any of the stock-ranges found on our Western plains, and these portions are eagerly sought for by cattle-owners because of the fine quality of the grass, and the shelter afforded to stock in the winter by the deep ravines and canyons. Coal also is found in these Bad Lands; but it has not been discovered either in sufficient quantity or a good enough quality to warrant capitalists in investing. It is of the material found in this section, which furnishes interesting study for the artist, mineralogist, and scientist, we would now write. Here the artist could find landscape studies which would equal those of any of the countries famed for picturesque scenery. Let him approach the Bad Lands as we once did, riding over a level plateau for some miles, with a view in the distance of the white chalky peaks, which had the appearance of a ridge of ordinary sandhills, until you reached the extreme edge of the plateau. There, at the jumping-off place—as it might be very properly called, for the plateau terminated in a precipice several hundred feet deep—stretched out before us a scene which for weirdness and rugged beauty could not be surpassed. Those white peaks, which before had the appearance of a low ridge of sandhills, now arose from the white plain below us to the height of several hundred feet. One might easily imagine himself transported to fairy-land or among the pyramids of Egypt. These white crystallised chalky cliffs lay before us in every conceivable shape: here was a good representation of the ruins of an old feudal castle; there, a peak rose to a point, with its sides as straight and thoroughly proportioned as though built by hand; every peak or cliff appeared in some different and distinct shape from its neighbour; and the noonday sun as it cast its rays on the white crystals of which these peaks were formed, made them flash like diamonds. The scene cannot be described on paper, but transferred to canvas it would make a picture which would put in the shade the majority of landscape studies.

Riding along a bridle-path or trail used by the Indians, we gained the bottom of the precipice after a descent which to any but an Indian pony or *burro* (donkey) would have been impracticable. Here we find ourselves on the plain from which rise the peaks we have mentioned. The trail we are following winds around the base of many of these fantastically-shaped peaks, and we are enabled to examine the soil, which has the appearance of chalk of a grayish colour, except the crystallised particles, which are almost pure white, and shine and flash in the sunlight. Really, the soil is alkali, and the few streams we cross are so impregnated with this alkali, that the water, even if it were not muddy, is so disagreeable to the taste that a man would rather suffer thirst than drink it. As it flows sluggishly along, it looks more like milk mixed with dirty chalk than water.

A few miles' ride over this trail and among these weird peaks, and again green grass appears before the vision; and almost before we know it, we find ourselves on another plateau; but this is on a level with the plain we have been traversing. Covering an area of several hundred acres is a most luxuriant growth of grass, similar in all respects to the famous blue grass of Kentucky. We also find, what is a great boon after our ride over the alkali plain, a spring of pure ice-cold water. The spot has all the appearance of being specially adapted by nature for a halting-place; but unless a man happened to take the trail we did, he might seek for this spot in this veritable alkali desert for hours and days unsuccessfully; for in every direction, as far as the eye can reach beyond the boundaries of this oasis, are the alkali plains and peaks.

In these Bad Lands the mineralogist and scientist are well rewarded for the labour expended in investigation. Petrifactions of every variety are numerous; and some time since, a curiosity-hunter found a petrified ham, perfect in shape, and showing the grain of the meat so naturally that no mistake could be made as to its character. Bones, evidently belonging to animals unknown in this generation, have been found in large quantities; and shells similar to those found on the sea-shore lie scattered around the bases of the peaks in quantities. For this reason, the general belief is that at some time in the past these Bad Lands formed the bed of another ocean. The peculiar formation of the peaks and general appearance of the surrounding country add strength to this belief.

In another section of these Bad Lands we found burning coal-beds, which emit smoke, but no flame. The coal-beds are found in the north-western corner of the Bad Lands, and not in that section we have just attempted to describe. The growth of grass and timber also is excellent in quantity and quality among these coal-beds; and it is no strange sight for the visitor as he rides along to see in the distance what at first sight appears to be the smoke from some hunter's camp-fire, and discover, when he reaches the spot, that the smoke proceeds from some deep narrow canyon, to reach the bottom of which would be an impracticable feat even for an Indian pony.

This section of the Bad Lands, before the cattle ranchmen took possession, and turned their large herds of cattle loose to roam over them at will, abounded plenteously in game such as deer, antelope, and buffalo; but these have been killed off or driven out in the past few years to such an extent that the hunter now has to work hard to find a solitary specimen. Wild-cats and mountain lions, gray and coyote wolves, were also very plentiful; but civilisation has driven them onward. Rattlesnakes appeared to have a great liking for this section of the Bad Lands; but farther to the south-west, where the alkali plains and peaks stretched for so many miles in every direction, animal life of any kind was not found.

It was in the north-western corner of these Bad Lands that the Marquis de Mores, in 1883, located and built a town named Medora after his young wife, the heiress of the Baron von Hoffman, a leading banker of New York city. Here he and his young wife spent the autumn, and enjoyed the hunting, for game was then very plentiful. On the precipitous banks of the Little Missouri, in the very heart of this portion of the Bad Lands, the Marquis erected a large mansion, and attempted to cultivate pleasure-grounds and vegetable garden. The seasons, however, proved too dry; and after a fair trial, it was clearly shown that irrigation was necessary to ensure a crop. The Yellowstone Park, with its famous geysers, possesses no more interesting studies than do these Bad Lands of Dakota.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

IMPORTANT TO GROWERS OF SUGAR-CANE.

A DISCOVERY of great importance to the growers of sugar-cane has been made. At a recent meeting of the Scientific Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society, Mr D. Morris, Royal Gardens, Kew, exhibited specimens of mature seeds of the common sugar-cane. There were also shown germinating seeds, some plants, drawings of the flower, and dissections of the fruit in detail. He stated that there appeared to be no authentic record of any really wild station for the sugar-cane; further, that the fruit of the sugar-cane was not known before, and had not hitherto been figured or described. At Barbadoes, several times during the last twenty years, and more recently by Professor Harrison and Mr Bovell, self-sown seedlings of the sugar-cane had been observed. The subject was taken up systematically in 1888, and about sixty of the seedlings had been raised to mature canes. Many of these exhibited well-marked characteristics differing from the varieties growing near them. Careful inquiry had shown that canes known as the 'Purple Transparent' and 'White Transparent,' and possibly also the 'Bourbon' cane, produced seeds in very moderate quantities. Spikelets received at Kew had been examined, and the seed found *in situ*. It is anticipated that, by cross fertilisation and a careful selection of seedlings, it will now be possible to raise new and improved varieties of sugar-cane, and renew the constitutional vigour of plants that have become deteriorated through continuous cultivation by cuttings or slips. Great importance is attached to the subject in sugar-producing countries, as it opens up an entirely new field of investigation in regard to sugar-cane cultivation.

CYCLING AND PHYSIQUE.

In the current number of his quarterly journal, *The Asclepiad*, Dr B. W. Richardson, himself an enthusiastic cyclist, presents an article on Cycling and Physique. He recommends that cycling be delayed by young folks until the body is approaching to its maturity. He admits that cycling tends to induce a certain amount of derangement of the conformation of the framework of the body. Every kind of riding which tends to throw the body forward in a bent or curved position, in a temporary stoop, will in time produce a fixed bend or stoop. The large muscles in the fore-part of the thigh are apt also to receive undue development. On the other hand, he never knew cramp or spasm as a direct result of working the machine; nor sprain, unless in the case of collisions or falls.

Competitive cycling he justly condemns. The proper method of riding is to walk ascents, and always to walk *steep* ascents, when the healthy condition of body incident to pedestrian exercise is sustained. Dr Richardson's own experience is that for every eight miles of distance traversed in conformity with health, it is wise to do one mile on foot. In a ride of fifty miles in a day, six at least should be done on foot. He utters a warning to those who exhaust their capital stock of vitality by competitive racing; that there is no going back for more capital, no making up, no, not even by rest, for the prime loss from the original capacity. The most and best that can be effected is to keep on, with a measure of the original store of energy dissipated for ever.

AFTER.

If some day in the after-years,
As one aweary of the strife,
With nothing left save bitter fears
That mine had been a wasted life—

Should sense of failure bring despair,
And sin's remorse increase the pain,
Without a friend the grief to share,
What joy can then for me remain?

Ah this—that once in summer weather,
Ere yet we dreamed of youth's decline,
We spent one livelong day together,
That I was yours, and you were mine.

EDWARD ROEDNI.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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GOING ON CIRCUIT.

BY 'ONE WHO GOES.'

For centuries it has been the custom of the sovereign to commission the judges of the High Court to proceed from time to time to the principal town in each county of England there to try offenders and to administer justice. The custom is said, indeed, to have been begun by King Alfred; but it seems more certain that it was first made a regular practice by Henry II., a monarch who did much to establish legal institutions in the country and to initiate Englishmen in the duty of obeying the law. From the time of his reign unto the present day the practice has been kept up with but very slight intermissions, and although it has undergone alteration and been shorn of perhaps a little of its pomp, it continues, and is likely to continue for many years to come.

At present, for this purpose England and Wales are divided into seven well-defined districts, each of which is called a circuit; and four times a year one (or more) of the Queen's Justices makes a circuit of each district, holding assizes in the county towns. When only criminal cases are tried, one judge goes to each town; but when civil cases are also taken, as happens usually twice a year, two judges go, and the civil and the criminal courts sit simultaneously. The judges usually arrange among themselves as to the different circuit that each shall take, and they decide beforehand on which day the assizes shall be held. The day that they arrive in each town is called 'commission' day, as they then display their royal commissions of what are called 'oyer and terminer' and of 'jail delivery.'

Their arrival on commission days was in old times an event of no little importance; and before the days of railways, many recollect how the sheriff, with the knights, squires, and justices of the peace of the county, went out on horseback to meet their lordships, to escort their carriage to the town, in a procession of much dignity and importance. Nowadays, however, the luxurious richness of the sheriff's carriage and the gorgeousness of his servants' liveries form the principal feature in the pageant which conducts Her Majesty's legal representatives from the railway station to their lodgings. These lodgings are provided at the public expense, and are usually kept and set apart for this purpose alone.

The judges live there in comparative retirement, broken only by attending the sheriff's or the mayor's dinner, or by having some of the members of the bar to dine privately with them. As a companion in his solitude, each judge is, however, allowed to have with him a confidential secretary, who is dignified by the name of the judge's marshal. He is usually a young barrister, son of a brother-judge or friend, and his duties are more varied than onerous. He usually sits beside the judge on the bench, and knows always when to smile at his lordship's jokes. It is said that one of the most important qualifications for the position consists in being able to play a good rubber of whist; but perhaps this depends upon the judge. It is evident, however, that if the marshal performs no other service than that of keeping his lordship in good-humour, he nevertheless does much towards assisting the due administration of justice.

The circuits, as we have already said, are seven in number, and they are fairly well, though not quite accurately, described by their names. Thus, the Welsh circuit includes Wales and Cheshire; the Northern takes in from Lancashire to Cumberland; while Northumberland, Durham, and York form the North-eastern. The Western circuit extends from Hampshire to Cornwall; the South-eastern includes the south-east corner of England; while the remainder of the country is divided between the Oxford and the Midland circuits.

So far, we have dealt only with the bench; but perhaps the doings and etiquette of the bar form the most interesting part of circuit life. There is no statute, so far as we have ever heard, regulating the movements or manner of life of the learned counsel who attend the assizes; still, there

are unwritten laws so strictly enforced that no man who has any desire for the company or respect of his fellows would willingly infringe them. If one conforms to the bar rules, circuit life is in every way agreeable; but if one sets them at defiance, it will be the life of a leper.

One of the most important rules is, that a barrister when he chooses a circuit is expected to stick to that circuit and not to go upon any other. If for some reason he finds the circuit he has chosen unsuitable, he may change once, but not oftener. If he is going on circuit at all—and no barrister is bound to go—he is also expected to choose his circuit early in his career; and he will not be allowed, without some special reason, to join a circuit after he has been called to the bar for more than three years. Counsel may attend, however, cases that are being tried on a circuit other than his own; but in order to do so he must be taken there 'specially'—that is to say, he must not go unless he receive a special retainer varying with the circuit, but of not less than ten guineas over and above his ordinary fees.

The joining of a circuit, too, does not consist in taking any oath or making any formal judicial declaration; it merely consists in being admitted a member of the bar mess on that circuit; but it will appear from what has been already said that this implies a great deal more than the right to dine with one's fellows.

The manner of admission to the bar mess varies considerably on the different circuits. Some form of proposal is always necessary; and on some of the circuits the candidates require to be proposed by a Q.C. and seconded by a junior. It is usual, also, on some circuits to require the candidates to dine with the bar mess on three nights prior to their election, in order, it is presumed, that their future associates may learn whether or not they know how to behave at table.

The election takes place on what is called 'Grand Night,' a night set apart during the winter and summer circuits for business and special festivity. On some circuits the merits of the candidates are discussed, and the election takes place quietly at a business meeting held before dinner, the health of the candidates being proposed and drunk later in the evening, when they are called upon to reply. On others, however, the election takes place after dinner; a court is formed with the 'junior' as judge; the names of the candidates are brought forward by their proposers and their claims advocated; objections are heard; and then the judge gives his decision whether they shall be admitted or not. Of course, there is also a certain amount of paying to be done; it would be contrary to all legal practice were it otherwise. There is first of all the entrance fee, which varies from five to ten guineas according to the circuit; and besides this, every time a barrister goes on circuit he is called upon to pay a fee. On some circuits he has to pay so much for each town to which he may go; on others, a fixed sum, usually about two guineas, is charged if he goes at all. The 'junior' is the barrister, usually one of the younger members, appointed to collect these fees. The fees are, however, returned in kind, for they go into that all-important fund for which the wine treasurer is responsible, and which is expended on the purchase of wine to be consumed at the mess dinners. These dinners are held each night in the respective towns during the assizes. An hotel is chosen in each town, and the mess keeps a stock of wine there, paying usually to the hotel-keeper about sixpence corkage on each bottle drawn. He also provides the dinner, and charges five or six shillings for it to each person dining. These dinners are strictly limited to the members of the mess, except, perhaps, upon Grand Night, when one or two may be specially invited by the mess committee. Except upon these occasions, evening dress is neither expected nor desired, and a light-coloured coat is equally objectionable.

It should be noticed that the judges do not dine at the bar mess except upon rare occasions and upon special invitation. On some circuits the practice of inviting the judges is much more common than on others; but some idea of the frequency of the occurrence may be gathered from a statement which the writer heard made lately by one of our senior justices of the Queen's Bench, that he had only twice had the pleasure of dining with the bar since he had been made a judge, seventeen years ago.

These bar dinners constitute one of the most amusing and pleasant features of circuit life. Barristers are a wonderfully good-natured set of men, and there is perhaps no other profession the members of which are on better terms and less envious of each other. If a man is unaffected in manner and gentlemanly in behaviour, he is at once welcomed by his fellows; and it is his own fault if he does not quickly make friends. There is nothing like a dinner for developing this social quality. Once dine with a man and spend an enjoyable evening in his company, and dislike of him will be slow of growth.

After dinner it is difficult not to be agreeable; and counsel, old and young, freed for the time-being from the cares and troubles of clients, and no longer burdened with the necessity of appearing dignified, proceed to enjoy themselves. Wit sparkles with the champagne, jokes are made and stories are told. On Grand Nights the jokes give place to songs more or less humorous, often with a vigorous chorus, which is rendered with more spirit than harmony. Mock-trials, too, are frequently got up when the 'junior' of the circuit acts as judge, and learned Queen's Counsel are appointed for the prosecution and defence. These trials are frequently nothing more than pieces of sheer frolic. Some counsel is pitched upon for some offence wholly imaginary alike in law and in deed; a jury of counsel is impanelled, and the fun proceeds. The speeches may be as personal and disconnected as possible; but they must be witty and good-humoured. The culprit usually gets off, or at most is mulcted in a small fine, which goes into the wine fund.

But besides this, there is a regular system of fining on all circuits; but the extent to which it is carried varies greatly. On some circuits, where the payments made to the wine fund are small, these fines are much more common than when it is otherwise. These fines are perhaps valuable for enforcing circuit discipline and etiquette; but they are much more valuable for the purpose of increasing the stock and quality of the wine. Fining usually takes place on Grand Night, and the fines on some circuits are only enforced after the formality of a trial has been undergone. The acts for which a man is liable to be fined are

various and amusing; for example, if a counsel be appointed a recorder or a revising barrister, he would be fined two or three guineas, these being serious offences. Getting married is another, but less serious, offence; and on the birth of a son and heir a still further penalty is incurred.

The quality of the wine of course depends to some extent on the number of fines; but it is, as a general rule, remarkably good. There is rather an amusing story told, however, of some men who were tried at one of the assizes for theft. The theft consisted in breaking into some barrels of wine which were on their way to one of the bar cellars, and of consuming part of the contents. The counsel for the defence had not many facts to allege in favour of the men, but he set up the defence that in order to constitute theft the act must be done for the purpose of gain, and that no one who knew anything of the bar wine could possibly imagine that there was any gain to be got out of drinking it. If they were found guilty, he further suggested that the worst punishment that the judge could possibly inflict upon them was to compel them to consume the remainder of the liquor. The judge, however, thought otherwise.

The etiquette to be observed on circuit generally is, however, by no means elaborate. A man is expected to behave as a gentleman, and to do nothing outré, either in dress or otherwise. It was considered absolutely necessary at one time that all barristers on circuit should travel only by first-class carriages, but this practice is gradually falling into disuse; and the younger men generally manage to go second, and even third class. One rule, however, that is enforced with some rigour is, that counsel staying in hotels must not make use of the public rooms, for the reason, it is said, that they may not meet the witnesses, solicitors, and others who have perhaps come to the town in connection with the cases to be tried. It might lead, it is supposed, to 'touting' for work, a practice against which all bar etiquette is opposed.

Although they may not use the public rooms, it is by no means usual for them to take private sitting-rooms. This is a luxury in which only those with large practices can indulge. The hotels, however, at which the barristers stay usually set apart a room or two for the separate use of the bar, and in these the barristers have breakfast together, and they form a meeting-place at night. A great deal of friendly intercourse and good-humoured chaff goes on in these common rooms, and this is one of the many means by which the members of the bar are able to become intimate with one another in a way which would be almost impossible in London. Every member of the bar mess, be he an overworked and eminent Queen's Counsel, or a newly-elected briefless junior, is presumed to be on an equality with every other, and in addressing one another privately such terms as 'Sir' or 'Mr' are neither given nor expected.

Circuit life is undoubtedly pleasant. Besides the change of scene, the barrister is able after the court rises, or earlier, if his services are not required, to explore the surrounding country, and enjoy alike the beauty of the scenery and the freshness of the air. He is not even incommoded with a tall hat, which, although indispensable in town, is rarely seen on circuit. Not unseldom, too, during the summer assizes a cricket team, composed of the younger members of the mess, play some local Eleven, and enjoy an amusing, if not highly scientific, game. The social clubs, too, in the assize towns are very often thrown open for the time being to the barristers, and they are welcomed alike to public and to private hospitality.

These, of course, are advantages which the unemployed reap to a much greater extent than the busy men. They too, however, find one great advantage on circuit, and that lies in the fact that all fees on circuit are paid at once, and there is none of that weary waiting which junior counsel often find so exasperating in town. If one can enjoy but little of the festivities of circuit life, there is, nevertheless, no inconsiderable satisfaction in finding one's balance at the bank substantially increased; for going on circuit, however agreeable, is certainly not inexpensive.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. Clark Russell,
Author of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.—ADRIFT.

There was a small deck-house standing abaft the jagged ends of the stump of the mainmast, a low-pitched, somewhat narrow, and rather long structure, with a door facing the wheel, or where the wheel had stood, and a couple of small windows on either hand, the glass of which was entirely gone.

'The lonely watchman of this wreck is still at home, doubtless waiting to receive us,' said the lieutenant, pointing to the little building. 'Shall we pay him a visit?'

'Oh yes; let us see everything that there may be to look at,' answered Colledge, who had not yet recovered his breath, but who was working hard, I could see, to regain his late air of vivacity, though he was pale, and shot several uneasy glances around him as he spoke.

'I would rather not look,' said Miss Temple; 'it will make me dream.'

'You will have nothing to talk about, then,' said Colledge.

'It is the most natural object in the world,' exclaimed the lieutenant: 'if he could be stuffed, preserving the posture he is in, and exhibited in London, thousands would assemble to view him.'

I left them to persuade Miss Temple if they could, and walking aft, opened the door and peeped in. It was just a plain, immensely strong, roughly furnished deck-erection, with a small hatch close against the entrance, conducting, as I supposed, to the cabin beneath. On either side went a row of lockers: in the centre was a short narrow table, supported by stanchions; and at this table sat the figure of a man. He was in an attitude of writing: his right hand grasped a long feather pen; his left elbow

was on the table, and his cheek was supported by his hand. He was dressed in white jean breeches, the ends of which were stuffed into a pair of yellow leather half-boots. There was a large belt round his waist, clasped by some ornament resembling a two-headed eagle, of a shining metal, probably silver. His shirt was a pale red flannel, over which was a jacket cut in the Spanish fashion; his hair was long, and flowed in black ringlets upon his back. His hat was a large sombrero, and I had to walk to abreast of him to see his face. I was prepared to witness a ghastly sight. Instead, I beheld a countenance of singular beauty. It was as if the hand of death had moulded some faultless human countenance out of white wax. The lids of the eyes drooped, and the gaze seemed rooted upon the table, as though the man lay rapt and motionless in some sweet and perfect dream. His small moustache was like a touch of delicate pencilling. He looked to have been a person of some three or four and twenty years of age.

As I stood surveying the figure, the interior was shadowed. Miss Temple and the others stood in the doorway. The lieutenant and Colledge entered; the girl would not approach.

'Here, Miss Temple,' said I, 'is the handsomest man I have ever seen.'

'Can he be dead?' exclaimed Colledge in a subdued voice of awe.

'He'll never be deader,' said the lieutenant, peering curiously into the face of the corpse.—'*Handsome* do you consider him, sir? Well, we all have our tastes, to be sure. He looks like a woman masquerading.'

'Who was he, I wonder?' asked Miss Temple in a low tone, standing in a half-shrinking attitude at the door.

'Very hard to say,' said I. 'Too young for the captain, I should think. Probably the mate.'

'A pirate, anyway,' said the lieutenant.

'Hark!' cried Miss Temple; 'this ship is tolling his knell.'

The mellow chime floated past the ear. The effect was extraordinary, so clear was the note as it rang through the soft sounds of the weltering waters; so ghostly, wild, and unreal, too, the character it gathered from the presence of that silent, stirless penman.

'I say, we've seen enough of him, I think,' exclaimed Colledge.

'Shall we bury him?' said I.

'Oh no, sir,' exclaimed the lieutenant; 'this sheer hulk is his coffin. Leave the dead to bury their dead.—Now for a glimpse of the cabin.'

Miss Temple entered with some reluctance; the lieutenant handed her through the hatch down the short ladder, and Colledge and I followed. We found ourselves in a moderately-sized stateroom of the width of the little vessel, with bulkheads at either end, each containing a couple of cabins. There was a small skylight overhead, all the glass of it shattered, but light enough fell through to enable us to see easily. Colledge had plucked up heart, and now bustled about somewhat manfully, opening the cabin doors, starting as if he saw horrible sights, cracking jokes as in the boat, and calling to Miss Temple to look here and look there, and so on.

'Hallo!' cried the lieutenant, putting his head into one of the cabins at the fore-end of the stateroom; 'I missed this room when I overhauled her. What have we here? A pantry is it, or a larder?'

I looked over his shoulder, and by the faint light sifting through the bull's-eye in the deck, made out the contents of what was apparently a storeroom. There were several shelves containing crockery, cheeses, hams, and other articles of food. Under the lower shelf, heaped upon the deck, were stowed several dozens of bottles in straw.

'The corsairs,' said the lieutenant, 'will always be memorable for the excellence of their tipple. What is this, now?'

He picked up a bottle, knocked off the head, and taking a little tin drinking-vessel from a shelf, half filled it, then smelled, and tasted.

'An exquisite Burgundy,' he cried.—'Try it, Mr Dugdale.'

It was indeed a very choice sound wine. The lieutenant half filled a pannikin for Colledge, who emptied it with a sigh of enjoyment. 'What would my father give for such stuff as this!' said he.

The lieutenant found a wine-glass, which he carefully cleansed with the liquor, and then filling it, he asked Miss Temple to drink to the confusion of all pirates. She laughed, and declined.

'Oh, you must sip it, if you please,' cried Colledge, 'if only to heighten the romance of this adventure. Think of the additional colour your story will get out of this incident of drinking perdition to the corsairs in wine of their own!'

She was about to answer, when the hull rolled heavily. The lieutenant slipped; the wine-glass fell to the deck, and was shivered; Colledge, grasping me to steady himself, threw me off my balance, and the pair of us went rolling to the bottles. The young fellow scrambled on to his legs with a loud laugh.

'I believe this vessel is tipsy,' said he.

'Do you mark the increase in the weight of the swell?' I exclaimed as I regained my legs.

The roll of the vessel the other way had been severe, and now she was dipping her sides regularly with an oscillation extravagant enough to render standing very inconvenient.

'We must be off, I think,' said the lieutenant.

'Miss Temple hasn't drunk confusion to the pirates,' exclaimed Colledge with the persistency of brains flushed with wine.

'I would rather not do so,' she answered, her fine face looking curiously pale in that dull light, whilst she glanced restlessly towards the state cabin. She pulled out a little watch. 'It is certainly time to return to the Indiaman,' she added.

'Oh, but don't let us leave all this noble drink to go down to the bottom of the sea,' cried Colledge. 'Is there nothing that we can pack some of the bottles in? If we could only manage to get away with a couple of dozen—twelve for ourselves, and twelve for my cousin?'—and with red face and bright eyes he went staggering with the heave of the hull to the shelves and stood holding on, looking about him.

'It might be managed, I think,' said the

lieutenant, who seemed all anxiety to oblige him.

'I wish to be gone,' exclaimed Miss Temple with a strong hint of the imperiousness that had been familiar to me in the Indiaman in the air with which she looked at and addressed the lieutenant. 'What is the meaning of this increased rolling? I shall not be able to enter the boat.'

'No fear of that, madam,' answered the lieutenant; 'a dismasted egg-shell like this will roll to the weakest heave. A trifle more swell has certainly set in, but it is nothing.'

I was not so sure of that. What he was pleased to describe as a trifling increase was to my mind, and very distinctly too, a heightening and broadening of the undulations, of which the significance was rendered strong by the suddenness of the thing. It meant wind close at hand, I could swear.

'I'll go on deck and see how things are,' said I.

'Take me with you, Mr Dugdale,' exclaimed Miss Temple.

'You will suffer me to assist you?' said the lieutenant.

'Oh, I say, *don't* leave all this wine here,' cried Colledge. 'Mr—I mean, Lieutenant—upon my word, I must apologise for not having asked your name—can't we manage to find some old basket'——

'What is that down in the corner there, Mr Colledge?' said the lieutenant, laughing.

'Pray, take me on deck, Mr Dugdale?' exclaimed Miss Temple haughtily and with temper, and she came to my side and passed her arm through mine.

The swaying of the light hull without top-hamper to steady her so hindered one's movements by the staggering lurches it flung one into, that it cost me no small effort to steer a fair course, with Miss Temple hanging to me, to the cabin steps. I helped her up the ladder, and felt in her arm the shudder that swept through her as she sent a single swift glance at the dead figure at the table.

The moment I emerged I cried out: 'My God! see there! Why, if we are not quick'—— And putting my head into the doorway again, I roared down the hatch: 'I say, come on deck, or we shall lose both ships!'

Indeed, all away in the north-west was a white blankness of vapour bearing right down upon the hull, with a long and heavy swell rolling out of it, the heads of which as they came washing from under the base of the thickness were dark with wind. The sky overhead was of a sort of watery ashen colour, going down to the eastern sea-line in a weak, dim blue, so obscure with the complexion of the approaching vaporous mass that the corvette on the left hand and the Indiaman on the right appeared as little more than pallid smudges, with a kind of looming out of their dull, distorted proportions that made them show as though they hung upon the very verge of the ocean. I told Miss Temple to hold to the side of the deck-house to steady herself, and rushed to the quarter. The cutter lay there to the scope of her painter, rising and falling in a manner bewildering to see to one who knew that she had to be entered from these perilously sloping decks. The moment my head was seen, one of the sailors bawled out: 'The Indiaman's fired two guns, sir.'

'Why, then,' I shouted in a passion, 'didn't one of you jump aboard to report what was coming?—Haul alongside, for God's sake.'

At this moment the lieutenant appeared, followed by Colledge. He took one look, and came in a bound to the sheer edge of the deck, where the remains of the line of crushed bulwarks stood like fangs. 'Lively now!' he cried; 'hand over hand with it.'

'We shall be smothered out of sight in a few minutes,' I exclaimed; 'shall we be acting wisely in quitting this hull? We may lose both ships in that weather there, and what will there be to do then?'

'Don't frighten the lady, sir,' he answered, turning upon me with a frown.—'Miss Temple, there is nothing to be alarmed at. We shall get you into the boat simply enough, and the vapour will speedily clear. I know these waters.'

Colledge stood gazing round him, looking horribly frightened. The boat was dragged alongside: one moment she was above the level of the naked edge of the deck; the next she was sliding away out of sight into the hollow, with the wreck rolling heavily off from her.

'Now, Miss Temple,' cried the lieutenant.—'Help me to steady the lady, Mr Dugdale.—Stand by, two of you men there, to receive her.'

Miss Temple set her lips, and her eyes were on fire with anger and fear. 'I shall not be able to enter that boat,' said she.

'Oh, madam, be persuaded,' cried the lieutenant, speaking irritably out of his clear perception of the danger of delay and of the peril of passing her into the cutter.—'Mr Dugdale, take Miss Temple's arm.'

She shrank back, with a firmer grip of the deck-house, against which she had set her shoulder to steady herself. 'You will kill me!' she cried.

'Mr Dugdale,' exclaimed the lieutenant wildly, 'for God's sake, jump into the boat, that Miss Temple may see how easily it is to be done. I must be the last to leave.'

'Let Mr Colledge jump first,' said I. 'I may probably be more useful to you and the lady than he.'

'Jump, Mr Colledge!' cried the lieutenant.

The young fellow went to the edge of the deck. 'I shall break my neck,' he shouted; 'I shall fall into the sea; I shall be drowned.'

'No, sir! no, sir!' roared one of the seamen; 'jump as the boat lifts; we'll catch you.'

'*Now!*' cried the lieutenant.

Colledge sprang; down sank the boat out of sight; then up she soared again with Colledge safe in the embrace of one of the most powerful of the sailors.

'Here it comes!' said I.

As the words left my lips, the wind, with a long fierce howl, swept over the deck of the hull, and a moment later the fog was boiling all about us. It was like a mighty burst of steam; and in a breath the ocean vanished, and there was nothing to see but the wool-white blankness and a space of thirty or forty feet of water beyond the wreck. All on a sudden, the lieutenant, who had gone to the edge of the deck, perhaps, to

see how it was with Colledge, or to bawl some further directions to the seamen, staggered to a deep and swinging heel of the hull and went overboard. It happened in a second. My instant impression was that he had jumped for the boat; but I knew better when I heard the men roaring out.

'Miss Temple,' I cried, 'keep a firm hold, and do not attempt to stir, or the angle of the decks will certainly rush you over the side.'

So saying, I staggered to the quarter where there were some eight or ten feet of bulwarks still standing, and looked over. The men had let go the painter of their boat, and were shouting instructions to one another as some of them flung their oars over into the rowlocks, whilst others overhung the gunwale eagerly with pale faces and looks of consternation and dread, searching the round volumes of the swell, which the wind was now whipping into yeast, for any signs of their officer.

'Keep alongside!' I bellowed; 'he will rise near.'

But the fellows were distracted, unnerved, and there was nobody to give them orders. The howling of the wind, the sudden leaping down upon them of this blindness of white vapour, the violent upheavals and sinkings of the cutter upon the run of the liquid hills, heavily increased the distraction raised in them by their lieutenant's disappearance. They had three oars out, possessed, I suppose, by some mad fancy of merely paddling whilst they stared round the water; and even whilst I watched them, and whilst I yelled to them to get their six oars over, and to pull for their lives to alongside the wreck, the boat, yielding to the full weight of the blast and to the long irresistible heavings of the swell, faded out of sight in the flying thickness; and ere I could fully realise what had occurred, the narrow space of foam-freckled pouring waters showed blank to where the flying vapour seemed to hang like a wall of white smoke.

I continued to stare, occasionally bringing my eyes away from the spot where the boat had vanished to the water alongside; but the lieutenant had sunk. There could be no doubt that the poor fellow on rising from his first dive had struck the bends of the hull as she rolled heavily over to the trough where he had vanished, and so had been drowned, struck down again into the depths, to rise no more. I could not realise the truth. I felt as if I had fallen crazy, and was imagining dreadful horrors. It was but a minute or two before that he had turned to me with a frown—it was but a little while before that he was full of jokes and laughter in the cabin—and now he lay a dead man, sinking and yet sinking under our heaving and plunging keel, dead as the figure yonder in that little cabin, of whom he had spoken jestingly so lately that the words and tone of his voice were still in my ear!

'Where is the boat, Mr Dugdale?'

I turned slowly round and looked at the girl with an air of stupefaction, then stared again into the blankness, and with shuddering heart swept my eyes over the water alongside, brimming in hump-backed rounds to the very line of the deck, and sweeping away into the near thickness with a spitting and seething and flashing of foam off each long slant to the fierce shrill smiting of the wind.

'Has the boat left us, Mr Dugdale?'

With a desperate effort I rallied myself, and watching for my chances betwixt the wild slopings of the deck, I reached the deck-house, and held on by the girl's side.

'The boat has been blown away. The men fell imbecile, I do believe, when they saw their officer drop overboard. What madmen to let go the painter, to manœuvre with three oars in a heavy cutter in the teeth of such a wind as this, and on the top of that swell!'

'Did they recover the lieutenant?' she asked.

'No.'

'Oh, Mr Dugdale,' she shrieked, 'do you tell me he is drowned?'

'Yes—yes—he is drowned,' I answered, scarce able to articulate for the sudden fit of horror that came upon me again.

'Drowned!' she exclaimed. 'Oh no—not so suddenly! He may be struggling close against the vessel now'—she moved as if to go to the side to look. I grasped her arm.

'Do not stir,' I cried; 'the slope of the deck will carry you overboard. It is all open to the water abreast of us.'

'Shocking! It is unendurable! Drowned so swiftly! And the boat—the boat, Mr Dugdale?'

The cruel distress in her voice, the anguish of mind expressed in her parted lips, her heaving breast, her strained, brilliant, wide-open staring looks about her, rallied me, by forcing me to understand my obligations as a man.

'Miss Temple, this fog may prove but a passing thickness. There is a clear sky over it, and when the vapour settles away, the sea will open to its confines. The Indiaman knows we are here. We were watched, too, from the corvette, no doubt, and she must regain her boat besides. The cutter is a powerful little fabric, and there is nothing as yet in this weather or in that sea to hurt her. It is a hard experience for you; but it will prove a brief one only, I am sure. Let me assist you to a seat in this deck-house. Your having to hold on here is fatiguing and dangerous.'

'I could not enter whilst that man is there,' she exclaimed.—'Oh, hark to that bell!' she cried hysterically; 'it is tolling for *us* now!'

'You must be sheltered,' I exclaimed; 'and that body must come out of it. Will you sit on the deck? You will be safer so.'

She sank down; and to still further secure her, I went sidling and clawing like a monkey to the quarter, where, with my knife, I severed an end of rope—a piece of gear belayed to a pin—with which I returned to her side. I passed the line round her waist, and firmly attached the ends to one of several iron uprights which supported the structure; and, begging her to compose her mind, and not to doubt of our deliverance within the next two or three hours, I entered the little building.

It was a loathsome job; but the girl must be sheltered, and it was not to be borne that she should have such a companion as that corpse, when there was the great graveyard of the sea within an easy drag to receive the body.

Yet I must own to coming to a stand with a long look at the silent figure before I could muster up stomach enough to lay hands upon him. Indeed, as I now fixed my eyes on the body, I wondered whether he could be really dead, so startlingly lifelike was his posture, so pensive his air, so vital the aspect of him to the minutest feature, down to the pen betwixt his fingers, and the reposeful position of his small wax-white hand upon the table. How could I tell but that he might be in some sort of trance, and that my heaving him overboard would be the same as murdering him? However, after a spell of staring, I shook off these alarms and conjectures, and grasping him by the arm, got him upon the deck; and presently I had him abreast of that part of the brig's side where the bulwarks were gone; and trembling as violently as though I were about to drown a living being, I waited for a roll of the hull, then gave the body a heave, and away it went, striking the swell in a diving attitude, and floating off and down into it, as if it swam.

This done, I crept back to Miss Temple and squatted beside her.

INDIAN LATHE AND LAC WORK.

MANY of our readers must have seen in the Indian part of the late Colonial Exhibition a number of wooden articles of a very miscellaneous description, on which sealing-wax or *lac* took the place of paint or varnish. The surface is almost perfectly level; yet it consists of elaborate designs, mostly mottled in various colours. All these colours seem put on, not in bands or large patches, which would be comparatively an easy task, but in small dots and specks and spots. The wonder is how it is all done.

The lac-worker prepares beforehand a number of sticks of sealing-wax, in a very rough form, according to the number of colours which he intends to put into his design. The articles he intends to coat—walking-sticks, rods, round-rulers, little boxes, bowls, cups, saucers, legs for tables, chairs and bedsteads, balls and globes, and such-like—are ready to hand, carefully turned to a round or cylindrical form, with such mouldings and groovings as he intends. They have been either turned by himself, or been done by others, with the primitive but very effective lathe which we now proceed to describe, and which is used both for ordinary turning and for the process of putting on lac.

Like all native Indian workmen, the Indian turner and lac-worker squats on the earth, resting on his seat. His legs are extended before him, bent at the knees, with feet and toes bare. From long practice he uses his toes very deftly to aid his hands and fingers. To his left, and well in front, he drives into the earth a wooden peg, the head of which remains a few inches above the ground. At right angles to this is fixed—looking to the right—a horizontal iron spike. Against this he applies, also horizontally and to the right, a piece of wood, carrying a little pulley (round which he gives one turn of a long piece of thickish twine or catgut), and, a little further on, a simple *chuck*, or contrivance for holding the object he intends to turn or to work upon. Having fitted, in the chuck, one end of this object—say the turned leg of a chair—he places against its opposite end a small iron spike, projecting leftwards and horizontally, from another wooden peg similar to the peg already driven into the earth on his left. This second peg is driven into the earth like the first till the two iron spikes are on a level. Alongside of this last peg, and to its own right, he drives in another and larger peg to steady the former. A wedge driven carefully between these two pegs holds the chuck and article to be worked quite steady and level between the two iron spikes in the pegs. The ends of the twine round the pulley are now tied to the two ends of a bow about four feet long; and the twine is drawn so tight that by holding one end of the bow in his left hand and moving it forwards and backwards, the chuck and the article in it are rapidly whirled round by means of the twine round the pulley. When he pushes the bow forward, the revolutions are made from him, but towards him when he draws the bow backwards.

A few such movements enable him to adjust the chuck and object with perfect accuracy of axis, by a few judicious touches of his mallet to either right or left peg, or the wedge which regulates the pressure of the two iron spikes aforesaid. This is his lathe. His tools consist of a small number of common chisels and a compass. It is marvellous with what few and simple instruments the native Indian artisan produces his elaborate and wonderful work.

If he is going to turn rough wood, his left hand first pushes forward his bow as far as possible, then, while vigorously drawing it back, he applies a chisel to the wood, holding its handle in his hand, while he steadies and directs the point or edge of the chisel with the two great toes of his feet. Again, the bow is pushed forward, the chisel during this reverse movement being removed a little from the wood, and being once more applied to it, with the requisite pressure, when the bow is drawn backwards again. The compass, of course, is used to ascertain the correctness of size required in each part.

If, however, the operation is to lac the already turned article, the duty of the left hand is still the same, that of working at the bow—as above described—to make the article revolve rapidly on its axis. But in his right hand, instead of a chisel, the operator takes one of the sticks of lac—of any colour he pleases—and this he applies to the surface of the revolving article. He passes it rapidly from one end to the other with an equal pressure at all points. The friction dissolves the lac, and smears the whole surface with a thin coating of the substance. While the article still revolves, a 'cushion' of a rag of cotton cloth is applied with the right hand to the surface, to make it quite smooth. A stick of lac of a second colour is then used; a second layer of lac is deposited, completely hiding the first; and this second surface is smoothed as above with a

cotton-rag cushion. And so a third and a fourth layer are successively overlaid on the other two.

Three layers are ordinary work; four are common; but five and even six are by no means rare. Each layer is extremely thin in itself, but perfectly level all over; and all of them together do not exceed the thickness of ordinary cream-laid letter-paper. It is quite enough to state this for our readers to understand that it requires a delicate touch, acquired only by great practice, to place such uniform and delicate films one over another, perfectly equal all over, whether the wood is turned quite even, or has been worked in grooves and mouldings.

If the article is meant to be of one uniform colour, only one stick of lac is used; and the cushion having equalised and polished its surface, it is released from the chuck; the whole being the simple and easy work of a couple of minutes for each thing. A second replaces the first in the chuck; and so on. But if variety is needed, as many colours as are required in the pattern must be laid on, one after another, before the work of producing the design is begun.

To produce these speckled designs a small sharp and short chisel is used with the right hand and the two feet. The left still continues to make the article revolve, as before, with the bow and twine, but with a slower movement. The pressure on the chisel is regulated with the extreme of nicety, so as to penetrate one, two, three, or more coats of the lac, according to the colour which is wanted to be produced on each particular spot. A hair's thickness too much or too little, and the wrong coat or colour would appear. It is better to err with too little pressure, as this can be rectified at the next revolution, than with too much pressure, which cuts down to the wrong colour, leaving none of the right kind to replace it. If the latter mistake is made to any important extent, the whole of the coats must be removed with sand-paper and put on once more. But practice makes this quite an uncommon accident. Generally speaking, the well-trained hand and toes guide with perfect accuracy the point of the chisel to the exact depth needed at each touch. Colour after colour appears in the design, till the whole surface of the article has reached the stage where the lathe is no longer of any use in working out the design. The article is now released from the chuck, for other designs have to be put on it in straight lines, compartments, or flower-patterns. These can be done only by hand, and not lathe-work. The article, then in its mottled state, or, if the mottled appearance is not desired, with only one homogeneous coating still covering the successive layers of lac, is held in the left hand. The operator still squats on the ground, merely drawing his legs under him in tailor fashion. With the right hand he engraves the required designs, through one or more layers of lac, till the required colour appears in each place, of the exact shape and size that the pattern requires. We have seen patterns thus wrought, with green leaves and flowers (red, blue, pink, yellow, and white intermingled) arranged in geometrical panels, with equal pains and skill.

For all this elaborate engraving through the successive coats of lac, the only instruments used by the native Indian artisan are a sharp penknife with a long and thin blade, a knitting-needle ground to a point, and a few needles stuck in a rude wooden handle.

Rude and simple and rough as the whole apparatus doubtless is, it has some merits of its own. To begin with, it is extremely portable; for it can be carried, with all its parts and belongings, in an ordinary workman's bag: this in India is generally a wallet made of coarse cotton cloth or canvas, and is slung workman-like over the shoulder. The workshop is generally the shade of a large tree or of a high wall; and the situation is changed a couple of times in the day, as the sun goes round.

The elaborate lathes of the West are to these Indians complicated machines, too unwieldy for use, and they despise them just in proportion as they consider their own simpler contrivances to be the pink of perfection. We had a very ludicrous instance of this notion once, most bluntly expressed. We had a friend, an officer of high standing in the medical service, who was an accomplished turner, and had a beautiful lathe, completely furnished with all the requirements of such a machine, set up in a room of his house at Ferozepore in the Punjab. For lathe-work he had a real passion. In one of our many excursions, we took him to see the process of lac-work which we have described. As he expressed a wish to learn the process, we arranged with the Indian workman to come for a couple of days to Ferozepore, and work before the doctor's eyes, and to superintend and direct his first efforts at lac-work, which he had determined to learn. He came accordingly, and planting his portable lathe under a tree, he turned and proceeded to lac several articles. He was then taken into the room and shown the Western lathe, we acting as interpreter. He first stared with all his eyes; and then he asked a thousand questions; but he prudently reserved any positive expression of his opinion regarding it till he had seen it work. All he said was, 'Wah! wah! jee.' (Grand! grand! sir.)

Then our friend adjusted a cylinder of wood in his lathe and began his first attempt at lac-work. As he was really a first-rate worker, his maiden effort was by no means unsuccessful; and layer after layer of lac was laid on fairly well, though, of course, neither so easily nor with the thinness and nicety which nothing but practice can impart. The Indian watched the work attentively, giving a little aid with directions or suggestions, and repeating frequently his 'Wah! wah! jee' (Bravo! sir). But when our friend took up the chisel to scratch, through the various layers of lac, something like a design, the result was woful: the underlying wood appeared at almost every touch, and only irregular blotches of lac were left here and there on the surface! The officer put down his chisel, and we all three had a hearty laugh at his by no means unexpected failure. As he was about to begin a second trial, the Indian said: 'Sir, if you really want to succeed in making lac-work, that thing is of no use at all! Take off your shoes and come and sit down at *my* lathe! That is a lathe indeed; and one capable of turning out any work you please. And it is cheap, too, for it only cost me a rupee and a half!'—a sum equal then

to two shillings and ninepence, but now only to a florin. And though he often came to see our friend at work, yet he continued to believe in the superiority of his own lathe.

Our friend, we may add, persevered in his attempts, but used his own lathe and his hands without aid from his toes. Ten years passed since that first attempt before we met again. It was at his residence in London, and there we again saw him at work at that identical lathe which the Indian had so contemptuously slighted; and we found him engaged in turning out Indian lac-work with ease and success.

A STRANGE DESTINY.

I DIED seventeen years ago, and though my form is scarcely ethereal, I am as effectively non-existent as if I had been comfortably ferried over Styx and slumbered ten feet below the earth's surface. It will be necessary for me to explain that my name is, or was, Charles Conyngham, and my vocation that of Continental messenger of Her Majesty's Foreign Office. In so remarkable a manner I disappeared that in all probability the Secretarial department at Downing Street, in conjunction with their neighbours over the way at Great Scotland Yard, still regard it as an unsolved mystery. In vain may they search, for I have ceased to exist; my personality has been lost for the past seventeen years.

Some may ask the reason I vanished; to such I would promptly reply that I did so involuntarily, and in a manner in which very few have done. It was my chief duty to carry despatches to the east of Europe; and so constantly did I travel between London and Brindisi, Trieste, Marseilles, and Constantinople, that my long tedious journeys became irksome, and I yearned for rest and quiet. My position was one of great responsibility, for I carried, hidden from view in a pouch around my waist, sealed packets containing state secrets of every conceivable nature, and messages intended only for the eye of ambassadors, which, if made public, might seriously interfere with the prestige of the nation, or even involve us in war.

In 1871, England was obliged to exercise some ingenious diplomacy towards the newly-formed French Republic; and consequently in the middle of the year I was making two and even three journeys to Paris each week. Constant travelling like this soon wearies the most experienced, especially when arriving in London in the morning, only to return at night. The French, German, and Italian railways were to me as familiar as the Strand or Regent Street, for in ten years of Continent-trotting my brain had become a Bradshaw in itself, and I think I had seen all the so-called 'sights,' so delightful to the untravelled. A long journey to the Austrian or Turkish capital was very much more to my taste than the wearying monotony of 'the Dover-Calais route,' and I began to be heartily sick of it, as during the month I had been to Paris no less than thirteen times.

One August night, though excessively tired, I was compelled to set out again, and left Charing Cross by the mail-train. Besides carrying important despatches, a bag had been entrusted to my care which I knew contained a large sum in gold and notes, and which I had instructions to deliver to the British ambassador. I was alone as far as Dover; but when I alighted on the pier the wind was blowing hard and the rain descending in torrents, indicative of 'dirty' weather outside the harbour.

'Calais boat this way, sir!' The words sounded above the disconsolate comments in English, and the staccato sounds in objurgatory French, so I traversed the wet gangway, and soon had my precious bag placed in a position in the saloon where I could keep a watchful eye upon it.

Arriving at Calais soon after midnight, I entered the refreshment room and made a hearty meal, until the unwelcome words 'En voiture pour Paris' were shouted. Then I went out, and selecting an empty first-class compartment, bade the porter deposit the bag, and wrapping myself comfortably in my travelling rug, settled down for the remainder of the journey.

I dared not sleep whilst this quantity of gold was in my possession, and fatigued as I was, I managed, by dint of great effort, to keep myself awake. It was always possible I might be watched and followed by thieves or emissaries of political societies; therefore, a loaded revolver reposed in my pocket ready for any emergency.

Few people were travelling that night, and I was fortunate enough to have the compartment to myself until we ran into Abbeville. Then there entered two well-dressed Frenchmen, who scrutinised me rather closely and sank into the opposite corners of the carriage. Seldom I feel uneasy about my fellow-passengers; but I confess that, as I regarded them, a shadow of distrust, of impending evil fell upon me. Instinctively I felt for my revolver, and assured myself it was in readiness if required, for somehow I was certain these men had been upon the Channel boat, and were following me with an evil purpose.

But they sat opposite one another smoking, and occasionally indulging in conversation, though never once turning towards me, and keeping their faces concealed as much as possible from the pale flickering ray of the carriage-lamp.

As the train sped on, I became more fully convinced these men meant mischief. I looked at my watch, and found that in twenty minutes we should be due at Amiens, and determined to change into another carriage there. Patiently I sat gazing out of the window, watching the first gray streak of dawn break over the distant hills, and waiting for the next stoppage, when I suddenly felt a terrible blow upon the top of my skull.

I remember no more! All was blank!

A burning excruciating pain like the pricking of a thousand red-hot needles in my brain, a feeling that my eyes were being gouged out and my temples beaten with hot irons. It was the most horrible torment I have ever experienced, yet I was gradually coming to, struggling out of what seemed to be a half-dream, half-stupor. Slowly the terrible throbbing in my head abated, and I found myself seated in an armchair in a handsomely furnished though unfamiliar drawing-room. It was dimly lit by tiny electric lamps,

and gazing round in astonishment, I noticed a spacious fernery beyond, which looked like a mermaid's cave in the depths of the sea, so dense was the mass of greenery and so soft the plash of the miniature cascade.

My first thought was of my despatches, and I felt for my pouch; but it was not there! Had I been robbed? Placing my hand on my chin, I was startled to find that I had a long beard plentifully besprinkled with gray, though yesterday I was cleanly shaven! And my bag of coin, where was that? I struggled to my feet, and as I did so, my figure was reflected in a long mirror. I staggered backwards in amazement; for last night I was a sprightly young man of thirty; but I now saw my hair was thin and gray, and my face so wrinkled and altered that I could not recognise it as my own.

Where was I? What could it all mean? Whilst these thoughts were passing through my mind, I espied a bell-handle, and tugged it. My summons was quickly answered by a sharp-featured young man, who was evidently not a servant.

'Tell me who brought me here? Whose house is this?' I asked impatiently.

The man gazed at me apparently in blank astonishment. 'I—er. You're not well, sir, I think. This is your own house.'

'My house! And who are you, pray?'

'I am your secretary; but I—I'll return in a moment,' he replied, and evidently much terrified, he disappeared as quickly as if he had seen a phantom.

I had no time to reflect upon the mystery of the situation before there entered a tall voluptuous-looking woman, of what is called the Junoesque type, in evening dress, and ablaze with diamonds. She was decidedly handsome, her dark beauty altogether striking.

'Why, what have you said to Hallett? You've quite frightened him,' she said, laughing. 'How is it you are not dressed? You remember we promised to dine at Creswell's to-night.'

'I—I don't understand you, madam,' I gasped, for my brain was in a whirl.

'What's the matter with you? What has happened?' she cried in alarm. 'Don't you know me, Rose, your wife?'

'My wife! No; I have never seen you before. This is some trick.—Where is my bag of money?' I said in perplexity.

The look of distress deepened as she said: 'Calm yourself, my dear. You are not well, and must have advice.'

'I want no advice,' I replied. 'I must resume my journey to Paris at once. Where are the clothes I wore, and the despatches?'

'I do not know what you mean,' exclaimed the woman who called herself my wife. 'Your mind must be wandering, Frank.'

'That is not my name. I am Charles Conyngham.'

'No; you are under a delusion, dear,' she replied in a softer tone, evidently intending to humour me. 'You are Frank Thorndyke, and I am Rose Thorndyke, your wife.'

'When and where did you marry me?'

'In Melbourne, eight years ago.'

'In Melbourne! And where are we now?'

'This is our country-house at St Kilda, in Victoria.—Is there anything else you would like to know?' She said this with a smile, as if half inclined to believe I was joking.

The surging crowd of thoughts and feelings which burst upon my brain I cannot describe. Was I still myself, or was it all a dream? No; it was a stern reality.

'I married you eight years ago, you say. Then what year is this?'

She laughed mischievously as she replied: 'Come, Frank; this is not the 1st of April, so all this fooling is out of place. You know well enough it is 1888.'

'What!' I cried, feeling myself growing rigid with amazement. 'Yesterday was seventeen years ago!'

I was certainly wide awake and sensible; but that I was myself I began to doubt, and at last came to the conclusion I was not. I struggled to comprehend the situation, but utterly failed. How I came to be in Australia, the husband of such a wife, the owner of such a mansion, was a deep inexplicable mystery. I felt light-headed, for this horrible suspense was goading me into frenzy.

'There must be some serious misunderstanding between us, madam,' I said earnestly. 'I am not joking; for I certainly have never set eyes upon you before this evening, and am utterly at a loss to know who or what I am.'

The woman who called me husband regarded me with a look of terror, as if she had suddenly become convinced of the truth of my words. Her face blanched, and she would have fallen, had I not caught her and laid her upon a sofa. I rang the bell, and a maid-servant appeared.

'Your mistress has fainted; call some one to her assistance,' I said, and leaving the room, proceeded to explore the house from garret to basement. It was a splendid modern mansion, furnished with taste and elegance; and I found, on looking out of the windows, it was surrounded by well-kept lawns and clumps of fine old trees, now illumined by the pale moonlight, and transformed into a scene almost fairy-like.

Presently I was pacing the terrace, rapt in thought. The stars shone, the night-wind sighed softly through the trees, and the air was filled with the subtle perfume of roses. How well I remember leaning upon the stone balustrade, gazing away to where the lurid reflection upon the sky denoted the distant city of Melbourne, and trying to account for my novel surroundings.

Utterly unable to realise the memorable journey to Paris had been made seventeen years before, for it seemed but yesterday, though my aged appearance, my beard, the fact of my marriage, and my opulence, all combined to confirm the assertion the fainting woman had just made. But the thought of the lost money and undelivered despatches troubled me most. In vain I tried to recount my actions on that night I left London; but beyond the remembrance of the terrible blow I had sustained, I could recollect nothing. The anxiety was distracting; and as I paced the terrace with quick impatient steps, I knew that if some solution of this horrible mystery did not soon present itself, I should go mad. I had a presentiment of insanity, and shuddered at the thought of the terrible derangement which hung over me as a Damoclean sword.

Suddenly I heard a footstep, and turning, confronted the man who called himself my secretary.

'Layton, the manager of the Waljeers, has just arrived from Ballarat, and wishes to see you on important business, sir,' he said.

'To see me! What for?'

'He desires instructions regarding the Waljeers claim. They have struck the Lead at last, and the yield of gold is so rich that he advises you to float it as a company in the Melbourne market at once. Shall I bring him to you?'

'No,' I replied. 'Leave me to myself. I—I have not the slightest idea of your meaning.'

'You must be unwell, sir,' the man replied. 'Surely you know Layton, who used to manage your mine at Poowong, and who is now in charge of the Waljeers?'

'I don't know him, and I have no desire to make his acquaintance. Send him away,' I said.

For a moment the man hesitated, then muttering in an undertone, retired into the house.

When alone, I again strove to give my thoughts definite shape, for somehow everything seemed hazy and indistinct, and my agony of mind was indescribable.

It was not long before a maid-servant appeared, saying: 'Mistress would like to see you in the drawing-room, sir;' and I obeyed the summons.

On entering, I found the woman who called me husband seated upon a low lounge-chair, and near her stood a short stout old gentleman in a frock-coat and wearing gold *pince-nez*.

'Ah, my dear Thorndyke,' exclaimed the latter, greeting me effusively; 'how are you this evening?'

'I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance,' I replied.

'Not know me? Come, come, think. Don't you remember Dr Stanborough?'

'No, I don't.'

The woman glanced significantly at him as he advanced towards me peering intently into my eyes.

'What have you been saying to your wife?' he asked abruptly.

'Saying! Why, the truth!' I replied. 'She calls herself my wife; but I have never seen her before. Yesterday, I was conveying some important despatches between London and Paris, when—well, I hardly know what happened; but I believe two ruffians stunned me, and I knew no more until I awoke this evening to find myself in a strange house and claimed as husband by this lady! I believe there's some confounded trickery somewhere, and perhaps you can explain the whereabouts of the despatches and money?'

The doctor did not reply, but turning to her, said gravely: 'Madam, this is very, very sad. I am afraid your husband's mind is affected.'

'You are mistaken,' I cried vehemently. 'I am as sane as yourself; but if this horrible mystery is not soon elucidated, I feel I shall go mad.'

'You are certainly not yourself to-night. We must see what treatment we can give you,' said the doctor.

'I want none of your nostrums, sir. All I require are my despatches and money. I am told I am in Australia; if so, I must return to England immediately and explain my absence.'

'Doctor, my dear husband seems under the delusion he has been robbed of some important documents,' explained she anxiously.

'I am under no delusion, madam!' I said rather hotly. 'All I desire explained is how I came to be here.'

'Monomania evidently,' the doctor exclaimed in a low voice. 'It develops frequently into the most violent forms of madness, and he will have to be kept in seclusion and closely watched.'

'Understand me,' I said angrily. 'Your fears as to my sanity are groundless. I believe I have fallen a victim to a vile plot; but I tell you I am being mistaken for some other man. I am Charles Conyngham of the Foreign Office, London.'

'Very well, my dear fellow, very well,' the doctor replied, placing his hand upon my shoulder. 'We will believe it—if you wish. Calm yourself; remember your wife is nervous and weak.'

I turned dejectedly away, for all my efforts to make myself understood had only been met with incredulity by the idiotic, soft-spoken old doctor, who evidently believed I was mad.

My position became more singular every moment, and in distraction I strode out into the grounds and plunged into a dark wood of tall gum-trees. On and on I walked, heedless of where my footsteps led me, until at last, tired out, I sank upon a felled trunk and gave myself up to another mental struggle.

All was dead silence, save the weird croaks and screams of the night-birds and the faint rustle of the leaves overhead. The cool wind fanned my heated temples with such a soothing effect that I fell asleep. The morning sun was penetrating the thick foliage when I awoke and made my way out of the forest. Without much difficulty I retraced my steps to the house, only to become more intensely puzzled. My *soi-disant* wife was too unwell to leave her room, and I roamed aimlessly about the place, seeking to discover something—I knew not what.

One room I entered was evidently a study; my own den possibly! Glancing round at the books, the few choice paintings, and the row of telephones, I seated myself at the littered writing-table. Turning over the papers before me and examining them, I saw they related to mining enterprises and transactions involving large sums. Many of the letters and memoranda were unmistakably in my handwriting, but the signatures were 'Frank Thorndyke,' and the letter-paper bore the heading 'Great Poowong Gold Mines, Office 296 Collins Street, Melbourne.' My eyes fell upon a calendar, and I saw I had not been deceived; it was the year 1888!

For some time I sat engrossed in thought. Bewildered with the events of the past few hours, I felt I must make some strenuous effort to solve the enigma, and account for the intervening seventeen years. It was impossible that I had been asleep in the manner of Rip van Winkle, so I must have been existing during that period. But where, and how?

From the doctor's words on the previous night, it seemed clear that if I remained I should be

placed under restraint as a lunatic, so what should hinder me from returning to Europe, and endeavouring to find out what befell me on that midnight journey? At the thought of funds I rose, and searching the drawers of the writing-table, discovered a cash-box. A bunch of keys was in my pocket, one of which opened the box, and eagerly counting the contents, I found nearly three hundred pounds in gold and notes. This would suffice for the journey, and with joy I transferred the money to my pockets.

In haste I wrote a few lines to my mysterious wife, informing her of my intention, begging her not to follow me, and promising to return as soon as I obtained the information required to restore my peace of mind.

Calling Hallett, my secretary, I gave him the letter, with instructions not to deliver it at the sick woman's room until the evening; then gathering a few things into a hand-bag, I left the house. The next train bore me to Melbourne, and that same evening I was on board a P. and O. boat steaming out of Port Phillip.

From the first I was beset by terrible anxiety and fear lest I should be recognised, for, though a victim to circumstances, I was nevertheless a delinquent, and I knew not into whose hands the undelivered despatches had fallen, or what complications had ensued thereby.

On my return to London, however, I soon became assured that my appearance had changed beyond recognition, for on various pretexts I conversed with men who had been my intimate associates, none of whom now claimed my acquaintance.

The task of tracing my past career was fraught with many difficulties, and it was in Paris that I discovered a clue to the mystery. Whilst searching the file of the *Figaro* for 1871, I found that on August 5th the night-mail from Calais to Paris, whilst approaching Amiens, ran into some trucks, and was completely wrecked, seven persons being killed and twenty injured. But there was also enacted a terrible tragedy, for it appeared that in a first-class compartment were two men, one having amongst his baggage a strong leathern bag, containing a large sum in English notes and gold. Both received severe blows about the head in the collision; but one, in order to obtain possession of the money, took advantage of the confusion immediately following the accident by shooting his fellow-traveller dead. The murderer was making off with that portion of his booty that was portable, when he was apprehended and conveyed to Paris.

Here was another complication! I could not be the murderer, neither could I be the murdered man, yet the bag of gold referred to was evidently the one entrusted to my care.

Eagerly I scanned the papers of the following days, and found reports of the examination before the Juge d'Instruction, and subsequent trial of the accused for wilful murder. He was stated to be young and well dressed, though conducting himself strangely, refusing to give his name or any account of himself whatever, and preserving an immutable silence throughout the many days the proceedings lasted. The trial must have been a celebrated one, judging from the reports; and the prisoner, through a slight discrepancy in the corroborative evidence, escaped the guillotine, and was sentenced to transportation for life to the penal settlement of New Caledonia.

Here the information ended; and though I searched the copies of the papers for two years subsequently, I found nothing more. It was clear my only hope lay in an interview with this mysterious convict, who might enlighten me as to my connection with the tragic affair; and to this end I sought out an official in the Prisons Department who was once well known to me. He had since retired into private life, and, in common with others, did not remember me. Representing myself as an English solicitor endeavouring to trace a next-of-kin, and offering to pay handsomely for information, I prevailed upon him to seek an interview with the Chief of the Department, and ascertain where the man who had been sent to penal servitude for this particular crime could be found.

A few days later, when I called, a memorandum was placed in my hand certifying that after remaining five years at the settlement, Prisoner No. 7403, committed for life for murder, had escaped, in company with Auguste Durand, another convict, by means of a boat. The supposition was that they were drowned at sea; if not, they must have landed on the Queensland coast.

To discover this man Durand was no easy matter; but if successful, he might furnish me with the whereabouts of his whilom companion. I was dubious about the result of my search, for might I not be on the wrong track after all? Nevertheless, I proceeded to Brisbane without delay, and in nearly all the chief newspapers in the Australian colonies caused to be inserted a brief paragraph to 'Auguste Durand, late of Yengen,' stating that his companion upon the voyage from the island to the mainland in 1876 wished particularly to meet him, as he had something important to communicate. This was the only means by which I could hope to find him, and congratulating myself upon having composed an artfully worded invitation, patiently awaited its result.

Several weeks passed without an answer, and I was vainly trying to devise some other method by which to reach the escaped convict, when one day I was informed by the hotel waiter that a gentleman desired to see me. I naturally concluded it was he, and expressed my willingness to receive my visitor.

Judge my dismay, however, when there was ushered in no less a person than my secretary!

'Well, old fellow,' said he familiarly, offering his hand; 'and why all this confounded mystery?'

I was speechless with amazement.

'I saw the advertisement in the *Argus*,' he continued, 'and concluding something was up, left Melbourne at once. What is it?'

'The advertisement?' I gasped.

'Yes. You want to see me.'

'You are mistaken; I do not.'

'But your advertisement was addressed to Auguste Durand, your humble servant, who shared your lot in that living tomb at Yengen, and who escaped with you!'

'What? Is this true?' I asked in astonishment. 'Was I convicted for murder?'

'Of course you were, and I for forgery. But you seem to be as insane as when you left St Kilda so suddenly six months ago. What's the matter with you?'

'Are you Auguste Durand?' I asked.

'That's my baptismal cognomen, though John Hallett suits me better just now.'

'Then hear me,' I exclaimed. 'Perhaps I am not quite myself, but I have forgotten all. Tell me how we escaped, why I am rich, and you are my servant.'

He gazed at me incredulously for a moment, and after reiterating his opinion that I had taken leave of my senses, related the story of our escape.

Narrated briefly, it seemed we were pals in the same labour gang, and had plotted our escape for many months, until one day, finding a boat in which a keg of water and some biscuits had been conveniently placed, we took advantage of the opportunity. After drifting countless days upon the Coral Sea under a burning sun, we landed at last, more dead than alive, near Port Curtis. Overjoyed at our freedom, we at once commenced to seek a livelihood, and at Walloon turned miners. Fortune smiled upon me. I prospered, bought claims, and profited largely by speculation, though my companion, always unlucky, existed upon my charity. After seven years at the diggings, I married a wealthy woman, and removed to Melbourne.

'And what is my present position?' I asked, when he had concluded.

'You are the owner of two of the richest gold mines in Victoria; and I, always a Lazarus, am your confidential secretary. Most confidential,' he added, smiling; 'the master convicted of murder, and the servant of forgery.'

By this narrative the blank in my life had been filled, and I became aware it was myself, the mysterious convict, I had been endeavouring to trace.

Was I a murderer? That I was innocent seemed clear, for it was only reasonable to suppose that after the collision my fellow-travellers attempted to rob me, and that in protecting my charge I fired the fatal shot. Seeing I had killed the thief, and fearing the consequences, I filled my pockets with the money, and was decamping when arrested. Why I refused to give any account of myself at the trial did not seem so obvious; but after much deliberation I became convinced of the fact, by no means unknown in medical science, that in the collision, the terrible blow I had sustained upon the head caused me to lose all consciousness of the past. From that moment I commenced an entirely fresh existence, remembering nothing of what had occurred before, and was therefore unable to tell even my name or nationality at the trial. The Foreign Office were either in ignorance of my position, or refrained from interfering from some unexplained cause; and thus for seventeen years I had lived utterly oblivious to the events anterior to the blow which so strangely affected my brain. On that memorable night in my own drawing-room, I must have struck my head against some hard substance—the corner of the mantel-shelf probably—and this, as a counter-action, restored me to consciousness, though obliterating the remembrance of the intervening years.

On my return to St Kilda, my wife welcomed me warmly; and after I had explained the cause of my sudden absence and apparent insanity, she went to her room, returning with a sealed official envelope, dirty and crumpled.

'This,' she said, 'you confided to my safe keeping soon after our marriage. Possibly it may be the lost despatch.'

It was! I grasped it eagerly, and read the superscription, then placed it on the fire and watched the flames consume it.

From that day I commenced life afresh, and can safely assert there is not a happier pair than Rose and I in all the colony.

Durand is no longer my secretary, but the keeper of a fashionable restaurant in Melbourne. I need scarcely add it was my money that purchased the business.

LEAVES FROM AN OLD ACCOUNT-BOOK.

A BOOK dealing with 'orders on the Exchequer' in the reign of His Majesty King James I. of England would not seem at a first glance likely to afford matter for entertainment to that considerable section of the public which takes but little interest in antiquarian research. James was the son of Mary Queen of Scots; he was the 'most High and Mighty Prince' to whom the compilers of the Authorised Version addressed their elegant but little-read Dedication; and he was the earliest and most vehement denouncer of the Indian weed, which British farmers are now trying to grow. But the pathetic interest which clings to the memory of his mother, his son, and his son's children, is altogether awanting in his own life. He was not beautiful, like Mary; nor surrounded with an air of sanctity (real or fictitious), like the First Charles; nor vicious and charming, like the Second Charles. He was not dethroned, like the Second James; nor was his career adventurous and romantic, like that of the Pretenders. The romance writers who crowd thickly around his mother's grave, and write with brine the tale of the sorrows of his progeny, find little to interest them in James VI. of Scotland and I. of England. Still, a few facts divulged by the old Exchequer records may be of interest regarding this successor of Queen Elizabeth.

And first, as is known to every one, James was distinctly a 'sporting' man. The fact is not alluded to in the Dedication of the divines; but we have it referred to in the issue of a writ or order on the Exchequer for the sum of £16, 13s. 4d. to William Gatacre for 'breeding, feeding, and dieting of cocks of the game for His Highness's recreation.' This charge occurs repeatedly in the records of the Exchequer, and with a frankness of detail which proves that nobody concerned saw anything to be ashamed of in the transaction. Will the day ever come when any items appearing in the estimates of the present time—those, for instance, which relate to

the pursuit of the stag and the fox—will be contemplated with wonder by our descendants? Then the king, it appears, had a favourite hound, which the queen one day, by some misadventure, shot at and killed. Her Majesty was deeply distressed. Now we prove our king to be something vastly different from the mere 'royal pedant.' He bought a diamond at a cost of two thousand pounds—the Exchequer record is our witness—and sent it to his sorrowing spouse 'as a legacy from his dead dog.' Could aught be more knightly, kingly, courteous? Stand down, King Arthur! Thy Guinevere never had from thee a princelier gift.

In 1610 the king was busy superintending the education of his younger son the Duke of York. That young gentleman was doubtless taught many things befitting the rank into which he was born, but we find notices of three subjects only. John Webb is authorised to receive from the Exchequer twenty pounds 'for his attendance in teaching the Duke of York to play tennis now one whole year ended at Michaelmas last' (1610). A further sum of thirty pounds is due to 'Sebastian La Pierre, Frenchman, teacher of dancing to His Majesty's dear son;' and 'John Beauchesney, Frenchman, teacher of the said Duke to sing,' receives the considerable sum of forty pounds for his services. Much money is spent in entertainments, and particularly in that form of spectacle known as the Masque. Inigo Jones, the architect of the era, whose work is visible to us of to-day in many a country mansion, receives two hundred pounds for services in connection with 'the Queen's Masque' in 1610. The embellishment of the royal suite seems to have involved much outlay. On April 10, 1606, 'Giles Simpson, goldsmith,' is paid the sum of £6, 17s. 2d. 'to be by him employed for spangles for the making of a coat for James Ros, footman to the Duke of York;' and in July of the same year a much heavier payment (£689, 17s. 7d.) is made to the same enterprising goldsmith for 'fine gold and fine silver' to be used in making spangles for the liveries of the royal servants generally.

We pass from these frivolities to grave matters of state. The striking incident of King James's reign is of course the Gunpowder Plot. Probably no other event in history is so well known to the schoolboy; we speak not of that extraordinary creation of Lord Macaulay's brain, but of the ordinary schoolboy of fact. The only item of expense directly bearing upon the Plot is a payment of one hundred and twenty pounds to Sir Arthur Throckmorton, for 'the charges and expenses for himself his servants and ministers under him employed in seizing the land and goods of Francis Tressham, Robert Catesby, John Bates, and other traitors, in the most horrible intended treason against His Majesty and the state.' But we fancy that the sixty pounds paid to Lord Stanhope 'for one Bowles, for inspecting certain Jesuits and priests beyond the seas,' has some not very remote connection with the bold and happily unsuccessful undertaking of Guy Fawkes. So, too, perhaps, has the twenty pounds we find remitted to certain messengers 'for their pains and travail in apprehending of divers persons who have spread abroad seditious books against His Majesty and the state.' If the Secret Service Fund records of to-day—assuming there to be any—are made public in a century or two, it may be that many entries of similar purport to this last will be revealed. There are tricks in every trade, the initiated tell us, and why should not Downing Street have its secrets?

Whatever else King James may have been, he was at least not unmindful of his mother's memory. Repeatedly we find advances made to Cornelius Cure, master-mason, 'parcel of a more sum due to him for the framing, making, erecting, and finishing a tomb' for Mary Queen of Scots. What the 'more sum' really was it would be vain to inquire; but it must have reached well into four figures by the time the last instalment was paid. It is more legitimate to speculate on the destiny of a picture or pictures, being portraits of the King, Queen, and Prince Charles 'in full length and proportion,' painted by John De Cretes, Serjeant Painter, for the moderate fee—take note, Portrait-painters of the nineteenth century!—of £53, 6s. 8d. The work was done for presentation to the Archduke of Austria. Perhaps in some dusty gallery of an old Viennese palace the features of King James, his wife, and son are still to be seen by the curious visitor. Or was the canvas presentment of the first two Stuart kings part of the artistic treasure which long afterwards fell into the hands of the Corsican adventurer, only to be again scattered when his star sank, as the star of the Stuarts had sunk already, to rise no more?

STEEPLE-JACKS.

THERE are many curious trades and professions, but few more so than that of a Steeple-jack, a man whose business it is to ascend to places which apparently nothing but a bird could hope to reach, and when there to do all kinds of work. A spice of danger is held to lend a charm to an occupation. If this is really so, the work of a steeple-jack must be one of the most attractive in existence, for of danger it has no lack.

The most usual job these adventurous men are called upon to do is the repairing of chimney shafts. 'Chimney-jacks' would really be a better name for them than 'Steeple-jacks;' but presumably the business began before the great chimneys one sees about nowadays were known. Very often they manage to get to the top of a chimney by the help of a kite; not an ordinary schoolboy's kite, but one measuring eight or ten feet by six or eight, and made of the strongest canvas. Such a kite weighs from thirty to forty pounds, and costs the best part of three pounds without counting the line it carries, which may be a thousand yards in length. From each of the four corners of the kite, lines run, and they are joined about twelve feet or so away from it. After an interval about twice as great, the 'down-all' joins the main line. The 'down-all' is made of thinner rope than the principal cord, and need not be above a hundred yards long. Its use becomes apparent when the steeple-jack's assistants manage to make the kite sail over the chimney's mouth, for the instant this happens, the man who is handling the 'down-all' gives a jerk, which has the result of making the kite fall over, so that the main line lies across the top of the chimney. The monster kite is manipulated in just the same way as a

boy manages his comparatively small one. Of course the direction it takes is not left to chance; if this were so, it would as a rule be a long time before the line lay over the chimney's mouth. The men in charge of the cord become by constant practice very clever at steering the great kite, and provided that the wind helps them, guide it in such a manner that it seems as though it were endowed with reasoning powers, and were as anxious as any of them to bring the job to a favourable termination with the least possible delay.

Once the cord occupies the desired position, it is of course an easy matter to attach strong ropes to the original line and fix up blocks and gear, by which chains are drawn up over the mouth of the chimney, and finally a cage from which a man can work.

As may easily be believed, a great deal depends upon the man who has hold of the 'down-all.' If he fails to make his jerk at the right moment, all he succeeds in doing is to bring the kite down with a run, when there is the bother of carrying it back from the place at which it started and making another try. Only a steady reliable man is given the charge of the 'down-all;' the trouble involved in working the kite until it trails the line right over the shaft is far too great for any risks to be run when it is in the proper position.

The kite is generally started about four or five hundred yards away from the chimney, and once it is off, all depends upon the wind. Steeple-jacks like a nice fresh steady breeze: the steadiness is the great point, for any little variation in it means that the careful guiding of the kite so far has been of no use, and that it must all begin over again. If the wind is as favourable as possible (and steeple-jacks are apt to aver that it isn't often so when they have work in hand), a lucky gang of assistants may get the whole thing over in an hour or so; but then, on the other hand, they may be three or four days trying in vain to coax the line over the chimney. Not even the captain of a becalmed sailing-vessel longs for a steady breeze more than a master steeple-jack does when he has a chimney-repairing job on, and half-a-dozen men to pay all the time that is being lost. He does not want too much wind for his work: a strong breeze makes such big kites as he uses quite unmanageable; a light wind isn't strong enough to carry one of them; and a wind which chops and changes about is the one that is worst of all. When one of the last-named kind is blowing, it is best to leave the kite alone and get out the ladders at once.

Ladders are what steeple-jacks use when it is a question of repairing a steeple, a spire, or a round chimney. Most chimneys are built square, and it is for square chimneys that the kite comes into use. Many of our readers have probably seen a string of ladders up the side of a spire, and have wondered how they were arranged, straight upon the top of one another. It looks as though it would be a difficult piece of work to build them up; but it is quite a simple matter once one knows how it is done. In the first place, an ordinary ladder twenty or thirty feet long is placed against the side of the building which has to be ascended, be it chimney, steeple, or spire. A man mounts this to the greatest height at which he can conveniently work, and drives into the brickwork an iron pin, which is called a 'dog.' It is tipped with steel, so as to give it greater penetrating power, is from half an inch to an inch in diameter, and has a ring at the end, which protrudes after it has been driven home. The greatest care must be taken to make sure that the 'dog' is thoroughly firm, and the workman tests it in every way he can before leaving it.

When the first 'dog' is fast, a running block is attached to it, through which a strong rope is passed. One end of this rope is tied to the middle of a fifty or sixty foot ladder, and the latter is pulled up into such a position that it is almost flat against the building, with a greater part of its length below than above the 'dog.' This long ladder is then used for the fixing of a second 'dog,' to which a block and line are attached in the same manner as was the case with the first. The next process is to pull the ladder into such a position that half-a-dozen or so of its rungs are left underneath the lowest 'dog,' and to lash it tightly to the pair that are fixed, using it as a means of fastening a third.

So the work goes on until the long string of ladders stretches all the way up the building, or, at all events, far enough to enable a man to work at the spot which needs attention. The ladders are so arranged with the help of pieces of wood that they stand about seven or eight inches away from the brickwork; this allows a man ascending them to make sure of a good grip, and leaves plenty of room for his feet. Any one with a fairly strong head could go up one of these ladder-ways without being made to feel in the least uncomfortable.

The time that is occupied in getting the ladders into position of course depends chiefly upon the height of the building. Sometimes they may be run up in a day, while at other times three or four days will be spent over the business. If there are any loopholes in the building at intervals, as is often the case, the work is of course simplified a very great deal, for unless these are very far apart, there is no need to use 'dogs' at all; all that is necessary is to get some short stout poles, fasten them in such a manner that they project the right distance, and lash the ladders on to them. A great deal of time is saved when the construction of the building gives such help as this, for it is the proper securing of the 'dogs' that occupies the time.

Sometimes steeple-jacks have to get up a building of such a sort that they cannot drive anything into it; or perhaps they may be engaged upon the spire of some church or cathedral which the people in charge of it think will be injured by that kind of thing. When there is anything like this in the way of running up ladders, a scaffolding has to be built, sometimes right round the whole spire, sometimes up one side of it; that makes the job much longer, of course.

Accidents do not occur so often as one would think. Men must be steady for steeple-jacking, and no one is likely to go in for the work unless he feels confidence in his nerve. Most steeple-jacks lose their heads after a time. A man may be constantly employed as a steeple-jack for fifteen or twenty years, and never all that time feel as though he had any nerves, when suddenly one

day he will go all wrong; and though the fit may pass off, it is sure to come on again, and a man is wise if he leaves the business as soon as he gets a warning of this kind.

It is not to be wondered at that a time comes when a steeple-jack's head turns as he looks down from a height of perhaps two or three hundred feet, with nothing but a flimsy ladder between himself and the ground, which seems such a long way off. It often happens that men are seized with a desire to leap down from the top of a tall chimney, but such an awful fatality very seldom actually occurs.

The pay is very good, as it ought to be. Of course the work is not always going on. There may be times when steeple-jacks are unoccupied for weeks and weeks together. The character of a job naturally settles its price to a great extent. When a master steeple-jack is engaged in one which is very difficult he may get as much as seven or eight pounds a day or even more than that. Taking one job with another he will probably pay away half the money he gets in wages and expenses, such as keeping up his plant, so, if he could find work all the year round, he would soon be able to make enough to leave steeple-jacking to others.

It will be readily believed that this business is a very risky one. Besides the ever present chance of a steeple-jack finding his nerve fail him, there are a hundred contingencies which may render him the victim of an accident. For instance, when repairs are being executed in the case of buildings which have fallen into decay, the steeple-jack often finds it very difficult to judge as to the stability of the material on which he is at work. Bricks which are to all appearance perfectly sound may be in a state which makes it in the highest degree dangerous to trust any weight to them, and the man who has not made an adequate trial of their condition may find them give way under him when he is in such a position that he can do nothing to save himself.

Perhaps the most frequent cause of accidents to steeple-jacks is an insecurely fastened 'dog.' The carelessness of those men whose task it is to drive the 'dogs' home is responsible for a very large proportion of the deaths that occur among steeple-jacks on duty. A 'dog' may be fastened by a careless workman in a manner which leads to the belief that it is perfectly secure. It will hold all right for a time, and men will pass up and down the ladder which it is supposed to support in perfect confidence. Sooner or later, however, it is pretty sure to start, and if a man should be passing up the ladder at that moment with a hod of bricks or mortar on his shoulder—a very likely state of affairs, as the extra weight of a loaded hod is apt to be the cause of the final disaster—he may consider himself fortunate should he escape a fatal fall. As it is very usual for workmen carrying material to the top of a flight of ladders to follow one another closely, an accident of this kind is very likely to include more than one victim, for the man who is shaken from his hold by the starting of a 'dog' will probably bring down with him in his fall one who is climbing up behind him. Unfortunately, such mishaps are generally of a serious nature. The lower 'dogs' are almost invariably fastened in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired, and it is very seldom that one of them gives way. But as the workman who is building up the flight of ladders progresses with his task, he is sometimes apt to get a little careless; and instead of expending a special amount of care upon the higher fastenings, to scamp them in his eagerness to finish his work as quickly as possible. It is scarcely necessary to point out that the failure of a 'dog' situated towards the top of a lofty spire is far more likely to be attended with fatal results than is that of one comparatively close to the ground.

However, though every steeple-jack has many stories of narrow escapes to relate, the number of accidents among them is surprisingly few considering the perilous character of their work. If it were not for the truth of the adage that 'familiarity breeds contempt,' the mishaps would be far less frequent than they are. When the causes that have led to an accident come to be investigated, it is almost invariably found that the victim owes his fall to some carelessness either on his own part or on that of his fellow-workmen. Unavoidable accidents of course occur in this as in all other callings, but provided that due attention is paid to the observance of proper precautions, they should be very few and far between.

THREE ROSES.

Together on a slender spray they hung,
Dowered with equal beauty, passing fair,
And blent, as though an unseen censer swung,
Their mingled perfume with the morning air.

Not theirs the fate to linger till decay
Strewed their sweet-scented petals on the ground,
For ere the close of that bright summer day,
Each sister-rose another fate had found.

Twined in the meshes of a beauty's hair
One blossom faded slowly, hour by hour,
Until at parting, some one in despair
As a memento craved the withered flower.

One went an offering to a vain coquette,
Who plucked its leaves, and as they fluttering fell,
Whispered a test that has believers yet,
He loves me—loves me not—he loves me well.

A maiden's form lies in a darkened room,
In folded hands, upon a pulseless breast,
One touch of colour in the deepening gloom,
The last of the three roses is at rest.

Envoy.

O Love and cruel Death, so far apart.
Rose-sisters fair, could I but change with thee
And choose the fate of either of the three,
O happiest rose of all, my choice would be
Thy place above the maiden's pulseless heart.

J. H. Symes.

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ON PORTLAND ISLE.

In the golden haze of the summer night, iron-bound Portland rises sombre against the flush of the fading skies. The gray quarries, delved out of the heart of the arid cliffs, testify to the reality of human labour; gigantic landslips constantly shooting forth titanic blocks down upon the wild shores and afar out to sea. A natural fortress, desolate and sterile, yet withal magnificent. The weary clink, clink of the hammer, and the rattle of the crane-chains in the quarries, have ceased for the day, and a mysterious silence reigns over the weird head-lands, upheaved, in one of her caprices, by Nature's mighty shoulders. To the west, a few filmy clouds float above the setting sun, that tinges with living fire the foaming surf, where four tides meet and boil as in a caldron in Port-land Race. Away to the east lies the lovely Bay of Weymouth, gentle ripples kissing the sides of the anchored yachts, their white wings closed in slumber. The chalk cliffs loom faintly gray, half-veiled in silver mists; and six hundred feet below, the dim cavernous rocks stretch afar on all sides. The waters swirl with an ominous roar, suggestive of many a fatal shipwreck.

The curious natural breakwater of the 'Chesil Beach' connects Portland with the mainland. A puzzle to the geologist, this wonderful beach is an example of the sea producing a barrier to its own progress, the destruction of one part of the coast becoming the means of protection to another. The heavy waves of the Atlantic are here barred; and during a ground-swell, the ceaseless grinding of the pebble flints is heard, like the dull roar of thunder, for miles inland. In length about ten miles, its breadth at low tide is not above two hundred yards, and at no place is it raised more than forty-four feet above high water. The pebbles which compose the beach increase in size towards Portland, and diminish to gravel where they merge into Bridport Sands.

From an antiquarian as well as a geological point of view, the Chesil Beach is of the deepest interest, many curious relics being constantly thrown up—coins of gold, silver, and copper, of medieval or modern date, though those of the Roman Empire are most common. Sometimes antique rings are found, seals, and gold ingots, with other spoils of the sea, wrested from the dead of ancient as well as modern times by the relentless storms raging in the dreaded bay. To-night, the faintest ripple marks the advance of the rising tide, and the beach resembles a curving serpent spanning the waters from shore to shore.

In the morning the sun arose from out a cloud-less horizon, and gathering heat as he mounted, poured down his scorching rays into the dazzling quarries. Larks sang against heaven's breast, perfect symbols of freedom. Below, the depress-ing spectacle of convict-life—man parted from his fellow-men, toiling here in the hot sun till he is burnt to a dull brick colour. Here are men of all ages, characters, nationalities, and diversities of crime. Hideous destiny—the cell and remorse by night, the blazing quarry and compulsory silence by day. Closely-shaved heads, clean-shaven faces, red-hooped stockings, and gray knickerbockers; the broad arrows stamped on the gray coats; each with his number and term of sentence fixed to his straining arm. An L on a black ground, ghastly sign! signifying that this silent labourer, who has about him the bearing of a gentleman, has parted for ever from the world. No hope, no amelioration, till he shall lay down his weary head on his pallet and sleep the last sleep. A 'butterfly' man rests for a moment to wipe his streaming brow, when the warder's stern voice bids him proceed with his work. One leg and arm yellow, the other black, signifying a desperate character. His face is significant of his fierce nature. The whole is truly a depressing sight; hundreds of gray-clothed creatures silent by law, sullen by captivity, moving to and fro.

Some, still novices, who may have been reared in the lap of luxury, are being instructed to that toil in which perforce their lives must now be passed. Some wheeling away the *debris* of stone for road-

making; others pushing and dragging the heavy trucks laden with stone, which in another quarry would be moved by horse-power. One old man, scarce able to drag one leg after another, holds to the truck's side. He is too old to work, but still he must follow. The sweat streams down the leather-coloured faces; the sun beats ever hotter and hotter; the stone gives back the glow like a furnace. There is a jingle of metal, and a man passes dragging behind him heavy chains attached to his legs, raising a cloud of dust as he goes. Always the incessant clink of the hammer; the grinding of the chain running through the crane that raises the huge blocks; the creak of the barrows; the commanding voice of the warder, dark-blue coated, a sword by his side, a white hat falling to the shoulders, protecting his face and neck from the sun; the sentries pacing slowly round, loaded rifles in their hands, hem in the wretched children of crime.

Adepts at every phase of crime are represented in that scorching quarry; all are on the dead level of the convict. The murderer who quenched the human life as he would that of a mouse, works side by side with the cultured gentleman, who in the luxurious precincts of his own mansion wrote a name that was not his; one short moment of reckless impulse ending thus. Men with the slumbering demon in them, irreclaimable, untamable, in whose presence the warder's hand never leaves the sword's handle, working alongside one for whom hope lies buried, and love is for ever dead; condemned, it may be, upon circumstantial evidence, and—who knows?—perhaps innocent. The unutterable misery in the blue eyes, the listlessness of the drooping shoulders and bending back—no more awful spectacle than this utter hopelessness, this snuffed-out existence. 'Not much trouble with the gentlemen,' says the warder; 'they never forget who they are.' The prison clock chimes eleven; those silent figures fall mechanically into ranks, are searched, hats off, arms raised, and then marched to the prison for dinner, a dull, despairing herd. This is human life in its most awful reality, only to be realised when witnessed. Only can one really pity when one has seen. A living death in a world of beauty.

Outside the gray prison walls lies a tiny church with a black-and-white mosaic pavement, laid down by a female convict of high descent. Passing through the little scattered village of Wakeham, one emerges on a peaceful spot, a deep glade running down to the sea, shaded by giant elms. On the green brow of the cliff stands 'Bow and Arrow' Castle, a ruined keep, ascribed by tradition to William Rufus, having a large circular chamber, with three wide windows built in the six-foot thickness of the walls. Down through the trees lies all that remains of a tiny chapel, facing the west—a restful dream-haunted spot, where one may for a time forget the sorrows of humanity, and drink in the fullness and perfection of nature. Some few of the gray headstones stand erect; but the majority have slanted over, and many are fallen, their inscriptions hidden by moss. The blossoming grass flourishes luxuriantly. The air is full of shadowy silence; even the rooks in the elms rest in the noontide blaze. A faint tinkle comes from the bay below where the waters caress the pebbles. A whitethroat calls suddenly from his perch upon a tomb whereon is graven 1674—'I loved him well.' Like an echo, the pathos of a long-forgotten grief. A little brook gurgles down through the glade to the sea, spanned by a fine old bridge in perfect preservation, fringed by purple irises and glossy hartstongue ferns. The scorching sun can pierce no entrance through the vault of trees, and all is cool and deeply verdant.

Away to the northward, on Portland Bill, stand the upper and lower lighthouses and coast-guard stations. There is no carriage-road, and the way is extremely rough, in many places dangerous; but the grandeur of the scene it is impossible to describe, when one stands out on the edge of the giddy sheer cliff, looking down on the fatal reefs, where the fleeing fugitive from justice, listening to the dread boom of the great gun over land and sea which tells of his escape, has rather faced death in the fierce race of the tide round the Bill, than be returned to the drawn-out agony of prison routine.

Nowhere can humanity feel more humbled, more alone, than in the presence of this havoc of nature, thrown down with so careless a hand, disclosing phenomena of such extraordinary interest. Passing through the village of Reforne, the lover of geology may gladden his eyes and store his mind in several magnificent quarries. In one may be seen some curious beehive-shaped excavations, recently laid bare, when removing the Purbeck from the surface in order to get at the valuable Portland stone below. Those primitive dwellings vary in size, the largest being seven or eight feet in height and about nine feet in diameter. Quantities of bones have been removed from the interiors, and on one occasion a heap of blackened corn. There can be no doubt they date from prehistoric times, and it is a misfortune that the quarry extensions will not permit of such interesting relics being preserved. A stone cist has also been discovered, the skeleton in a sitting posture, the skull—an enormous one—resting on the hands; beside it, three iron balls, a spear-head, and three earthenware cups.

The huge blocks of glittering freestone are most interesting to see. The beds lie at a depth of about sixty feet, but vary in different quarries. The workmen profess to tell by the musical ring of the hammer the quality of the stone. Blocks of any size may be procured, owing to the beds being continuous. Some beds, such as the 'Roach,' are so crowded by fossils that they are useless for building purposes, though used for constructing quays, harbours, &c., where a smooth surface is not necessary. The marine beds above and below the Portland stone are distinguished by their abundance of 'ammonites,' often of huge size, some being hardly less than a cartwheel. The cottagers have them placed above their doors as ornaments, and about the gardens.

A thin seam of clay, termed 'scum' by the quarrymen, spreading over the whole of the Portland series, is of interest, as marking the emergence of the Portland beds from the sea; in other words, separating the marine (Portland stone) from the fresh-water (Purbeck formation). In a species of slate, stalagmites are got of good size, the surface of the stone being more or less

coated. But perhaps that which is of most interest to the careless observer is that earthy deposit known as the 'Dirt-bed,' which is really the soil in which flourished an ancient forest, several fine fossil trunks, all cone-bearing, of good girth, and considerable height, testifying to this. Amongst other finds is a singular vegetable production, known to quarrymen as 'crows' nests;' but in reality they are fossil plants of the existing order of Cycads. These 'crows' nests' closely resemble a pine-apple.

The bleak sterile Portland of to-day must at one time have been luxuriantly wooded. Quarrying operations on the island have led to the discovery of bones belonging to extinct animals, such as the mammoth, also of those gigantic creatures that existed during the Secondary period, marine saurians; the Ichthyosaurus, a gigantic lizard, in size approaching the whale; showing that at one time a shallow shore must have existed, on which lived those monsters of a bygone age. One can imagine this Portland of the past, when the shades of a luxurious tropical forest sprang upon the soil which had slowly emerged from the ocean; when the cave-men gazed over the waters, and prostrated themselves to that mighty power, the only god they knew, the rising sun. Who can interpret the story of Portland, now lying like some old-world monster on the bosom of the deep? Slowly a leaf is turned over by man in the book of stone, and gradually a history is pieced together, as it is wrung by the sweat of the brow from her stony heart.

The shadows grow longer, and a belt of purple cloudland marks where sea and sky fade into each other. The solitary bell of Portland prison, mellowed in the summer twilight, comes floating over the headlands; but it brings no hope to those within, whose destiny must ever be to toil, toil, toil, till life becomes a blank—on through the lovely days of summer, when the sky over the wheat is blue, when the earth seems so fair that sorrow seems a dream; on through the winter days, when the crystal rime makes beautiful the barred windows; never more to feel the breath of freedom on the cheek, to see the loved ones, or to hear their voice; no longer to watch the progress of humanity along the grand road of the universe. At night, the pallet bed and brief oblivion; but perchance, through the narrow slit which lights the lonely cell, the watchful eye of a star may look down and speak to weary hearts of a breaking day in a world to come.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XIX.—NIGHT.

THE wind blew hard, and the vapour swept past in a horizontal pouring, masses of it coming on a sudden in a blinding thickness till you could not see half the wreck's length; then the silver-tinted volumes would brighten for a breath or two, and show the steel-coloured sea heaving its freckled and foamless folds into the vaporous faintness a few hundred feet off; then the mist would boil down and over us once more until it was like being in a room filled with steam.

'The cabin is empty,' said I—the girl being on the port side, I had taken care to drag the body to starboard—'there are seats, and you will be sheltered there. This is damping stuff.'

'Not yet,' she answered. 'I am as safe here. I hate the thought of having anything to screen the sea from me. I want to look—at any moment the Indiaman or the man-of-war may come close to us.'

'Be it so,' said I.—'How rapidly has all this happened! One of the cutter's men shouted to me that the Indiaman had fired two guns. Why did they not report this to us? Did they believe the swell would not let them get aboard? They saw—of course they saw—this fog bearing down; why did not the madmen let us know of it?'

'What will my aunt think?'

'Why, she will be in a terrible fright. But it will not last. We shall be picked up presently. I would rather be here than in the cutter. If they are wise, they will ride to their oars; if they row or allow the wind and seas to drive them, they are bound to lose both ships, the night being at hand; and then God help them!'

'Oh, it was an evil moment,' she cried, 'when we sighted the corvette!'

'It was an evil moment,' I exclaimed bitterly and wrathfully, 'when Mr Colledge, who had undoubtedly taken too much wine on board the *Magicienne*, suggested that we should kill an hour on this hull.—Where,' I cried passionately, 'could the unhappy lieutenant's wits have been? He laughed at me for indicating the appearance I witnessed in the north-west. Was there nothing in the weight of this swell to convince him that there must be mischief not far off?'

'What will my aunt think?' she repeated, as though she scarcely heeded my words, whilst she brought her hands, brilliant with rings, together and stared into the thickness with her eyes on fire with fear and amazement and the score of wild emotions which filled her.

Though I held my peace on the subject, the wind, that was blowing with the spite of an ugly squall, was exciting an alarm in me that rose above all other considerations of our situation. The hatches lay open, and there was nothing to be seen of their covers about the decks. If this weather continued, a high sea must presently follow, in which case there could be nothing to save the wreck from filling and foundering. The lieutenant had assured us that she was dry; but it was certain that she had been badly wrenched by the lightning stroke that had dismasted and apparently set her on fire forward, and by the furious gale that had chased her afterwards; and though she may have been tight when the lieutenant overhauled her, this constant working in the strong swell might at any instant cause her to start a butt or open a seam, and then what should I be able to do? Both pumps were smashed level to the deck; there was no boat; there was nothing discoverable fore and aft which I could launch and secure my companion and myself to. It was with inexpressible anxiety, therefore, that I would send my gaze from time to time to windward, in the hope of observing a thinning in the thickness there, or any the faintest imaginable sign to elate me with the belief that the worst of the fog was on us, that we were now feeling the worst of the wind, and that the ocean would be clearing soon.

The time passed. I looked at my watch after we had been sitting a little, and found it six o'clock. The sun would be setting in something more than an hour, and a bitter black night was bound to follow if the vapour had not cleared when daylight ended. There was now a smart sea running, but the swell had flattened something, I thought. The hull was horribly frisky, leaning at desperate angles from side to side, and often recovering herself with a jerk that must have flung us to the deck had we not been seated. But she was extraordinarily light, and floated very tall, and though there would sometimes come a blow of salt water against the bow that flashed across the deck in a mass of foam and green crystals, yet she soared so nimbly to the height of every surge that she took in amazingly little water. Indeed, it was not long before I felt myself infinitely comforted by her behaviour, convinced that it would have to breeze up with much more spite than the wind now had to put us in jeopardy from a filling hold.

Shortly before the hour of sundown, I induced Miss Temple to occupy the deck-house. She entered with a great deal of reluctance, and seated herself in a corner that was the furthest away from where the body had been. It had not been very easy to converse outside. The ceaseless roaring and washing noises of the water, with the alarming thumps and leapings of froth at the bow, and the sounds of the rushing wind sweeping in gusty cries over the mutilated rails of the hull as she was hove up full into it, and then sinking into a sort of humming moaning as the wreck drove down the liquid acclivity into the swift comparative stillness of the trough: all this was distracting and terrifying, and speech had been difficult. But the interior of the deck-house was a shelter to the ear and voice. I seated myself opposite the girl, giving her as wide, respectful a berth as the narrow cabin permitted. The shadow of the evening lay already sullen in the white mist that looked to boil upon the wind, though at that hour it was not so thick but that the gaze might be able to penetrate a distance of a quarter of a mile. Miss Temple was deadly pale. Even her lips had lost their delicate rosy tint, and sat blanched in their compression. Her eyes looked preternaturally large, and there was an expression of passionate desperation in them, as one might figure of some proud, high-spirited creature driven at bay, and rounding upon the pursuer with a gaze charged with despair and wrath and the misery of some heart-breaking resolution.

'I believe I shall go mad,' she said, 'if this fog does not cease. I feel as though I were now insane, and that what we are suffering is the imagination of madness.'

'It is a frightful time of suspense,' I answered; 'we must have patience: there is no other medicine for this sort of affliction.'

'I could stab myself,' she cried, 'for being in this position. There is the Indiaman close at hand; I see her saloon cheerful with lamplight, the tables glittering, the passengers seated, talking and laughing, without a thought of us by this time.'—I shook my head.—She continued: 'I think of the security, the comfort of that ship, which I never once reflected on when in her. And now contrast this!'

She rolled her wonderful eyes over the narrow compartment in a shuddering way that was eloquent with abhorrence.

'Why am I here? It is my own fault. I could stab myself for my folly.'

It made one think of some beautiful wild creature newly caged to watch her.

'It is bad enough,' said I; 'but it might be much worse. Think of yourself in that open boat—on this high sea, and amidst this blinding vapour: no water, no food, the blackness of the night coming down, and a thousand leagues of ocean all around you!'

'Is not the cutter safer than this horrible wreck?' she cried. 'If the morning exposes the ships to the people in her, they can row; but what can we do?'

'If the morning exposes the ships,' said I, 'they'll see us, and very joyfully attempt to fetch us—that is to sail to us.'

She turned to look through a window the glass of which was gone, and through which the wind was shrilling as though it blew into a cylinder. It was fast darkening. In these latitudes twilight is brief, and in such weather as this there would be none. It was little more now than sombre blank grayness outside, with a sight of the steel-coloured swell, over whose humps the seas were rushing in foam, shouldering and vanishing into the thickness. But there was no increase in the wind, and the run of the surge did not gain in weight.

I watched the girl while she looked through the window. It is not in language to convey the tragic irony that was put into our situation by her sparkling holiday attire. Her dress was of some white material, of a silken or lustrous nature, that most perfectly fitted the beauties of her person. Her hat was some rich combination of richly-plumed straw. She had removed her gloves on descending into the cabin of the hull when we boarded her, and many rings of splendour and value flashed on her fingers in a very armour of jewels and gold. There were gems in her ears, and a heavy chain of gold round her neck, terminating in a whole cluster of trinkets at her girdle, in which was sheathed a watch of the size of her thumb-nail. Think of this glittering figure, this stately, most perfect shape of womanhood in the gloom of the strong, rude interior of the deck-house, with its few rough details of fittings in the shape of a table and lockers, nothing to see through the window but the rough deck spreading naked to its splinters of bulwark, with the angry foam of waters beyond, and a near sky of fast blackening vapour!

'What are we to do?' she exclaimed, resuming her former attitude and fixing her large desperate eyes upon me.

'We must wait,' said I.

'You have been a sailor, Mr Dugdale; tell me what you think?'

'Well, first of all, we must be prepared to spend the night on this wreck'—— She flashed her hands to her face and held them there, and I waited for her to look at me again. 'This weather,' I proceeded, 'is not likely to last very long. The dawn will probably exhibit a clear sky. If the ships are not in sight'—she drew in her breath with an hysterical 'Oh'—'they will still have the bearings of the wreck, and search for us. Were there but a single vessel to hunt

after the hull, we might still feel perfectly safe; but there are two, and one of them is an English man-of-war.'

'But will Sir Edward Panton know that we are here?'

'No doubt. He or others will have seen the cutter deviate for the wreck instead of pulling for the Indiaman.'

'But they may think we are in the boat; and if she is not recovered, they will search for her, and not trouble themselves about the wreck.'

'We must be hopeful, and we must be patient,' said I.

It was now rapidly growing dark. The white waters showed ghastly over the edge of the bare deck to each convulsive jerking roll of the hull, and my companion's white face was little more than a glimmer in the gloom of the corner in which she sat. The thought of the long black hours which lay before us was intolerable. I looked about me for a lamp, but there was nothing of the kind, nor hook nor bracket to prove that a lamp or lantern was ever used in this small abode. I told Miss Temple that I would go below and search for something wherewith to make a light.

'Will you be long?' she asked.

'I shall make haste,' said I.

'Yes, if you please, Mr Dugdale,' she exclaimed.

I had in my pocket the old-fashioned arrangement of tinder-box and sulphur matches, being, indeed, too confirmed a smoker to stir very far without that convenience. The mere descent of the steps was a horrible labour, owing to the extravagant leaps and rolls of the mere shell of wreck, and my progress was scarcely more than inch by inch, forced to hold on as I was with the tenacity of the grip of a parrot's beak. The straining noises in the cabin might have easily led me to suppose that the hull was going to pieces. Every blow of the sea trembled through her down here as though the fabric forward were breaking up, and I recollect swinging by a stanchion for some minute or two, overwhelmed with the consternation excited in me by the sounds, and by a sudden recollection of the lieutenant's words that the brig in her forecastle had been burnt out. But I had promised Miss Temple to be speedy; and the thought of her sitting lonely above in terror and despair brought my mind back to its bearings.

It was almost pitch-dark, but remembering the situation of the pantry in which the lieutenant had cracked the bottle of wine, I dropped on my hands and knees, not daring to trust my feet, and crawled towards it. When I guessed by groping that I was near the door, I kindled a match and entered the pantry; and after consuming about half-a-dozen matches, I met with a tin box that was full of long wax candles, which looked to me very much like a sample of booty, as it was scarcely to be supposed that a vessel of the class of the *Aspirante* would lay in stores of that quality. I hunted for a candlestick, and found a small empty pickle bottle, which would very well answer the purpose of holding the candle. This I squeezed under my waistcoat, and filled my coat-pockets with a couple of bottles of wine, a handful of ship's biscuit, and a little tin drinking-vessel; and then putting the box of candles under my arm, I fell again upon my hands and knees, crawled to the cabin ladder, and joined the deck-house so wearied by the posture I had been forced to adopt and by the convulsive motions of the deck, which had put an aching as of rheumatism into every bone, that I was forced to sit and remain quiet for some minutes.

The wind swept in through the denuded windows; but the structure, as I have before said, was long in proportion to its width, and at the fore-end the atmosphere was quiet enough for a candle to burn in. I secured the empty pickle bottle to a stanchion with my handkerchief, and placed the lighted candle in it; and the square of the bottle held the flame at a sufficient distance from the stanchion to provide against all risk of fire. The light seemed to raise some little heart in Miss Temple.

'You are brave,' she exclaimed, with a glance at the black square of the hatch, 'to descend into that dreadful dungeon. There may be dead bodies there.'

'I am not afraid of dead bodies,' said I. 'I wish there were nothing more harmful in this world than dead men.—Here are two bottles of wine and some biscuit. You will be the better for a little refreshment.'

I knocked off the head of a bottle and handed her a draught. She looked at the rough drinking-vessel for a little, and then said with a painful smile: 'A desperate change, Mr Dugdale, from the table of the Indiaman! Will this wine hurt me?'

'I will drink first, to reassure you, if you please,' said I.

'No,' she exclaimed; 'I must not be too cowardly;' and she drank.

I took a good drain myself, and found it the same noble wine that the poor lieutenant had tasted.

'Try one of these biscuits, Miss Temple,' said I; 'they are but coarse eating for you, I fear; they are the bread that poor Jack is fed on.'

She took one and nibbled at it.

'Ha!' said I, 'this is an ocean experience indeed. This is being shipwrecked. You will have a deal more to talk about when you get home than Colledge could have dreamt of in proposing this excursion for that purpose.—Can you bite that biscuit?'

'Yes,' she answered.

'It is rather flinty,' said I, munching. 'There should be something more relishable than this to be come at below. I will make another hunt.'

'No, if you please,' she cried vehemently; 'do not leave me, Mr Dugdale.'

'Ay, but food apart, since we must needs remain here through the night, I must endeavour to find something soft for you to lie upon. You cannot rest upon that hard locker.'

'Oh, I do not want to rest,' she exclaimed. 'Do you think I could sleep? I shall sit as I am, and pray for the light to come and for a sight of the ships.'

I made no answer, though it was on the tip of my tongue to say I was sorry for her sake that it was I, and not Colledge, whom she was adrift with. It was an impulse coming through some sudden hot recollection of her treatment of me on board the *Countess Ida;* but I bit my lip,

and was grateful for my silence a moment after, when I saw her fine eyes swimming with tears.

'Pray, have hope,' I exclaimed. 'I am sure after a bit you will find plenty of courage in your heart to confront this little passage, hard as it is. I will do what I can. I would you had a better sailor than I by your side; but what can be done by me shall be done, and the worst is a long way off yet, I am certain.'

She put her hands upon the table and hid her face in them. I lifted the lid of the locker I was using as a seat, to stow away the bottles in a safe place; for, talk as I might, it was only God could know whether it might not end in a single drop of the liquor becoming more precious to us than twenty times the value of the cargo of the Indiaman. There were some wearing apparel, a few small coils of ratline-stuff, and other odds and ends in the locker, but nothing noticeable. I then clawed my way to the deck-house door to take a look round. It was black as fog and darkness could make it. Close alongside, the foam glanced dimly, with now and again a flash of phosphoric light in some dark coil down whose slope the hull was sliding; but there was nothing else to see. The wind still blew fresh, but there was no recognisable increase in it since the hour of its first coming down upon the wreck. It made a most dismal and melancholy noise of howling in the sky, as it swept through the dark obscurity, splitting upon the foremast and the shrouds which supported the spar, in a low-toned long-drawn shriek, which had something of the sound of a human note as it pierced through the hissing and seething round about, and through the strange, low, dull thunder made by the shouldering of liquid folds coming together as they ran, and by the hurl of the surge as it rounded and dissolved into foam.

TELEGRAPH MONEY ORDERS.

ANOTHER addition has been made to the numerous facilities which the Post-office already affords to the public by the introduction in March this year of a system for Telegraphing Money Orders. The idea is by no means new, for it was freely mooted as far back as the year 1870, when the electric wires of the country were acquired by the Government. As a matter of fact, the old telegraph companies had in operation a plan whereby large sums of money could be remitted for the purpose of taking up bills on the last day of grace; and the withdrawal of the facility on the transfer of the telegraphs to the State was undoubtedly a great blow to merchants in strained situations, although, from the very nature of things, the grievance was not one which could well be ventilated. It was not, of course, to be expected that the Government should continue the practice of the old companies in regard to large sums of money; but it was generally considered that the introduction of the uniform and cheaper telegraphic tariff would enable the Post-office authorities, by utilising the machinery of the new department in combination with the existing money-order service, to organise a system of telegraph money orders. Mr Scudamore himself held out hopes that such might ere long be the case; but owing to various difficulties and obstacles, the matter was not at that time taken up in real earnest. The subject was revived in 1885 when sixpenny telegrams were introduced, and it was sanguinely thought that with the cheapened tariff the initiation of telegraph money orders was but a matter of a few months' time. And doubtless had Mr Fawcett lived, such would have been the case, for that ardent reformer would have found means of overcoming the objections that had hitherto prevented the establishment of such a system. As it is, it has been reserved for Mr Raikes to give effect to this desirable measure of reform.

Much as we pride ourselves on our Post-office arrangements, it cannot be denied that in some respects we are considerably behind other nations. Telegraph money orders have, for example, been established for many years past in several of the continental countries, as well as in some of our own colonies. In France, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy the system has been carried out with much success, the maximum amount which can be telegraphed varying according to the country concerned. Thus, in France, as much as two hundred pounds can be telegraphed; while in Belgium and Italy the maximum amount is forty pounds, and in Germany it is twenty pounds. The charges generally are the ordinary money-order rates plus the ordinary charge for a telegram; but if the money is to be paid at the residence of the addressee, there is an additional charge for the messenger. There are also in some countries, where the telegraph office is distinct from the Post-office, charges for transferring the telegraphic advice from one office to the other. In other countries, again, there is a charge for sending a separate telegraphic advice to the payee.

As regards our own colonies, telegraph money orders can be sent in Victoria, New Zealand, Queensland, South Australia, and New South Wales for various amounts up to a maximum of ten pounds, the arrangements being similar to those in operation in the European countries referred to. In the face of the successful operation of these systems, which in most cases have now been established very many years, it is surprising that this country has so long deferred making the experiment; for although it can hardly be said that there has been any actual demand for telegraph money orders, yet there can be no doubt that such a system will prove a very great convenience to many persons. It may easily happen that a tourist should find himself in a strange place at the end of his funds, unforeseen circumstances having upset his calculations and caused him to outrun the constable. In such a case, the new system of telegraph money orders will prove of inestimable value to him; for in a couple of hours—or less, perhaps—he can telegraph to his friends and receive from them in return the necessary funds to enable him

to continue his travels. Prior to the new system, he must have been put to the delay and inconvenience of waiting at least a couple of days before the required remittance came to hand. To commercial travellers, too, and in cases of financial emergency generally, it is obvious that the system will prove of very great use.

The main obstacles that have caused the Post-office to hesitate to adopt a telegraph money-order system are, we believe, two in number—the proper provision of funds at small post-offices to meet sudden demands, and the apprehension of fraud. As regards the first point, it does not appear probable that even if the system applied to the smallest class of offices, which at present it does not, where only a very small reserve balance is allowed to be retained, it would be put to much use in regard to such offices; and as the lowest reserve cash balance is ten pounds, they would at all events be in a position to meet telegraph orders to that extent, for they could at once telegraph for fresh supplies. At the larger offices, the fear of inconvenience from lack of funds is of course much less, more especially as we believe the receipts as a rule exceed the payments; while, moreover, the system for keeping Post-offices properly in funds is so efficient as to cause no serious apprehension on this score in relation to telegraph money orders. In those foreign countries where such a system exists, no difficulty appears to have arisen under this head. In some countries, when an office on which a telegraph money order is drawn has not sufficient funds, there are arrangements for obtaining the money from a local bank, a government treasury, or from the nearest large post-office. Where such means of obtaining the money are not available, the payee has to wait until the paying office has sufficient funds in hand.

The apprehension of fraud is no doubt a more serious difficulty; still, with proper precautions, and the system of not paying the order until the payee has been properly identified, this risk will be minimised. Abroad, no special precautions are observed, further than repeating the amounts in words and figures from post-office to post-office; and the systems do not appear to have suffered much from fraud. If an error occurs leading to over-payment, the telegraphist in fault is held responsible for the loss.

The caution with which the Post-office here have proceeded in introducing telegraph money orders is evidence of the diffidence with which the scheme was regarded by the authorities. The system was first applied tentatively in September last to eighteen of the leading towns throughout the country; and that it has now been extended to all the head post-towns in the United Kingdom may reasonably be taken to indicate that the experiment has proved entirely successful. The details of the system are extremely simple, and may be briefly described. Most persons are nowadays sufficiently well acquainted with the nature of electricity and the effect of a telegraphic message to know that the telegraph money order means, not the transmission of an actual sum of money over the wires, but merely the telegraphing of an order to a certain post-office to pay to a specified person a certain sum of money. To obtain this result, the person sending the order has to fill up the ordinary money-order requisition form and to write across it the words 'By telegraph.' The clerk will then make out the money order in the usual manner; but instead of handing the order to the remitter, the clerk will furnish him with a receipt for the amount paid; the order itself, with the words 'Telegraph money order' written across its face, being retained for transmission to the chief office. The clerk will then prepare a telegram of advice to the postmaster of the town at which payment of the order is desired, giving, of course, all needful particulars respecting the money order. The ordinary advice will be sent on by post, in confirmation of the telegraphic advice, to be dealt with by the paying postmaster in the ordinary routine of money-order business. At the post-office where payment is to be made, the clerk will, on receipt of the telegraphic advice, prepare a form of receipt to be signed by the payee of the money order before the amount is paid, and this receipt is then dealt with in the same manner as a paid money order. The payee must, of course, as at present, furnish the name of the remitter, and he must also give satisfactory evidence that he is the person entitled to payment. Should a telegraph money order not be used and repayment is desired, the remitter must apply to the General Post-office, sending at the same time the official receipt, when a new order will be issued, less the ordinary commission, payable at any money-order office named for the purpose. Such, briefly, is the routine of the telegraph money-order system; in all other respects the ordinary money-order regulations obtain.

As regards the charges for telegraph money orders, it may be remarked that the system is a luxury which the user will find somewhat expensive, especially in connection with small amounts. To commence with, there is the initial charge at *double* the ordinary rate for money orders; then there is the charge at the ordinary inland rate for the telegram authorising payment at the paying office and the repetition thereof, the minimum being ninepence; and in addition there is the cost of any telegraphic communication which the remitter may desire to send to the person who is to receive the money, as the telegram already paid only covers the cost of transmitting an advice to the office of payment. It will thus be seen that, exclusive of the cost of telegram from the remitter to payee, the scale at the lowest charge runs thus: for sums not exceeding one pound, 1s. 1d.; between one and two pounds, 1s. 3d.; between two and four pounds, 1s. 5d.; between four and seven pounds, 1s. 7d.; and between seven and ten pounds, 1s. 9d. There can be no question as to this tariff being a high one; but as the measure is still comparatively tentative, it may probably be found necessary to make the scale so high. It is to be hoped, however, that in time, and with the benefit of experience, it may be found practicable to reduce the charges; and there is the more reason for this hope, seeing that in Germany, where telegraph money orders have proved very successful, the charge made is the ordinary inland money-order commission plus the telegraph tariff. At present, the expense of the system here will preclude the use of telegraph money orders except in those cases of great emergency in which the accommodation afforded

will be deemed to be in proportion to the cost incurred. It will only be when the rates have been lowered that the new system will attain to any real popular success.

THE HOSPITALLERS.

By Fred. M. White.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

When I am tired and weary of the world, there is one spot where I can find balm for the vexed spirit and rest for an overburdened mind. You would pass it day by day and year by year, never dreaming of the paradise that lies within the city walls. All the passer-by sees is a long blank wall facing the hot dusty street, and nothing to break its dreary monotony save an iron-studded door, like the entrance to a jail. How should you know that beyond it lies all that remains of an erstwhile flourishing monastery of the Dominicans, and that the half-effaced inscription over the grim door points to the fact that, at the suppression of the religious houses, 'the site was granted to John Le Marchant and Raphael Hutchinson, Esquires?' Also, that early in Elizabeth's reign, it belonged to the Fotheryngsbys of Fotheryngsby Court; and further, as every student of Welsh Border history can tell, it is known as the Fotheryngsby Hospital to this day; for in the year of grace 1614 one Sir Thomas Fotheryngsby erected within the walls a quadrangular building to contain 'ten servitors, a Corporal to be over them, and also for a chaplin for their souls' good; five of them to be such as have borne arms, and five such as have served their masters well and faithfully.' And furthermore, 'that each Hospitaller at his first admittance should have a fustian suit of ginger colour of a soldier-like fashion, seemly laced; a hat with a band of white, and red slippers; a soldier-like jerkin with half-sleeves, and a square shirt down half the thigh, with a moncado or Spanish cap; a soldier-like sword with a belt to wear as he goeth abroad; a cloak of red cloth lined with a baise of red, and reaching to the knee; and a seemly gown to be worn of red cloth reaching down to the ankle, lined likewise with red baise, to be worn in walks and journeys.' All of which, with the exception of the sword, has been studiously observed to this very day in the year of our Lord 1888.

Here is such a change from the dusty Widemarsh Street as will startle and delight you. Close the door behind and shut out the workaday world, for, in the historic words of the Quaker, it hath no business here. There is a dim passage opening out suddenly into a quadrangle, formed of twelve houses, four a side; and on the other the ancient chapel, where the chaplain, who is no longer an inmate, officiates; a wonderfully quaint building, containing on the reading-desk a veritable chain-Bible. The houses are small, but neat and clean; and round each doorway, far into the flagged court, are a profusion of flowering plants in pots, making the quiet spot a veritable garden. We have stepped back into the past. There are clean old men and women clad in the 'cloak of red cloth lined with a baise of red;' and for the latter pensioners, the 'seemly gown,' also of ruddy hue. Beyond, there is another passage leading to the gardens, filled with peas and beans, and such produce as the owners care to cultivate; and then, when you have noted and admired the Arcadian neatness, you will have another surprise; for exactly opposite you there stands the ivy-mantled ruin of the old monastery, its roofless walls showing the bright blue sky beyond, with a peep of the same boundless heaven through an open chimney, where now the swallows and sparrows build. Where once the rushes were strewn underfoot, lies a carpet of emerald turf; great heads of foxglove rear themselves on the open hearthstone; the very preaching-cross where vast multitudes were wont to assemble to hear exhortations in time of war, or prayer in the hour of disaster, still remains in the midst of this silent silvan beauty, presided over by the invisible spirit of Peace.

Every inch of this ground is teeming with historic interest. For a small honorarium the Corporal will shake his white head, and pour out his store of antiquarian lore for the stranger's behoof, embellishing his history with certain scraps of information, easy to one long versed in the art of concocting historical fiction, yet at the same time believing every word that falls so solemnly from his own lips.

One bright August morning, some two years since, or it may be more, for time stands still in Fotheryngsby Hospital, two of its inmates sat under the shady side of the refectory wall, facing the gardens. One was an old man, so old that his clean shaven face was one mass of wrinkles; the other, somewhat more robust and hearty, who listened politely to his senior's amiable chatter with some show of interest, for the discussion was warlike, not to say bloodthirsty, to the last degree. Their gray heads were close together, contrasting not inharmoniously with the scarlet coats; on the breasts of each gleamed more than one silver medal with its parti-coloured clasp.

'It's in the blood, Jacob,' said the younger man, reflectively sucking his pipe. 'There was that lad of mine just the same. He might have been the old Squire's body-servant, and a good place too; but nothing would do but soldiering. He fell at Balaklava, in the charge. He was a good lad, was Jim.'

'They was like we, Ben. There's a mort of trouble in bein' a father, not as I ever had time to think much of that sort of thing. When I was a boy, it was a sore time for wives and sweethearts. I'm ninety-five, Mr Choppin—ninety-five next Sunday, and I fought under the Duke at Waterloo'——

'It was in Balaklava harbour,' returned Mr Choppin, not to be outdone, 'as I see my most active service—A.B. on the old *Ajax*. It was there as Master Frank got killed'——

'And he never smiled again,' interrupted Mr Jacob Dawson, in the tone of one who repeats a well-learnt lesson or an oft-repeated story. 'I've heerd the tale afore, Benjamin, though as sad a one as I ever heerd tell.'

Ben Choppin looked into space meditatively, perfectly unconscious, as was the last speaker,

of the irony underlying his words. It was a hot still morning, with the gentlest of breezes ruffling the ivy mantle of the ruin—a time for rest and retrospection.

'He never smiled again, Jacob,' Choppin resumed approvingly; 'leastwise, not till Miss Sylvia was born, and that was twelve years afterwards. There was three besides her and Master Frank, all of 'em dyin' of infantcy'—as if childhood was some fell disease—'the rest was Turkish Bonds, I'm told.

Mr Dawson nodded his head approvingly, somewhat hazy in his mind, as well he might be, as to whether the bonds in question represented another and more virulent complaint peculiar to children of tender years.

'There was a lad for you,' continued the narrator, with rising enthusiasm—'a gentleman and a Goldsworthy every inch of him. And, mind you, though he was a midshipman aboard his father's own ship, there was no favour for him.—Well, we was just laughing together—for he always had a pleasant word for everybody—when plump comes a ball and cuts him right down.'

'And then he said, faintlike: "Ben, old fellow, never mind me, but fetch the dear old gov'nor,"' Jacob Dawson exclaimed parenthetically. 'Then you lifts him—all, all white from the pain as he pretends he can't feel. That's what I calls being something like an Englishman.'

'Jacob,' asked Choppin suspiciously, 'where did you get that last bit from?'

'That bit,' Dawson returned, with some show of pride, 'is my own. Still, I won't make a pint on it, Ben, if you do object.'

But Ben was so overcome that he could find no words to reprimand the Corporal for his unparalleled audacity in spoiling the symmetry of his best story.

Interruptions, so far as they were quotations from the original text, were permitted, and indeed accepted as a compliment; but never before, in the course of fourteen years' friendship, had Mr Dawson ventured to interpolate ideas of his own into the story-teller's polished narrative.

It was, after all, a commonplace tale enough. Captain Goldsworthy, the last of a good old Downshire family, had commanded the *Ajax* in the Black Sea squadron during the Crimean War; and Ben Choppin, a Downshire man, had been boatswain's mate on board that gallant ship. It was to the death of Captain Goldsworthy's only son that the threadbare story related; but how the Captain came to be a pensioner in the same Hospital as his humble follower was one of those points which Choppin was somewhat hazy upon.

But this was an old story, likewise the history of an honest single-minded gentleman, who refused to accept his pension on the ground that he had sufficient for his own wants without drawing an income he might not earn. We hear the rest of the sorry details often enough; the simple individuals who listen to the voice of the charmer, and fondly imagine that every financial genius who floats a bogus company risks his time and money with the philanthropic intention of finding the public a safe investment for spare capital at the rate of twenty per cent.

Goldsworthy asked for nothing when the crash came save a roof, other than that of the poorhouse, to cover his gray hairs. Proud to the last degree, nothing savouring of charity would he accept; and so it came to pass that, when he was jestingly offered a shelter in the Blackfriars Hospital, he surprised the patron by accepting the offer. He had no encumbrances, no one depending upon him but his daughter Sylvia, a girl now in her twentieth year. The townspeople who knew him and his story wondered that he should care to have the girl with him in company with decayed soldiers and servants; but even in the midst of these poor surroundings there was a certain innate refinement in the pair that caused their fellow-inmates to look up to and respect them.

But Sylvia Goldsworthy, lady bred and born to her dainty finger-tips, was no idle heroine of fiction, bewailing her hard lot, and waiting for the handsome lover to carry her off to his ancestral castle. There was work to be done in Castleford, music-lessons to be given to more or less refractory pupils, and painting lessons at the Ladies' College. A girl who can support herself two years in London studying at the Royal Academy and College of Music, does not fear to face the ordeal of country-town drudgery.

'I wonder,' the Captain would say, nodding his gray head with the air of a connoisseur over some pretty landscape, or listening to some brilliant piece of music, for the Hospital home boasted a piano—'I wonder you did not stay in London, Sylvia. Think what a future was before you!'

'And what was to become of you? Why will you persist in thinking me to be a genius? Oh, I assure you there are hundreds in London far more clever than I who can scarcely get a living. Besides, it was so lonely, and I am far happier here.'

Such conversations were by no means rare in the cottage. Then the Captain would nod disapprovingly, as he contemplated this modesty of true genius. 'I sometimes think, I don't know why, that you had some reason more powerful than loneliness for leaving your work in town.'

Sylvia said nothing, but bent her head closer over the canvas upon which she was engaged. There was a little brighter colour in her cheeks, though her eyes were dimmer than before. 'At anyrate, I did my duty,' she replied; and some instinct warned the Captain that he had best seek no further information. There was that perfect confidence between them that exists so rarely between parent and child, yet without the vulgar curiosity which impels some fathers to probe into every secret thought and fancy.

But Ben Choppin, smoking his pipe in the peaceful sunshine, with his bosom-friend the Corporal, knew nothing of this, except that he would have cheerfully laid down his life for his young mistress, as he would persist in calling her. Not a single bit of drudgery was there in the Captain's cottage but owed something of its cleanliness to the activity of the erstwhile boatswain. Even at the moment of his perturbation at Jacob Dawson's audacity, the sight of a large tin basin of unshelled peas attracted his attention, and in the labour of shelling these, his

late ill-humour vanished with every cracking hull.

'I heard last night,' he continued, in the pauses of this somewhat unmanly occupation, 'as the Hospital had been sold, Jacob.'

'We shan't have to turn out, Benjamin?' asked the Corporal, startled out of his philosophic calm. 'That don't mean as the place is to be pulled down?'

'They couldn't do it if they wanted to, 'cause Blackfriars is endowed. You see, it's just this way: one of the kings of England granted the Fotheryngsby estates on condition that they always kept up this place for such as we. The new gentleman at Fotheryngsby Court will be our new patron, that's all.'

'I hope he won't forget the Christmas 'bacca and plum-pudding, *and* beer,' Dawson returned practically. 'We must give him a 'int of that 'ere, Ben.'

'I don't think he's likely to forget that, because he's a soldier—a young one, it's true, but still a soldier; and they say he's very rich, far richer than Sir Reginald Fotheryngsby, our present patron.'

'Who is richer than our patron?' asked a voice at this moment, as another Hospitaller stole upon the old men unawares. Choppin looked up, and touched the brim of his cap to his fellow-resident, Captain Goldsworthy.

He was somewhat younger than the others, though his hair was white; and his blue eyes burned with all the fire and brilliancy of youth. His face, tanned by long exposure to tropical suns and ocean gales, bore a kindly, gentle expression, totally unsoured by misfortune; yet the face, and the slim upright figure, clad in a somewhat faded uniform of a Commander in Her Majesty's navy, bore the unmistakable hall-mark of gentleman; the same as he did when on Sundays, in his 'seemly coat of red,' he attended with the rest in the Hospital chapel. Mr Choppin touched his cap again, and unfolded his budget of news at much greater length than before.

'It will not affect us, as you say, Dawson,' remarked the Captain with a smile; 'but I am truly sorry for Sir Reginald all the same. Why, he and I were boys together, gracious me! half a century ago; and now he is forced to sell his very house, and I'—— He broke off abruptly, and commenced to pace the narrow strip of turf in front of the two old men, as if it had been the *Ajax* quarter-deck, striding so many measured paces backwards and forwards, with his eyes fixed upon the soft August sky. Memory, finding us with mental food as we grow older, was busy among the faded rose-leaves of the past. 'He was a sailor, too, like all his race. He joined me in '45 on the *Bloodhound;* or was it the *Ocean Hawk?*—I forget which.'

'The *Greyhound*, Captain,' Choppin struck in, suspending his occupation for the moment; 'Captain Seymour, afterwards Admiral Sir Guyer Seymour, Commander. It was on that very voyage that your honour got mastheaded for'——

'It's a great piece of presumption on your part to insinuate such a thing,' the Captain replied gravely, a merry twinkle in his eye, nevertheless. 'Dear me! how time changes us all, and to think—— Who is to be our new patron, Ben?'

'Mr, at least, Lieutenant Debenham, of Leckington Hall. Your honour will be sure to remember old Squire Debenham.'

'Ay; I remember him well enough,' Goldsworthy replied with a sternness of face and manner which fairly startled the boatswain.—'Can this news be true?'

'Well, sir, if his steward—who used to be an honest man, and a good blacksmith to boot, before he became rich at other people's expense, and is own brother-in-law to myself—is any judge, it is sure to be.'

But the Captain caught but faintly the drift of this complicated and not too complimentary explanation. So perturbed did he seem, that the Corporal, who had remained silent through the interview, ventured to heal this anxiety by the information that the Hospitallers might still look forward with tolerable equanimity to their usual good cheer at the festive season.

'Do you imagine that is all we think of?' asked the Captain sternly. 'Pah! man, I know one who would rather starve than taste *his* hospitality;' and saying these words, the speaker turned abruptly towards his cottage, leaving the unhappy Corporal on the verge of tears.

In the tiny cottage parlour, gay with flowers, and bright as the hands of a refined woman could render it, Sylvia sat at her easel painting, with the shadows cast by the chapel walls throwing her face in the shade. A sweet girlish face, a more beautiful copy of the Captain's, looked up at him from a frame of deep chestnut-hued hair, and as her eyes encountered his and she saw the unhappiness there, she laid her brush aside and placed one hand lovingly upon his shoulder. 'What is it, dear?' she asked simply.

'The Hospital is sold; and to whom, do you think? None other than the son of my *friend*, Crichton Debenham, the scoundrel who induced me to place my all where he declared his money was—the wretch who persuaded me to buy into a concern so that he might come out unscathed.—Sylvia, we must say good-bye to Blackfriars.'

'But, father, the son should not be answerable for the father. He may not be such another; nay, I am convinced he is not. Hugh Debenham I know to be one of the noblest and best of men.' Sylvia spoke quickly, almost passionately, her eyes bright and glittering, though her cheeks were pale and her hands trembled.

The Captain, hard and stern, changed and quivered strangely as he caught the light in his daughter's eyes and read its meaning. 'You—you know him?' he asked. 'And yet you never told me.'

Sylvia bowed her head under the gentleness of this reproach. 'It was in London,' she faltered, 'months ago, and we used to meet where I was a teacher. I—I will tell you all presently. Then one day he—he asked me to be his wife.'

'And you refused him.—Ah, I am glad of that.'

'I did not, I dared not. I was cowardly enough to run away. You see, if we had been in the same station in life, I might have thought'—— She could say no more, another word would have choked her.

The Captain drew her closer to his side and kissed her gently. 'This is a pleasant finding,' said he, with a jocularity he was far from feeling.

'What hypocrites you women are! I should like to know, very much like to know, how this thing is going to end?'

'The very thing,' said Sylvia, smiling through her tears, 'that gives me so much anxiety.'

ROMANCE AND REALITY IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

RECENT remarkable discoveries of gold in portions of South Africa occupied by Europeans have led to the active investigation of adjoining territories which are still the undisputed home of the black man. Bordering on countries which have for many years enjoyed the blessings of civilisation, there are vast regions possessing great natural advantages and resources, but only just awakening the practical interest of the enlightened world. The inhabitants of these hitherto obscure regions are barbarians, steeped in ignorance and superstition. A few tribes are of warlike disposition; but the majority are tractable, and susceptible to the softening influences of truth and light.

Until recently, the few white men—intrepid hunters and adventurous traders—who penetrated the depths of these unknown wilds, returned to civilisation with glowing accounts of their beauty and wealth. Frequent dangers were encountered and great hardships endured by the wanderers, who were the only sources of information on the arcana of the interior. Stretches of sandy desert—'thirst,' as these arid tracts are laconically called—where both themselves and their cattle severely felt the want of water; the tsetse fly, whose bite is as fatal to cattle as that of the cobra is to human beings; stony plains, formidable hills, and malarious valleys were amongst the difficulties they surmounted. Their toilsome journeys over, they found lands of eternal spring, genial climes of such fertility that the fruits of the earth were abundantly reaped without cultivation; flocks and herds roaming over the grassy undulations; gigantic forests; rivers of clear water; valuable wild beasts and birds; and game of all descriptions. They brought samples of virgin gold, ornaments of rude workmanship, ivory, skins, and feathers, with which to corroborate the stories of their adventures. Their recitals of the wonders of the countries they had visited were tinctured with archæology; they gave graphic accounts of the traces of mines, the gold diggings of past ages, old workings still extant as examples of ancient engineering skill; they told of mysterious caves where hidden treasures of gold, precious stones, and antique objects of virtu, were jealously guarded; and they described magnificent ruins, the remains of departed civilisation and grandeur. They depicted the natives in all the barbaric splendour of the skins of wild animals, gold and silver bangles, earrings, and uncouth jewelry; fantastically carved clubs, assegais, and shields; their faces and forms painted and hideously disfigured; their passions excited by war-dances, songs of triumph, and inordinate eating and drinking; and, in the pale clear light of the African moon, indulging in grisly orgies, attractive in their wild grotesqueness, but repulsive in their savage cruelty. Greatly as the imagination assisted in these portrayals, they were 'founded on facts.'

The existence of natural caves hollowed out with such precision as to look like the works of experienced engineers has suggested the theory of ancient mining operations. Some of these caves, intricate and perplexing in their windings, the galleries opening into immense chambers, with beautiful stalactites and stalagmites, decorative pendants from the roofs studded with myriads of sparkling beads of water, glittering in the fitful torchlight, and the statuesque figures of the native guides glancing silently from place to place, have supplied the excited fancy with material for speculation as to hidden stores of diamonds and gold. The results of vast seismic disturbances, tumbled rock scenery, enormous piles of huge stones thrown into the fanciful shapes of broken walls, columns, and pinnacles, rugged reminiscences of geologic ages, which when viewed from a distance have the appearance of the wrecks of massive masonry, readily lend themselves to the supposition that they are the ruins of ancient architecture.

Lo Benguela, king of the Matabeles; Umbandine, late king of the Swazis; Khama, and many other paramount chiefs, have shown, in their receptions of white men, lavish hospitality, rude festivity, and displays of barbaric pomp and splendour, in which might be detected traces of Oriental magnificence. Their war-dances, songs, incantations, and mystic ceremonies; the savage paraphernalia of skins, feathers, horns, hair, and teeth; the superstitions and cruelties manifested in their belief in witchcraft, and the supernatural powers attributed to certain animals—show that among the natives there is a fondness for pageantry, and a reverential fear of the weird and mysterious.

A sham-fight among the Zulus is an impressive spectacle. The dusky warriors are fine muscular fellows, active, athletic, and highly trained. The rank and file, untrammelled by ornaments and dress, move about with grace and freedom. The officers—chiefs and headmen—wear coronets of ostrich feathers, which rustle freely with every movement of the body; circling their brows are rolls of tiger-skin, from which descend fringes of coarse hair; from the necks and shoulders downwards to the knees their bodies are covered with the tails of monkeys and tigers and strips of various hides strung together in girdles; their waists are girt about with tufts of lion's mane and cowhair. Forming into line, their variegated shields are so close and regular that they appear interlocked, whilst above them bristle rows of gleaming assegai heads. The foe is imaginary, as even among their own tribes they are roused to such a pitch of excitement, that, had they any opponents, though only in mimic warfare, they would be so carried away by their feelings that at close quarters bloodshed would inevitably result. At the word of command they advance in precise order, first slowly, then quick march, then double, and with shouts of 'Chiela!' they charge their imaginary enemies, and the battle becomes fast and furious. Brandishing their assegais, stabbing and lunging with strength and dexterity, each stroke accompanied by a fierce grunt of satis-

faction, stamping, gesticulating, and gnashing their teeth, they work themselves into a mad frenzy, in which their features are distorted, and their eyes glare with a fierce lust of blood.

Suddenly the word of command is given to retire, and, as victors shouting triumph, they march from the field. Then there appears upon the scene a horde of wild-looking black creatures, running and leaping from place to place, screaming demoniacally, and frantically beating the earth with short heavy clubs. These are the women, and they are engaged in the horrible atrocity of killing the wounded. After a sham-fight the night is spent in feasting and revelry. Deprived of their spectacular tinsel and enacted in terrible earnest, these are the scenes of blood through which the march of progress has slowly laboured. Side by side with grim reality there has always been a glamour of romance which has invested South Africa with the halo of a future Eldorado, and rescued it from the indifference of the world. The mantle of prophecy descended on the shoulders of the dauntless wanderers who told their adventures in story and in verse; the realities of to-day are the romances of twenty years ago. Civilisation is now established on a firm basis, and will advance rapidly and comprehensively. The struggles and defeats of the past will be the stepping-stones of the future. Territorial extension by forcible annexation is being superseded by the peaceful and diplomatic mode of obtaining a footing in native countries by means of concessions from paramount chiefs. An embassy, laden with presents, visits the king of a desirable country, and should he prove friendly, as is often the case, peaceful negotiations are entered upon with the object of obtaining a concession, or right to hunt, trade, and mine in a portion, or the whole, of his kingdom. Rifles, ammunition, textile fabrics, and money from the concessionaires facilitate the completion of the bargain; everything is done in an orderly manner; pens, ink, and paper are produced; an agreement is drawn up; and the sable monarch for the first time in his life handles a pen, and attaches his mark to a document which in his eyes possesses talismanic powers.

The latest outcome of concessions from native chiefs is the recently incorporated British South Africa Company, which by the terms of its charter is granted power to develop, administer, and govern a tract of country nearly four hundred thousand square miles in extent, lying between the Central and Lower Zambesi on the north and the frontier of the Transvaal on the south. This vast addition to the British empire includes some of the finest and fairest portions of the earth's surface. Matabeleland and Mashonaland, which are included within the scheme of the company's operations, are eminently fitted for permanent occupation by Anglo-Saxon settlers. They are mostly high table-lands, five thousand feet above the sea-level, which means in those latitudes a climate similar to that of the Transvaal high veldt, almost ideal in its cool, clear, and invigorating character. The mere superficial exploration of British Zambesiland—the name of the newly acquired territory—reveals unlimited commercial and agricultural potentialities, numerous tribes of peaceful and industrious natives ready to ally themselves with those white nations who will treat them fairly and honestly and protect them from slavery; wonderful fertility of soil, magnificent forests, plentiful streams, and abundance of useful minerals and precious metals. There are drawbacks, such as patches of waterless desert and swampy valleys productive of malaria; but they can detract very little from the advantages of a vast country on which Nature has bestowed her favours with such a lavish hand. In addition to British Zambesiland, there are other portions of South-eastern and South-western Africa towards which, as lands of promise, European nations are directing their attention. Exploration proves the existence, throughout the whole of the southern portion of the continent, of splendid natural resources of every kind. Scientific evidence points to geological formations in which coal, iron, copper, gold, and diamonds may be looked for with certainty; and the old belief that South-eastern Africa is the land of Ophir has every appearance of being founded on a rational basis.

The serious difficulty of the future will be the division of Africa amongst European powers so that rights will not clash; and the poor native, inevitably as he must suffer from the advancing wave of white men, may yet be subservient only to those nations who, in return for the occupation of his happy hunting-grounds, will allow him freedom and domestic happiness, protect him from the ravages of slave-hunters, instruct him in the arts of civilised life, and secure for him the blessings of good government.

SPECTRES OF THE SEA.

Every boy, and therefore every man, has read or has heard of Marryat's *Phantom Ship*, and every musician knows Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*. But everybody does not know how these legends originated, and the many forms they have taken. They are among the most attractive of the romances of the sea, and both poets and novelists have embellished them with many fanciful and picturesque details. Every maritime country has its own phantom-ship, and the tales of these Spectres of the Deep are endless.

According to Sir Walter Scott, the Flying Dutchman is seen off the Cape of Good Hope only in stormy weather, and always forebodes disaster of some kind. It is the spectre of a vessel that was laden with the precious metals, but on board of which, after a brutal murder had been committed, the plague broke out and attacked all the crew. The ship was therefore refused entry to any port, and has since been doomed to roam the seas as a ghost, and never to find rest.

That, however, is not the most commonly recited story. Marryat's novel, for instance, is founded on the legend of a Dutch captain who, when homeward-bound from the Indies, met with such continuous head-winds that he could not round the Cape; whereupon, he swore a dreadful oath that he *would* round it, and would *not* put back, even if he had to strive till the day of judgment. He is striving yet, and although constantly beating, never succeeds in rounding the promontory.

This is how the story is told by M. Jal in his *Scènes de la Vie Maritime:* An unbelieving Dutch captain had vainly tried to round Cape Horn (not Good Hope) against a head-gale. He swore he would do it; and when the storm increased, laughed at the fears of his crew, smoked his pipe and drank his beer, even throwing overboard some of the men who tried to make him put the ship about. The Holy Ghost descended on the deck; but he fired a pistol at it, whereupon his arm became paralysed. Then he cursed God; and was immediately condemned by the apparition to navigate always without putting into port, always on the watch, and with nothing but gall to drink and red-hot iron to eat. He was to be the evil genius of the sea, to torment and punish sailors, and to carry warning of ill-fortune to the luckless mariner. It is he who sends the white squalls and sudden tempests. If he visits a ship, all the wine and beer turns sour, and all the food becomes beans, which sailors hate. Nothing must be taken from his hand, for the person who touches anything he has touched is lost. His ship is manned by all the old sinners of the sea, thieves, murderers, pirates, and cowards, who eternally toil and suffer, and have little to eat or drink. Thus the phantom-ship is the purgatory of the wicked mariner.

A phantom-ship is known to Baltic sailors as the 'Carmilhan,' and the captain of her is called Klabotermann. This ship, also, is always trying without success to double the Cape; and when sailors see her, with Klabotermann sitting on the bowsprit, dressed in yellow, wearing a nightcap, and smoking a short pipe, they know that their vessel is doomed.

It is curious that almost all the spectral heroes of these legends—at least of the most popular of them—are Dutchmen. But the fact seems to be that the legend is German in its origin, and has become attached in sailor-yarns to Dutchmen either because, to Jack, a Dutchman and a Deutscher are the same thing, or because the Dutch were the most famous and daring of navigators.

The German story is given by different authorities with variations; but, briefly, it is this. A baron called Falkenberg murdered his brother and his bride in a fit of passionate jealousy, and went forth from his home with the curse thundering in his ears, that he should for evermore wander towards the North. At the sea-shore he found a boat awaiting him, with one man in it, who simply said, 'Expectamus te.' Falkenberg entered the boat, and was conveyed to a spectral bark lying in the harbour. He boarded her, and she sailed away with him against the wind. On board that ship he still ploughs the northern seas, for ever playing dice with the spectral crew for his soul. The ship is painted gray, has coloured sails, a white flag, and flames issue from her masthead at night—so that she is easily identified by any vessel that may happen to 'speak' her! For six hundred years this spectral bark has roamed the German Ocean, and is still, it is said in the German story, to be seen always heading northward, without helm or helmsman.

This is clearly not the same story as the one in which Marryat found material for his romance. His Vanderdecken, however, may easily be recognised as the hero of Wagner's opera. In the Flying Dutchman legends—and there are several of them—the unhappy being is mortal, although his bark is spectral, and he is either redeemed, or open to redemption, by human love. Thus in one case it is a son who follows the demon vessel about the world until he finds an opportunity of giving the captain a sacred relic and the evidence of his own self-denying affection; upon which the spectre-ship disappears and the Dutchman ends his wanderings. In another case, the Flying Dutchman is allowed a short respite on land every seven years, with the hope of redemption if he can find a maiden to love him truly for his own sake. In Wagner's opera he nearly succeeds, but is foiled at the last moment. In other versions of the story he does succeed, and is saved.

The name 'Vanderdecken' occurs continually in these legends, and for no apparent reason, unless it be a fanciful nautical creation. Captain On-the-Deck is by no means an inappropriate name for the restless wanderer.

There is a strong probability that the German legend had a Scandinavian origin, for the old Vikings seem to have founded most of our sea-lore, and flavoured all our sea superstitions. There is a saga of one Stöte, who stole a ring from the gods; and when they sought him to take vengeance, he was found clothed in a sheet of fire, seated on the mainmast of a black spectral bark.

The story of the ring, again, reappears in a curious way in an old Venetian legend. Once, during a storm in the Adriatic, a fisherman was called upon to row three men out to sea. A huge spectral galley bore down upon them, with frightful demons on board; but the fisherman's bark ran it down; and the boatman was then presented, by his three passengers, with a ring. By that token (*sic*) he knew them to be St Nicholas—the medieval patron saint of sailors and fishermen—St Mark, and St George; and it was because the city was thus miraculously saved from destruction, that the Doges of Venice went annually through the ceremony of wedding the Adriatic with a ring.

An English version of the phantom-ship concerns a man-of-war. The crew had mutinied, and rigged her out to resemble the spectre-ship of which they had often heard and repeated yarns. Their object was to terrify the vessels they pursued; for they meant to be regular sea-rovers. Unfortunately, they encountered the real spectre-ship, and were so terrified themselves, that they put into port and gave themselves up to justice. If this story is not true, it ought to be, for it is a proper example of the would-be biter bit.

There are a great many more spectre-ships roaming the seas than those known to us in the familiar legends. Thus the Schleswig-Holsteiners know of one that suddenly appeared and carried off a maiden who was sitting on the shore, weeping for her absent sailor-lover. He was supposed to have been on board the strange bark, for he never returned. And on some of the German lakes and rivers, spectre fishing-boats and nets are quite common.

The Death-ship is also of German origin. She sails about with death's-heads grinning out of

all the portholes and with cross-bones decorating the sails. A skeleton stands on the poop with an hour-glass in his hand; and the crew are the ghosts of sinners who have each to serve one hundred years in each grade on shipboard before they take their turns as captain. No wonder the sight of this cheerful craft is an omen of woe.

Then there is another Death-ship, which, perhaps, may be the same under another name, only she is called the Navire Libera Nos. She is shrouded in black, and flies a black flag spangled with white flames. She is commanded by Captain Requiem, and must sail the seas until she is boarded by a Christian crew who will say a mass for the souls of the wanderers.

In Brittany they have the story of a large ship manned by human giants and dogs. The men are lost sinners, condemned for horrible crimes; and the dogs are the demons put over them to watch and torment them. This ship is constantly sailing about, and is never allowed to enter port or cast anchor, and she must go on doing this till the end of the world. Needless to say she is carefully avoided by the pious Bretons, who aver that they often hear the orders of the captain of this ship being shouted through a speaking-trumpet. He has so loud a voice that they can hear him before the craft heaves in sight, and thus are able to make tracks away from her deadly course.

There is also a Spanish spectre. Once the crew of a stately Spanish galleon mutinied and murdered the captain, Don Sandovalle. He was dying with loss of blood and thirst; but when he feebly moaned for water, they mocked him by holding it just beyond his reach. So they were doomed to roam the seas for ever; and those who have seen the phantom galleon say that it is manned by a black captain and a crew of skeletons, who cry out for water incessantly.

There is another Flying Dutchman, named Bernard Fokke, who only began his wanderings a century or two ago. He was a splendid seaman, and very daring, and he made the fastest voyages on record—from Rotterdam to the East Indies in ninety days, then an amazing feat. He wanted to beat his own record, and cased his masts with iron, so as to be able to carry an immense press of sail. But he never came back, having made a league with Satan, who, as usual, won. He is condemned now to beat for ever between Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, and has only three spectres to help him to work the ship. When he sights a vessel, he always hails her, but should never be answered.

Allan Cunningham has told of the spectre-ships of the Solway. These were the vessels of two Danish pirates, condemned for their crimes to be wrecked there. The two vessels sailed right in toward the shore, and then sank with all on board. But one night they rose to the surface, and sailed away, all standing, as the sailors say; and once a year they come in again and go through the wrecking once more. There was also another spectral visitant of the Solway, a bark that always appeared to a vessel which is doomed to wreck. It is the phantom-ship of a bridal party that was once maliciously destroyed, and is, as has been alliteratively described, the spectral shallop which always sails by the side of the ship which the sea is bound to swallow.

In the south and west of England, and notably on the Cornish coast, there are many stories of spectre-ships. Some of them sail over land as well as sea. They are usually visible in tempestuous weather, and are often manned by bad young men who did some desperate deed and then vanished. Sometimes these phantom barks have suddenly carried off notorious wreckers, who grew rich by luring ships ashore with false lights. Only some fifty years ago the captain of a revenue cutter reported that he had passed at sea, off the Devonshire coast, a spectral boat rowed by what appeared to be the ghost of a notorious wizard of the region. The question is, how did the revenue skipper know that the boat was a spectre? He does not seem to have boarded her.

The *Palatine* is an American spectre-ship. She was once a Dutch barque, but was wrecked on Block Island in the year 1752. After sacking her, the wreckers set fire to her and sent her adrift out to sea, although there was still a woman on board who refused to land among such human fiends. Every year, on the anniversary of this shocking deed, the ghost of the *Palatine* is seen blazing away off the Point. And, as Whittier says:

> The wise sound-skippers, though skies be fine,
> Reef their sails when they see the sign
> Of the blazing wreck of the *Palatine*.

Whittier tells of another American phantom-ship. A young skipper who traded to the Labrador coast in the season fell in love with one of two beautiful sisters who lived with their mother in a secluded bay. Both the sisters, however, fell in love with him, and the elder was jealous that he preferred the younger. So, when the skipper came, by arrangement, to carry off the bride of his choice, the sister shut her up in a room and, closely veiled, went out herself to meet the sailor. It is not until they are far out at sea that the disappointed lover learns how he has been deceived. He turns back at once, but finds his own sweetheart dead. Neither he nor his ship ever returned home.

The Greyport legend is familiar to all readers of Bret Harte's works. He tells of how some children went to play on board of an old hulk, which broke adrift, floated out to sea, and was lost with all its innocent company. When the fogs come down on the coast, the fishermen still hear the voices of the children on board the phantom hulk that drifts along, but never returns.

In the Gulf of St Lawrence they tell of a spectre often seen off Cape d'Espoir. It is a large ship, crowded with soldiers, and on the bowsprit stands an officer, pointing to the shore with one arm, while he supports a woman with the other. Then the lights suddenly go out, a scream is heard, and the ship disappears. This is the ghost of the flagship of the Admiral sent by Queen Anne to reduce the French forts. The fleet was wrecked off this cape, and all hands were lost.

On the Hudson River there is a legend of a spectral boat manned by Ramhout van Dam, who after drinking till midnight one Saturday, swore

that he would row home although it took him a month of Sundays. He never reached home; but he is heard at nights desperately plying his oars on the river, on which he is condemned to row till the day of judgment.

The largest phantom of the deep ever heard of was that of the old Frisians. This was the *Mannigfual*, which was so large that the captain had to gallop about on horseback to give his orders, and whose masts were so high that boys going aloft to attend to the sails came down gray-headed men. It was in trying to pass the Strait of Dover that this huge vessel scraped the rocks, and so made the white cliffs of Albion. And yet, perhaps, she was not so large after all as the French phantom *Chasse-Foudre*. This vessel was so long that she took seven years to tack, and her cables were the circumference of St Peter's dome. Twenty thousand men could manœuvre on her maintop; and in order to provision the crew when sent aloft, each block was fitted up as a tavern. But this phantom ship was manned by good and deserving mariners, who found little to do, and plenty meat and drink on board of her.

We have not exhausted the phantoms of the deep, but have given examples of several varieties. That of the Flying Dutchman will always continue to attract most attention, because it has been vested with so many picturesque and awe-inspiring accompaniments.

But the Flying Dutchman is, after all, just the Flying Huntsman and the Wandering Jew in another form. He is, as Mr Moncure Conway explains, the lineal descendant of the old Norsk demon, Nikke. The sound of the horn of the Wild Huntsman is always, in legend, an omen of evil; the curlew is called the 'Wandering Jew,' because he is never at rest, and his appearance is considered a harbinger of storms; the Flying Dutchman only appears as a portent of woe. But here, for the present at anyrate, we must cease, although much still remains to be said about Sea Spectres.

THE CORAL INDUSTRY.

THE British consul at Naples reports that the famous coral-fisheries of Torre del Greco, near Naples, are rapidly on the decline; the reefs or banks are very much exhausted, and the quantity of coral taken is of very inferior quality, so that great waste and little profit result from its manufacture. When the trade was flourishing, no fewer than five hundred boats, each manned with from ten to twelve men, were equipped at a cost of about four hundred and eighty pounds per boat, and the net gain varied from fifteen to twenty per cent. During 1887 only about one hundred boats were engaged in the fishery, and, though expenses have increased, the profit has diminished fifty per cent. Many of the fishermen formerly employed have emigrated to North and South America, while others have found employment in new callings; the four hundred unused boats are mostly laid up, and the number of work-people employed ashore has fallen from four thousand to one thousand. Nor is this all. Leghorn is another important centre of the coral trade, and the French consul there reports that the industry is in a bad way. Many houses are closed; the number of work-people employed has fallen from ten thousand to six thousand, and the value of the exports from £451,936 to £124,184, a diminution of about seventy-two per cent. It seems, therefore, probable that what was once a busy industry will be reduced to very small proportions.

The polype which yields the ordinary red coral is known to naturalists as the *Corallium rubrum*, and is placed in the family of *Gorgonidæ*, or Sea-shrubs, a group of the order *Alcyonaria*. This red coral therefore occupies a different systematic position from that of the common corals, by whose accumulations islands and reefs are built up, and the investigation of which was the late Charles Darwin's first important contribution to scientific knowledge. The red coral found in the Mediterranean is considered the most valuable for commercial purposes, and it is obtained off the coasts of Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco, as well as from the French and Italian fisheries. The coral is attached to the submarine rocks by its roots, but the branches grow downward, a conformation favourable to breaking them off from above and drawing them up. The old method of fishing was practised from a felucca by means of a large wooden cross, stoutly made, and with arms of equal length, each bearing a stout bag-net. To the middle of this cross a strong rope was attached, and it was let down into the sea, heavily enough weighted at its centre to cause it to sink. Then one of the fishers dived after it, and pushed one wooden arm after another into the hollows of the rocks, so as to entangle the coral in the nets. When this was satisfactorily done, both cross and diver were pulled up again to the surface, and the nets emptied.

This method of fishing was often very dangerous, especially for the divers, and has now been largely superseded by the introduction of the diving-bell and other machinery, by aid of which the rocks can be more thoroughly cleared of coral. No doubt the use of the latter has done something to hasten the diminution of the supply. It is said that at Cagliari, in Sardinia, seven hundred and ninety-four tons were once got in on a single day; but the Mediterranean is now pretty well explored, and large finds are unusual. In 1880, however, a new reef was discovered at Sciacca, in Sicily, from which enormous quantities were obtained. Its presence was explained by geologists to be due to some submarine eruption which had raised large masses of coral within reach. Unfortunately, the people in the immediate vicinity were ignorant of coral-fishery, and they invited the fishermen of Torre del Greco and Empedocle to instruct them in return for a share in the profit ultimately realised. It was too good an opportunity for the Italians to miss, and they came in such numbers as to necessitate the presence of a man-of-war to keep the peace among the swarming quarrelsome crews. For a few weeks each craft earned about twenty pounds a day. The reef was exhausted after three months' fishing, the value of the coral being estimated at ninety-two thousand pounds. Of this large sum the greater part went to the

Italian fishermen, and the share of the natives in the spoil was inconsiderable.

The coral industry has long been a flourishing one in Italy. So far back as the beginning of the Christian era, a large trade existed with India, in which country coral has always been highly valued, as possessing sacred and occult properties. Pliny tells us that at one time it was largely used by the Gauls for ornamenting weapons and helmets, but that in his day it was rarely seen in Europe, owing to the large Eastern demand. Its consumption in Europe has never been very considerable since, as it seems an article more suitable for barbarian and semi-civilised peoples than for those highly civilised. Still, even at the present day coral and bells for babies are not unknown, and in certain parts of Russia and Turkey a fair quantity is imported. That it has been used for ornamental purposes in this country at times is well ascertained. A curious instance of this fact is contained in a book called *Illustrations of Manners and Expences of Antient Times in England*, published by Nichols in 1798. It contains 'the inventory of John Port, layt the King's servant,' who died in 1524, the following being enumerated among his possessions: 'Item, of other old gear found in the house: Item, one oz. and ½ of corall, 2s. 6d. Item, a pair of corall beds, gaudyed with gaudys of silver and gilt, 10 oz. at 3s. 4d., £1, 13s. 4d.' The value of money was then twelve times as great as at the present time.

At the present day, coral is most largely exported to such countries as Abyssinia, the Congo, the Cape, India and Ceylon, Siberia, China and Japan. The choicest pieces are used for the buttons of Chinese mandarins, or for ornamenting the turbans of rich Mussulmans; while the inferior qualities, sent to less civilised countries, are employed for various purposes. Coral has been often used as money in some quarters, but that use of it is now declining. Barbarous and semi-civilised peoples employ it largely for ornamenting arrows, lances, and pikes, and also for decorating corpses before interment. Prices have varied much of late years, a rapid decline in value having taken place owing to the scarcity of good, and the comparative abundance of inferior qualities.

Besides the loss accruing to the fishermen, the present state of things is very seriously affecting the large number of people employed in preparing the coral for use. As already mentioned, there has been a great decline in the number of women thus engaged at Leghorn; and the same thing is taking place at Naples and Genoa, the other principal seats of the industry. Nowadays, the proportion of inferior quality is so much larger, that fewer persons can manipulate the same quantity. No machinery or mechanical process is employed; but the workwoman takes the pieces into her hands one after the other, and, according to their thickness, quality, and defects, works them into certain forms. Their wages run from sevenpence-halfpenny to 1s. 3d. per day. Val da Bisagno has long been noted for its skilled workers, whose hereditary knack has so far been specialised that the three operations of cutting, piercing, and rounding were distributed among the women of the various communes considered to be particularly skilful in each of these processes. Assio, for instance, had the cutting process assigned to it; while rounding and piercing have been done by villages farther up the valley. As every country to which coral is exported has, from time immemorial, required a special kind of make, it is only natural to find these and other subdivisions of labour. The beads have sometimes to be made round, and at other times oval or cubical; while they also differ largely in weight and size, according to the market for which they are intended. Bisagno has also workers noted for their skill in cutting the material into facets, and also for the still more difficult art of cutting cameos and engraving the beads for the necklace-makers.

Coral carving is chiefly practised at Trapani; though Joachim Murat, during his short reign at Naples, introduced it into the royal factory at Portici, where great success was achieved in the treatment of mythological and allegorical subjects. Nowadays, however, there is a scarcity of blocks large enough for carving, and the art is in consequence little practised. Any of these operations leaves, of course, minute fragments, useless for further working; but even these have an economic value. They are ground down, scented, and sold at a good price as tooth-powder. All these forms of industry are now seriously suffering, apparently without hope of immediate remedy. It is highly probable that fresh beds of coral are forming, but that is a slow process, which will take generations.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

Not in bright abodes alone,
Children's laughing voices ring;
Dreary spots, in shadow thrown,
With their glee are echoing.

Gladdening these dull paths of ours,
Loving work by them is done,
All unconsciously, as flowers
Spread their sweetness to the sun.

Whence all holy influence springs,
Comes the grace that in them lies;
He Who chooses foolish things
Often to confound the wise—

Clothes these little ones with power
Passing wisdom's boasted might;
As He gives each fragrant flower
Wondrous charm of beauty bright.

And the heaven that we desire
Clearest is to those young eyes,
Which, with boundless faith entire,
Upward gaze in trustful wise.

You who would that Kingdom see,
Erring mortal, sin-defiled,
Must in heart and spirit be
Like unto a little child!

M. T.

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RAILWAY STATIONS.

The general improvement in Railway Stations has hardly kept pace with the speed and safety of the trains, or with the enhanced comfort of railway carriages. In many instances the stations have been vastly improved, and can take rank as architectural adornments of a town; but many of them still show the same primitive nakedness as they did on the day when they first saw the light, thirty or forty years ago. Birmingham, York, and Preston may well be proud of their stations, for they are the finest structures of the kind in the world, and are hardly likely to be surpassed. York Station has been called 'The North-Eastern Folly;' and if spending more money by thousands over a building than is actually required, and simply for show, can be called folly, the new name is not misapplied. The chief considerations in building a railway station are that it shall afford every convenience to the travelling public; that the offices shall be where they are mostly required; that the different platforms shall be easy to get at; and that the passengers can get from one place to another with ordinary intelligence.

Although the South London lines cannot boast such fine buildings as those that run to the north, their average degree of respectability will be equal, if not greater. No railway in the south having the same traffic can show such a miserable apology for a station as there is at St Dunstan's Junction, in Yorkshire, on the Great Northern Railway; nor can any town in the south having a population of ten thousand feel that it is worse off than Bingley, on the Midland main line, near Bradford.

With the vast populations that there are in Lancashire and Yorkshire, the accommodation in these districts can only be called wretched—that is, when the large towns are excepted. The Midland Company have begun to improve their smaller stations in the West Riding, and Keighley and Shipley are model stations in their way. The former is one of the best arranged in the country, and should serve as a model for many more. St Pancras is too large, and at times appears a wilderness. Paddington and King's Cross always seem busy, though they lack the grandeur of the former. The Exchange Station, Manchester, is another of those stations that seem to have been built for show. It may do very well for local traffic from Manchester, but what about passengers arriving at Victoria and wanting to catch a train from the Exchange? The walk from one to the other under cover certainly is one of those arrangements not conducive to the good temper or comfort of the public, nor one to make them think highly of the wisdom of railway directors. It is a curiosity; and it is to be hoped that it will remain unique. If Mr Ruskin should ever go that way, the public will doubtless be treated to such a description of it as he only can give, for it beggars the pen of an ordinary mortal.

Junction stations have certainly improved within the last ten years, and well they might, for some of them have been a maze to folks not used to travelling; and to this day, and probably to the end of time, junctions will be counted amongst the nuisances of railway travelling. Clapham Junction is the busiest junction in the world, as far as number of trains passing through it is concerned; but it is not so interesting to the casual observer as Rugby, Crewe, Derby, York, and Carlisle. These may be called long-distance junctions; and when important trains arrive, the life and bustle are most interesting to watch. Passengers' luggage plays a very important part in the every-day work at these stations; and the labels will often show that the owners have gone pretty nearly round the world. Genuine travellers these; but they are seldom seen at Clapham Junction, as this station is almost entirely a local one, and the passengers alighting at it are largely made up of business people going backwards and forwards between their residences and places of business. The same may be said of Finsbury Park and Willesden Junction.

Railway stations have their ups and downs as well as ordinary mortals. To-day a certain

station may be proud of its position as a terminus; to-morrow it is decided to extend the line, and in a short time it will dwindle to a roadside station; or it may be decided that it shall be a junction, when its importance will be greatly increased. Knottingley, between Doncaster and Wakefield, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, was once a very important junction, and all the Great Northern trains for the north used to pass through it; but the West Riding line took away one-half of this traffic, and the line to Selby the other half, and the Great Northern is now represented there by two or three trains a day. Building and rebuilding stations is a very heavy item of expenditure, and one not to be indulged in lightly; but there is a case on record where a runaway train knocked down a station that was in sad need of being rebuilt, much to the joy of the inhabitants of the town, who had come to the conclusion that only such a catastrophe could bring about the desired end; and it did.

But with all their faults, the railways of this country are immeasurably ahead of those on the Continent, and save on a few points, are to be preferred to the colossal concerns on the American continent. The system of railway travelling in America may suit the Americans, but it is hardly likely ever to be copied throughout in this country.

Railway stations are used now by the public for other purposes than travelling. The Bookstall is an attraction to many people; and the Refreshment Room is well patronised by young men whose thoughts are not on travelling bent. The fire in the General Waiting Room often gives warmth to those who have not the means to provide even a few coals for their own desolate hearth.

But the most important use of a station, after travelling purposes are concerned, is that of a meeting-place. Every class of people make appointments at railway stations, and there conduct their business 'on the cheap;' and not business only, for more than one of our London termini might well be called 'The Lovers' Trysting Place.' Any observer can see this at both Charing Cross and Victoria Stations. Some of these people may be going by train; but there is no doubt that a vast number of people use the comfort of a railway station without helping in any way towards the expenses incurred by the companies in providing this accommodation. These are some of the public privileges of our British railways denied on foreign lines, and so long as they are not abused, they are not likely to be withdrawn.

Fifty years ago refreshment rooms were the only sign of trade being carried on at a railway station; but food for the body was soon found to be insufficient, and Messrs W. H. Smith & Sons and others catered for the mind. Now there is a tendency to extend the shopkeeping business at our large stations; and if it should ever be necessary for railway companies to look about for means of raising a dividend, the rent-roll from shops on station platforms would be an acceptable departure from their orthodox business of general carriers.

There are some stations which have an importance attached to them far beyond their traffic-earning capacity. Windsor, Wolferton, Esher, and Chislehurst are some of these. No station in the world has been visited by so many celebrities during the last fifty years as Windsor, on the Great Western Railway. Sovereigns from every quarter of the globe, distinguished statesmen, officers, savants, poets, and travellers of all nationalities, have arrived at this station to visit England's Queen; and if a record had been kept, the list would for many reasons be an interesting one.

Wolferton, on the Great Eastern Railway, is the station used by the Prince of Wales, and its importance and most of its revenue is owing to this fact. Esher and Chislehurst are interesting stations in so far that they were once used by two exiled French monarchs, Louis-Philippe, who resided at Claremont House, and Napoleon III., who resided and died at Chislehurst.

In years to come, railway stations may play a part in the history of our country; but whether they do or not, one thing is certain, and that is, that such places are mixed up in the daily life of most of us, and are the stages whereon many a drama of human life is played in reality. Joy and sorrow, love-scenes and tragedies, have been witnessed on that public stage the Station platform.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XX.—I SEARCH THE WRECK.

THERE could be very little doubt that the drift of a light empty shell of a wreck with a yard and mast and shrouds forward for the wind to catch hold of would be considerable in such weather as this. Helped by the blows of the seas, she might easily blow dead to leeward, in the trough as she was, at the rate of some three to four miles in the hour, so that daybreak would find her forty or fifty miles distant from the spot where we had boarded her. However, I comforted myself with the reflection that the commanders of the two ships would have a clear perception of such a drift as I calculated, and allow for it in the search they would surely make for the hull. I had but one fear: that the cutter had been seen leaving the wreck, for there was an interval at least of a minute or two between her dropping astern and manœuvring with her three oars and her envelopment by the fog. If, then, she had been sighted, the inference would inevitably be that Miss Temple, Colledge, and myself were in her; and so the hunt would be for the cutter, without reference to the hull, with every prospect of the search carrying the ships miles below the verge of our horizon.

Meanwhile, as I stood in that doorway looking into the blackness over the sides, I bent my ear anxiously forward; but though there were constant shocks of the sea smiting the bow, I never caught the noise of water falling in weight enough upon the deck to alarm me. The leap of the surge seemed to be always forward of the fore-shrouds, and the ducking and tossing of the fabric was so nimble, and the pouring of the

blast so steadfast, that nearly all the water that sprang to the blow of the bow was carried overboard by the wind. This was about as comforting an assurance as could come to me; for I tell you it was enough to turn one's heart into lead to look into that starless wall of blackness close against the ship, to see nothing but the pallid glimmer of froth, to hearken to the noises in the air, to feel the sickening and dizzy heavings of the sea, and then realise that this hull had been struck by lightning, that the fore-part of her was burnt into a thin case of charred timbers, and that all three hatches in her, together with the skylight, lay open and yawning like the mouths of wells to the first rush of sea that should tumble over the side.

I will not feign to remember how that night passed. The tall wax candle burnt bravely and lasted long; but the guttering of it to the circlings of the air in the extremity of the cabin, obliged me to light another before the night was spent. It a little encouraged Miss Temple to be able to see. Once the candle was blown out; and when I had succeeded in lighting it afresh, after a few minutes of groping and hunting and manœuvring with my tinder-box, I looked at the girl, and knew by the horror that shone in her eyes, and the marble hardness in the aspect of her parted lips, as though her mouth were some carved expression of fear, how heart-subduing had that short spell of blackness proved. From time to time she would ask for a little wine, which she sipped as though thirsty, but she swallowed a few drops only, as if she feared that the wine, by heating her, would increase her thirst; yet when I spoke of going below to seek for some fresh water, she begged me not to leave her.

'It is the memory of the body that sat at this table which makes loneliness insupportable to me, Mr Dugdale,' she exclaimed. 'I seemed to see the dreadful object when the candle went out. I thought I had more spirit. I am but a very weak woman, after all.'

'I do not think so,' said I; 'you are bearing this frightful trial very nobly. How would it be with some girls I know? They would be swooning away; they would be exhausting themselves in cries; they would be tearing themselves to pieces in hysterics. And how is it with me? Sometimes I am frightened to death, but not with fears of darkness or of the dead. I am certain we shall be rescued; this hull is making excellent weather of it; there is food and drink below, yet I am filled with consternation and grief. Why should it be otherwise? We are creatures of nerves, and this is an experience to test the courage of a saint.'

Well, we would exchange a few sentences after this pattern, and then fall silent for a whole hour at a time. She never closed her eyes throughout the night. Whenever I glanced at her, I met her gaze brilliant with emotion. The change was so sudden that I found it impossible to fully realise it. When I thought of Miss Temple aboard the *Countess Ida*, her haughtiness, her character of almost insolent reserve, how she had hardly found it in her to address me with an accent of courtesy, her ungracious treatment of me after the service I had done her in rescuing her from a perilous situation: I say when I recalled all this and a deal more, and then viewed her as she sat opposite, crouching in a corner, supporting herself by grasping the table with her heavily-ringed fingers, the high-born delicate beauty of her lineaments showing like some cameo in ivory, and reflected that she and I were absolutely alone, that it might come to her owing her life to me, or that we might be doomed to miserably perish together—this girl, this unapproachable young lady, at whom I had been wont to stare furtively with fascinated eyes on board the Indiaman for long spells at a stretch—I could not bring my mind to credit the reality of our situation.

Occasionally I would edge to the door and look out, but there was never anything to see.

All night long it blew a strong wind; but shortly before daybreak it fined down on a sudden into a light air out of the south-west, leaving a troubled rolling sea behind it. It was still very thick all round the horizon, so that from the door of the deck-house my gaze scarcely penetrated a distance of two miles. It was no longer fog, however, but cloud, sullen, low-lying, here and there shaping out; a familiar tropical dawn in these parallels, though it made one think too of the smothers you fall in with on the edge of the Gulf Stream.

I stepped on deck to wait for the light to break, and Miss Temple came to the door to look also. The hull still rolled violently, but without the dangerous friskiness of the jumps, recoils, and staggering recoveries of the night, when there was a sharp sea running as well as a long heaving swell. My heart was in my gaze as the dim faintness came sifting into the darkness of the east. In a few minutes it was a gray morn, the sea an ugly lead, and the horizon all round of the aspect of a drizzling November day in the English Channel. We both swept the water with our eyes, again and again looking, straining our vision against the dim distance; but to no purpose.

'Do you see anything?' exclaimed Miss Temple.

'No,' I answered; 'there is nothing in sight.'

'Oh, my heart will break!' she cried.

'We must wait a while,' said I: 'this sort of weather has a trick of clearing rapidly, and it may be all bright sky and wide shining surface of ocean long before noon: then we shall see the ships, and they will see us. But this is a low level. Something may heave into view from the height of that mast. I shall not be long gone. Be careful to hold on firmly, Miss Temple; nay, oblige me by sitting in the deck-house. Should you relax your grasp, a sudden roll may carry you overboard.'

In silence and with a face of despair, she took her seat on a locker, and very warily I made my way forwards. We had taken but a brief view of the hull when we boarded her, and the appearance of her towards the bows was new to me. There were twenty signs of her having been swept again and again by the seas. No doubt, her hatches had been uncovered, that her people might rummage her before going away in her boats; and the covers, for all I could tell, might have been rolled overboard by some of her violent workings. Yet it was certain that she must have been swept when her hatches

were covered, or the lieutenant would not have found her with a dry hold. But I had been long enough at sea to know that it is the improbable conjecture that oftenest fits the fact of a marine disaster.

I took a view of the foremast, to make sure that all was sound with it, and then sprang into the shrouds and gained the top. Some few feet of the splintered topmast still stood, and under the platform at which I had arrived the foreyard swang drearily to its overhauled braces hanging in bights. There was no more to see here than from the deck. The thick atmosphere receded nothing, and would have been as impenetrable had I climbed a thousand feet. It was like being in the heart of an amphitheatre of sulky shadows. The water rolled foamless, and there was little more air to be felt than was made by the sickeningly monotonous swing of the solitary spar from whose summit I explored the near ocean limits in all directions, frowning to the heart-breaking intensity of my stare. Then, thought I, we *are* alone! and if we are to be picked up by either of the ships, it will not be to-day, nor maybe to-morrow!

I glanced down at the deck of the hull, and observed that the sides of the fore-hatch were black with extinguished fire. The head-rail was gone, and from the eyes of her to the deck-house aft the fabric had a fearfully wrecked look, with its mutilated bulwark stanchions, its yawning hatchways, its dislocated capstan, and other details of a like kind, all helping to a fearful wildness of appearance to one who viewed, as I did from an eminence, the crazy, fire-blackened, dismasted old basket, that wallowed as though every head of swell which rolled at her must overwhelm and drown her hollow interior.

I again sent my eyes in another passionate search, then descended. As I sprang from the shrouds on to the deck, my eye was taken by the brig's bell, that dangled from a frame close against the foremast. Dreading lest an increase in the swell should start it off into ringing in some dismal hour of gloom and heighten Miss Temple's misery and terrors, I unhooked the tongue of it and threw it down, and rejoined my companion, whose white face put the piteous question of her heart to me in silence.

'No,' said I, swaying in front of her as I held on to the door; 'there is nothing to be seen.'

'Oh, it is hard! it is hard!' she cried. 'If one could only recall a few hours—be able to go back to yesterday! I do not fear death: but to die thus—to drown in that dreadful sea—no one to be able to tell how I perished.' She sobbed, but with dry eyes.

There was no reasoning with such a fit of despair as this, nor was it possible for me to say anything out of which she might extract a grain of comfort, seeing that I could but speak conjecturally, and with no other perception than was to be shaped by the faint light of my own hopes. My heart was deeply moved by her misery. Her beauty showed wan, and was inexpressibly appealing with its air of misery. The effects of the long and fearful vigils of the night that was gone were cruelly visible in her. There was a violet shadow under her eyes, her lips were pale, her lids drooped, her hair hung in some little disorder about her brow and ears; her very dress seemed significant of shipwreck, mocking the eye with what the grim usage of the sea had already transformed into mere ironical finery. Yet there was too much of the nature she had familiarised me to on board the Indiaman still expressed in the natural haughty set of her lips, charged as they were with the anguish that worked in her, to win me to any attempt of tender reassurance. I watched her dumbly, though my soul was melted into pity. Presently she looked at me.

'I suppose there is nothing to be done, Mr Dugdale?'

'Indeed, then,' said I, 'there is a deal to be done. First of all, you must cheer up your heart, which you will find easy if you can credit me when I tell you that this hull is perfectly buoyant; that though the weather is thick and gloomy, the sun as he gains power is certain to open out the ocean to us; that there are two ships close at hand searching for us; that there are provisions enough below to enable us to support life for days, and perhaps weeks; and that, even if the Indiaman or the corvette fail to fall in with us, we are sure to be sighted by one of the numerous vessels which are daily traversing this great ocean highway. What, then, are we to do but compose our minds, exert our patience, keep a bright lookout, be provided with means for signalling our distress, and meanwhile not to suffer our unfortunate condition to starve us?—And that reminds me to overhaul the pantry for something better than biscuit to break our fast with.'

A softness I should have thought impossible to the spirited fires of her eyes when all was well with her entered her gaze for a moment as it rested upon me, and a faint smile flickered upon and vanished off her lips; but she did not speak, and I dropped through the hatch to ascertain if the pantry could yield us something more nourishing than ship's bread.

The sullenness of the day without lay in gloom below. I was forced to return for a candle, with which I entered the little cabin that I had visited on the previous day; but when I came to make a search, I could find nothing more to eat than cheese, biscuit, and marmalade. There was a number of raw hams, but the galley was gone, and there was no means to cook them. There were two casks of flour, a sack of some kind of dried beans, and a small barrel of moist sugar. These matters had probably been overlooked when the crew hurriedly removed themselves from the brig. No doubt, at the time of jettisoning such commodities as the hold might have stored they had broken out as much food and water as they could take with them. There was more than a bottle of wine in the deck-house; down here, stowed away in straw and secured by a batten, were some three or four more of full bottles, all, I supposed, containing the same generous liquor contained in the first of them we had tasted. But there was no fresh water. I sought with diligence, but to no purpose. Possibly the people might have left some casks of it in the hold; but that was a search I would not at present undertake.

I took some cheese and marmalade and another handful of biscuits, along with a knife and a couple of tin dishes. As I passed through the cabin, the light of the candle I held glanced upon a stand of small-arms fixed just abaft the short flight of the hatch ladder. There were some thirty to forty muskets of an old-fashioned make, even for those days; and on either hand of them, swinging in tiers or rows from nails or hooks in the bulkhead, were a quantity of cutlasses, half-pikes, tomahawks, and other items of the grim machinery of murder. I placed the food upon the deck-house table.

'A shabby repast, Miss Temple,' said I; 'but we may easily support life on such fare until we are rescued.'

She ate some biscuit and marmalade and drank a little wine; but she incessantly sent her gaze through the windows or the open door, and sighed frequently in tremulous respirations; and sometimes there would enter a singular look of bewilderment into the expression of her eyes, as though her mind at such moments failed her, and did but imperfectly understand our situation. I would then fear that the horror which possessed her might end in breaking down her spirits, and even dement her, indeed. Already her eyes were languid with grief and want of rest, and such strength and life as they still possessed seemed weakened yet by the shadowing of the long fringes. I endeavoured to win her away from her thoughts by talking to her.

I possessed a pocket-book, which supplied me with pencil and paper, and I drew a diagram of the two ships' and the wreck's position, as I was best able to conceive it, and made arrows to figure the direction of the wind, and marked distances in figures, and enlarged freely and heartily upon our prospects, pointing with my pencil to the paper whilst I talked. This interested her. She came round to the locker on which I sat, and placed herself beside me, and leaned her face near to mine, supporting her head by her elbow whilst she gazed with eyes riveted to the paper, listening thirstily. I had never had her so close to me before, saving that day when we swung together on to the hencoop; but then it was a constrained situation, and she had let me know that it was very distasteful to her. It was far otherwise now. She was near me of her own will; I felt her warm breath on my cheek; the subtle fragrance of her presence was in the air I respired. I talked eagerly to conceal the emotions she excited, and I felt the blood hot in my face when I had made an end with my diagram, and drew a little away to restore the book to my pocket.

She now seemed able and willing to converse, but she did not offer to leave my side.

'Suppose the ships are unable to find us, Mr Dugdale?'

'Some other vessel is certain to fall in with us.'

'But she may be bound to a part of the world very remote from India or England?'

'True,' said I; 'but as she jogs along, she may encounter a vessel proceeding to England, into which we shall be easily able to transhipp ourselves.'

'How tedious! We may have to wander for months about the ocean!'

'It is always step by step, Miss Temple, in this life. Let us begin at the beginning, and quit this wreck at any rate.'

'All my luggage is in the Indiaman. How I am to manage I cannot conceive,' said she, running her eyes over her dress and lifting her hand to her hat.

'Pray, let no such consideration as dress trouble you. The experience will gain in romance from our necessities, and you will be able to read *Robinson Crusoe* with new enjoyment.'

She faintly smiled, with just a hint of peevishness in the curl of her lip.

'If this be romance, Mr Dugdale, may my days henceforth, if God be merciful enough to preserve us, be steeped in the dullest prose.'

'I wonder where Colledge and the cutter's crew are?' said I.

'I do not think,' she exclaimed, 'if Mr Colledge were in your place he would show your spirit.'

'He was a great favourite of yours, Miss Temple.'

'Not great. I rather liked him. I knew some of his connections. He was an amiable person. I did not know that he was engaged to be married.'

I was astonished that she should have said this; but I was eager to encourage her to talk, and in our state of misery it could signify but little what topic we lighted upon.

'Did he inform you he was engaged?' said I.

'No. I perceived it in his looks, when his cousin asked him the question.—Did he ever tell you who the young lady was?' she added listlessly, and though she spoke of the thing, it was easy to see that she was without interest in it.

I could not tell a lie, and silence would have been injurious to my wishes for her. Besides, she had guessed the truth by no help from me, and then, again, our situation rendered the subject exquisitely trifling and insignificant.

'Yes,' I replied; 'we were cabin fellows, and intimate. He showed me the girl's portrait—a plump, pretty little woman. Her name is Fanny Crawley, daughter of one of the numberless Sir Johns or Sir Thomases of this age.'

She was looking through the cabin door at the sea, and scarcely seemed to hear or to heed me. Am I strictly honourable in this? thought I. Pshaw! it was no moment to consider the rights and wrongs of such a thing. Her discovery had freed me from all obligation of secrecy, and what I had supplied she would have easily been able to ascertain for herself on her return home, if, indeed, home was ever to be viewed again by either of us.

'What horrible weather,' she exclaimed, bringing her eyes to my face; 'there is no wind, and the sea rolls like liquid lead. When you were at sea, were you ever in a situation of danger such as this?'

'This is an uneasy time,' said I; 'but do not call it a situation of danger yet. I am going shortly to overhaul the wreck. I must keep her afloat until we are taken off her.'

'How long were you at sea, Mr Dugdale?'

'Two years.'

'Is your father a sailor?'

'No; my father is dead. He was captain

in the 38th Regiment of Foot, and was killed in Burma.'

There was a kind of dawning of interest in her eyes, an expression I had not noticed when she talked of Colledge and his engagement.

'My father was in the army too,' said she; 'but he saw very little service. Is your mother living?'

'She is.'

She sighed bitterly, and hid her face whilst she exclaimed: 'Oh, my poor mother! my poor mother! How little she knows! And she was so reluctant to let me leave her.' She sighed again deeply, and let her hands fall, and then sank into silence.

AN AUSTRALIAN WOOLSHED.

By 'An Old Chum.'

Every day Australia becomes better known. The completion of telegraphic communication, and the magnificent steamers of the P. and O., Orient, and other lines have largely conduced to that result; visits, too, from Australian cricketers, footballers, and rowing men have all tended to awaken and keep alive our interest in this far southern land. A voyage to Australia is a very simple affair in these days, and it has been 'done' by prince and politician, by historian and divine, by lecturer and actor; while no professed 'globe-trotter' thinks his tour complete unless the antipodes are included in his programme. Many books have been written, too, about the 'sunny south;' but it is a hard matter for a visitor to form correct impressions of so vast a country, where his stay is mostly for a few short months, sometimes, indeed, for only weeks, and the greater part of that time spent in the towns. Under such circumstances, then, it is not surprising that the colonist on visiting the 'old country' should often be amused, and sometimes just a little bit indignant, at the ignorance displayed by the 'home people' in matters more particularly appertaining to up-country life in Australia.

Let me try to familiarise some of these scenes to the readers of *Chambers's*—for many a well-thumbed copy of the *Journal* finds its way into the back-blocks, and is passed from hand to hand, cheering and enlivening the lonely hours of the solitary boundary rider, or tired-out Jackaroo (the young man getting experience is so called).

The time for gathering in the great wool harvest of Australasia varies in the different districts, according to climatic conditions, and there is hardly any time of the year during which shearing is not going on somewhere. Queensland and the far north of South Australia begin in January, February, and March; New South Wales takes up the tale; Victoria follows suit; and New Zealand is still 'at it' when Christmas comes round.

The description of one Australian woolshed, and the manner of conducting the work, will serve for all, though there are differences in the make and shape of the buildings and in the mode of working. But these differences are of little importance, and are mostly matters of individual taste, one man holding one style of building to be the best suited for the purpose, while another man of equally great experience will favour a different one.

I shall say nothing at present of the great shearers' strikes, but take it for granted that on the large station or sheep-run we are going to visit everything is working smoothly, and the shearing agreement found satisfactory by employer and employed. There has been a grand season; feed is plentiful; the weather—as it can be just at this time—is perfection, and all looks most promising for a start.

The woolshed and huts where the shearers and shed-hands live during the shearing season stand—the shed on a slight eminence—about one mile from the homestead. We will go and examine these. The shed we find to be one of the usual sort in Australia, namely, what is called a T-shed from its shape, the long portion of the letter forming the main building, substantially built of wood or stone, with lofty iron roof. Down each side is a clear space some ten feet in width, technically known as 'the board.' Here the shearers work. The centre of the shed is divided down the middle and across into conveniently sized pens, where the great body of the sheep stand; and next the 'board' on each side are what are called the 'catching' pens, from which the shearers opposite take their sheep as they want them. These smaller pens are filled up when empty by the 'shed-yarder.' All these sheep-pens are floored with battens placed a little distance apart, in order to permit all dirt to get away. The top of the letter represents the end of the shed, wherein are situated the tables on which are spread out the fleeces as they are shorn off by the shearers, and picked up by the boys, called 'pickers-up.' Behind these tables, which stretch across the shed from 'board' to 'board,' stand the wool-rollers or 'skirters' (facing the shearers), whose business it is to take off any dirty or inferior wool from the fleeces. These are then neatly rolled up inside out and placed on the classer's table behind. He again places them in bins according to their quality, whence they are taken by the wool-pressers to be packed in bales, sewn up, marked, and numbered. They then pass to the 'dump,' which much reduces the size of the bales, which are now secured by iron bands and are ready for removal.

On leaving the woolshed, we observe, some few hundred yards away, a small wooden building, which is the 'woolshed store.' Here, for the convenience of the shearers, are kept all the odds and ends they may require while the shearing lasts—sheep-shears, oil, oilstones, tobacco, matches, slop-clothes, drugs, &c. A large body of men is clustered round the door. The roll has been called, the 'agreement' declared satisfactory, and shears, oil, and stone are being sold to the men. This takes a long time; for the shearer is a most particular person, and adopts all sorts of 'dodges' known to the craft with the view of testing the quality of the tools. However, all are at length satisfied, and the men wend their way in twos and threes towards their 'huts' to 'rig up' their shears and eat a hearty tea, or supper as it is called, of beef or mutton

and vegetables, with an unlimited supply of tea and bread and the much-loved 'brownie'—ordinary bread sweetened with brown sugar. All are in the best of spirits, and a variety of subjects are discussed—the weather, politics, the shed 'boss,' the cook's qualities, former triumphs in the shearing-line—'when I was ringer at Malloola' (namely, was leading shearer); while two or three have been down to the woolshed to inspect the rams—which are usually shorn first—and give their several opinions as to what the sheep will be like from a shearer's point of view.

It may be here mentioned that the usual price paid for shearing in Australia is from twelve to fifteen shillings per hundred sheep when the men are found in cook and rations, and twenty shillings when they find themselves. A good cook—in the latter case elected by the men—is perhaps the most important element at shearing-time, for it means the peace and quietness associated with well-prepared meals, at the minimum cost, and little wasted.

As night advances, silence steals over all. The last of the 'slush'-lamps is extinguished, the last game of euchre, or 'ante-up,' played, and all hands seeking their 'bunks,' roll themselves in their blankets, and are soon fast asleep, dreaming of to-morrow's start and the big 'tallies' they will make 'once they get their hands in.'

When the light is good enough, work starts at six A.M., and as we look out from the overseer's cottage a little before that hour we find the sun just rising. The scene is indeed a lovely one: the well-grassed plains and ridges, speaking of Nature's bounty in the shape of an ample rainfall, are dotted here and there with lordly gum, feathery 'she-oak,' and stately pine-tree; while in the 'dreamier distance' the sky-line is broken by a range of hills, and we recall poor Gordon's lines as we fill our lungs in this land of pure atmosphere with a 'dew-laden air-draught resembling a long draught of wine.'

At shearing-time, on large runs, all the shearers live and mess by themselves, being in the nature of contractors; while the other hands connected with the working of the shed—such as yarders, pickers-up, wool-rollers, branders, &c., are paid weekly wages, and the station-owner finds them in cook and rations. They mess and sleep in huts apart from the shearers, and are termed 'rouseabouts.' The 'rouseabout' cook has also the care of the woolshed overseer and his assistant on his hands; and as six o'clock draws near, we see him approaching with a flagon, or 'billy' as it is termed, of steaming hot coffee in his hand, and the usual slices of 'brownie' or 'cake.' On these we gratefully break our fast, and the more satisfactorily when we remember that all hands have likewise been refreshed. As we walk across to the woolshed we notice streams of men issuing from the shearers' and rouseabouts' huts; and on entering the shed we find some of the shearers already at their respective places. These have been balloted for on the previous day, and no man is allowed to make any change without permission of the shed-manager. Each shearer has his own little doorway or opening, through which he passes his sheep when shorn into a long narrow pen outside, fenced off from his neighbours. Presently every shearer has arrived; the pickers-up, with so many shearers apportioned to each to attend upon; the wool-rollers ready at their tables, and all watching eagerly the movements of the manager as he advances watch in hand to ring the bell. The bell rings; the shearers dart into the respective sheep-pens allotted to them, and bring out the seemingly most easily to be shorn sheep they can select in the hurry of the moment, place it on its rump, and shearing has fairly commenced.

And what a busy scene it is; and how strong the contrast presented between the desolateness and the silence of yesterday morning and the liveliness and the activity of to-day. As a rule, the men take things easily at first, for the eager man is apt to 'knock his hand up,' and anyway rams are not to be hurried over. They are desirous, too, at least most of them, of doing fair work and of finding the 'boss's' measure, which they very soon do. From long experience I am of opinion that it is quite as often the fault of the shed manager, by his want of tact and firmness, as the fault of the men that has produced unpleasantness during the shearing-season. Men are but human all the world over; and as the shearer is paid by the number of sheep he shears, time to him is money, and he tries, naturally enough, to shear as many sheep as he possibly can, so long as his style 'suits.' On the other hand, the position of shed-manager is by no means an enviable one, for it is his object to get 'all the wool off'—in short, he has to please his employer and to please the men under his charge as well. It is not an easy matter always, and generally he is glad when shearing is over.

We are roused from these reflections as we are pacing up and down the shearing-board with the manager, who from now to the finish will there devote his time, by the cry from several shearers of 'Wool,' 'Take this fleece away,' as they turn out their sheep and rouse any of the pickers-up—usually boys—who may have been 'dreaming of home and mother' far away. By a dexterous movement, the fleece, divested of the belly-piece and 'trimmings'—which are removed and packed separately—is gathered up and spread well on the roller's table, there to be 'skirted' and rolled and passed to the classer. Presently, fleece after fleece comes pouring in as the slower shearers finish, and now, indeed, each man has to 'move himself,' the pickers-up to keep the floor perfectly clear from fleeces, the sweeper to keep it clean from the pieces, the wool-roller to skirt and to roll properly, and yet to allow none of his work to accumulate. It is enough to bewilder the unaccustomed eye. The bell rings at eight for breakfast. No shearer may catch another sheep; and in a few minutes after, the last sheep is 'off the board,' the fleece rolled, all swept up and tidy, and we are off to breakfast. For this, one hour is allowed. It is a most substantial meal, as indeed they all are, consisting of chops or steak, or some other meat-dish, any quantity of bread, and the inevitable 'brownie,' washed down by large draughts of tea, which is made in buckets and drunk out of tin pints or pannikins. It is really astonishing the quantity of this that a shearer in 'good-going order' will get through in the day, and I doubt if there is any country in the world, perhaps not even Russia, where the consumption of tea per head exceeds

that of Australia. Let us note as the day progresses the amount each shearer, as a rule, imbibes. Before starting in the morning to work, we will remember that he had his pint of coffee or tea; and as he marched down to the shed at six A.M. we might have noticed that he was 'doubly armed,' with a pair of shears in one hand and a pint of tea (or coffee) in the other. But for the rest of the day it will be all tea. At breakfast he will, on the average, have a pint and a half; and as he reappears in the shed after that meal, he is again armed with his pint. Of course, there are exceptions to this, but it is true as a rule. We must remember, also, that shearing is very hard work, and the days are warm. The men perspire freely, and this probably prevents much ill effect.

At nine the bell rings to 'go on;' and the work proceeds till twenty minutes past ten, when an interval of twenty minutes is allowed for 'smoke oh!' at which time the cook's mate, or 'slushy' as he is called, appears with buckets of tea to refresh the workers. The manager takes advantage of this to walk round the pens outside, inspect the shearing as a whole, and if the pens are getting filled up with the sheep, count them out, putting down the number in each pen against the name of the man shearing into it. The sheep are then branded with the owner's distinguishing mark in oil and raddle, or some similar composition; and when a sufficient number is ready to make up a good 'mob,' taken to their various 'paddocks,' no doubt intensely pleased that for them shearing is over for another year.

Dinner takes place at twelve or half-past to the accompaniment of *more* tea, at the conclusion of which the tea-armed shearers return to work. At twenty minutes past two or so, there is another 'smoke oh!' and *more* tea, after which work goes on till four, when a somewhat longer interval occurs, and the cook's mates appear again with what is called 'lunch,' which ushers in our old friend 'brownie,' or perhaps 'cake' and *plenty* tea.

According to the duration of light, the shearing for the day is over at from thirty minutes past five to six, when the men leave the shed with their shears and their empty 'teacup.' Supper follows almost at once, and more tea; and from this time till turning-in there are more or less frequent adjournments to the tea-buckets, which are replenished from time to time by the obliging cook and his assistants.

But the tea has rather distracted our attention from our main subject.

Woolsheds generally have sufficient space to contain a supply of sheep that will last till well on in the day; but when the weather is fine and settled, it is bad policy to 'cram' the shed full, and 'fresh' sheep are brought up at intervals. They are much more easily shorn coming in 'full-bellied.' Sometimes a 'stop' occurs on account of rain, and then while the sheep are drying, the men are at first a little at a loss to know what to do with themselves; but they soon find something to do in the shape of riding, running races, and other sports, though too many, I fear, resort to card-playing and various forms of gambling, in which large sums are lost and won; and it is not uncommon for an unfortunate shearer after five or six weeks' hard work to leave the shed penniless owing to his wretched infatuation. From time to time we are favoured by callers from other sheds, who have finished at their various places and have come over to us to see what the 'cut' is like—namely, whether our 'boss' is very hard to please, or the reverse. Then every now and again men are discharged for persistent bad shearing. This they call 'getting the bullet' or being 'shot.' As a rule, the parting is taken quite philosophically by both employer and employed, and the man's place soon filled, while he tries his luck somewhere else where they may not be so 'pertikler.'

Some men 'follow shearing' literally all the year, with perhaps two to three months' 'spell' or rest, starting in the north and finishing up in New Zealand. Others are small farmers, or the sons of farmers, out to earn a little addition to their income.

The last year or two have witnessed the introduction and complete success of Wolseley's sheep-shearing machine. I cannot now notice it at length; suffice it to say that by its means shears are dispensed with, the wool taken off evenly quite close to the skin—much closer than the most careful shearing with shears—the animal is very rarely cut, and the fleece is shorn off uninjured by 'twice-cutting.' Lastly, it harms the men in no way, but merely puts a better tool into their hands, without diminishing the amount of labour required, and it is as fast as the old shears.

But our shearing is drawing to a close, thanks to good management on both sides. We have had a fair 'cut' all along from the day we started on the rams, through the wethers to the ewes and lambs—the paradise of shearers—and yet we are not sorry it is over and the last day arrived. The 'boss' is down from the head station with the cheque-book, and—tell it not—perhaps the bottle, to settle with the men and give them a parting glass; and for many long months the 'Malloola' woolshed will relapse again into that repose from which six weeks ago we roused it.

THE HOSPITALLERS.

CHAPTER II.

MANY of the old mansions of the Welsh Borders bear to this day the sign and symbol of a bygone martial age. Most of the castles, such as Goodrich and Raglan, have long since become nothing but historical and romantic ruins; but where some of the great houses have remained in prosperous hands, the feudal character in many instances still obtains.

And perhaps one of the most perfect specimens along the whole length of Offa's Dyke is Fotheryngsby Court. Built originally of some dark stone, almost impervious to the onslaught of time, and repaired at frequent periods by succeeding Fotheryngsbys, the house, or rather castle, presents to this day perhaps the most perfect specimen of a border fortress. It stands upon a gentle eminence, commanding a wide and beautiful stretch of country, protected by a moat, which is crossed by a drawbridge, bounded by a green courtyard, now

devoted to nothing more warlike than the exercising of horses; and beyond this again lies the Court, flanked by a forest of gigantic elms, where a colony of herons have formed their noisy republic. The moat, no longer a blank watery ditch, is clear and deep, with feathery ash and alder shading the water-lilies, a smooth tarn filled with many kinds of fish. The house itself, with a central tower and widely spreading battlements, seems to have lost its frown, as it looks down upon the sloping lawns and trim parterres all ablaze with scarlet geranium and lobelia, rioting in the huge stone vases on the terrace. Where once the vassals gathered together at the sound of horn, or the warning fires burning on the battlements, long stretches of greensward bear thin white lines, denoting a gentler pastime; the great quadrangle is now a rose-garden, with grassy paths between, the gray walls sheltering the delicate cream and yellow and crimson blooms, so that the winds of heaven may not visit their sweetness too roughly.

Inside, the old medieval character is still maintained, with so much of modern art and culture as lends an air of comfort to the place. The house, with its dusky oak and chain-armour and stained glass, had no appearance of ruin or disaster, nothing to show that the last of the Fotheryngsbys was gone and that an alien reigned in his stead, master of his very house, proprietor of every stick and stone within the Court.

But the fortunate young owner of all this majestic beauty was occupied with other thoughts as he sat in his library, where no work literary or otherwise had yet been done, save when a harassed Fotheryngsby indicted epistles to hungry creditors. Hugh Debenham was thinking nothing of this as he sat with a blank sheet of note-paper before him and an unlighted cigar between his teeth. Seated opposite to him, and watching his moody countenance with ill-disguised anxiety, was a lady, a haughty-looking dame, whose flashing black eyes and dark hair proclaimed the fact, as a glance at the young man would show, that their relationship was a close one.

Hugh Debenham looked up and laughed uneasily. 'I daresay I am very much to blame,' said he, with some traces of sarcasm underlying the words; 'still, you know, it was not my fault I was born with a heart. If you only saw'——

'There; spare me the gushing details. If you were five years younger I should know how to deal with you; but as it is—— Still, I am only wasting words, as we both very well know. Really, Hugh, I cannot understand your going through the solemn farce of consulting me in the matter.'

'No? I have a fancy to ask my mother's opinion upon these questions—another proof of my being old-fashioned and out of date. We won't quarrel, however; because there is small probability of your being deposed from your high state at present. A man can't very well marry a girl who hides herself away from him, as Sylvia has done.'

Mrs Debenham looked around her with a sigh of satisfaction. The idea of any one but a damsel of the bluest blood presiding over the destinies of the house of Debenham was utterly repugnant to her patrician soul. Still at the same time it seemed a strange thing that any girl, and especially one of lowly station, should have the audacity to scorn the handsome and gallant owner of such a place as Fotheryngsby.

'I cannot help respecting her,' returned the lady more cheerfully. 'She displayed a most lady-like feeling in doing as she has done.'

'But, my dear mother, she is a lady. There is no doubt of that.'

'There are ladies *and* ladies,' Mrs Debenham continued smoothly. 'For instance, Mrs Clayton, your solicitor's wife, is a lady; so equally is our neighbour the Countess De la Barre; yet you could not place them on the same level.'

'I haven't made a study of these nice distinctions,' said Hugh dryly. 'And though Miss Goldsworthy did hold an inferior position—isn't that the correct phrase?—I must confess to seeing little difference between mistress and servant. Besides, we are not entirely free from the taint, if it is a taint, which I very much doubt, of being connected with business.'

'That is by no means a just view to take,' said the listener severely. 'It is true that your father speculated with a view to mending his fortunes, as many gentlemen do now. It would be absurd to rank him with an ordinary business man working solely for gain.'

'We won't go into the ethics of aristocratic commerce at present, because I have an engagement in Castleford this morning. I am about to pay my new possession there a visit.—Is it really true that old Captain Goldsworthy is actually an inmate of Blackfriars?'

Mrs Debenham did not speak for a moment. When she did so, there was a certain hardness in her voice that would have struck an observant listener as being akin to something like terror. For a moment her face lost its haughty expression; her eyes seemed to be contemplating some long-forgotten but unpleasant mental picture.

'He is there—yes. I never thought of that. There was some—some unpleasantness between your father and him when Captain Goldsworthy lost his money. I know there were some terrible things said between them.'

Hugh, playing listlessly with a pen and scattering the ink recklessly, heard nothing of this, for a new light had suddenly illuminated the darkness of his mind. It seemed as if the clue for which he had been so long groping in the dark was at length in his hands. 'I wonder,' said he, speaking partially to himself, 'if my Miss Goldsworthy and the Captain are related? Strange that such an idea did not occur to me before.'

'It is possible,' Mrs Debenham returned, with well-simulated carelessness. 'I never saw much of him, though he and your father were such great friends. I fancy this daughter went to London in some capacity.'

'It might be she,' said Hugh musingly, 'it might.—What nonsense am I talking! Do not give yourself any unnecessary anxiety, mother. In all probability it will be my fate to wed a Clara Vere de Vere yet.'

As his mother stood and watched him drive away in the direction of Castleford, the pained expression on her face deepened, and certain uncomfortable forebodings troubled the watcher, as the memory of an old crime is touched by some unconscious hand. 'Was it a crime,' she

murmured to herself, 'or only an act of prudence?' She turned away, and approaching a distant corner of the room, unlocked a small ebony cabinet, ornamented by heavy brass fittings. Inside lay a heap of papers, faded letters tied up with a piece of faint blue riband, from which there arose that sickly smell peculiar to old documents. Hastily turning over the various bundles, she arrived at length at the packet she was in search of—a small parcel of documents folded in brown paper, and bearing the written inscription, 'Goldsworthy.'

Most of the letters were merely tissues—that is, business epistles indited in an old-fashioned letter-book of the carbon paper and stylus type, dry communications of a purely commercial nature, mostly relating to stocks and shares, the jargon of which would be unintelligible to the average reader. One of them, folded away by itself, ran as follows:

25/7/74.

DEAR GOLDSWORTHY.—I cannot see you today, being confined to the house with a broken arm, as you probably know. This anxiety is fearful. But you must not suffer for me, as, after all, I can stand the crash best. Go to town immediately and dispose of every share, and warn all your friends. Think only of yourself, and nothing of the unhappy individual who has placed you in such imminent financial peril. I have wired my broker to do the best he can.—Yours ever, H. CRICHTON DEBENHAM.

P.S.—If you have time, give me ten minutes before you start.

'If he had known,' murmured Mrs Debenham, 'we should have been ruined. As it was, there was barely time to save ourselves. And yet I could almost wish that I had never seen this fatal letter.'

Meanwhile, all unconscious of this nameless, shapeless dishonour, Hugh Debenham drove into Castleford, looking forward with almost boyish pleasure to visiting his new and strange possession. A thousand charitable schemes engaged his mind, little plans for the increased comfort of his pensioners, who, sooth to say, had been somewhat neglected by the last of the Fotheryngsbys. There was some little business to be transacted, first principally a visit to a decorator and artist who had taken no slight part in the adornment of Fotheryngsby Court. It was in the direction of this individual's house that Debenham first directed his steps upon reaching Castleford.

There are few towns of any size without one inhabitant of more than ordinary mental powers, and Harold Abelwhite, the crippled artist, represented most of the artistic talent of Castleford. Born of the humblest parentage, and often being acquainted with the actual want of food, there was yet something indomitable in that white face and feeble body. He lived alone in one of the small cottages on the outskirts of Castleford, attending to his own wants, and painting such pictures as one day will make him famous. Unaided, untaught, weighed down by stress of circumstance, the painter had yet succeeded in educating himself, and, what is harder still, in keeping himself by the proceeds of his brush and pencil.

It was a pretty little cottage, with a small garden, filled with old-fashioned flowers; and as Debenham approached, he found the painter tying up some sweet-peas to a trellis-work behind which lay the house. There were but two rooms down-stairs, each meanly furnished, and devoted to the requirements of eating and sleeping. It was only when the stairs were mounted that the owner's artistic tastes were fully disclosed.

The whole floor, turned into one room, and lighted by a large latticed window, had been converted into a studio. There was a curiously-woven Persian carpet on the floor, contrasting harmoniously with the draped hangings on the walls, out of which peeped here and there a finished picture, or a marble statue standing boldly out against the sombre background; or, again, a suit of Milanese armour towering above a perfect forest of palms and ferns, with which the studio was profusely ornamented; while the only flowers there were huge nosegays of deep yellow roses, thrown carelessly, as it seemed, into china bowls. In the centre of the floor stood a picture on an easel, carefully covered with a white cloth, and this, together with an open paint-box, was the sole evidence of there being any particular work on hand.

'What a beautiful room!' Debenham cried admiringly. 'There is certainly nothing conventional in its treatment, and that is something nowadays.'

'Every one can enjoy art at home now,' replied the cripple, his sensitive face flushing at the compliment, 'if he only has the taste. I could make every home in England artistic, with no outlay to speak of.'

Hugh nodded slightly, but said nothing in return. He was fascinated by the quiet beauty of the place, and not a little interested in the earnestness of his companion. There was something contagious in the enthusiasm of the handsome cripple, with face aflame and dark eyes burning, as he touched upon his favourite theme—the artistic education of the people. At length Hugh asked, 'How about the cabinet?'

'The difficulty is solved; the damaged marqueterie has been repaired, even better than I thought possible. Look there.' The speaker pointed to an exquisite specimen of an inlaid cabinet, so perfect that Debenham could scarcely believe it to be the same damaged work of art he had seen it to be only a week previously.

'I always thought you were a genius,' he said admiringly. 'It was a pet piece of furniture of my father's—the receptacle for his business papers, in fact. May I see the picture you have veiled so closely?'

The artist flushed again, but this time in a bashful kind of way, as a lover might when displaying his lady's picture. With a certain lingering tenderness he put the white cloth aside.

It was a simple subject enough, treated without any meretricious attempt at display—a simple cottage interior, with the window filled with geraniums and creeping plants; and in the dim light filtering through the leaves was the figure of a girl, clad all in white, reading from a book upon the table. Close by her side was another figure, that of a man clad in a naval uniform, his hands crossed before him in an attitude of atten-

tion; while the group was made up by a third, a somewhat older man, clad in a scarlet coat, his eyes fixed devotedly upon the reader's face. The colouring, soft and subdued, served only to throw up the vivid naturalness of the painting.

Artist and spectator stood a moment, the one regarding the work intently, the painter with his gaze fixed almost sternly upon his companion's face, and as he did so he saw a strange glad light flash into Debenham's eyes—a look of pleased recognition illuminating every feature.

'That is no effort of imagination,' he cried; 'you know all those characters?'

'Yes, I know them,' said the artist quietly. 'How did you discover that?'

'Because I happen to be acquainted with that lady. Will you so far favour me as to give me her address?'

'Ah!' said the cripple, 'I am a solitary man, with few pleasures and few friends. To me the study of expression is a necessity of my art. And as you examined that picture I watched you. In that brief moment I learnt your secret—I read the joy in your face. Forgive me if I speak plainly. What is Sylvia Goldsworthy to you?'

'That question you have no right to ask,' Hugh replied gently. 'I am not angry with you, because I feel that you mean well.'

But Abelwhite scarcely caught the purport of these words. Every nerve in his body quivered with restless agitation, though his keen earnest gaze never turned from his visitor's face. For a moment he hesitated, like one who complies against his will; then he simply said, 'Come with me.'

They passed out together through the streets of Castleford, the handsome aristocrat and crippled artist walking side by side in silence, till at length the Widemarsh Street was reached. Here, before the long blank wall bounding the Blackfriars' Hospital, Abelwhite paused, and turning down a side-lane, opened a door in the wall and bade his companion enter.

The gardens lay still and quiet in the peaceful sunshine. The ancient ruin, with its mantle of ivy rustling in the breeze, gave a quaint bygone air to the place. It seemed to Hugh as if he had shaken off the world, and left every feeling, save that of rapture, far behind.

'What a beautiful old place!' he cried. 'What do you call it?'

'We call it the Blackfriars' Hospital—your property now.—Mr Debenham, you will find it to be a great responsibility. It is in your power to make the lives of these worthy men happy. Come and see them occasionally, and note what a little it takes to make people joyful and lighthearted.'

'They shall not complain,' Hugh replied mechanically. 'Can I see the cottages?'

There were cool shadows in the quadrangle, a pleasant smell of homely flowers—wallflowers, mignonette, and Brompton stock, and over all a dead silence, save for the voice of a woman reading behind one of the open doors. Hugh felt himself drawn towards the cottage, and, looking in, beheld a copy of Abelwhite's picture, only the figures were real and lifelike. There was the Captain, seated in his chair; and opposite him Ben Choppin, listening reverently to the words falling from the reader's lips, the sound of a sweet womanly voice, the tones of which caused the watcher's heart to beat a little faster and the colour to deepen on his cheek. For some moments he stood, till the even tones ceased at length and the book was laid aside.

'May we enter?' Hugh asked eagerly. 'Would they mind?'

'Why not?' Abelwhite asked. 'They should be pleased enough to welcome you, and I am a constant visitor; and'—here the speaker lowered his voice till his words were scarcely audible—'may it be that I have done right; but I am not without misgivings.'

IVORY.

THERE are not many specimens of luxury which have excited so much interest in the public mind during the past few years as Ivory. Articles have been written by the score, with a view of proving conclusively that at no remote future the supply of ivory will cease altogether; indeed, some writers, drawing a little upon their imagination, have ventured to prophesy that within a few years ivory ornaments would be treasured as great rarities.

Although this view has gained ground of late years, the idea is not new, as an Encyclopædia published in 1874 states: 'If to the quantity of ivory required for Britain be added that required for the other countries of Europe, Asia, and America, the number of elephants annually killed must be very great; and the passion for ivory may eventually lead to the extermination of this noble animal.' But four years later, the quantity of ivory offered in the London auctions (six hundred and seventy tons) was the largest supply submitted to buyers in any one year during the past quarter of a century. In the year 1864 five hundred and twenty-two tons of ivory were brought to public sale; during 1869, five hundred and eleven tons; in 1874, four hundred and ninety-six tons; 1879 offered five hundred and ten tons; and 1884 five hundred and thirty-one tons. The average annual supply at the London auctions during the nineteen years from 1863 to 1881 was five hundred and fourteen tons; but in the following twelve months (1882) only three hundred and ten tons were submitted to buyers. But the discussion then raised as to the probable early extinction of ivory was allayed by the average annual supply in London during the two following years (1883 and 1884) increasing to four hundred and seventy-eight tons.

The world's requirements of this valuable article have always been mainly dependent upon the supplies obtainable from the Dark Continent of Africa. No doubt, many travellers can remember the time when elephants were to be seen a little distance north of the Cape; but it is a distinct fact that the animals move off directly the white man appears; and with the march of civilisation, elephants have been driven far into the interior of Africa, and are now seldom seen anywhere south of the Zambesi.

This fact has no doubt had a considerable effect in the falling-off of supplies of ivory during the past five years, as the present haunts of the elephants are so far removed from ports of

shipment as to cause the question of transport to be a difficult matter. It was the knowledge of this fact that caused every one in the trade to doubt the possibility of Emin Pasha bringing any quantity of ivory with him from the interior of Africa, although numerous statements were made in the press that the traveller had sixty tons of ivory with him; and our readers will remember that reports went even further than this, it being stated that some German bankers had been consulted with a view of their advancing the sum of sixty thousand pounds against the ivory when it reached the coast.

The tusks of ivory are carried by the natives on their heads or shoulders; and to prevent the ivory slipping, it is frequently fastened in a sort of cage of four short pieces of wood. Large heavy teeth are slung on to a pole and carried by two natives. Some of the largest teeth known have weighed from one hundred and seventy to one hundred and eighty pounds each tusk; but these are rare, although teeth weighing from eighty to one hundred pounds each are frequently met with in the London auctions.

It is curious how little is known regarding the age attained by elephants in their wild state; it would be most interesting to know the age of one of these splendid animals bearing tusks weighing together, say, three hundred pounds' weight. Another point never satisfactorily explained is, whether the small teeth—known in the trade as 'scrivelloes'—mostly averaging from five to ten pounds each, generally commanding from forty to fifty pounds per hundredweight, the ivory being close and useful—are the early growth of larger teeth, or the produce of a different species of elephant. Opinions mostly lean to the latter notion. Soft ivory always commands a higher price in the market than hard, and naturally teeth that are sound are more valuable than those containing cracks or other defects. Good-sized teeth are hollow where they were attached to the elephant, and for some distance down the tusk; and the quantity of disease apparent in the interior points distinctly to the fact that this disease must cause the animals excessive pain, and may perhaps go to account for the fearful noise heard from the haunts of elephants, often referred to in books of travel.

The demand for billiard balls has shown considerable increase of late years, and this is not surprising when our readers think of the supply required to keep pace with the trade requirements. Many old Indian merchants can remember when a billiard table was a rarity in India; but at the present time there is a big annual demand for 'bangles' (pieces of ivory), from which the billiard balls are manufactured in the East. As a matter of fact, the very highest prices paid for any description of ivory are realised for what are known in the trade as 'cut billiard-ball pieces,' which generally weigh from eight to thirteen pounds each, and measure across two and a half to three inches; to-day's value of such being ninety-five to one hundred and six pounds per hundredweight. These prices were no doubt taken as a basis by a contemporary who announced that the price of ivory had advanced to two thousand pounds sterling per ton and upwards. Such an all-round average price as this would only be paid for the finest ivory suitable for billiard balls; whereas in nearly every parcel there is a quantity of inferior and defective teeth, which only command from forty to fifty pounds per hundredweight. We think, in estimating the all-round average value of ivory to-day as about thirteen hundred pounds per ton, we are very near the actual fact. Glancing back a quarter of a century, we find the average value twenty-five years ago was about six hundred to six hundred and fifty pounds per ton.

During the past twenty years, nine thousand one hundred and forty-four tons of ivory have been offered in the London public auctions, and this would represent the destruction of some four hundred and fifty thousand elephants. But to further fully realise the immense numbers of this noble animal which must have existed in Africa, it is necessary to remember that the above figures only include the number of elephants killed for their ivory, and it is well known that only the males possess ivory tusks.

The opinion is frequently expressed that a great deal of the ivory brought from the interior was from elephants found dead, or the remains of deceased elephants; but the best information we have met with concerning the origin of the ivory supply points to the bulk—in fact, nearly all—being taken from elephants shot for this special purpose.

The native carriers from the interior do not think much of the numbers of elephants killed annually to supply the trade demand, in comparison with the living herds on the vast plains of the interior, so that it is quite possible increased quantities of ivory may come forward when the vast continent of Africa is opened up.

The imports into London have certainly shown a decided falling off during the past five years, the average annual quantity in the sales from 1885 to 1889 being three hundred and forty-seven tons, against an annual supply during the five years 1880 to 1884 of four hundred and fifty tons.

But we must point out that Liverpool has had public sales of ivory during the last few years, principally west coast quality brought by the direct steamers, and often including, we believe, some of the River Niger Company's ivory, although the bulk of their imports is sold in London.

Another important feature is the quantity of ivory obtained from the Congo Free State by the Belgian Company; and this is all sold in Antwerp; and the auction held there last autumn included no fewer than thirty-one tons; and there was another sale in Antwerp early in the present year of fifteen tons.

We think we may safely state that the sorting and classification of ivory, an important matter to all concerned, is very much better in the London catalogues than at any other market; and there is very little doubt that higher prices are realised in consequence.

The London public sales which opened on the 28th January and closed on 31st January 1890, included ninety-four and a half tons ivory, which brought together a large attendance of buyers from all parts, and the heavy advance in values secured at the previous London sales in October 1889 were fairly well maintained.

In closing our article upon this very interesting subject, we think it is difficult to speak of the

future; there is the undoubted fact that since the Soudan troubles commenced, many articles previously exported from that district have ceased entirely to come forward, and this, in our opinion, has had an important effect also upon the supplies of ivory; and whenever trade from the interior is well resumed, the high price now obtainable for elephants' tusks will certainly be a strong incentive to traders to procure the article.

LYNCHING IN AMERICA.

It frequently happens in America that a mob, incensed by the sight of some blood-curdling deed, takes the law into its own hands and gives immediate expression to its natural and righteous indignation. It is with a view of discountenancing every kind of extra-judicial punishment, and of passing over the punishment of criminals to the properly-constituted authorities, that we give the following account of what took place at Fort Collins, in the State of Colorado, about three years ago. An added terror, no doubt, will always accompany an outburst of popular fury, and it is possible that an occasional exercise of lynch-law may have a deterrent effect on scoundrels and ruffians whom no other terrors can restrain. But the annals of justice furnish numberless instances in which men have been confronted with every appearance of guilt, but where a fuller investigation has proved them innocent. In the early days of America, as in the early days of the world, it was not only natural but necessary that prompt punishment should be dealt out to murderers, lest—as there did not then exist the facilities for the proper disposal of criminals which we now possess—they might escape scot-free, either by eluding their jailers, or by an effectual resistance to constituted authorities being organised on their behalf by relatives, friends, or followers.

It is not too much to say that many of the most prosperous and law-abiding cities in Central and Western America have been evolved from rough camps, occupied by all kinds of adventurers and desperadoes, who regarded the taking of human life as little more than a jest. An Irishman, it was said twenty years ago, will bandy more words about the price of a couple of drinks than will the 'shootists' of the Pacific over a quarrel which ends in the taking of as many lives. In that wild and unorganised state of society, it became absolutely necessary for the peaceable citizens to combine together, and by the establishment of 'vigilance committees,' pursue and punish men who committed serious crimes. But in places so far civilised as to boast of a sheriff and a jail, any interference with justice is unwarranted and reprehensible, and ought not to be left unpunished.

Perhaps the less said about the murder at Fort Collins the better. It was of an unspeakably brutal character. The guilt of the murderer was manifest. A millwright, John Howe by name, murdered his wife in the street and in the presence of a driver of a wagon. The deed was done with a celerity which admitted of no interference on the part of this horrified witness of the tragedy, who as soon as possible rushed to the support of the victim and vainly endeavoured to stanch the flowing blood. Howe was admittedly partially intoxicated at the time. The motive for the crime arose out of the jealous nature of Howe, who accused his wife of indiscretions which all who knew her were convinced were false. Howe was arrested in his own house, and without trouble conveyed to the county jail, escorted by the sheriff and several deputies. This happened about mid-day.

Fort Collins, though it goes by the name of city, is a town containing little more than a thousand inhabitants. By three o'clock there was commotion among these. The news of the tragedy had spread like wildfire. Men began to saunter up and form groups and talk; the groups thickened hugely, and then melted into one vast dense crowd. Every one knows how strangely the emotional power multiplies itself in all assemblages of human beings; how men in a body will do things which no single man among them would think of doing. And so there was a great heaving and pushing and swaying to and fro; and the excitement grew and grew, and the feeling of indignant demand for the quick retribution of outraged life swelled, until it could be confined by no bounds. Lynching was loudly talked of. The crowd needed only a leader to make a rush and tear the prisoner from his keepers. But a leader was not immediately forthcoming; and the crowd melted away, as crowds will unless provided with continuous food for excitement.

But the fire which had been kindled only smouldered; it had not died out. At nine o'clock that evening some three hundred men presented themselves at the jail and demanded admittance. Their manner bespoke business. All were mounted, and the leaders were effectually masked. Admittance was refused; but they were not to be balked. The jailer, the sheriff, and his posse of some twenty men made a faint-hearted resistance and succumbed to superior force.

There is not in an American jail that sombre solidity about everything which so depresses a visitor to a British jail; consequently, the door of Fort Collins jail soon yielded to the application of a pine-log battering-ram; and the masked men entered and dragged Howe from his cell. Understanding what was taking place, the miscreant flung himself a few times against the iron bars which formed his cage, and then, in the lowest depth of despair, crouched in abject fear upon the straw which covered the floor of his cell. But the battering-ram which had broken open the jail door soon forced the frail barrier which separated Howe from his self-constituted judges, and through the opening the fear-paralysed wretch was dragged. Arrived at the base of a derrick which was being used in the construction of a house at the outskirts of the town, the cavalcade halted. The majority of those who composed it dismounted. The leader spoke briefly and to the point. The sense of justice which resided in the breasts of the murderer's self-constituted executioners compelled them to ask if Howe had anything to say, and to allow him a few minutes to make his peace with Heaven. Howe had no appeal to make to Heaven. But singling out the man whom by some subtle magnetism all recognised as the superior power, the criminal threw himself at his feet and clung with piteous entreaties to his knees. The latter shook him off and turned away in disgust. His cowardly cries for pity were met by derisive shouts. A

noose was quickly slipped over his head and around his neck; the rope was then passed over the top of the derrick and seized by a hundred strong hands. How in all doubtful transactions men like to divide their responsibility! The leader of the masked men gave the word. 'One, two, three!' cried the men at the rope. Howe shot up into the air as if a ton-weight had fallen at the other end of the hempen cord, and so the life was strangled out of him. Without comment the rope was tied to the base of the derrick; and the cavalcade moved off in silence, leaving the dead body swaying in the wind.

It must not be understood that in general circumstances the respect for law and order in by far the greater part of America is less marked than it is in Britain. But lest any one should suppose that violations of the ordinary course of justice such as we have described are by any means infrequent, let us say that within six months of our writing at least a dozen cases of lynching have been brought to our notice. To every sensitive heart there is surely something peculiarly revolting in the display of deliberate human bloodshed, in calmly going to work to deprive a fellow-creature of existence. But if it is necessary that death punishments should be inflicted, there can be no two opinions about the desirability of their being divested of all appearance of vindictiveness. If the most solemn tribunals are liable to err—and all human institutions are fallible—how much more likely is it that an infuriated crowd will make mistakes; and mistakes in such matters as these are beyond rectification. It is recognised in America that the punishment of all misdemeanours is the function of the law, and punishment is meted out to those who interfere with the exercise of its functions except in this the 'head and front' of all offences. Hence, although we see many notices of lynchings in the newspapers of America, in none, or in remarkably few, does the Government think it its duty to see that the lynchers are traced and properly punished.

The necessity for justice to move slowly and to be in the hands of properly-constituted authorities, if it is to be even-handed, was never better illustrated than by a case reported at great length in the *Procès Criminels Extraordinaires*. Two travellers in France put up at the same inn. At the dead of night the inmates were aroused by cries of 'Murder!' The servants of the inn rushed to the room from which the sounds proceeded, and there found one of the strangers standing over the other with a lighted candle in one hand, a knife reeking with blood in the other, and a look of intense horror on his face. The knife had obviously been drawn from the wound in the chest of the murdered man. The *habits de nuit* of the survivor were covered with blood, which had obviously gushed from the other's wounds on the withdrawal of the knife. The hotel servants at once accused him of murder. He was given into custody, and the next day brought up for examination. He then protested his innocence, and gave a very plausible explanation of his presence in the murdered man's room and of the position in which he was found. He said that just as he was about to blow out his light, hearing cries for help, he snatched up his candle, and proceeding along the corridor, was directed by groans to the room in which he was found. He there saw a man extended on the floor with a knife plunged in his bosom. He withdrew it instinctively. No sooner had he done this than the servants entered, and found him in the position described. He was naturally horror-stricken at the sight, and his look of horror had been mistaken by the hotel servants for one of guilt.

But, fortunately, the circumstantial evidence that will hang a man does not depend upon the force of any one circumstance or set of circumstances, but upon the strength of the whole. There was one link in the chain missing—the absence of all motive for the crime. Under the circumstances, the accused could hardly have stolen anything from the deceased, inasmuch as a minute search of the room had revealed no trace of anything having been secreted. The theory that the crime was the result of private hatred of long-standing was altogether as baseless. No connection could be traced between the two men; on the contrary, there was evidence of no look of recognition having passed between them. The Court recognised the difficulty, and remanded the accused. No further evidence against him was forthcoming. In his favour, it was shown that he was a man against whose honesty nothing could be urged. Such being the state of things, it yet looked as though the logical and ordinary consequence of the man's position must follow and his life be forfeited.

But no. The case took an unexpected turn. A man who was convicted of horse-stealing and sentenced to penal servitude for life, confessed that he was the murderer, and substantiated his statements with indubitable proofs. He was staying at the hotel on the night in question. His motive for the crime was the possession of a pocket-book containing notes and money which was exhibited by the deceased in his presence. He gave information as to where the pocket-book—which, by the way, contained part of the stolen notes and money and the murdered man's name—would be found; he was recognised as having been in the company of the deceased on the night of the murder; the knife with which it was committed was proved to have been his property; and he justly suffered the death penalty.

Had it not been for this providential delay, the death penalty would have been inflicted upon an innocent man. To him no remuneration—so to speak—would have been possible. And we ask what recompense could have been made to his wife, his surviving relatives, or those dependent upon him?

The foregoing is an instance in which the application of lynch-law would have been as baneful in fact as it is in philosophy. What is bad in principle cannot be good in practice. We shrink from a consideration of what dire injustice may result from a number of individuals being allowed without prodigious punishment to usurp the functions of the legislature and to substitute hatred and revenge for the scales of justice. And in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it cannot be pleaded that lynching is necessary for the security of society, the suspected criminal being forcibly taken from the safe custody of those who only have the right to inflict death.

The perfunctoriness in the administration of justice in America, the manner in which political influence can be brought to bear in favour of a criminal, and the power of the almighty dollar to clog the wheels of justice—all these things are matters for regret, and are, we believe, the *raison d'être* of lynchings. They all, however, admit of removal by legislative enactment; and it is to be hoped that the representatives of the people will plead for their abolition, and that in the near future these foul blots will be removed.

The estimate in which human life is held in certain parts of Western America is well illustrated by an anecdote which was told to us by an ex-Attorney-general of the State of Nevada. The story contains an element of humour; but it may serve to point a moral as well as adorn a tale. In a certain small town out West, a stranger once presented a cheque to the cashier of a bank who was also a county judge. 'The cheque is all right, sir,' said the judge. 'But the evidence you offer in identifying yourself as the person to whose order it is drawn is scarcely sufficient.'

'I have known you to hang a man on less evidence,' was the stranger's response.

'Quite likely,' replied the judge; 'but when it comes to letting go of cold cash, we have to be careful.'

SOME EAST END STUDIES.

THE East End of London, despite the factitious and temporary enthusiasm for 'slumming,' fashionable not so long ago, is to the majority of West End people an unknown land. A few sketches from actual life—for to the writer, Whitechapel and Bethnal Green and the area between them are nearly as familiar as Oxford Street—may possibly interest people who cannot imagine any London but their own familiar one, and are more at home in making a continental tour than a journey from one end of London to the other.

In those thickly-populated streets, courts, and in some cases ancient squares, fallen from their high estate, there is a scene of life which in its reality is sometimes broadly humorous, sometimes Dantesque in its grim horrors. It is of the lighter side of life we here propose to speak, and especially to introduce four distinctive characters to the reader, which are probably very little known to the ordinary West End inhabitant.

To see the east of London at its fullest 'typical development,' as the gentleman in *Happy Thoughts* calls it, you must visit it about seven P.M. on Saturday. The crowded stream of humanity is at its thickest; there is more money in a small way to be expended than at any other time, and hence a hundred miniature industries find their opportunity on this evening. Among them comes the first individual whom we would introduce to the reader's notice—the street umbrella auctioneer. He has spread on a sack or other covering in the gutter a quantity of showy umbrellas of all sorts, wonderfully 'faked up,' to use the slang of the trade. Most of them have seen better days, and have fallen from their high estate. After long service, sometimes in very well-to-do quarters, they have come down in a ribless and battered condition, to be bartered away for a pot plant or the like by the servants. Coming into the street-merchants' hands duly seamed, smartened, and furbished, they make a fine show under the glaring paraffin burner which stands behind them, and are at prices within the reach of anybody having a few pence to spend.

The auctioneer has one fine old crusted joke or piece of stage-business which he never omits, its object being to attract a crowd. For he is far above the mere prosaic vendor of goods who simply offers them for sale. 'Patter,' which means street rhetoric, is the belief on which he relies to sell his wares. His first proceeding is the farcical piece of business which commences the evening's work. Unfurling a dilapidated and huge umbrella with a hundred holes in it, and several of its ribs shaking through them, the facetious vendor informs the ladies and gentlemen 'that no money would purchase it, for it is a family treasure. His missus used it when a gal in their courtin' days; many a 'appy 'our 'ave they passed beneath it.' Here he sighs deeply, and inspects it pathetically. 'After they were married, the old woman took it wherever she went; and after they had a family it got into its present condition from—her whacking him about the 'ead with it whenever he came home "tight." (Roars of laughter.) He wouldn't part with it for a fi'-pun note.' This ancient and always successful prologue being over, a thick crowd has collected; and the wily vendor selects a showy umbrella, opens and shuts it, violently manipulates it, declares it to be unbreakable, and puts it up at ten shillings. General silence ensues, and he lowers his price with great rapidity to one shilling and sixpence, at which, with a mystic slap on the ribs—which always denotes that the lowest limit is reached—he generally sells it. He warmly thanks the purchaser, loudly informing the crowd that he has sold it to a gentleman who has money, whereas they, to all appearance, are either 'stone-broke,' or have 'left their ha'pence on the chimney-piece.' And the 'gentleman,' much embarrassed by the general publicity thrust on him, hastily retires.

Fixing his eye on some girl who is looking longingly at the showy little umbrellas in front, he offers her one which has a gorgeous handle, and which, in his dexterous hands and under the paraffin glare, seems equally new and strong, and forcing it on her much as a conjurer does a card, usually effects a sale at about one-sixth of his starting price. The young lady blushingly hears herself loudly complimented on her taste and pecuniary means, much as her predecessor had been, and has to hear a sly allusion to her 'young man's' admiration of the article 'when he's out with her to-morrer.'

In this free-and-easy style the merchant disposes of his stock—we have seen a large one got rid of in a very short time—and especially in a drizzling night. The summer of 1888 was a very fine one for the trade. The most difficult customers to get over are the middle-aged women out marketing, who want an umbrella for family use, and who know by hard experience the value of every penny, who also have a thoroughly effective system of scrutinising everything they buy. Some of the umbrellas so purchased are really wonderfully good, seeing the used-up state in

which after long service they were originally got rid of, and are very creditable specimens of the 'faking' system. The umbrella merchant has a store of rough-and-ready chaff, which is necessary, for there are often lookers-on who have no intention of buying, but of chaffing; these are, however, frequently cajoled into an investment.

Another characteristic figure is that of the street medicine vendor, who, standing at his stall, covered with pills and potions, makes no attempt to sell any at first. Rather would you take him for a disinterested philosopher. Gazing into vacancy, he pours forth a stream of sonorous words on the human system, and has a frightful diagram in glaring colours of a supposed human stomach which has been the seat of dyspepsia. The crowd gape and listen, understanding about one word in ten. Sometimes they are invited to breathe into a glass containing clear liquid. By a very simple chemical trick, the breath causes a precipitate to be thrown down; whereupon the breather, all aghast, is solemnly informed, in stentorian tones—for unwished-for publicity attends most of these transactions down East—that his lungs are in a condition of unsoundness from his stomach; which, however, can be remedied by a box of the wonderful pills, 'Which you'll pay a shilling for in any chemist's shop in London—try that one at the corner—and which I offer at the nominal price of one penny.' Quite a sensation is produced, and a brisk demand ensues for the pills. Remedies for corns also go with great rapidity; and for cough mixtures the demand is enormous. Sometimes the vendor becomes facetious as the night wears on, and does a big business in powders 'warranted to cool your hot coppers after getting tight to-night.' At other times he fixes with his glittering eye some cadaverous-looking individual in the crowd, and, to his great embarrassment, calls him up to the stall and presents him gratis with a box of pills, as 'I can see by your happearance, sir, that your liver is dishorganised, and I wish to benefit my speeshes.' This eleemosynary treatment is usually a profitable investment, and the pennies roll in rapidly.

Given a fine evening and a quiet side street abutting on the main road where pass the madding crowd, the street reciter does a fair trade. He is shabbily dressed, but has an appearance of having seen better days, and invariably carries a white handkerchief as his assistant in gesticulation much as Elliston did in our grandfathers' days, a habit which induced much remonstrance from Lord Byron when on the Drury Lane Committee. The reciter always makes a long speech, with a good deal of tautology, and ends by informing the assembled crowd that he trusts to their generosity to reward his efforts to amuse them. He then pauses, flourishes his handkerchief, smoothes his moustache, settles his collar, and starts off at once, using much the same stilted style and profuse gesticulation which were so popular with transpontine audiences in the days of the Victoria Theatre. All sorts of recitations are in his *répertoire*, those which have been so well known from modern pens of late years taking their turn with American and old English ones. Pathos and babies usually fetch the women's pennies; vigorous Americanisms of the *Phil Blood's Leap* type, the men's. Sometimes he realises a small harvest of bronze, and the rougher the audience, curiously enough the better the chance of a 'genteel' appearance in the reciter. 'Pore chap! He's never bin used to this, he hasn't,' is the general comment; and with that real sympathy only found amid the poor classes to any general extent, the pence emphasise the sentiment. Some years back a prominent East End figure was a man of some talent, who, with a wooden sword, recited outside the public-houses, Richard III. and Macbeth's fieriest soliloquies, as also Hamlet's and Othello's.

Nor must we forget the book auctioneer, who vends showy but usually stupid books and quires of back numbers of popular periodicals of old date for trifling prices. He usually stands upon a cart, and informs his auditors that they can get an enormous amount 'of the most hinteresting reading for the fireside as'll keep the workman out of the public,' for a mere trifle. After every three or four words, he smacks violently the book he is exhibiting, and ruffles its leaves to show how strong is its condition; while in case any backwardness is shown by the crowd, he warmly expostulates with them, and becomes quite personal in his animadversions on their spending their money on beer rather than on books.

Lastly must be mentioned the 'totter,' a sordid, melancholy figure. Doubtless, this epithet will puzzle the reader. In East End parlance, 'totting' means collecting every scrap of paper, wood, iron, coal, bone, or other odds and ends which lie in the gutters. It is a business akin to that of the Parisian *chiffonier*, and the sack over its practitioner's shoulder holds a motley and unsavoury selection. Gliding hither and thither amid the crowds of marketing people, the silent, gloomy 'totter' pursues his or her crouching way, a living illustration of the vast gulf in London which divides enormous wealth from poverty as deep as any in the world.

EARTH'S SHADOW.

WHAT spirit darkens the bloom of day?
The clovered meadow no sweetness yields;
A silence rests on the waveless fields;
The world is haggard and gaunt and gray.

The clouds drift wearily over the sky;
The grain is yellow, the hills are bare;
A heaviness broods in the quiet air;
The streamlet sobs as it passes by.

But yesterday morn the flowers were sweet,
The day was bright and the world was young;
And in the even the throstle sung,
And his song was glad and the hours were fleet.

But a misty darkness glimmers athwart
The fields to-day, and the hours are long;
And I hear a dirge in the throstle's song;
For the gloom is the shadow of thee, my heart.

VIRNA WOODS.

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ON HAPPINESS.

From the young lady whose dream of bliss was comprehended in the desire 'to eat fat bacon and swing on the gate all day,' to the philanthropist evolving a scheme for mankind's regeneration; from the sweep's notion of happiness, consisting 'in plenty of chimneys to sweep all day,' to the discoverer feasting his eyes on a new and unexplored region of lake and mountain; from the classic aspiration of the typical Englishman, who says, 'Here's a fine day! let us go out and kill something,' to the patient philosopher who sees a new planet 'swim into his ken'—what a mighty space! filled by all manner of high and low desires, in all sorts and conditions of men.

It is not more true that one man's meat is poison to his neighbour, than that what constitutes this one's happiness would or does make that one's misery. Given a man whose meat and drink it is to collect, to accumulate, to be careful of—be it a museum or a money-bag, and ten to one his heir will find his pleasure, or his pleasures, necessitate the dispersion of the same, piecemeal or wholesale. This one finds the drama of life insupportably dull unless he is tearing through the scenes at a hand-gallop; while that one shrinks from the slightest exertion, as if a shake would shiver the tender fabric of his existence. Here is a man rising early, and so late taking rest, eating the bread of carefulness in order to have the satisfaction of providing a shelter for his old age; and there a man, too resolutely bent on indulging his own delight in idleness to exert himself even to provide to-morrow's meal for his little children.

At one period, a man of genius tells us that happiness is our being's end and aim, and men believe him; at another period, a new prophet arises who tells us that men are not—because they are not meant to be—happy; that the fulfilment of duty is their only legitimate aim; and he in his turn is believed. In effect, there is but little fundamental difference in the philosopher's recommendation of duty in order that peace may ensue, and the poet's commendation of virtue as the only sure path to happiness. It is a singular but unquestionable fact that happiness is so difficult of recognition while present; we feel that it has been, most acutely when, like health, we have to support the want of it. 'Ah happy, if your happiness ye know,' is as true on the one hand, as on the other is the unconsciousness which too often accompanies a brief season of happiness. And yet nothing can be more destructive of happiness, as a thoughtful writer assures us, than the self-seeking of a conscious search after happiness. Watch a little child at play, and you see an unconsciously happy human being. But not all childhood is happy. Every mother, or nursery governess to a large family, knows the sulky, sullen member of the nursery, who has already discovered that life is not worth living, and who does his utmost to compel his otherwise happy little brothers and sisters to be one with him on this point. But even this misanthrope, if he come to old age—though he may resent the idea of being willing to live his life over again—will probably be ready to live, say, six months longer; and this at a time of life when he can scarcely anticipate, reasonably, more ease of body, less inertia of mind. A very triumph, this, of hope over experience.

One great cause of happiness to the young is, doubtless, their delightful anticipations of a future which is to be bright with untried bliss. Mystics and poets share this forecasting of future happiness with children, and with a like result. As children unconsciously and by intuition, so they, by meditation, 'calm the mind, and make the happiness they do not find.' A great moralist supports by his deliberate judgment this foundation whereon to build: 'there is,' he says, 'but one solid basis of happiness, and that is the

reasonable hope of a happy futurity.' How solid it is, each must judge for himself. It cannot be denied that if we could, each of us, see spread out at our feet a splendid future, constantly unrolling and expanding before us, we might catch a spark of the radiant happiness of childhood; but it may be doubted whether this prospect might not somewhat distract us from the dull routine, from the degrading duties, as we might perhaps fancy them, of everyday life. Hope, the poor man's friend, as Fear is the rich man's torment—hope is left; but we all know that hope deferred is but lenten entertainment.

'To one who knows what conduct is,' writes Matthew Arnold in what is surely a very noble passage—'to one who knows what conduct is, it is a joy to be alive; the Lord makes happiness by revealing to us righteousness, and adds to the boon this glorious world to be righteous in.' Undeniably, conduct yields us that sustained satisfaction which nothing else earthly can either afford or destroy.

To be able to look back on a well-spent day cheers and calms us for our approaching rest; while to be able to look back on a well-spent life is to possess in the evening of our days a source of content which Fate itself cannot snatch from our grasp. Bacon places the purest of human pleasures in a garden; but beyond this pleasure, pure and lasting as we acknowledge it to be, we must reckon the soul's calm sunshine felt in one approving hour, when by our conduct we have been enabled to conduce to the comfort of a single human being.

Wealth, honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, all these, and a thousand other good gifts that help to make a man happy, he rejoices over, but with trembling, knowing full well how fragile is his tenure of them: when our soul's content is most absolute, then follows most surely a haunting fear of what shall succeed in unknown fate. But let us take courage; 'to bear is to conquer our fate;' and after all, men can live on a very small modicum of happiness, for they can survive and smile after 'consummate shame, in the profoundest desolation of mind and soul, in abject poverty, in noisome dungeons; by nobly persevering, they live on, and live through it all.'

Moreover, it is the body that warms the clothes, not the clothes the body; and, in the words of one of our great teachers, 'the spirit of a man makes felicity and content, not any spoils of a rich fortune wrapt about a sickly and uneasy soul.' As Burns tells us, if happiness have not her seat and centre in the breast, we never can be blessed.

It behoves us to lay hold of every offered chance of happiness, whether it be in watching and tending the growth of a rose, a lily, a tree, or better still, a human soul; counting ourselves happy if we can help forward any of the beauty and goodness in this world; happy while we possess the present moment's actual power to perceive an outward universe of consummate beauty, if of inscrutable design; and to apprehend an inward world of love and reverence.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXI.—STILL SEARCHING.

I QUITTED the deck-house to take another look round. Just then rain began to fall, and the sea became shrouded with the discharge. So oil-smooth now was the swell, that each drop as it fell pitted the lead-coloured rounds with a black point, and the water alongside looked to be spotted with ink. As I had met with no fresh water in the little room that I call the pantry, and as there might be none in the hold, or none that with my single pair of hands I should be able to come at, I resolved to take advantage of the wet that was pouring down, and dived into the cabin to search for any vessel that would catch and hold it. The flour and sugar casks in the pantry would not do. I peered into the other berths, but could see nothing to answer the purpose. It was of the first consequence, however, to us that we should possess a store of drinking water to mix with our wine, for we were in the tropics: the atmosphere was heavy with heat even under a shrouded heaven; it was easy to figure what the temperature would rise to when the sun should shine forth; and the mere fancy of days of stagnation and of vertical suns, of this hull roasting under the central broiling eye, of the breathless sea stretching in feverish breathings into the dim blue distance unbroken by any tip of sail, and no fresh water to drink, was horribly oppressive, and rendered me half crazy to find some contrivance to catch the rain, which might at any moment cease.

The thought of the lockers in the deck-house occurred to me. I mounted the ladder and searched them, and, to my unspeakable joy, found in the locker upon which Miss Temple had been seated during the night, four canvas buckets, apparently brand-new, as I might judge, from the cloth and from the rope-handles. The rain fell heavily, and the water gushed in streams from the roof of the deck-house at many points of it. In a very short time the buckets were filled, but they were of a permeable substance, and it was necessary to decant them as soon as possible. There was no difficulty in doing this, for there were several empty bottles in the shelves below, along with a couple of large jars, some tin pannikins, and so forth. These I brought up, washed them in the rain, and then filled them, and in this manner contrived to store away a good number of gallons, not to mention the contents of the buckets, which I left hanging outside, to fill up afresh, meaning to use them first, and taking my chance of loss through the water soaking through them.

All this, that is to be described in a few lines of writing, signified a lengthy occupation, that broke well into the day. Miss Temple watched my labours with interest, and begged to be of

service; but she could be of little use to me, nor would I suffer her to expose herself to the wet.

'Will not this rain fill the hull,' she exclaimed, 'and sink her?'

'It would need to keep on raining for a long while to do that,' said I, laughing. 'I am going below to inspect the forepart of her, and to ascertain if possible what her hold contains. Will you accompany me?—The hull rolls steadily; you will not find walking inconvenient, and it is very necessary that you should occupy your mind.'

'I should like to do so,' she answered; 'but should not one of us stay here, in case the sea should clear and show us the ships?'

'Alas!' said I, 'there is no wind, and the ships probably lie as motionless as we. This weather will not speedily clear, I believe. We shall not be long below, and any sort of exertion is better than sitting here in loneliness and musing upon the inevitable, and adding the misery of thought to the distress of our situation.'

'Yes, you are right,' she exclaimed, rising; 'you give me some heart, Mr Dugdale, yet I do not know why. There is nothing that you can say to encourage me to hope.'

To this I made no reply, but took her hand, and assisted her to descend the ladder. She came to a stand at the foot of it, as though terrified by the gloom.

'It is dreadful,' she exclaimed in a low voice, 'to think that only a few short hours ago the poor lieutenant, whose heart was beating high with thoughts of returning home, should have been laughing and joking—here! I can hear his voice still; I can hear Mr Colledge's laughter. —Hark! What noises are those?'

'Rats!' I exclaimed.

The squeaking was shrill and fierce and near. I lighted a candle, she meanwhile coming to my side, her elbow rubbing mine, as though she would have my hand within an instant's reach of her own. The squeaking continued. It sounded as though there were some score of rats worrying something, or fighting among themselves.

'Hold this candle for a moment,' said I; and I advanced to the bulkhead and took down a cutlass, and then peeped into the little passage that divided the after cabins. The rats were somewhere along it, but it was too dark to see; so, laying the cutlass aside, I took down a musket and sent the heavy weapon javelin-fashion sheer into the thick of the hideous noise. A huge rat as big as a kitten rushed over my feet; Miss Temple uttered a shriek, and let fall the candle.

'Do not be alarmed!' I shouted; 'the beasts know their way below;' and seeing the pallid outline of the candle upon the deck, I picked it up and relighted it.

'Oh, Mr Dugdale,' she cried in a voice that trembled with disgust and fear, 'what am I to do? I dare not be here, and I dare not be above, alone. What is more shocking and terrifying than a rat?'

I told her that rats were much more afraid of us than we could possibly be of them; but commiserating her alarm, I offered to escort her to the deck-house.

'But you will not leave me there?' she exclaimed.

'It is very necessary,' said I, 'that I should examine the state of the hull.'

'Then I will stay with you,' said she; 'I cannot endure to be alone.'

She gathered up her dress, holding the folds of it with one hand, whilst she passed the other through my arm. I could feel her shuddering as she clung to me. Her eyes were large with fright and aversion, and they sparkled to the candle-flame as she rolled them over the deck. At the extremity of the passage that separated the foremost berths where the pantry was, stood what I believed a bulkhead; but on bringing the candle to it I discovered that it was a door of very heavy scantling, that slided in grooves, with a stout iron handle for pulling it by. It travelled very easily, as something that had been repeatedly used. The moment it was open, there was plenty of daylight; for the open square of the main hatch yawned close by overhead, of dimensions considerable enough to illuminate every part of this interior.

I stood viewing with wonder a scene of extraordinary confusion. There were no hammocks, but all about the decks, in higgledy-piggledy heaps and clusters, were mats of some sort of West Indian reeds, rugs and blankets, bolster-shaped bags, a few sea-chests, most of them capsized, with their lids open, with a surprising intermixture of hook-pots, tin dishes, sea-boots, oilskins, empty broken cases, staves of casks, tackles, and a raffle of gear and other things of which my mind does not preserve the recollection. Several large rats, on my swinging the door along its grooves, darted from out of the various heaps, and shot with incredible velocity down through the large hatch that conducted into the hold, and that lay on a line with the hatch above.

'By all that's—— Well, well! here's been excitement surely,' said I; 'was ever panical terror more incomparably suggested? But this brig was full of men, and there was manifestly a tremendous scramble at the last. Would not any one think that there had been a fierce fight down here?'

'Do you think there are any dead bodies under those things?' exclaimed Miss Temple in a hollow whisper.

'See!' cried I; 'lest there should be more rats about, suppose I contrive some advantage for you over the beasts;' and so saying, I dragged one of the largest of the sea-chests to the bulkhead, and helped her to get upon it.

This seemed to make her easier. Filled as my mind was with conflicting emotions, excited by the extraordinary scene of hurry and disorder which I surveyed, I could yet find leisure to glance at and deeply admire her fine commanding figure, as she stood, with inimitable unconscious grace, swaying upon the chest to the regular rolling of the hull. It was a picture of a sort to live as long as the memory lasted. There she stood draped in the elegancies of her white apparel, her full, dark eyes large and vital again in the shadow of her rich hat, under which her face showed colourless and faultless in lineament as some incomparable achievement of the sculptor's art: her beauty and dignity heightened

in a manner not to be expressed or explained by the character of the scene round about the uncovered square of hatch through which the rain was falling—the wild disorder of the deck, the rude beams and coarse sides of the interior.

I approached the edge of the hatchway and looked down. Little more was to be seen than ballast, on the top of which lay a couple of dismounted guns, apparently twelve-pounders. A short distance forward in the gloom were the outlines of some casks and cases. The hull was dry, as the lieutenant had said. Water there undoubtedly must have been, washing to and fro under the ballast and down in the run; but too inconsiderable in quantity to give me the least uneasiness. One glance below sufficed to assure me that the fabric of the wreck was tight.

I considered a little whether it might not be possible to so protect the yawning hatches as to provide against any violent inroads of water, should this dirty shadow of weather that overhung the wreck in wet end in wind; but there were no tarpaulins to be seen, no spare planks or anything of a like kind which could be converted into a cover, nothing but mats and rugs, which were not to be put to any sort of use in the direction I had in my mind.

I left Miss Temple standing on the chest, darting alarmed glances at the huddled heaps which littered the decks, and walked forward to a doorway in a stout partition that bulkheaded off a short space of forecastle from these 'tween-decks. There was an open forescuttle here that made plenty of light. This was the interior that had been burnt out, as the lieutenant had told me, to the condition of a charred shell. The deck and sides were as black as a hat, and the place showed as if it had been constructed of charcoal. A strong smell as of fire still lingered. Whatever had been here in the shape of sea-furniture was burnt, or removed by the people. I picked up a small handspike, and entering the cindery apartment, beat here and there against the semi-calcined planks, almost expecting to find the handspike shoot through; but black as the timber looked, it yielded a hearty return of echo to my thumps; and I returned to Miss Temple, satisfied that the hull was still very staunch, and, but for her uncovered hatches, as seaworthy as ever she had been at any time since her launch.

Whilst turning over some of the mats and wearing apparel on the deck with my foot, I spied a large cube of something yellow, and on picking it up and examining it, I was very happy to discover that it was tobacco. I made more of this than had I found a purse of a hundred guineas, for, though I had my pipe in my pocket, I was without anything to smoke; and I cannot express how hungrily during the night I had yearned for the exceeding solace of a few whiffs, and with what melancholy I had viewed the prospect of having to wait until we were rescued before I should obtain a cigar or a pipe of tobacco.

'What have you there, Mr Dugdale?' cried Miss Temple.

'A little matter that, coming on top of the discovery that this hull is as good as a cork under our feet, helps very greatly towards re-establishing my peace of mind—a lump of very beautiful tobacco;' and I smelt it fondly again.

'Oh, Mr Dugdale, I thought it was a dead rat, she exclaimed.—'What are all those mats?'

'The privateersmen used them to sleep on, I expect. The quantity of them tells us how heavily manned this old wagon went.'

'There is no wind, Mr Dugdale. The rain falls in perfectly straight lines. Let us return to the deck-house.'

I took her hand and helped her to dismount. She gathered her dress about her as before, and passed with trepidation through the darksome cabin, holding tightly by my arm, and then, with a wearied despairful air, seated herself upon a locker and leaned her chin in her hand, biting her under-lip whilst she gazed vacantly through the little window at the sullen raining gloom of the sky.

I should but tease you by attempting to narrate the passage of the hours from this point. All day long it rained, no air stirred, and the leaden sea flattened into silky heavings wide apart, on which the hull rolled quietly. Possessing but the clothes in which I stood, I fetched an oilskin from the 'tween-decks to save me from a wet skin; and thus attired, made several journeys into the foretop, where I lingered, straining my gaze all around into the shrouded horizon till my eyeballs seemed to crack to the stretching of my vision. Sometimes when in the deck-house I would start to my feet on fancying I heard a sound of oars; but it was never more than some sobbing wash of swell, or some stir of the rudder swayed on its pintles by the movement of the fabric. There was plenty of stuff below with which to make a smoke, but no preparation for such a signal could be made whilst it rained, nor could any purpose be served by having the materials ready until the weather cleared and wind blew and something hove into sight.

Miss Temple's miserable dejection grieved me bitterly. The horror of our situation seemed to increase upon her, and say what I might, I never succeeded in coaxing the least air of spirit into her face. It was distressing beyond language to see this haughty, beautiful, high-born woman, accustomed to every refinement and elegance that was to be purchased or contrived, reduced to such a pass as this: languidly putting her lips to the rough pannikin in which I would hand her a draught of wine and water, scarcely able to bite the flinty biscuit which, with marmalade and cheese, formed our repasts, sitting for weary long spells at a time motionless in a corner of the rough structure, her eyelids heavy, her gaze fixed and listless, her lips parted, with all their old haughty expression of imperious resolution gone from them, her fingers locked upon her lap, her breast now and again rising and falling with hysteric swiftness to some wrenching emotion, which yet found her face marble-like, and her eyes without their familiar impassioned glow.

I recollect wondering once, whilst watching her silently, whether there would prove anything in this experience to change her character. Should the Indiaman recover us, there might be a full fourteen or even sixteen weeks of association before us yet. Once safely aboard the *Countess Ida*, would she let this experience slip out of her mind as an influence, and repeat in her manner towards myself the cold indifference, the haughty

neglect, the distant supercilious usage, which I had found so insolent, that I was coming very near to as cordially hating her character as I deeply admired the beauties and perfections of her face and person? Was she not a sort of woman to accept an obligation, and to look, if it suited her to do so, very coldly afterwards upon the person who had obliged her? Ridiculous as the emotion was at such a time, when, for all I knew, in a few hours the pair of us might be floating, a brace of corpses, fathoms deep in that leaden ocean over the side, yet I must confess to a small stir of exultation at the thought that supposing us to be rescued, let her behave as she pleased, she never could escape the memory of having been alone with me in this horrible hull, nor avert the discovery of this circumstance by her relatives and friends. It was a consideration, indeed, to bring her very much closer to me than ever she had dreamt of; and to my mind it was as complete a turning of the tables as the most romantic fancy could have invented, that she who could scarcely address me on board the Indiaman for pride and for dislike too, for all I could tell, should now be in the intimate and lonely association of shipwreck with me, clinging to me, entreating me not to leave her side, dependent upon such spirit and energy as I possessed for the food and drink that was to support us, and again and again talking to me with a freedom which she would have exhibited to no living creature in the Indiaman, her aunt excepted.

When that second night came down black as thunder, raining hard, the ocean breathless, I entreated her to rest.

'You must sleep, Miss Temple,' said I; 'I will keep watch.'

She shook her head.

'Nay,' I continued; 'you will rest comfortably upon this locker. You need but a pillow. There is nothing in the cabins to be thought of for that purpose; but I believe I can contrive a soft bolster for you out of my coat.'

'You are very kind; but I shall not be able to sleep.'

I continued to entreat her, and now she was affected by my earnestness.

'Since it will please you if I lie down, Mr Dugdale, I will do so,' said she.

I whipped off my coat and rolled it up; and she removed her hat with a manner that made me see she abhorred even this trifling disturbance of her apparel, as though it signified a sort of settling down to the unspeakable life of the wreck. The fabric swayed so tenderly that the bottle containing the candle stood without risk of capsizal upon the table, and the small but steady flame shone clearly upon her. How delicate were her features by that light! how rich and beautiful the exceeding abundance of the dark coils of her hair, the richer and the more beautiful for the neglect in it, for the shadowing of her white brow by the disordered tresses, for the drooping of it about her ears with the sparkle of diamonds there! Presently she was resting.

I removed the candle to the stanchion, and secured the bottle where the light would be off her eyes, and sat me down near the doorway as far from her as the narrow breadth of the structure would permit, where I filled a pipe and smoked, expelling the fumes into the air, and listening with a heavy heart to the faint sounds breaking from the interior of the hull, to the washing moan, at long intervals, of some passing heave of swell, and to the squeaking of the rats in the cabin below—a most dismal and shocking sound, I do protest, to hearken to amidst the hush and blackness of that ocean night, scarce vexed by more than the pattering of the rain.

From time to time Miss Temple would address me; then she fell silent, and by-and-by, looking towards her, I observed that she had fallen asleep.

SEEKING SUNKEN TREASURE.

THE greedy ocean—as Horace terms the boundless expanse of waters that joins the nations it divides—not only puts a period to the checkered career of many a skilful seaman, but also engulfs stately ships and the toil-won treasures which they perchance contain. It is, however, much more the friend of man than his enemy. The human race have not been slow to devise means whereby some portion of the spoil can be recovered from the fabled home of Neptune and the Nereids. Seeking for treasure at the bottom of old ocean partakes somewhat of the nature of a lottery, with few prizes and many blanks; but it has attracted the attention of adventurous spirits making haste to get rich under every sky. It is the correct thing nowadays to form such a venture into a Limited Liability company, as though it were a silver mine or any other terrestrial undertaking. The scapegrace son in *Ready Money Mortiboy* is represented by the authors as stimulating the rapacity of his father by a plausible description of a rich wreck that lay in about eight fathoms of water somewhere between Turk's Islands and the Bahamas in a snug spot known only to himself. One hundred thousand pounds sterling, in substantial ingots of gold and silver won from the bowels of the earth, awaited him who should be bold enough to attempt their rescue from the depths of the sea. All this treasure could be obtained, he informed his avaricious sire, at a total expenditure of one-twentieth of its value. This would certainly yield a higher percentage than antiquated consols or even a modern cotton 'corner.'

Jules Verne has delighted his numerous readers by his extravagant descriptions of submarine forests, pearls worth ten million francs and as large as a cocoa-nut, and gigantic oysters. Scientific expeditions have failed to meet with any of these marvellous ocean treasures, evolved from the inner consciousness of the famous writer of fiction in a motley garb of distorted facts. They have, however, acquired other deep-sea treasures, which, although valueless on 'Change, and probably classed with the veriest rubbish by matter-of-fact men of business, have proved important factors in determining a more accurate know-

ledge of marine zoology and botany. Then, again, there are those more humble toilers of the sea, divers for pearl and sponge, who perform their arduous tasks without extraneous aid. The length of time spent under water by these men, after leaving the upper air, is limited by their powers of endurance. Hence, neither extensive nor prolonged submarine operations could be effected in this way. We are concerned more immediately with greater gain.

Diving-bell, waterproof suit and helmet, and electric light, have done much to render work under water a success. When constructing the foundations of a bridge, or repairing a leaky place in the immersed portion of a ship's hull, it is often absolutely necessary that men shall remain beneath the surface of the water while the work is proceeding. It is true that a coffer-dam might be built up; but this would be more costly and less speedy. The diving-bell—a large hollow iron vessel—supplies this pressing need indifferently. It has an opening at its base, as its name implies; it is provided with inside accommodation for the workers; and is sufficiently strong to withstand the pressure of the superincumbent mass of water. All being ready and every one in his place, the bell is gradually lowered by suitable apparatus beneath the surface of the water. The air which it contains is compressed, and the water rises a little inside; but all above remains dry and snug. Powerful force-pumps connected with the top of the bell keep up a supply of pure air and prevent the air-space from being further encroached upon by the water. Submarine work can be carried on by this means; but operations are necessarily confined to the area beneath the bell. The diving-bell has a certain claim to antiquity, if the accounts of Aristotle and Jerome be accepted. Friar Bacon is said to have constructed one about the year 1250; but the earliest reliable account of its use in Europe would appear to be that of the descent of two Greeks at Toledo in 1538 in the presence of the Emperor Charles V. They went under the water 'in a very large kettle, suspended by rope, mouth downward.' The astronomer Halley has the merit of inaugurating submarine work in this country; for he not only improved on the crude ideas of his day, but actually descended forty-five feet in a bell of his own arrangement at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Smeaton was the first to employ diving-bells for civil-engineering purposes; and he constructed Ramsgate Harbour by their aid in 1780.

The discovery of the properties of india-rubber had an important bearing on the success of ocean treasure-seeking. It is an instance of an improvement in one branch of industry leading to unforeseen development in another. By discarding the bell and adopting a waterproof suit and helmet, a diver is free to make his way into the holds of sunken ships which must otherwise have been inaccessible. We have often watched a diver performing his toilet. He gets into a waterproof suit; his assistants place in position his massive metallic helmet, which, resting upon his shoulders, covers head and neck; leaden-soled shoes are placed upon his feet; and he is ready to descend. Helmet and suit are carefully connected, so that water cannot insinuate itself between them. The helmet has glass windows, to enable the diver to see, and its upper part is fitted with a flexible tube for supplying him with fresh atmospheric air from a force-pump. Excess and vitiated air escape by a suitable valve. A rope is attached to a diver's body, by which he is hauled up to the surface if necessary, and by which he can make preconcerted signals with his attendants above. Both rope and air-supply tube are allowed to run out, or the slack taken in, according to the movements of the operator below. Any fouling of the tube, or its severance, may mean sudden death for the diver.

Water exerts great pressure on a diver even at moderate depths. Every thirty feet of descent represents an additional weight of another atmosphere, or, speaking roughly, an extra pressure of about fifteen pounds on the square inch. Practice has unequivocally demonstrated that a submarine worker breathes without much effort, has control over all his organs, and preserves his presence of mind down to about one hundred and twenty feet; but below one hundred and fifty feet the external pressure produces uncontrollable physiological effects upon his internal organs, and life is endangered. A man becomes more accustomed to the difference between the normal atmospheric pressure and the increased pressure of the water by gradually increasing the depth of descent. His progress both from and to the surface must be accomplished slowly, in order that humming in the ears and pains in the head may be avoided. Electricity enables a diver to partly dispel the gloom of his uncanny workplace; but under the most favourable circumstances his sight in the denser medium is far from being microscopically perfect.

Many schemes for the recovery of ocean treasures were rife towards the close of the seventeenth century. One of the ill-fated vessels of the Spanish Armada had gone down in shallow water off the island of Mull in 1588, and her wreck was supposed to contain immense treasure. The Duke of Argyll and other adventurers had her examined by divers in 1673, but without success, owing to imperfections in their apparatus. An American shipwright named Phipps tried his 'prentice hand upon the wreck of a Spanish galleon in the West Indies; but the return was less than the expenditure. Nothing daunted, he obtained a loan from the Earl of Albemarle, son of General Monk, at a high rate of interest, and eventually rescued property worth about three hundred thousand pounds sterling. His share amounted to twenty thousand pounds! It is said that he was subsequently knighted, became sheriff of New England, and was the founder of one of our noble houses. All speculators are not so fortunate; for more than twelve thousand pounds was spent in trying to raise the *Royal George*.

J. and W. Braithwaite were exceptionally favoured by the fickle goddess in some of their submarine searches. They recovered nearly all

her valuable cargo and seventy-five thousand pounds in silver dollars from the sunken East Indiaman *Earl of Abergavenny*, which was lost in 1805, and had been ten months under water sixty feet deep. A Spanish galleon was cast away near Worms Head when homeward bound with a freight of dollars shortly after the conquest of South America by the ruthless Dons. The nature of her cargo did not transpire at the time, and drifting sand gradually hid her shattered hull. In 1808 a heavy gale laid bare the buried and forgotten wreck. Many dollars were picked up by the dwellers along the sea-shore; but money-hunting was not of long duration, for the ocean reclaimed its own, and twenty-six years elapsed before this wreck saw the light again. Then another harvest of dollars was reaped, which bore the date 1631.

His Majesty's ship *Thetis* left Rio de Janeiro for England in 1830 with eight hundred thousand dollars on board. She was lost near Cape Frio on the day after sailing, either in consequence of an unusual current, or, as Professor Barlow said in his paper read before the Royal Society, owing to an insidious disturbing action of the iron parts of the ship on her compasses. Her treasure was deemed a total loss; but Captain Dickinson of the *Lightning* constructed a diving-bell out of two iron water-tanks and converted an old fire-engine into an air-pump. With these rude appliances seven hundred and twelve thousand dollars were recovered, one-third becoming the property of the salvors. A long spar or derrick of marvellous construction, extending one hundred and fifty-eight feet from the side of the cliff, was used to suspend the bell over the wreck.

A Mr Deane was probably the first to use a waterproof suit and metallic helmet for diving purposes. He descended, in 1832, to the wreck of His Majesty's ship *Boyne*, which had been at the harbour bottom for thirty-seven years, and brought up some bottles of wine, the corks of which were entire though softened. In the same year a diver named Bell adopted similar means to salve some treasure from the sunken transport *Guernsey Lily*, which foundered in Yarmouth Roads in forty-three feet of water when coming from Holland with the Duke of York's expedition in 1799. The *Hants Telegraph* of November 1833 is responsible for the following statement: His Majesty's ship *Colossus* was wrecked in St Mary's Roads, Scilly; and thirty-five years afterwards, when her guns were brought to the surface by a diver, an explosion took place upon one of them being struck with a hammer. Another curious circumstance is recorded in the prints of that time: an iron cannon-ball taken by a diver from the wreck of the *Mary Rose*, which had lain under water near Spithead for one hundred and fifty years, gradually became red-hot on exposure to the atmosphere, and finally crumbled into a powder resembling burnt clay! A Spanish frigate, the *San Pedro*, laden with a million and a half of money, blew up and sank in Camana Bay. The Boston Diving Company has recovered a few guns and many of her dollars from a depth of sixty feet. A fishing schooner discovered a chain cable on a coral reef in the China Sea. Closer scrutiny brought to light a sextant and a chronometer. Not far from them lay what appeared at first sight to be lumps of lead, but which proved to be Sycee silver. About one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth was got up from the bed of the ocean. This lucky find was handed over to the proper authorities by the schooner's captain, who was awarded a fair amount for salvage. This treasure was supposed to have formed part of the East India Company's ship *Christina*, which had sailed for home two years previously, but had not reached her destination.

On February 19, 1867, the French steamships *Le Gange* and *L'Impératrice* collided near Marseilles. A chest containing gold fell into the thick mud at the bottom of the harbour. Two divers went down, and each holding the end of a rope, swept circles until the chest was located and the treasure was saved. Not long since, the Spanish steamship *Alfonso XII.* foundered in deep water near the Canary Islands. Part of her cargo consisted of ten boxes of gold, each containing ten thousand pounds. After some delay, divers were sent out with the latest appliances; and nine out of the ten boxes of specie were brought up. Every attempt to localise the tenth was utterly futile, so that a fortune seems irrecoverably lost. A Dutch barque, the *Maria Theresa*, sank fifty-five years ago in Goree Gatway, near Helvoetsluis, on the coast of Holland. Her hull has recently been found, and some boatloads of her cargo of tin have been brought up by divers. The schooner-yacht *Star of the Sea*, belonging to Sir A. H. Dendy of Torquay, was sunk on the Banjaard Bank, Zeeland coast, on July 5, 1870. After an immersion of nineteen years, an iron safe containing fifty pounds and a gold watch-chain has been recovered from this wreck, together with two small guns and twenty-two pigs of lead ballast. A diving company has just succeeded in gaining some relics of the French frigate *Danae*, of fifty-six guns, which was destroyed near Trieste, seventy-eight years since, by an explosion in her powder-magazine, when her crew of six hundred men were hurled headlong into eternity. This find will throw some light on the construction and armament of the war-ships of a century ago.

Some Danish speculators are reaping a harvest of golden grain from the depths of the sea which washes the coasts of Jutland. Some years previously, the British steamship *Helen*, laden with copper, had foundered. All her cargo has been recovered; and it is probable that her machinery will follow, as the accumulation of sand in which the hull was embedded has now disappeared. A Russian frigate, the *Alexander Nevsky*, which was lost in 1868, has yielded twenty thousand pounds of brass. The sand which covered her has been scoured away, and an attempt will be made to get out her engines. The British steamer *Westdale*, laden with two thousand tons of iron, went down off the Danish coast in December 1888. Nearly the whole cargo, her machinery, and great part of her fittings have been salved by these Jutland speculators.

Dredging operations now being carried out at Santander, Spain, have resulted in the discovery of the well-preserved wreck of a war-ship of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. She must have been in her present position for four hundred years, and was partly covered by a deposit of sand and mud. Divers have brought up guns which bear the

united arms of Castile and Aragon, the scroll of Isabella, or the crown and initial of Ferdinand. This ship would appear to have been employed as a transport, and, inasmuch as some of the arms are of French and Italian make, it is supposed that she formed part of the fortunate expedition against Naples under Gonzalo de Cordoba. She probably foundered while entering the port of Santander on her return from Italy laden with trophies and plunder. Among the coins recovered are some bearing the image and superscription of Charles VIII. of France, and others issued by various contemporary Italian States.

Numerous syndicates are either formed or forming for the prosecution of a search for ocean treasures. The ship *Madagascar* left Melbourne for England in 1853 with a large amount of bullion on board. Nothing definite has ever been heard of her since she was seen from Port Phillip Heads steering a course for home. Piracy and many other more or less improbable causes have been advanced to account for her disappearance. Some speculators, however, left Sydney for New Zealand last June in order to seek for this long-lost ship and treasure. A recently-discovered wreck is supposed to be the one in question. Another expedition is about to proceed to the west coast of Africa to attempt the recovery of the specie, gold-dust, and ivory from the wreck of the steamship *Gambia*, which struck on a sunken rock near Cape Palmas and went to the bottom about twelve years since. It is the belief of the promoters of this scheme that the steamer's safe containing the valuables is still intact. A diver is reported to have salved two thousand pounds' worth of ivory; but death had claimed him before he could reach the safe. Divers are exploring the bed of the ocean near Galley Head, on the south coast of Ireland, in search of the wreck of the steamship *Crescent City*, which sank in sixteen fathoms of water about 1869. Her treasure in specie amounted to fifty thousand pounds. Divers succeeded, with great difficulty, in securing sixteen thousand pounds of this amount; but they failed to reach the remainder of her hoard. A Mr O'Hara, of Liverpool, who surveyed the *Crescent City* shortly after she foundered, is said to have purchased the hull from the underwriters as it now lies under water. He is of opinion that the chance of salvage will be much greater now in consequence of the breaking-up of the vessel. An English ship sank with all hands and a valuable cargo about one hundred and fifty years since near Danzig. Even now the spot where she disappeared is known as the 'Englishman's Roads.' Several unsuccessful attempts have been made to find out her position; but quite recently some divers, searching for amber, fell in with the submerged hull of a vessel which is believed to be the much-sought-after merchantman, so that there may yet be some salvage.

The Aboukir Bay Treasure Recovery Company has been got together for the purpose of recovering treasure from the ship *L'Orient* and other war-vessels belonging to the French which sank at the battle of the Nile. Divers have salved many articles; but a vague claim has been made by the French Government, and Egypt has appointed an overseer on behalf of France. The Khedive has visited the scene of operations. Property worth twenty thousand pounds is said to have been recovered; but the much-coveted gold has not yet been won. As no fewer than three steamers and experienced divers are engaged on the work, the expenses must be very heavy.

THE HOSPITALLERS.

CHAPTER III.

If the mornings within the Hospital walls passed quietly and smoothly, the evenings were far more redolent of brooding peacefulness. When the doors were closed upon the busy city, shutting out all the world except a merry shout of children at play in the meadows beyond, the pensioners in their best red coats sat under the monastery walls, or worked in their garden patches among their vegetables and flowers. Ben Choppin, smoking his evening pipe with his friend and ally the Corporal, watched a pair of figures promenading the path round the preaching-cross—Sylvia Goldsworthy and the painter, Harold Abelwhite, in earnest converse.

'It came upon me like a thunderclap,' said the sailor, as if resuming the broken thread of a story. 'Miss Sylvia, she had just finished the Battle o' the Nile, when our new gov'nor walks in with the picture-chap yonder. "You are our new patron?" says the Captain.—"I have the honour to be so," says Mr Debenham.—"Then," says the Captain, "allow me to inform you that my cottage is at your disposal; I can accept no favour from a Debenham."—I was that astonished you might ha' knocked me down with the butt-end of a musket.'

'I daresay,' Mr Dawson replied meditatively, 'I did hear, when the Captain first came here, as he had had words along with the young gentleman's father. I only hope as it won't make any difference at Christmas.'

Mr Choppin hastened to assure his friend that such a dread consummation was not likely to happen in consequence of the Captain's indiscretion. That the new patron and his chief pensioner had come to high words was common property in the Hospital, and had been warmly discussed amongst the inhabitants from a more or less personal point of view.

But Sylvia and her companion, walking in the gloaming beneath the shadow of the ancient preaching-cross, were likewise speaking of the scene that morning. The artist listened sympathetically to the girl, who spoke in a low voice, that trembled with emotion from time to time. Her features were pale, and on her cheeks were signs of recent tears.

'It is not for me to blame my father,' she said after a pause. 'I do not think he cared for the loss of his money; it was the treacherous action on the part of his friend that makes him so hard.—But it is not just; it is not like him to visit the sins of one upon another innocent head.'

'And such a handsome head!' replied the artist somewhat bitterly. 'I have not heard the whole story. Would you mind enlightening me?'

'It is simple enough. When my father gave up his profession, he had quite sufficient for his wants; indeed, he would to this day, had he not been persuaded by his friend Mr Debenham to speculate. There was a lot of money invested

in certain bonds; and when they were repudiated —whatever that may mean—all our money was lost. But my father found out afterwards that Mr Debenham had sold out the week before. If it was done deliberately, it was a cruel, heartless thing to do.'

'But how could this Debenham benefit by your ruin?'

'I have no head for business,' said Sylvia wearily. 'But I understand if my father's share had been placed suddenly in the market it would have seriously jeopardised Mr Debenham's chance of disposing of his. Can you understand? To me it is simply hopeless confusion.'

Abelwhite listened to this explanation thoughtfully, though with the reputation of Debenham, father or son, he felt but little impetus to show a partisan spirit. Gradually there had grown up in his imagination a picture, painted coldly at first by the cynical sarcasm with which those bodily afflicted treat their own physical infirmities; but gradually the picture grew in glowing colours, and as yet the painter refused to own that the pigments mixed by the hand of love himself had turned to the blackness of despair.'

'We have always been friends,' Sylvia continued after a pause. 'Mr Abelwhite, can't you find some way to help me now?'

'I would lay down my life to make you happy. Tell me, if this quarrel is explained away, will you be any happier then?'

'Surely. Why, then, if he should say to me'——

She stopped, and Abelwhite was grateful, for every word falling from her lips was torture to his proud and sensitive soul. There was a wild passion in his affection for the girl, an adoration such as poets tell us of; and as he looked into her serious eyes, his madness alternately cooled and burned, despair and love mingled in a breath. He paused a moment, intending to refuse, a negative that he could not have uttered if he would.

'There are some men,' said he, 'who are born to have no wish, no ambition ungratified. They have riches and health and beauty, everything that makes life happy, and yet, should they but covet the only jewel of a poor man's heart, it is theirs.'

'Fie!' said Sylvia archly. 'Surely you envy no one.'

'And no one envies me, which is considerate under the circumstances.—Now, what if I were to tell you that I—I, Harold Abelwhite, the cripple, can resolve this mystery, and show you that it is all a misunderstanding, and that for Captain Goldsworthy's misfortune his friend was not to blame?'

'Do you know that?' Sylvia cried, her cheeks aflame. 'If you only can do this, I shall be grateful all the days of my life.'

'"And gratitude is a lively sense of favours to come,"' Abelwhite quoted. 'I do not say I can; it is merely a hypothetical case I am putting.'

The light in Sylvia's eyes died out; a gentle sigh betrayed the deepness of her disappointment.

The painter, watching these signs of alternate hope and despair, felt his conscience tax him for this cruel levity. But the keen torture of his own feeling was too poignant as yet to spare a little room for the noblest of all virtues, self-sacrifice. Seeing that his feelings were somewhat akin to her own, Sylvia touched him gently on the arm.

His pale face blazed with excitement as he started back. 'Don't!' he cried, almost roughly. 'Do you think I have no feelings? that because I am not like other men—— But I frighten you —you, whom I would not injure for the world. Bear with me only a little longer.'

He was past all power of acting now; there was in his emotional nature no vein of stoicism, no worldly training such as enables us to disguise grief and sorrow under the mask of simulated gaiety. He seated himself upon the steps of the old preaching-cross, and hid his face in his hands. 'I have been happy here, far too happy. Do not chide me for my folly, Sylvia. I had hoped—fool that I am—to see some day, when I became rich and famous—— But that is only the dream of a poor crippled painter.'

'Oh! surely not,' Sylvia cried, in deep distress. 'We shall live to see it yet.'

'One part, perhaps,' said the artist with a mournful smile; 'the other, never. There is something in this place that causes one to weave Arcadian dreams, an air that makes me feel on an equality with all men; and I was mad enough to think that you might, after many days—— But I will not distress you. I think I can assist you, and I will.'

Sylvia murmured her thanks and held out her hand. He took it, and carried it to his lips with a gentle reverence, for all the fire and passion had burnt itself away, leaving nothing but the dead ashes behind.

'In two days I will come to you again. I am going to take a bold step, and one that may cost me much; but I shall not fail. It is strange that you should come to me; but sometimes the mouse in the fable is acted in real life. And now, I shall say good-night.'

'But you must come in, if only for a few minutes,' said Sylvia.

'Not to-night,' the artist persisted. 'I could not. Say good-night here, and let me go through the side-door. Do not lose heart, but wait and hope.'

With these parting words of advice, Abelwhite turned abruptly away, and disappeared into the gathering darkness of the street beyond. There was no gleam of recognition in his face for passer-by, as he walked slowly, painfully along; but by degrees his pace increased, till at length the cottage was reached, and the owner sat himself down in his studio to think.

There was not a soul in the house to disturb these painful meditations, yet every article of furniture or ornament conjured up some unhappy memory. There was the chair where Sylvia had sat for her portrait, the very book represented in the picture lying upon a side-table. Here it was that the dream of happiness had been commenced, and raised story by story, till every airy detail was complete. And even now it was not too late. The Captain would lie in his grave before he would give his child to the son of his dishonoured friend; Sylvia would never disregard her father's word, though it cost her all her happiness. Then Hugh Debenham would go

away, and forget; another and fresher beauty would charm his eye, and then—— But *then* the thoughts grew darker and more troubled; for the painter knew that, juggle with his conscience as he would, it was in his power to solve the mystery and bring the lovers within each other's reach.

He had the power to do this thing; that was the worst of all. There stood the innocent-looking cabinet, the workmanship and restoration of which, by Abelwhite, Hugh Debenham had so much admired; and there, concealed within its artistic depths, lay confirmation strong as proof of holy writ. A little curiosity, a glance, and finally a somewhat closer search, had brought to light the fact that the Captain's anger was in vain, and that his erstwhile friend had done his best to save him from ruin.

'What a temptation!' he cried; 'what a hideous trial of this poor body! Yet there should be no hesitation. I am—so I tell myself—by education and instinct, if not by birth, a gentleman; still, I am deliberately contemplating the act of a scoundrel. If I do right, I shall lose every hope of her; if I do wrong, she will be no nearer to me than now. And yet—and yet'——

But the good angel of the man had so far triumphed with the morning, that Abelwhite resolved that there was only one honourable course before him. Not that the task was an easy one, embracing as it did certain painful disclosures, and an interview from which the sensitive nature of the artist recoiled, as some natures shrink from physical pain. It was easy enough to prove that Debenham's father had been entirely innocent of treachery towards his old friends; but this, simple as it seemed, could not be accomplished without certain disgraceful disclosures affecting the happiness of more than one of the parties most directly concerned. No man possessed of the ordinary feelings of humanity cares to bring home disgrace to his fellow-creatures, especially if they are of the gentler sex.

Abelwhite walked the entire distance from Castleford to Fotheryngsby Court, a somewhat toilsome journey for one so bodily afflicted, without arriving at any satisfactory solution of the difficulty before him. He had racked his brain in vain to devise some scheme whereby the truth should be exposed without violating the confidence which he had so unwittingly gleaned from the contents of the old cabinet. In the first place, he had no earthly right to read the papers; and having done so, under ordinary circumstances, it was his duty to preserve an inviolate silence upon the matter. But after all—and there lay the difficulty—it was not an ordinary occasion, but one deeply affecting the happiness of two people. He who sows the wind must expect to reap the whirlwind; but the repetition of this homely philosophy brought no grain of comfort to the troubled breast of Harold Abelwhite.

He passed under the frowning portcullis, across the blazing parterres of flowers glowing on the lawns, and walked up the steps to the great hall door. A supercilious footman, contemplating his misshapen figure with a glance of undisguised contempt, vouchsafed the information that Mrs Debenham was at home, though whether she would condescend to receive visitors at so unusual an hour was quite another thing.

'I don't suppose she'll see you, and that's a fact, young man,' said the superlative footman affably. 'Any message you may leave'——

'I shall leave no message,' Abelwhite replied firmly. 'My business is important and urgent. Take in my card, and inform your mistress that I can wait to suit her convenience, but see her I must.'

The servant disappeared, leaving Abelwhite standing in the hall, and returned in a few moments with a visible change of manner, and the information that Mrs Debenham would spare him a few moments if he would kindly walk into the library.

The artist braced his nerves for the coming fray. He had no anticipation of an easy victory, knowing that his case would have to be fully proved, and that nothing short of the most convincing evidence would suffice. And as Mrs Debenham, calm, haughty, and condescending, swept into the room, Abelwhite gave one swift glance into her face, and realised for the first time the extreme delicacy of the task before him.

'You wished to see me?' asked the lady. 'What can I do for you?'

'I came,' said Abelwhite, clearing his throat, 'not on my own behalf. It is for my friend Captain Goldsworthy that I wish to speak.'

The listener, still haughty and listless, drew herself up with an air of proud surprise, though her lips trembled slightly, but not so slightly that Abelwhite saw and noticed the ominous change.

'Of course I will attend to anything you have to say, Mr Abelwhite,' replied the lady, a little more graciously. 'I am rather surprised to receive any communication from Captain Goldsworthy, that is all. You will pardon me if I ask if you are well acquainted with his affairs?'

The artist bent his head. 'So far as any man knows,' said he.

'Then of course you are aware that some years ago my husband and Captain Goldsworthy were great friends. They were in the habit of doing business together, until a certain unfortunate quarrel—a quarrel in which the Captain was pleased to accuse my husband of something like dishonesty.'

'Wholly false,' returned Abelwhite laconically. 'I know that.'

The glib graciousness of Mrs Debenham's manner vanished before this plain and somewhat strongly-marked observation. She was simply talking to gain time, and her visitor was perfectly alive to the fact.

'I thank you for having cleared the ground for me,' he continued. 'It was on that very point that I wished to consult you. Knowing, as we both do, certain details, I will not go into them, but simply point out that unless Captain Goldsworthy was warned by the late Mr Debenham of the financial condition of the company in which the former's money was invested, there *was* treachery. Now, what we wish to know is this, what became of the letter written by Mr Debenham to the Captain, warning him to sell out at once?'

'Indeed, I have no head for business,' said the mistress of Fotheryngsby, white to the lips. 'It would have been utterly unintelligible to me.'

'A view by no means shared by your husband,' returned Abelwhite dryly. A well-deserved compliment is never unwelcome. 'Please favour me with your attention for a moment while I read this letter.' So saying, the speaker drew from his pocket a few sheets of flimsy paper, book-copies of letters written with a stylus on the old carbon-paper principle. The rustling of the thin leaves and the unhappy listener's laboured breathing were the only sounds to break the oppressive silence.

'First a letter from your husband to Captain Goldsworthy, warning him to lose no time in disposing of his shares—a letter never received. The next is far more interesting, dated a month later—after the crash—and evidently written in reply to an indignant outburst from Captain Goldsworthy, denouncing the shameful treatment he had received. Shall I read it aloud?'

Mrs Debenham bowed. She could not have spoken for the mines of Golconda.

'My dear Goldsworthy—I am utterly amazed at your note. On my honour, I wrote you nearly a month ago, when I had no means of personal communication, imploring you to lose no time in disposing of your shares without regard to me. I deemed that letter so important that I specially charged my wife, who is an excellent business woman, to see you received it. For the sake of our old friendship, call upon me, for I am still too ill to see you at your house, and all shall be explained. That I did write you, warning you, my letter-book will show.—Yours sincerely, H. Crichton Debenham.

'There are three others, all bearing upon the same question. There is no necessity to read them?'

Abelwhite paused, looking keenly at his antagonist. Her face was very pale, but all the iron self-possession had not yet forsaken her. 'You need not,' she replied; and the artist felt grateful that she had inquired no further into his questionable possession of this evidence. 'I think we understand each other.—Name your price.'

'You are quite mistaken, madam; it is no mere question of money. I have no such purpose to serve—far from it. I hold out no promises, and make no threats. Go to Captain Goldsworthy and tell him the whole truth; then these proofs are yours. For his sake and that of his daughter, I have taken this painful course. The issue is entirely in your hands.'

'And if I do this, if I clear up this mystery, and make things pleasant for Captain Goldsworthy and his daughter—for that this has something to do with her I am convinced—what do I gain?'

'Really, I had not considered you in the matter at all,' Abelwhite replied candidly. 'You are quite right in assuming that Miss Goldsworthy's happiness is a powerful inducement, and in this view I should certainly be borne out by Mr Hugh Debenham.'

'Ah!' cried the unhappy woman, now genuinely moved, 'if he must know'——

'He will never know. Madam, there is something more powerful than human schemes and devices, and that is Fate. Your sin has found you out—the time for expiation has arrived. Do as I ask you, and I pledge you my word that your son shall never know.'

There was a long pause between them before Mrs Debenham found sufficient courage to reply. 'I will take you at your word,' she at length said. 'If you fail me, I shall not blame you. But there is something in your face that tells me I shall not be betrayed. Anything, so long as he remains in ignorance.'

'Your secret will be safe in Captain Goldsworthy's hands; not even by look will he reproach you; for'—and here the speaker lowered his voice reverently—'the loss of a little wealth matters nothing to one who has found the peace that passeth all understanding.'

IN THE ROYAL COUNTY OF HANTS.

'Hampshire,' says that right honest old Englishman, Izaak Walton, who knew it well, 'exceeds all England for swift, shallow, clear streams and goodly store of trouts;' nor is it less famous for the store of good men and true who were either born in it, or there played brave, goodly, or tragic and famous parts. Its capital city, Winchester, of all our old cities, is perhaps the most often mentioned in the pages of history, and may well claim the proud title of 'Royal,' having been in British, Roman, Saxon, and Norman times the dwelling-place of kings and princes, and the seat of government, and still containing the ashes of many a warrior sovereign of either race. Known first as the British town of Caer Gwent, the Romans when they took it from the Belgæ gave it the name of Venta Belgarum; and thus by easy transition it became under the Saxons, Wintanceaster, the 'fortified city of Winta.' Cerdic made it the capital of his kingdom of the West Saxons, and so it continued to be until the reign of Egbert, when it became the capital city of England up to the time of Stephen. After being plundered and almost destroyed by the Danes, it seems to have been rebuilt by Alfred, its noble benefactor, who there died and was buried. So it held its ground until William the Norman built strong castles on its eastern and western sides, strengthened its walls and defences, and there reigned with power and splendour. It was through the streets of Winchester, on the 2d of August 1100, one Purkiss, a charcoal-burner, drew the body of the dead King Rufus; the blood oozing out through the boards of the cart, and staining the road up to the gates of the cathedral where he was buried, and where his tomb is still to be seen. The fatal arrow which killed him was shot in a glade of that very New Forest which his father had, with wanton and iron hand, laid out as a royal hunting-ground; the laws of which he had himself enforced with such relentless cruelty; where, also, his elder brother, Richard, had been gored to death by a stag; and his nephew perished by being dashed from an unruly horse against the branches of a tree.

But it was during the reign of Henry I. that

Winton reached its highest splendour, some idea of which may be formed from the fact that, on the death of Henry II., his son, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, found there in the royal treasury no less a sum than nine hundred thousand pounds' worth of gold and silver coin, besides a goodly store of pearls and precious stones. It was at Winchester Castle that Henry III. (of Winchester) was born, and there also his son Edward I.—a fact disputed by some historians, who claim Westminster as the royal birthplace, on hardly sufficient grounds—and at a later date Arthur, the hapless son of Henry VII.

Leaving, however, these and many other such historical details to the reader's own pleasant discovery, we may note in passing that it was in the church of Southwick Priory, Hants, that Henry VI. married his brave and redoubtable wife, Margaret of Anjou, the Red Rose of that long and terrible strife which ended so fatally for her on the bloody field of Tewkesbury. Few traces of the famous old abbey now remain in the grounds of Southwick Park, though in its day it was one of the most splendid and flourishing foundations in the south of England; while of the marriage itself no details are extant. But of a far more gloomy and ill-omened marriage ceremony, that of Mary Tudor with Philip of Spain, we get a clearer glimpse in the Lady Chapel of the cathedral. Philip had landed at Southampton on the 20th of July 1554; and on ascending the steps from the beach was met by a goodly number of noblemen and ladies, and received at their hands the insignia of the Order of the Garter, sent to him by the queen. Thence he rode on a 'right handsome' horse—also sent by her majesty—to return thanks for his safe voyage at Holy Rood Church.

It was wild, wet, and stormy weather when Philip, after two days' rest, set out with his retinue for Winchester in pouring rain, 'which they, however, did only suffer in common with the Earl of Pembroke and a splendid cavalcade of one hundred and fifty gentlemen and nobles in black velvet and gold chains, and a bodyguard of one hundred archers, mounted and wearing the Prince's livery of yellow cloth, striped with red velvet, with cordons of white and crimson silk. Besides whom there were four thousand spectators, all variously mounted, who wound up the procession.' They took their time over the short journey of a dozen miles, now easily accomplished by rail in twenty minutes, and it was not until near seven P.M. that they arrived at Winchester, 'after a hard day's travel,' and were there met by the queen, who had been staying at the palace at Guildford, so as to be in easy reach of the city. The Prince was grandly received by the bishop and nobles before evening service at the cathedral; and on the day following, the gloomy Spaniard had his first formal interview with his future wife at the bishop's palace. On the morrow, being the festival of St James, the patron saint of Spain, the marriage was celebrated with great pomp in the Lady Chapel, where may still be seen the chair sent with the pope's blessing from Rome in which Mary sat. A grand banquet followed the royal wedding; the scholars of St Mary's College of the Virgin recited their special epithalamiums; the whole city rejoiced in a renewed charter and a restitution of property to the cathedral; and amidst the shouts of a vast crowd of people, the royal pair set out for their honeymoon at Basing House, the seat of the Marquis of Winchester, who had given her majesty away. The ill-omened union, however, thus begun in splendour, was fated to be one of discomfort and wretched gloom to the end of Mary's reign in 1558, her kinsman, Cardinal Pole, dying on the same November day.

Far brighter and of fairer omen, though in reality still sadder, was another royal marriage—of which Hampshire was then proud to boast—that of Charles II. to the fair young Princess Catharine of Braganza. Born on St Catharine's Day 1638, well dowried, and possessed of beauty, intelligence, and a loving heart, it was in her twenty-fourth year that she landed at Spithead in May 1662 to await the arrival of her royal lover. He was too busy with other affairs to hurry himself, and a week passed away before he at last reached Portsmouth on the 20th of May, and, like the young bride, was welcomed by the people both with bonfires and much ringing of bells. The marriage was celebrated in the chapel of the Hospital of St Nicholas by the Archbishop of Canterbury; and it may possibly interest some fair readers to know that Catharine's bridal robe was made 'after the English fashion, pink in colour, and trimmed with blue ribbons'—the wearer being short, prettily shaped, and handsome. Three months later, says Evelyn, the queen entered London this day, August 23d, 'with a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous fardingales, or guard-infantas, their complexions olivader, and sufficiently disagreeable; Her Majesty in the same habit; her foretop long, and turned aside very strangely. Yet was she of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, with languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth a little wronging her mouth; for the rest, lovely enough.'

Little on that bright summer day did the gay young queen dream of the twenty-and-three miserable years that then awaited her, each seeming more hopeless than its predecessor, during which she had to bear the open neglect of the husband whom she loved, the scorn of his mistresses, the plots of courtiers, and the laughter of the public. One final consolation awaited her, that when he was on his death-bed, Catharine, half distracted with grief, asked pardon of her husband if by any chance she had ever offended him, and was rewarded with his last words. 'Alas, poor woman!' was the graceless profligate's reply; 'she beg my pardon! I beg hers with all my heart.'

From such tragic misery as this it is pleasant, if but for a moment, to turn aside to the origin of such a common phrase as 'a merry-andrew;' and to find it in one Andrew Boorde, 'a right witty, wise, and facetious' physician to Henry VIII. at Winton. He was a strange and eccentric as well as learned man, who, among other odd habits, drank water three days in the week, wore constantly a hair-shirt, and every night had his shroud and burial shirt hung up 'at his bed's feet,' to remind him that death was ever at hand. But in spite of these eccentricities, he 'found, humoured, pleased, and often cured many patients' far and wide throughout the county. He frequented markets, fairs, and holiday-makings of every kind. He prescribed, made merry jokes

and long harangues, more like those of a jack-pudding than a doctor of physic. But wherever he went, he made many cures, if not by pills and potions, by hearty laughter, and so got the name of Merry Andrew. Rivals and imitators soon sprang up in all directions, glad enough to ape his title, though they had none of his learning and little enough of his ready wit.

It was to Winchester, in 1603, just after that city had been desolated by the Plague, that Walter Raleigh was brought down from the Tower of London, with seven others, to be arraigned for high treason. Throughout the trial he defended himself with a brave spirit, 'rather showing love of life than fear of death,' and with a noble eloquence, in replying to the insults of Coke, the 'king's Attorney,' and a splendid dignity which no insult could for a moment ruffle. All were condemned; Cobham, Grey, and Markham being actually led out to the scaffold—purposely within sight of Raleigh's prison window—pardoned, and sent back to the Tower, where Sir Walter had yet to write the *History of the World*, and after a weary bondage of twelve years, to die with as dauntless a heart as he had lived, his last words—to the executioner, pausing with uplifted axe—being, 'Why dost thou not strike?—Strike, man!'

Raleigh, however, was not a Hampshire man; and his trial in the old County Hall at Winchester was almost the last event of historic interest to be noted in connection with it; though Brooke, once Master of St Cross, was soon after there beheaded on the college green. And in 1685, Lady Alice Lisle suffered a like fate, at the hands of the infamous Judge Jeffreys, for harbouring one John Hicks, a dissenting preacher. There, also, in 1784 took place the last burning at the stake, the victim being a wretched woman convicted of the murder of her husband.

As for the royal city itself, gradually after it ceased to be the seat of government, Winton began to decline in extent, wealth, and importance. Even as early as 1450, decay had set in, nine hundred and ninety houses being found to be destitute of occupants, while no fewer than seventeen parish churches were closed. The reign of Henry VIII. and his seizure of the remains of the religious houses completed the ruin thus begun; and after suffering miserably during the civil wars, Winton, shorn of commercial, ecclesiastical, and military advantages, sank to its lowest pitch of degradation. No wonder, therefore, that in August 1670 we find Taylor the Water Poet writing thus: 'I took Winchester on my way homewards, and there saw an ancient city like a body without a soule; and for ought I perceived, there were almost as many parishes as people. I lodged that night at the signe of the Cocke; but mine host had dyed the night before I came; and I being weary, had more minde to goe to bed than to follow him for so long a journey to doe my message and deliver my commendations; but the whole city seemed as dead as mine host, and it may bee they were all at harvest worke; but I walked from one end of it to the other and saw not thirty people of all sorts; so that if a man should go to Winchester for a goose he might lose his labour, for a trader cannot live there by vending such commodities.'

But however desolate the city may have been in 1670, and however many the empty churches in the days of Good Queen Bess, it was to the goodly and loyal county of Hants that she turned when the great and terrible Armada was about to invade and plunder its coast, and asked for help towards defraying the expenses of the war. A curious list yet remains to tell us of the eighty-seven Hampshire men who promptly responded to the queen's requisition with the goodly sum of four thousand eight hundred pounds. Of these eighty-seven, six only were from Winchester, thirteen from the Isle of Wight, and seven from Southampton. No donor gave less than twenty-five pounds; and two 'generals,' Peake and Knaplake, contributed each one hundred pounds. This, at a time when the crews of many of the English ships were in danger of starving for want of food, and both Drake and Howard all but disabled for want of powder—and all the answer to their 'earnest entreaties' to Elizabeth for fresh supplies, when with difficulty extorted, was, 'With how little can ye make shift?'—must have been a most timely godsend. 'Stout hearts,' says Mr Hardy, 'might bear hunger, but could not conjure into being either shot or powder;' and it is sad enough to read the still extant words of one Thomas Fenner, in the State Records: 'The want of powder and shot and victuals did hinder much service which might otherwise have been performed to the utter subjection of the Spaniard,' and contrast them with the dashing spirit of stout old Francis Drake: 'God grant ye have a good eye on the Duke of Parma, for, with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt not but ere long so to handell the matter with Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St Mary's Port among his orange trees. This last of July 1588.'

Scanty space remains for us barely to touch on a few of the names of the good men and true who, before and since those glowing days, have by good service to their country added to the fame of Royal Hants. The list is a long and a goodly one, in which will be found poets, statesmen, scholars, and divines, 'whose deeds have still a lustre that shall live.' Few readers now need to be told of William of Wykeham, to whose piety and munificence in 1379 are owing the rebuilding and endowment not only of the cathedral itself, but of the noble College of St Mary, Winton, and the no less princely New College at Oxford; though some may not know that he once bestowed twenty thousand marks in rebuilding the houses of the church, cleared all the Hampshire prisons of poor prisoners for debt under twenty pounds, and amended all the highways from Winchester to London. Not so well known, though notable in his own day, was William of Edynton, Lord High Chancellor, Bishop, and first prelate of the Order of the Garter; and still less known and less worthy, Henry de Blois, King Stephen's brother, whose ruined palace still stands at Waltham. Then we have Bishop Thomas Ken, Fellow of Winchester, the friend and pupil of Izaak Walton, who is said to have won his bishopric by refusing a lodging to poor Mistress Nell Gwynne; whilst the worthy Izaak himself lies buried in the south aisle of the cathedral which he loved to haunt when alive. To Hampshire we owe St Swithin, tutor of King Alfred, and bishop of his native city, 'a wise and good prelate, the governor of

the weather for forty days in each year;' to say nothing of the poets, George Wither, whose words,

> Shall I, wasting in despair,
> Die because a woman's fair?

everybody quotes—though he is less known as governor of Farnham Castle and a major-general under Cromwell—and Edward Young, whose *Night Thoughts* nobody now reads. To which names may be added those of Kent, the church musician; Charles Dibdin, whose sea-songs still live; Dr Lowth, whose Hebrew lore is forgotten; Hare, the witty apothecary, of whom Fox once said, 'Wait till you hear Hare;' Bishop Huntingford, whose Greek odes are now dead and buried; and Archbishop Howley, who was not only Primate of all England, but lived to crown three successive sovereigns, the last being Her Gracious Majesty, whom he also christened and married; he being the last of his order who wore the periwig.

Our brief glance through Hants would be incomplete without mention of Gilbert White of Selborne, the famous naturalist, whose charming *History* keeps, and will keep, its place with Walton's *Angler*. Nor must we omit mention of the famous house of Baring, so long and so intimately connected with Hampshire and its gray old sleepy city—from its founder, John Baring of Bellair, in 1733, through a proud succession of bankers, statesmen, and peers, down to the present Earl of Northbrook, late Governor-general of India; men of sagacity, intellect, and knowledge of the world, and of unblemished name.

THE BISON'S VICTIM.

'LET us sleep here.' Thus my Karen shikari addresses me as we emerge from the jungle upon a stretch of hard dry sand which forms the beach of a shallow pool left by the last rains.

We were in pursuit of a bison which I had wounded early in the afternoon. For more than four hours Bah Oo, the Karen, had tracked him by the drops and splashes of blood which stained the leaves through which the animal had pressed his way; but now darkness was closing in upon us, and reluctant as I was to abandon the chase, the impossibility of seeing the blood-marks compelled us to give it up for the night. Indeed, we were fortunate to come thus opportunely upon a suitable camping-ground before nightfall. In these regions we know not the delicious twilight through which day melts into night in more northern climes; hardly has the sun gone to rest ere the moon assumes her sway with a haste that is almost weird.

'It is good,' I answer briefly; and Bah Oo throws down my blanket and busies himself with the preparations for making a fire. Up here, on the higher slopes of the Arracan Yomas, the December nights are cold, and my thoughts travel wistfully back to last night's camp, where my flannel clothing and rugs are lying in readiness for their owner's return. The present prospects are not cheering. Bah Oo has a joint of bamboo filled with cold boiled rice, and I have a pocketful of broken biscuits—these are all our supplies until we get back to the rest of the party; and as I intend to follow the bison until we come up with him or lose trace of his path, we must husband our resources carefully.

'To-morrow we shall find him,' says Bah Oo confidently, as he lights his queerly-shaped bamboo pipe with a burning stick. 'There is much blood. You shall kill him.' And he nods reassuringly at me across the fire.

The simple speech and the dark-skinned sturdy form of the speaker often rise to my memory now. 'You shall kill him.' Yes, I was to kill him, but not before he had killed the pluckiest man of the bravest race in Burma.

The night was very still; the fitful light of the fire danced upon the rising columns of smoke, and shone upon the overhanging foliage of the gigantic trees around us. The bark of a deer or the call of a night-bird served to emphasise our loneliness; and before we lay down to sleep we took care to pile enough wood upon the fire to keep it alive until well on into the night; for numerous tiger pugs upon the sand told us that our lodging was not too secure. We had been afoot since daybreak, and might have as hard a day's work to-morrow, for aught we knew; and for my part I slept under the starlit sky a sleep as unbroken as though I had been in my bed at home.

The tree-crickets are chirping the last bars of the song they have been singing all night, when I open my eyes in the morning. There is no sign of the dawn yet; but it will come before long, almost as suddenly as did the night. Bah Oo is still slumbering peacefully under his *putsoe* beside the black embers of the fire, regardless of the heavy dews, from which I and my rifle have been protected by an English blanket. I have had a wash in the dark-looking pool, and am drawing the sponge through my rifle-barrels, to dislodge any lurking particles of sand which may have found their way into them, when Bah Oo awakens. He does not stretch himself and yawn, as a civilised sleeper might; he rolls into an upright posture, twists his long hair into a knot, and folds the cotton *putsoe*, which is his single garment, round his waist. He has all his wits about him at once, and looks round for the bamboo receptacle which contains his food. 'In a betel-chew' [about fifteen minutes] 'it will be day,' he says.

'When we can see, we must go,' I remark, sitting down on a stone to eat a few mouthfuls of biscuit.

Bah Oo and I are old friends; but as we carry on our conversation in Burmese, a language almost as foreign to him as to myself, our observations are comparatively brief and few.

The birds are beginning to clear their throats for their morning hymn as the Karen, *dah* in hand, leads the way into the forest. The sun's rays are just catching the highest branches of the teak-trees; but a gloomy twilight still reigns below, and when we find the track of our quarry, we get on but slowly for the first half-hour. Every leaf and spray is heavily charged with dew, and soon I am wet to the skin; but we work our way steadily onward, encouraged by the blood-marks, which now lie thick and close together. We are travelling westward, and by-and-by find ourselves overlooking the distant Bay of Bengal, across an undulating prairie of varied green. The sun is up, and we get on more rapidly; the bison has taken a sandy path which runs along the top of a steep, almost perpen-

dicular bank. We do not require the aid of the blood-tracks now; the sand bears the huge creature's slots so clearly that the Karen breaks into the peculiar scuttling run he affects when engaged in pursuit of game. Presently he pauses and points to a bitten stem of elephant grass from which the juice is still flowing. He does not look round, and as I acknowledge the silently given hint by touching his shoulder, he starts off again.

For nearly an hour we traverse the path without turning to the right or left. It leads us through teak jungle and thick undergrowth, and my heart beats faster than usual as I look round and speculate on the risks we must run in attacking a wounded bison in such cover as this. Suddenly, Bah Oo crouches, comes to a dead stop, and spreads his hand out behind him. This signal means 'Look out;' and I obey it by wiping the glistening dewdrops from my rifle-sights, and sweeping away the curtain of cobwebs which hang from the broad brim of my hat. I look over the head of my guide, but can see nothing; he looks round, and having caught my eye, directs my attention with a slight nod to a huge tree with roots like the buttresses of a village church; then he takes one long step backwards, clutches my knee, and points a finger, trembling with excitement, to a clump of bushes ten paces in front. I drop on my knees and look: after half a minute's careful survey I see the stout foreleg, black in front and gray behind, which Bah Oo's trained eye detected in a moment. I touch the Karen on the shoulder, and rise to my feet, while he noiselessly vanishes behind the roots of the tree he had selected for cover. It is not an agreeable shot; ten paces is too close to be pleasant when the game is a wounded bison and the weapon a ·500 Express. I must make a guess at the whereabouts of the animal's shoulder, for I dare not risk attracting his attention by moving through the bushes to obtain a better shot. I stoop down to note the position of the leg again, and then standing upright, plant both feet firmly and give him both barrels, one after the other. A terrific snort of rage and crashing of branches follow, as I make a spring for the tree whence Bah Oo is eagerly watching. I am not a moment too soon; the bison comes charging furiously through the hanging clouds of smoke, with his head down, and his tail standing stiffly out as he goes. He thunders past our hiding-place and stops a few yards beyond it, looking round him angrily. He is a magnificent brute, at least seventeen hands high, with an enormous head and ugly, wicked-looking horns. His glossy black hide gleams in the bars of sunlight which struggle through the foliage overhead. A nasty customer to deal with; but he has not discovered us yet, and therein lies my hope.

We are hidden from him by bushes, and I steal cautiously from the friendly shelter of the roots to get another shot. I can plant a bullet behind his ear from where I stand now, and have raised the rifle to cover the spot, when I hear a crackling sound on the other side of the tree. Bah Oo has left his place of safety and, on all-fours, a few yards away from it, is eagerly watching to see the effect of the next shot. I scream to him to go back, but it is too late; the bison sees him, and turning as I fire, is on the helpless Karen in half-a-dozen strides. There is a sickening scuffle and a heavy fall; the smoke rises, and I see Bah Oo, who has been gored and tossed, lying motionless in a clump of jungle ten paces from the spot where I saw him before I fired. The crashing and rending of boughs below tell me that the bison has gone over the bank, and hastily reloading, I run to the edge to make sure that there is no danger of his return. Thirty yards down, I descry him lying belly upwards, dead. He must have fallen after tossing the tracker, and rolled down by the impetus of his furious rush.

I hasten back to the wounded man, to find him conscious, but so terribly torn and mangled about the chest and side that his death must be a question of a few hours at most. He lies quietly where I place him, and idly watches my movements as I tear up my shirt and his *putsoe* for bandages wherewith to try and stanch the flow of blood.

'I shall soon die,' he says wearily. And though I contradict him with all the cheerfulness I can assume, I feel that he knows himself to be right. The rude bandages have checked the loss of blood, and he may live for some time if he is not moved. Hour after hour he lies there, breathing heavily, but without uttering word or moan. I sit beside him, longing for the appearance of the other men, knowing that our prolonged absence will prompt them to break camp and come in search of us. But the scorching day wears slowly on, till the rays of the sinking sun fall across the wounded man's face, and we are still alone.

Bah Oo moves his head uneasily on the coat I have rolled up for a pillow, and looks out between the tree-trunks, over the shining sea, at the sun, whose crimson edge is just dipping in the waters. 'It is sunset,' he says, turning to me with a face of awful resignation.

'I will light a fire when it becomes dark,' I reply. 'The other men will see it, and come.'

I rise to collect sticks for the purpose; but the Karen's faint voice stops me. 'I must go now.'

A slight tremor passed over his features as I stooped down and called him by his name. But he did not answer; he had gone, with the sun.

WHITE BIRDS.

WHITE birds—or rather white and pied varieties—are, like black swans in the land, *raræ aves*. Of birds whose normal plumage is white, or mostly white, the British list can boast but few; but almost every kind of bird produces from time to time a white or pied individual. Of course, the most striking examples of these 'sports' are to be found among birds whose normal colour is black. Thus, white or pied ravens, rooks, jackdaws, and blackbirds always rouse our special interest, not because 'albinoism' is more uncommon with them than with others, but because in these cases the contrast is especially striking. 'A rare bird in the land,' we might say, 'and very like a white crow.' The

old bi-weekly paper, *The News* of 1820, contains an account of the capture of 'that exceedingly rare bird, a white crow, in the rookery of' a certain gentleman. This unfortunate bird was having a very rough time of it at the hands, or rather at the beaks and claws, of his sable brethren, when he was rescued by his captor. This is not to be wondered at. Rooks, like all members of narrow and exclusive coteries, detest strangers, and could any stranger present a more suspicious appearance than this white-coated, white-legged, white-beaked, red-eyed albino brother?

A gamekeeper recently showed the writer a curiously spotted blackbird, which he had wounded slightly in the wing, and was keeping alive in a cage. This bird was speckled on breast, back, and head with white, and had in addition two or three white patches on its body. This same keeper, some years ago, saw four white young thrushes in one nest—a somewhat unusual sight. One of the loveliest white birds which the writer has ever set eyes on was a white ringed dotterel. It was not a pure albino, but an almost completely white variety of its kind. The beak, eyes, and legs were normal in colour; while on the back there was just the faintest shadow of a shade, invisible by candlelight, and the ring round the neck was as faintly indicated. The bird, when first seen, was feeding with a flock of its own species on the mud flats of the eastern coast, and formed a very conspicuous object. Too conspicuous, alas! as a gun of one of the writer's companions brought down the beautiful creature, which is now stuffed and in a glass case.

The capture or slaughter of a white female sparrow-hawk was recently recorded in one of the papers. One cannot help fancying that this bird's appearance must have greatly added to the terrors of death for its small victims, provided they were possessed of any imagination. Fancy the feelings of a sparrow or a greenfinch while being pursued by a great white ghostly-looking hawk! They must have been something like those that we experience in a bad nightmare.

A certain noble family numbers amongst its dependents a white bird—species unnamed—which takes upon itself the duties of family banshee; that is to say, it warns the members of the family of the approach of death or misfortune. One would think that this bird must be an owl, or the ghost of an owl, of some sort, as from time immemorial the owl has been regarded as the most uncanny of feathered bipeds; and a white owl must be the most uncanny of owls. Indeed, it gives many country-folk 'a turn' to see in the dusk, suddenly, the partially white barn-owl skimming silently over the meadows; while the 'Too-whit, too-whoo' of the tawny owl, and the shriek of the long-eared, are ghastly indeed to listen to as they break in on the silent watches of the night.

Of the smaller birds, the sparrow appears to have the strongest tendency to albinoism, a white or partially white sparrow being by no means an uncommon sight. The writer remembers to have seen a very prettily pied Robin, where the tail was pure white, while the rest of the colouring was normal. The bird was, for a Robin, rather shy, and some stalking was needed to set the question of species entirely at rest. This may have been owing to a morbid sense of his peculiarity on the part of the Robin, as shyness is not a common weakness of his family.

Is abnormal whiteness or piedness any serious drawback to birds? It certainly makes them more conspicuous under most circumstances; but it does not seem to stand in their way in pairing, at least so far as has been observed. The writer once came across a curious instance of this. A friend of his owns a number of peacocks, amongst which are some white and pied individuals. Now peahens are usually supposed to be very careful, in choosing a mate, to pitch upon a brightly-coloured one—at least it is to this fact that the peacock's gorgeous colouring is traced under the law of 'sexual selection.' In this instance, however, the peahens with one voice rejected the brightly-coloured males, and followed faithfully a very disreputable, draggle-tailed white one. Still, the case before mentioned of the white rook, and the bad treatment it experienced from its relations on account of its whiteness, seems to point in the other direction. But all that can be said is, that rooks are rooks, and their manners and customs—and doubtless, too, their canon of taste—differ widely from those of other birds. Moreover, albinoism, although certainly morbid, does not seem to be correlated with any constitutional weakness. It probably is only skin-deep in a literal sense; and adopting the negro's question to the European, the white bird may say to its fellows: 'Am I not a bird and a brother?'

LOVE'S ROSES.

In a meadow gay and flowered,
On a balmy summer's day,
Walked a maid by nature dowered
With more charms than tongue can say.
As her arms with flowers she laded,
Gay and childish was her air,
And her charming face was shaded
By her curls of chestnut hair.

. . . .

In that meadow, o'er the daisies,
Wander two, instead of one,
And a handsome stranger gazes
At the sweet maid he has won.
Thrice as happy is the maiden
As when with the flowers she played;
All her heart with love is laden
For the idol she has made.

. . . .

Still that meadow; but the roses
From the maiden's cheeks have gone;
No more gathers she sweet posies,
But she wanders there alone.
'Neath her feet a daisy-token
Smiles, though crushed by feet of men;
But the sweet maid's heart is broken:
She can never love again.

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MERLIN'S GRAVE.

The old stories and marvels relating to the mystical King Arthur and his court at Caerleon, in Wales, held for centuries a high place in the estimation of the wonder-loving and romantic. They were the favourite reading of kings and queens, of nobles and their ladies, through the Middle Ages and later, and they formed a choice source of inspiration to bards and senachies, who doubtless added to and embellished endlessly the wonders which were already wonderful enough. Hence we have a great collection of tales all bearing upon Arthur and the knights and ladies who figured in his court and at his Table Round. So impressed was Milton with the deeds and characters of these old warriors, that he at one time meditated the writing of an epic poem in which Arthur should figure as the hero. What Milton did not do, was, however, attempted by Sir Richard Blackmore, with what ignominious result the satires of Pope and Swift and Dryden are alive to show. But during the most of the last century—perhaps Sir Richard's endless and unreadable epics had something to do with it—the popularity of Arthur and his heroes was rapidly waning; their exploits retained too much of what was merely 'marvellous' to engage the interest of men and women on whose minds the new age of philosophy and science was beginning to operate. Scott's occasional employment of the Arthurian legends was not sufficient to rekindle their dying popularity; and it was not until Tennyson sent out his *Idylls of the King* that Arthur was once more, though under somewhat different colours, restored to popular favour.

Among those of Arthur's train who thus obtained a fresh lease of life was the Blameless King's philosopher and prophet, Merlin. Readers of Tennyson will remember how the wily Vivien tried her charms upon the King himself, and failed.

> And after that, she set herself to gain
> Him, the most famous man of all those times,
> Merlin, who knew the range of all their arts,
> Had built the King his havens, ships, and halls,
> Was also Bard, and knew the starry heavens;
> The people called him Wizard.

Thereafter, there fell on Merlin a great melancholy; 'he walked with dreams and darkness;' and so, quitting Arthur's court, he entered a boat—Vivien entering with him—sailed over the sea to the Breton coast, and became a wanderer in the Forest of Broceliande. There, falling under the spell of the temptress, he was urged by her to reveal the secret spell by which 'if any wrought on any one with woven paces and with waving arms,' the man so wrought on should ever seem to lie 'closed in the four walls of a hollow tower,' from which was no escape for ever. And Merlin, overtalked and overworn, 'had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.'

> Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm
> Of woven paces and of waving hands,
> And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
> And lost to life and use and name and fame.

Tennyson has here followed one of the traditional versions of Merlin's disappearance from among men. But there are other traditions; and that one of them which more immediately concerns us has for its scene one of the loveliest spots in all the Scottish Border. This is on the river Tweed, near Broughton. Here, at the junction of the Drummelzier or Powsail Burn with the Tweed, is a whitethorn-tree, which is said to mark the spot where Merlin died and was buried. It forms a fit sleeping-place for the great Bard of Celtic mythology. It is in the very heart of Tweeddale. The Tweed has already flowed northward in a narrow valley between closely-flanking hills, leaving far behind its pellucid source amongst the high brown slopes of Hartfell. But here at Drummelzier the valley broadens out, and the river starts on its eastward course with a full current, broad and majestic, overshadowed by the soft green hills that bound its farthest holms. It is a place that is always beautiful, whether we see it in the first fresh greenness of spring or in the full flush of summer;

but especially beautiful is it in the waning days of autumn, when the dark wood of Dreva on the one side of the river stands out in sombre contrast to the many-coloured groves of Dawyck on the other, where the yellows and browns and bronzes of fading foliage mass themselves in picturesque relation to the darker tints of the solemn pines.

It seems at first sight singular that a Wizard who is especially claimed as belonging to the Kymric or Welsh branch of the Celts should be so associated with the south of Scotland. But Merlin, like Arthur, belongs not so much to a district as to a race. And we must bear in mind that thirteen hundred years ago the distribution of the population in Britain was different, as regards races, from what it is now. Arthur is called the king of the Dumnonians; but there were two races in Britain so called. One occupied the south-western peninsula of Britain now known as Cornwall; the other occupied the greater portion of the middle Lowlands of what we now call Scotland. That the people of these two far-divided territories were of the same great family of Celts is obvious from the place-names that still exist on the Borders—Traquair, Trahenna, Polwarth, Penvalla, and many others that closely resemble names in Cornwall; as likewise from such river-names as the Tweed, the Teviot, and the Timah, all of which have analogues in Wales. The Cornish, like the Gaelic tongue, is regarded by philologists as an older form of Celtic than the Welsh; and the fact that we find names in the south of Scotland that resemble names both in Cornwall and in Wales, may be regarded as supporting the theory that it was the older or Gaelic-speaking Celts who first occupied the country, and that these gave place later on to a second wave of immigrant Celts who spoke Welsh. Bearing this in mind, therefore, it is not difficult to understand how the mythologies of the Celtic race should be found embodied in the place-names of districts so far apart as Cornwall and the Scottish Border.

This co-existence of traditional legends regarding Arthur and Merlin in places so widely separated, is distinctly unfavourable to the claims that have been put forward for these men as being really historical personages. It is difficult to regard them as such. The great battle of Mons Badonicus, or Badon Hill, fought 493 A.D., is one with which Arthur's name is associated. But the historian Nennius, who professes to give the names of this and other battles fought by Arthur, lived some centuries after the date of that event, and our best scholars regard his compilation of so-called Arthurian battles as of doubtful authenticity. Whereas the Welsh historian Gildas, who was born in the same year as that in which the battle of Mons Badonicus was fought, and who makes special reference to the battle, does not mention Arthur's name in connection with it, nor does he moreover seem ever to have heard of any military leader of the name of Arthur. If Arthur really lived and reigned and fought the battles attributed to him against the enemies of his country and his race, it is difficult to understand how an historian who lived during the same years, and belonged to the same nation, should have failed to give his life and deeds emphatic record.

If we are unable to recognise Arthur as an historical personage, it is on similar grounds that Merlin too must be regarded as mythical. But a special difficulty crops up in the case of Merlin. According to the Arthurian legends, Merlin was a man of great influence and great powers of necromancy long before Arthur was born; and according to the same cycle of legends, we find the Wizard fighting at the battle of Ardderyd in 573 A.D., more than a hundred years later. And not only so; but the Wizard is reputed to have wandered for forty years among the hills that surround the sources of the Tweed and Clyde, in a state of semi-madness in consequence of his defeat at Ardderyd, thus extending his life to something like a hundred and seventy years. The old legend writers were aware of this difficulty, and so, to get rid of it, were obliged to invent a second Merlin. The one who is said to have lived in Wales under Arthur's father (Uther Pendragon), and under Arthur himself, they call Merlin Ambrosius; the other, who is alleged to have lived in Scotland and to have fought at Ardderyd, they call Merlin Caledonius. We have voluminous and highly-wrought narratives of the wonderful deeds of both Arthur and Merlin; but these narratives are not earlier than the twelfth century, and they possess the unfailing characteristic of all myth stories, that those writers who lived farthest from the time of the heroes are able to give the fullest details of their history and deeds, while the one historian who was contemporary with them is absolutely silent.

Standing, therefore, by the so-called 'Merlin's Grave,' in these the upper reaches of the Tweed, we may regard the name and place which tradition has so long preserved and identified, as a link connecting us with that distant age when as yet the Saxon had not settled permanently in this fair Borderland, and its dales and glens were peopled with men and women who spoke the language which their posterity in Wales speak still. These early Kymric settlers have long vanished from the Borders, but have left behind them the names of Arthur and Merlin—the highest personifications of Strength and Wisdom in the mythology of the Kymric people. In this view, neither Scotland, nor Wales, nor Cornwall, nor Brittany may lay any exclusive claim to have been the scene of Arthur's feats and Merlin's wonders; for the names of these heroes are to be found wherever Welsh-speaking Celts have lived.

We have seen the tradition of Merlin's death which Lord Tennyson has adopted for poetical treatment; that which relates to the death of Merlin the Wild, or Merlin Caledonius, is quite different both as to the locality and the circumstances of it. From Broceliande we are brought back to Tweedside, and instead of the wily Vivien with her woven paces and her waving arms, we have the sticks and stones of a rough band of ancient Border shepherds.

This latter story of Merlin's death is curious, and must have been written by one who was familiar with the locality, as the nature of the ground at the spot where the Wizard is said to have been killed is precisely such as the circumstances attending his death would lead us to expect. Moreover, it is just possible that the

person to whom the name of Merlin Caledonius was applied may have been a real person, as the name given him in life is Llallogen, and it is only Bower in his Continuation of the *Scotichronicon*, which he wrote so late as the fifteenth century, who seeks to identify this Llallogen with Merlin the Wild. It is possible also that the poems which are attributed to this Merlin the Wild may have actually been written by Llallogen; and on account of this poetical faculty and the mental aberration of his later years, the people may have come to regard him as a second Merlin, the one name in the course of time supplanting the other. And so, instead of the place of burial being called after Llallogen—a name foreign to Saxon lips—it was reconsecrated with the more familiar appellation of Merlin's Grave.

In the Life of St Kentigern—better known in Scotland as St Mungo—written in the twelfth century, we read of a certain Lailoken or Llallogen who lived in the court of King Rydderch as a kind of jester, but who, after the death of the saint, became very melancholy, and began to utter prophecies, which were rendered memorable by their realisation. Bower, who connects him with Merlin the Wild, gives a different version of Llallogen's relations with the saint. According to him, it happened that Kentigern was in the woods praying, when he was suddenly come upon by a certain madman, naked and hairy, and like a furious savage. The saint addressed him, with the result that the supposed madman gave him some information as to himself. He said he was once the Bard of Vortigern, and was called Merlin; that he had been the cause of the slaughter of all those who fell at the battle 'fought between the Liddell and Carwandlow' (supposed to be that of Ardderyd), and that for this great evil which he had done he had been driven forth by Heaven to dwell among the beasts until the day of his death. The saint ministered to him the consolations of religion; and, after receiving the benediction, the Wizard is said to have at once prophesied his own death and that of the king, and again betook himself to the wilderness. It so happened that on the same day Llallogen in the course of his wanderings was met by the shepherds of a certain chief called Meldred, at his place of Drummeldred or Drummelzier, and these, probably regarding the Wizard as the cause of calamity to themselves or their flocks, seized him, and proceeded to stone him and beat him to death. At the last moment the wretched man stumbled over a steep bluff or bank overhanging the Tweed, his body falling upon the sharp point of a stake which had been stuck into a little fish stew in the water, and upon which he was impaled. This manner of death, it was found, corresponded with the prophecy which he had that day made, that he should die by three kinds of death, namely, by stoning, by drowning, and by impalement. The high bank above the Powsail Burn, at its junction with the Tweed, corresponds with the description of that over which the Wizard is said to have fallen.

The battle of Ardderyd was that at which Rydderch, by his victory over the pagans, established himself as king of Cumbria or Strathclyde, embracing within it all the petty Kymric tribes, and among them those who inhabited Tweeddale. If partial insanity befell Llallogen after his defeat at Ardderyd, it is possible he may have been allowed to wander about the king's court, as told in the Life of Kentigern; and it is equally possible that in the later stages of his madness he may have taken to the forests and wilds, as narrated by Bower.

In the poems which have been attributed to him, and which will be found in Dr Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, he is represented as being in his last days haunted by two spirits—that of his sister Gwendydd, 'The Dawn,' and that of his early love Hwimleian, 'The Gleam.' These are the poetical fictions of an imagination stimulated by the nature-worship of his pagan years, and yet may have helped to soften the pressure of those bitter days in which the Wizard wandered friendless and alone, with crazed brain and remorseful heart, by the green-lipped fountains of the silver Tweed. J. R.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXII.—WE SIGHT A SAIL.

It was then something after ten by my watch, and she slept for five hours without a stir, though now and again she spoke in her sleep. I know not why I should have remained awake, unless it was to keep my weather-eye lifting for the rats. There was nothing to watch for or to hope for in such weather as that. Once, when the beasts below were very noisy—for, as you will suppose, in that solemn stillness their squeaking rose with a singularly sharp edge to the ear—I bethought me of the pantry, and could not remember whether I had shut the door. For all I could yet tell, the stores we had to depend upon were in that little cabin; and if the rats found their way to the food, we might speedily starve. I lighted a second candle, that, should the girl suddenly awake, she might not find herself in the dark, and stepped below, and found the door closed. I opened it, and minutely surveyed the interior, and observing all to be well, shut the door and came away; but never can I forget the uncontrollable chills and shudders which seized me on passing through that cabin! I do not doubt my mind had been a little weakened. The remains of the mainmast pierced the deck, and stood like a pillar; it stirred to the movement of the candle in my hand, and I stopped with a violent start to gaze at it, while the perspiration broke from my forehead. Vague indeterminable shapes seemed to flit past and about the stand of arms. The dull noises in the hold took to my alarmed ears the notes of human groans. Several rats scurried in flying forms of blackness towards the after cabins: they seemed to start up through the deck at my feet!

When I resumed my seat on the locker, I was trembling from head to foot, and my heart beat with feverish rapidity. A draught of wine rallied me, and I tried to find something ridiculous in my fears. But all the same my dejection was as that of a man under sentence of death, and again and again I would put up a prayer to God for our speedy deliverance, whilst I sat hearkening to

the noises below, to the steady pattering of the rain, to the occasional melancholy sob of water, and to the broken unintelligible mutterings of the sleeping girl.

At some hour between three and four my companion awoke. She sat up with a cry of wonder; and by the candle-light I observed her staring around with looks of astonishment and horror. I waited until she should have recollected herself, to use the fine expressive word of the old writers.

'I have been dreaming of home,' she said in a low voice—'of safety, of comfort, of everything that I am now wanting.—What time is it, Mr Dugdale?'

I put my watch close to my face and told her the hour.

'How black the night continues!' she said—'how silent too!' she added after hearkening awhile. 'It has ceased to rain, and there is not a breath of air.'

'It has not rained for these two hours past,' said I. 'I am impatient for the day to break. The horizon should be tolerably clear, if there be no rain; yet what can daybreak possibly disclose to us on top of such a night of stagnation as this has been?'

'Have you slept?'

'No.'

'Then you will take some rest now. It is my turn to watch.'

'The dawn will be breaking in a couple of hours,' said I; 'I will wait till it comes. Should nothing be in sight, I may endeavour to rest. You will not suffer in the daylight from the feeling of loneliness that would make you wretched now if I slept.'

'Whilst you are here, although sleeping, Mr Dugdale, I should not feel lonely. Your voice assures me that you require sleep. I have been resting five hours. How patient you are!'

She took up my jacket, re-formed it pillow-fashion, placed it on the locker where her own head had lain.

'Pray, lie down, Mr Dugdale. I shall not be afraid; and I can awaken you in an instant if there should be occasion to do so.'

I complied, rather to please her than to humour my own wishes; for though my eyelids had the heaviness of lead, there was a thrilling and hurrying of nervous sensations in me which were as good as a threat that I should not sleep. And so it proved, for after I had held my head pillowed for some half-hour, I was still broad awake, and then, growing impatient of my posture, I sat erect.

'No use, Miss Temple. I cannot sleep; and since that is so, pray, resume this hard couch and finish out your slumbers.'

But this she would not do, protesting that she was fully rested. I was too desirous of her company to weary her with entreaties; and until the day broke, we sat at that narrow table with the light close enough to enable us to see each other clearly. I remember saying to her:

'Since this is an experience you were fated to pass through—I suppose we must all believe in the preordination of our lives—my sincere regret is that you should not have been imprisoned in this hull with somebody more agreeable to yourself than I.'

'Why do you say that?' she exclaimed, giving me a look that carried me back. 'In this state of misery a compliment would be shocking.'

'I seek no compliment,' said I. 'I am merely expressing a regret.'

'You regret that you are here?' she exclaimed. 'So do I, for then I should not be here. But since it is my lot to be here, I am satisfied with my companion; I would not exchange him for any other person on board the *Countess Ida*.'

I bowed.

'Should we be rescued,' she continued, keeping her dark gaze full upon me as she spoke (and something of their beauty and brilliancy of light had returned to her eyes with her rest), 'I shall be deeply in your debt. My mother will thank you, Mr Dugdale.'

'I have done nothing, Miss Temple. It is you who are now complimentary, and I fear ironical.'

She slightly shook her head and sighed, then remained silent for a minute or two, and said: 'How small and contemptible my spirit shows itself when I am tested! Do you recollect when this wretched brig was lying near us, how I took a parasol from my aunt and levelled it at this vessel and talked of wishing to see a sea-fight and of shooting a man? How brave I was when there was nothing particularly to be afraid of, and how cowardly I have shown myself here.'

'I should have scarcely believed,' said I, 'that you were sensible of my presence at the time you speak of.'

'Why?' she asked.

'Indeed,' I continued, 'I should have scarcely believed that you were sensible that I was on board the ship.'

'Mr Dugdale, if my manner did not please you, this is no time to reproach me with it.' Her eyes sparkled and her lip curled peevishly.

'Hark!' I exclaimed; 'I hear a rippling noise as of approaching wind.'

I passed round the table, gained the door, and looked out. The atmosphere was still motionless; but the sounds of rippling drew near, and presently I felt a pleasant little air blowing over the stern of the hull, accompanied with the tinkling and lipping noises of water set in motion trembling to the brig's side. But it was still pitch-dark, and search the sky where I would, I could observe no break of faintness, no leanest vision of star, no vaguest outline of cloud in the impenetrable obscurity.

I returned to the table, this time seating myself opposite to Miss Temple. It was easily seen in her face that she was sensible I did this consciously; indeed, the gaze she rested upon me was a look of inquiry, as though she would discover whether this holding aloof on my part was due to respect or to dislike. Then, as though she suddenly sickened to such idle considerations, she exclaimed with an eager awakening of her in her whole manner: 'Does this breeze come from the direction where the ships are, or where you may suppose them to be, Mr Dugdale?'

'For the life of me, I could not tell you,' I responded; 'there are no quarters of the compass for human senses on such a night as this, in a hull that may be headed on all sorts of courses

by the set of the swell; but the dawn will be here anon, and if this draught holds, we shall be able to find out whence it proceeds.'

It was still blowing the same light breeze when day broke, and I then knew that the wind sat about north-west. Miss Temple and I stepped on to the deck, where we stood in an agony of impatience awaiting the full revelation of the sea. One saw why it should have been so pitch-dark throughout the night; the sky was overcast from horizon to horizon by a sheet of sallowish leaden-hued vapour. Yet the atmosphere had cleared so as to enable the sight to penetrate to the verge of the normal sea-line, where the ocean stood in a firm rim of the darkness of indigo in the east against the gray of the morning that was spreading out behind it. I took a long and steady view of the circle; my companion's eyes were riveted upon me as I did so; she had rather trust my sight than hers, and her gaze glowed with an inexpressible eagerness to witness in my face an air that should inform her I beheld a sail.

'It is the same inhuman abominable blankness as that of yesterday,' said I, fetching a deep breath of rage and grief; then shocked by the look of horror and despair in Miss Temple, I added: 'Yet this gives us a view of but little more than seven miles. Here is a wind, surely, to whip something along. The ships of this ocean cannot all have rotted in yesterday's pestilential calm. Oh for such another telescope as Mr Prance's!' and so saying, I trudged forwards, and in a few minutes was sweeping the horizon from the elevation of the foretop.

I ran my eyes slowly and piercingly along the sea-line, starting from the part into which the vessel's mutilated bowsprit pointed, and when my vision was over the starboard quarter, I beheld, trembling upon the utmost verge of the livid waters stretching to the shrouded sky, a minute fragment of white—a tip as of a seagull's pinion, but of a certainty a sail! I lingered to make sure. Miss Temple watched me from abaft the deck-house. My glance went to her for an instant, and I saw her bring her hands together and lift them, as though she witnessed in my posture that I descried something. My heart hammered violently in my ears, and my breathing was short and laboured.

'What do you see?' Miss Temple cried at last, her rich voice, tremulous with excitement and expectation, floating up like the notes of a flute.

'A sail!' I exclaimed, calling with an effort. 'Patience! I must stay here to make sure of the direction she is taking;' and I stood pointing while she strained her sight; but there was nothing for her to see down there.

The breeze had weight enough to determine the matter with some despatch, and I knew that if the sail were heading away from us, it must speedily vanish, so mere a speck was it. Instead, though I will not say that it *grew* whilst I stood staring, it hung with a fixedness to satisfy me that the vessel was steering a course that must bring us into the sphere of her horizon; and not having the least doubt of this, I dropped over the short futtock shrouds of the wreck and sprang on to the deck.

'It is a ship, Mr Dugdale?' cried Miss Temple with something of an hysteric accent of inquiry in her voice.

'Assuredly,' I answered.

'Will she see us, do you think?'

'Ay, if she does not shift her helm. But we will *compel* her to see us.'

The girl suddenly grasped my hand in both hers, bowed her head over it, and I felt a tear. I was so affected that I stood looking, unable to speak. It was a sort of submission in its way—I cannot convey my thoughts of it. She was without her hat; I see her now as she bent over my hand; I feel the ice-cold pressure of her fingers, and recall the hot tears glittering through the beauty of her downcast lashes as they fell. She slowly lifted her large wet eyes to my face.

'What an experience this has been!' she whispered; 'how shall I be able to persuade people that I underwent it and lived?'

She still unconsciously held my hand. I put my lips to her fingers, and she released me.

'It must always be one of the very happiest memories of my life to me,' said I. 'I shall never make you believe in the joy your deliverance will fill me with.'

'Oh yes, yes!' she cried passionately; then sending a look over the quarter, she added: 'Are we not losing time? Is there not something we can do to summon her to us? Will it be long before she appears?'

'No; we are not losing time,' I answered. 'I shall have plenty of leisure to make a smoke, and that is what we must presently do. If she be the Indiaman or the corvette, all that is visible of her from yonder foretop is her royals. Her topgallant-sails, her topsails, and her courses will have to climb before her hull shows. Her speed to this air will not exceed four knots. She is probably twenty miles distant yet; and we must allow her, unless the breeze freshens, a good three hours to give us a full sight of herself on that horizon out there. So let us first get something to eat, Miss Temple, and then I will go to work.'

But our excitement was too strong to suffer us to make more than a phantom of a meal. A little biscuit soaked in wine formed my companion's breakfast; but her spirits had returned to her, the remembered brilliancy was in her eyes again; a faint, most delicate flush was on her cheek; with unconscious fingers she caressed her hair, as though, influenced by a womanly instinct of which she was insensible, she adjusted her tresses in preparation of our reception by the people of the ship. She was sure it was the *Countess Ida*. There was real gaiety in the laugh with which she said that she knew Mrs Radcliffe's character, that she could well imagine how her aunt had tormented Captain Keeling, how ceaselessly the old lady would importune the captain to make haste and recover her niece.

'Oh, what a meeting it will be!' she cried.

'The sail may prove the corvette, though,' said I.

'But she will rescue us, Mr Dugdale, and hunt after the Indiaman, and Sir Edward will put us on board of her.'

I left her to enter the 'tween-decks, where I collected a number of mats, blankets, staves of casks, and other material, which would burn and

produce a thick smoke; and presently, with the assistance of Miss Temple, had a great heap of these things stacked on deck betwixt the foremast and the main-hatch. It was a hard job to get the stuff to kindle, for the mats were damp, and the staves not to be set on fire by a sulphur match. But on overhauling the lockers in the deck-house I found a tin can half full of oil and a small parcel of rags; and by means of these I set my bonfire alight. The planks of the deck were thick and wet and securely calked, and the burning stuff was well clear of the hatch; there was no fear, then, as I believed, of the fire penetrating the deck. It made a prodigious smoke. The mass of damp blankets and rugs smouldered into a dark thick column, which mounted high ere it arched over to the wind. It was a signal to be sighted as far away as the ship was, and I stood watching it with transported eyes as it soared in belching folds, gyrating into and blackening out upon the breeze till it showed like a steamer's smoke or a ship on fire.

I waited a little, and then got into the foreshrouds to mark the sail afresh, and beheld the gleam of her canvas when I was still two or three ratlines below the futtock shrouds: good assurance, indeed, of her rising, and nimbly too, and heading square for us. I strained my gaze at her from the height of the top, but she was far too remote to be distinguishable: nothing more, indeed, than a little ivory shaft against the sulky shallowish sky.

It now occurred to me that I might accentuate the signal of the smoke by letting fall the foresail, for here was a space of canvas that would not only catch the eye, but suggest the hull as a still inhabited wreck that was on fire. I called to Miss Temple. She looked up eagerly.

'Do you see those ropes leading to the deck from the arms of this yard?' said I, pointing.

'Yes.'

'I want you to haul them taut, Miss Temple—gather in the slack, to prevent the yard from swinging, as I mean to get upon it.'

She understood me perfectly. Her jewelled fingers flashed upon the brace as she threw it off the belaying pin, and I gazed down with a smile of deep admiration at her noble figure as she swayed at the rope, tightening and then belaying it again.

'You should have been a sailor's daughter, Miss Temple,' I cried; 'there is the true skill of the ancient mariner in your trick of holding on with one hand and making fast with the other.—Will you please now tighten the brace on the right-hand side?'

She did so; and I got upon the yard, and 'laying out' upon it, as it is called, severed with my knife the ropes with which the canvas was frapped to the spar, and down fell the sail with a large rent right amidships of it, though that signified nothing in a square of white that was to serve as a signal only. I descended to the deck.

'Why have you loosed that sail?' inquired Miss Temple.—I explained.—'But will not the wreck now blow away from that ship?'

'No,' said I; 'she will fall off and come to. But the yard must be trimmed to achieve that.'

So saying, I let go the weather brace and swung the yard fore and aft as far as I could bring it, then overhauled the clew-garnets, that all there was of the sail might show. The hull slewed to the pressure, then hung quiet; meanwhile, I continued to feed the blaze, heaping on rugs and blankets, and so firing up that at times the smoke hung as thick to leeward as a thunder-cloud.

(To be continued.)

KRUPP'S IRONWORKS.

One of the largest iron and steel manufacturing establishments in the world is that founded by the late Alfred Krupp, the famous German cannon-founder, whose name is so well known in connection with modern improvements in artillery. His principal works are situated at Essen, in Prussia, in the midst of a district productive of both iron and coal. The town of Essen, which at the beginning of the present century contained less than four thousand inhabitants, has become an important industrial centre, with a population of seventy thousand persons, this increase being chiefly due to the growth of the ironworks, and the consequent demand for labour. In the vicinity of the town, numerous coal and iron mines, many of which are owned by the Krupp firm, are in active working, and furnish employment to the large population of the surrounding district. Much of the output of iron ore and coal from these mines is destined for consumption in the vast Krupp works within the town. Those works had their origin in a small iron forge, established at Essen in the year 1810 by Frederick Krupp, the father of Alfred Krupp. The elder Krupp was not prosperous; and a lawsuit in which he became involved, and which lasted for ten years, though finally decided in his favour, reduced him nearly to bankruptcy. He died in 1826, in impoverished circumstances, leaving a widow and three sons, the eldest of whom was Alfred, aged fourteen. The business was continued by the widow, who managed, though with difficulty, to procure a good education for her sons. When the eldest, Alfred, took control of the works in 1848 he found there, as he himself has described, 'three workmen, and more debts than fortune.'

Krupp's subsequent career affords a remarkable instance of success attained, despite adverse circumstances, by sheer force of ability and energy, in building up a colossal manufacturing business from a humble beginning. At the present time, Krupp's works within the town of Essen occupy more than five hundred acres, half of which area is under cover. A census taken in September 1881 showed that the number of individuals in his employ was then 19,605, and the members of their families were 45,776—there being thus a total of 65,381 persons maintained by his works. Of the army of workers, 11,211 were employed at the works in Essen, the remainder being occupied in the many iron and coal mines of the vicinity, or at the branch-works at Sayn and Neuwied; or in the iron mines at Bilbao, in Spain, which produce the best ores. In Krupp's Essen works there are eighty-two steam-hammers, ranging in

weight from fifty tons down to four hundred pounds. There are 1553 large ovens, 439 steam-boilers, 480 steam-engines—representing together 18,500 horse-power—and twenty-one rolling-trains; the daily consumption of coal and coke being 3100 tons by 1648 furnaces. The average daily consumption of water, which is brought from the river Ruhr by an aqueduct, is 24,700 cubic metres. The electric light has been introduced, and the work ceases entirely only on Sunday and two or three holidays. Connected with the Essen works are forty-two miles of railway, employing twenty-eight locomotives and 883 vehicles. There is a fine chemical laboratory; a photographic and lithographic *atelier;* a printing-office, with steam and hand presses; and a bookbinding room.

Though, in the popular mind, the name of Krupp is usually associated with the manufacture of instruments of destruction, yet two-thirds of the work done in his establishment is devoted to the production of articles intended for peaceful uses. The various parts of steam-engines, both stationary and locomotive; iron axles, bridges, rails, wheel-tires, switches, springs, shafts for steamers, mint-dies, rudders, and parts of all varieties of iron machinery, are prepared here for manufacturers. The production is, in Dominie Sampson's phrase, 'prodigious.' In one day the works can turn out 2700 rails, 350 wheel-tires, 150 axles, 180 railway-wheels, 1000 railway-wedges, 1500 bomb-shells. In a month they can produce 250 field-pieces, thirty 5·7-inch cannon, fifteen 9·33-inch cannon, eight 11-inch cannon, one 14-inch gun, the weight of the last-named being over fifty tons, and its length twenty-eight feet seven inches.

Alfred Krupp devoted much attention to the production of steel of the finest quality, and was the first manufacturer who succeeded in casting steel in large masses. In 1862 he exhibited in London an ingot of finest crucible steel weighing twenty-one tons. Its dimensions were nine feet high by forty-four inches diameter. The uniformity of quality of this mass of metal was proved by the fact that when broken across it showed no seam or flaw, even when examined with a lens. The firm can now make such homogeneous blocks of seventy-five tons weight if required. Such ingots are formed from the contents of a great number of small crucibles, each containing from fifty to one hundred pounds of the metal. The recent developments of the manufacture of steel by the open-hearth process have removed all difficulty in procuring the metal in masses large enough for all requirements, and of a tensile strength so high as thirty-three to thirty-seven tons to the square inch. Crucible steel, however, though more expensive, still holds its place as the best and most reliable that can be produced; and nothing else is ever used in the construction of a Krupp gun. By the perfected methods in use at the Essen works, such steel can be made of a tensile strength of nearly forty tons to the square inch, and of marvellous uniformity of quality. The ores used in the Krupp works for making the best steel are red hematite and spathic ore, with a certain proportion of ferro-manganese. The crucibles employed are formed of a mixture of plumbago and fireclay, shaped by a mould into a cylindrical jar some eighteen inches in height, and baked in a kiln. When in use, they are filled with small bars of puddled metal, mixed with fragments of marble brought from Villmar, on the Lahn. They are then shovelled into large furnaces, whose floors are elevated three or four feet above the ground-level. In the earthen floor of the immense room containing the furnaces are two lines of pits, one set to receive the molten metal, the other intended for the red-hot crucibles when emptied of their contents. When the crucibles have undergone sufficient heating, the furnace-doors are opened simultaneously at a given signal, and the attendant workmen draw out the crucibles with long tongs, and rapidly empty them into the pits prepared for the reception of the metal. The empty crucibles when cooled are examined, and if found unbroken, are used again; but if damaged, as is usually the case, are ground up, to be utilised in making new ones.

The production of steel by this method furnishes employment for eight or nine hundred men daily in the Krupp works. The Bessemer process for converting iron into steel is also largely used there in making steel for certain purposes. All material used in the different classes of manufactures is subjected at every stage to extreme and exact tests; the standards being fixed with reference to the purpose to which the metal is to be applied, and any material that proves faulty when suitably tested is rigorously rejected.

The guns originally manufactured by the Krupp firm were formed from solid ingots of steel, which were bored, turned, and fashioned as in the case of cast-iron smooth-bore cannon. With the development of the power of artillery, the greater strain caused by the increased powder-charges and by the adoption of rifling—involving enhanced friction between the projectile and the bore—had the result of demonstrating the weakness inherent in the construction of a gun thus made entirely from one solid forging, and that plan was eventually discarded. Artillerists have learnt that the strain produced by an explosive force operating in the interior of a cannon is not felt equally throughout the thickness of the metal from the bore to the exterior, but varies inversely as the square of the distance of each portion of the metal from the seat of effort. For example, in a gun cast solid, if two points be taken, one at a distance of one inch from the bore, and the other four inches from the bore, the metal at the former point will during the explosion be strained sixteen times as much as that at the distance of four inches. The greater the thickness of the material, the greater will be the inequality between the strains acting at the points respectively nearest to and furthest from the interior. The metal nearest the seat of explosion may thus be strained beyond its tensile strength, while that more remote is in imperfect accord with it. In such a case, disruption of the metal at the inner surface ensues, and extends successively through the whole thickness to the exterior, thus entailing the destruction of the gun.

This source of weakness is guarded against by the construction of what is termed the built-up gun, in which the several parts tend to mutual

support. This gun consists of an inner tube, encircled and compressed by a long 'jacket' or cylinder, which is shrunk around the breech portion with the initial tension due to contraction in cooling. Over the jacket and along the chase, other hoops or cylinders are shrunk on successively, in layers, with sufficient tension to compress the parts enclosed. The number and strength of these hoops are proportionate to the known strain that the bore of the gun will have to sustain. The tension at which each part is shrunk on, is the greater as the part is farther removed from the inner tube; the jacket, for example, being shrunk on at less tension than the outer hoops. The inner tube, on receiving the expansive force of the explosion, is prevented by the compression of the jacket from being forced up to its elastic limit; and the jacket in its turn is similarly supported by the outer hoops; and on the cessation of the internal pressure the several parts resume their normal position.

This system of construction originated in England, and is now in general use. The first steel guns on this principle were those designed by Captain Blakely and Mr J. Vavasseur, of the London Ordnance Works. At the Exhibition of 1862, a Blakely 8·5-inch gun, on the built-up system, composed wholly of steel, was a feature of interest in the Ordnance section. The plan devised by Sir W. Armstrong, and carried into effect for a series of years at Woolwich and at the Armstrong works at Elswick, consisted in enclosing a tube of steel within a jacket of wrought-iron, formed by coiling a red-hot bar round a mandrel. The jacket was shrunk on with initial tension, and was fortified in a similar manner by outer hoops of the same metal. The want of homogeneity in this gun was, however, a serious defect, and ultimately led to its abolition. The difference in the elastic properties of the two metals caused a separation, after repeated discharges, between the steel tube and its jacket, with the result that the tube cracked from want of support. Both at Woolwich and at Elswick, therefore, the wrought-iron gun has given place to the homogeneous steel built-up gun, which is also the form of construction adopted by the chief powers of Europe and by the United States of America.

The failure of some of his solid-cast guns led Krupp, about 1865, to the adoption of the built-up principle. With few exceptions, the inner tube of a Krupp gun is forged out of a single ingot, and in every case without any weld. The ingot destined to form the tube has first to undergo a prolonged forging under the steam-hammers, by which the utmost condensation of its particles is effected. It is then rough-bored and turned, and subsequently carefully tempered in oil, whereby its elasticity and tensile strength are much increased. It is afterwards fine-bored and rifled, and its powder-chamber hollowed out. The latter has a somewhat larger diameter than the rest of the bore, this having been found an improvement. The grooves of the rifling are generally shallow, and they widen towards the breech, so that the leaden coat of the projectile is compressed gradually and with the least friction. The jacket and hoops of steel are forged and rolled, without weld, and after being turned and tempered, are heated and shrunk around the tube in their several positions, the greatest strength and thickness being of course given to the breech end, where the force of explosion exerts the utmost strain. The completed gun is mounted on its appropriate carriage, and having been thoroughly proved and tested and fitted with the proper sights, is ready for service. The testing range is at Meppen, where a level plain several miles in extent affords a suitable site for the purpose.

For many years all guns of the Krupp manufacture have been on the breech-loading system, and he has devoted much time and ingenuity to perfecting the breech arrangements. The subject of recoil has also largely occupied his attention. In the larger Krupp guns the force of recoil is absorbed by two cylinders, filled with glycerine and fitted with pistons perforated at the edges. The pistons are driven by the shock of the recoil against the glycerine, which is forced through the perforations. In England a similar arrangement of cylinders, containing water as the resisting medium, has been found effective; and in America, petroleum is employed for the same purpose. The advantages of the use of glycerine are that in case of a leak it would escape too slowly to lose its effect at once, and it is also more elastic than water, and is less liable to become frozen.

The resources of Krupp's establishment are equal to the production of guns of any size that can conceivably be required. He has made guns of one hundred and nineteen tons weight, and is said to be now making one of one hundred and forty tons. The portentous development of the size and power of modern ordnance is exemplified by these guns, and the Armstrong guns of one hundred and eleven tons made at Elswick. Amongst the class of monster cannon, one of the most powerful is Krupp's seventy-one-ton gun. This, like all others of his make, is a breech-loader. Its dimensions are—length, thirty-two feet nine inches; diameter at breech end, five feet six inches; length of bore, twenty-eight feet seven inches; diameter of bore, 15·75 inches; diameter of powder-chamber, 17·32 inches. The internal tube is of two parts, exactly joined; and over this are four cylinders, shrunk on, and a ring around the breech. Its rifling has a uniform twist of one in forty-five. It cannot possibly be fired until the breech is perfectly closed. Its maximum charge is four hundred and eighty-five pounds of powder, and a chilled iron shell of seventeen hundred and eight pounds.

Krupp did much to promote the welfare and comfort of his workpeople. For their accommodation, he erected around Essen nearly four thousand family dwellings, in which more than sixteen thousand persons reside. The dwellings are in suites of three or four comfortable rooms, with good water-arrangements; and attached to each building is a garden, large enough for the children to play in. There are one hundred and fifty dwellings of a better kind for officials in the service of the firm. Boarding-houses have also been built for the use of unmarried labourers, of whom two thousand are thus accommodated. Several churches, Protestant and Catholic, have also been erected, for the use of his workmen and their families.

There have likewise been provided two hospitals, bathing establishments, a gymnasium, an unsectarian free school, and six industrial schools—one for adults, two for females. In the case of the industrial schools, the fees are about two shillings monthly, but the poorest are admitted free. A Sick Relief and Pensions Fund has been instituted, and every foreman and workman is obliged to be a member. The entrance fee is half a day's pay, the annual payment being proportioned to the wages of the individual member; but half of each person's contribution is paid by the firm. There are three large surgeries; and skilful physicians and surgeons, one of whom is an oculist, are employed at fixed salaries. For a small additional fee each member can also secure free medical aid for his wife and children. The advantages to members are free medical or surgical treatment in case of need, payment from the fund of funeral expenses at death, pensions to men who have been permanently disabled by injuries while engaged in the works, pensions to widows of members, and temporary support to men who are certified by two of the physicians as unable to work. The highest pension to men is five pounds monthly, the average being about two pounds sixteen shillings monthly. The average pension to widows is about one pound fourteen shillings monthly.

The firm have made special arrangements with a number of life-insurance companies whereby the workmen can, if they choose, insure their lives at low rates. They have formed a Life Insurance Union, and endowed it with a reserve fund of three thousand pounds, from which aid is given to members needing assistance to pay their premiums. An important institution in Essen is a great Central Supply Store, established and owned by the firm, where articles of every description—bread, meat, and other provisions, clothing, furniture, &c.—are sold on a rigidly cash system at cost price. Connected with the Central Store are twenty-seven branch shops, in positions convenient for the workpeople, placing the advantages of the system within the easy reach of all.

The original name, 'Frederick Krupp,' has been retained through all vicissitudes of fortune, as the business title of the firm. The small dwelling in which Alfred Krupp was born is still standing, in the midst of the huge workshops that have grown up around it, and is preserved with the greatest care. At his expense, photographs of it were distributed among his workmen, each copy bearing the following inscription, dated Essen, February 1873: 'Fifty years ago, this primitive dwelling was the abode of my parents. I hope that no one of our labourers may ever know such struggles as have been required for the establishment of these works. Twenty-five years ago that success was still doubtful which has at length—gradually, yet wonderfully—rewarded the exertions, fidelity, and perseverance of the past. May this example encourage others who are in difficulties! May it increase respect for small houses, and sympathy for the larger sorrows they too often contain. The object of labour should be the common weal. If work bring blessing, then is labour prayer. May every one in our community, from the highest to the lowest, thoughtfully and wisely strive to secure and build his prosperity on this principle! When that is done, then will my greatest desire be realised.' Alfred Krupp died 14th July 1887.

THE HOSPITALLERS.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

It is hard enough to own one's self in the wrong, and to admit the mistake makes the matter very little pleasanter; but to confess a fault in cold blood is perhaps the most painful test to which a proud nature can be put. Still, Harold Abelwhite's estimate of George Goldsworthy's character was not very wide of the mark when he assured the mistress of Fotheryngsby that her confession would be met in the most forbearing spirit.

On the morning on which Mrs Debenham had succeeded in screwing up her courage to the sticking-point, Ben Choppin, in an unusual fit of contrariness, had deemed it his duty to take his late commander to task touching the latter's reception of Hugh Debenham upon the occasion of his initial visit to the Hospital. Sylvia being absent upon some scholastic duty, it devolved upon the Captain to read the matutinal allowance of 'British Battles.' He had donned his spectacles and cleared his throat, usually the signal for rapt attention upon the boatswain's part; but instead of assuming an attitude of deep admiration, Ben laid his pipe on one side and made a sign that he wished to speak.

'Captain,' he commenced oracularly, 'heave-to and drop your anchor for a moment. I've got something on my mind; and that bein' so, it's got to come out. Let's discuss this matter without violence.'

'What do you mean?' asked the Captain mildly.

'You know what I mean well enough. You calls yourself a Christian man. I don't believe you're anything of the sort—so there.'

Choppin hurled this defiance at his antagonist as Betsy Prig denounced the apocryphal Mrs Harris, only the effect was not so theatrical as upon that historic occasion. The Captain's spectacles beamed with benign astonishment.

'There is all kinds o' pride,' pursued the speaker, 'some proper, and some not. Pride brought you here, and pride 'll carry you away. But I didn't owt to see the gentleman as I have looked up to for nigh upon thirty years, go and insult another gentleman as never done him any harm.'

'You think I was wrong?' asked Goldsworthy meekly. 'You cannot understand some things, Ben, and this is one of them. Our young patron's father once did me a grievous injury. I cannot accept any favour from his hands.'

Ben Choppin described a few circles, indicative of contempt, with his pipe-stem. 'He comes here affable and friendly enough—as nice a mannered young man as I could wish to see. And what do you do? Why, insult him in your own house. That's because his father had done something or other he shouldn't. Not that I believe it, mind, for the gentleman I remember on the *Greyhound*, him as was so thick with you, couldn't ha' done it.—I tell you what it is,' continued Choppin,

waxing warm, 'if you leaves Blackfriars, my name's Walker.'

'But my decision need not influence you,' replied the Captain, somewhat touched by this evidence of his old friend's fidelity. 'You must not think of such a thing, Ben. What could you do?'

'Ay, and what could *you* do, either? I could put up with the workhouse, as many a better man has done; but I don't stop here without you, sir. I'm a lonely old man, with few to care for a worn-out old sailor. There's Miss Sylvia, God bless her! with always a word and a smile for me.—Captain, I'd lay down my life for her happiness!'

'I believe you would, Ben,' replied the Captain huskily, as he wiped his spectacles, which had somehow become misty. 'I believe you would, Ben. I believe we all would.'

'And a nice way you've got of showin' it. There's a model parent for you! All along of pride, he's goin' to give up a comfortable house, and live upon his daughter's little earnings. What do you think of that? Pride! It's nothin' but wickedness and tomfoolery; it's'——

'Ben, be quiet,' cried the listener. 'How—how dare you say such things? Why, if I had you on the quarter-deck at this moment, I would—— My old friend, pray, do not say such terrible things.'

But Mr Choppin for the time being was adamant to the piteous plea. Always tenacious of his point, he was not slow to see the advantage he had gained, and, like a good general, resolved to follow up his first impression. 'Fair words butter no parsnips,' he rejoined sententiously; 'and you can't hurt me by cutting off your nose to spite your face. Just say as you didn't mean it, and I shall be the first to let bygones be bygones.'

The Captain melted visibly, being considerably softened by Ben Choppin's rugged, but no less forcible, arguments. There was, too, a certain rough tenderness in this dog-like fidelity, a quality for which Goldsworthy had the highest admiration; and, moreover, every word was replete with truth.

'You are right, and I am wrong,' he said. 'Don't reproach me with my weakness, Ben. You do not know how I have been tried.' Here he paused for a moment. 'Let us say no more.—And now to our "Battles."'

'The battle of Trafalgar, commencing—"At this point the *Victory*"—chapter 10, page 374,' said Ben cheerfully. 'Ah! it makes me feel young again.'

But the stirring history of that memorable victory was not destined to enlighten Mr Choppin on this particular occasion, for scarcely had the place been found, when the Corporal, in a state of somewhat agitated dignity, appeared, followed in the distance by a dapper footman, clad in the claret and silver livery of the house of Debenham.

'Mrs Debenham would like to see Captain Goldsworthy for a few moments, if he is not particularly engaged,' Mr Dawson announced, with the air of one repeating a lesson, at which the footman in the background nodded approvingly. 'And please, Captain, may she come inside?'

'Certainly,' replied Goldsworthy calmly, 'if she cares to come this way.'

Dawson shuffled away in company with the gorgeous footman, while the Captain and Ben Choppin regarded each other in speechless astonishment.

'There's going to be a reconciliation,' said the latter solemnly, first to find his tongue. 'You mark my words. I think you're to be trusted this time, Captain. And whatever you do,' continued the speaker confidentially, 'no insults—nothing about the late Mr D., because ladies ain't fond o' hearing their belongings abused.'

This valuable counsel was scarcely imparted before the lady in question appeared, preceded by the agitated Corporal. Her own servant she dismissed with a gesture, Choppin and his *fidus Achates* retiring to their favourite retreat to discuss this event, at once so portentous and unexpected.

Captain Goldsworthy rising, bowed, and motioned his visitor to a chair. 'Pray, be seated,' he said. 'I am sorry the accommodation is so limited.'

Mrs Debenham took the proffered chair. There was an awkward silence for a moment as each scanned the other's features. There had been little ravage wrought by the hand of time upon the one, rich, prosperous, and free from the carking cares of life; while the other, save that his hair was whiter, his figure not quite so straight as it had been, carried his troubles well and manfully.

'This is an honour I had not anticipated,' said the Captain, all the easy courtesy natural to a gentleman recurring in the presence of an equal. 'Will you be good enough to explain the occasion for your visit?'

There was something in this simplicity that immediately set the visitor at her ease, not that the confession she had to make came to her tongue any the more readily. But a woman of the world, troubled by no excess of awkwardness, the training stood her in good stead now.

'What I have to say,' she commenced, 'will be painful to you, but infinitely more distressing to me. In the first place, Captain Goldsworthy, I will ask you to remember the time when my husband and yourself were friends.'

The Captain inclined his head gently. Up to a certain point the recollection of that time was pleasant enough.

'Then something came between you—something you were pleased to call, and not without some show of reason, I admit—treachery. In the first place, I must tell you that my husband was true enough to you. There was treachery, but not on his part; that was left to another.'

'I should like to believe that,' cried the Captain eagerly. 'It would be very pleasant to know that my old friend Debenham was innocent of deception. Madam, the loss of that money for its own sake I never deplored; it was the loss of my friend that I most regretted.'

'I believe you, Captain Goldsworthy; I do indeed,' said the lady warmly. 'Your faith has not been misplaced. I am to blame.'

'An accident,' replied Goldsworthy, somewhat incredulously. 'Is it possible?'

The moment for confession had arrived, and, strangely enough, it seemed far easier than it had

done an hour since. Without the slightest hesitation or faltering, Mrs Debenham told her tale.

'You will remember that my husband was, owing to an accident, unable to attend to his duties. From time to time I had helped him, till at length I grew to be interested in business affairs, and, for a woman, knew a great deal respecting stocks and shares. I do not want to revive painful recollections; but the warning you declared you never received was written in my presence, and handed me as an important document to post myself. That letter I deliberately suppressed.'

Still, not a word or sign of astonishment from the listener. For a moment there was a look of mingled reproach and astonishment in his blue eyes, but so gentle that the penitent took fresh heart of grace to proceed.

'My reason, as you can guess, was this: My husband was unable to travel and see to his own interests. Had he been badly crippled over that one speculation, ruin would have followed. On the other hand, you could have been in London the same day the sinister rumours arrived. You might have sold out, and saved your money. But what would have followed? Twenty thousand pounds sold out in one day, and our chance of getting out would not have been worth the trouble of a journey. That is all I have to say. And from the bottom of my heart I thank you for making this humiliating confession of mine less degrading than I expected it to be.'

'Dear, dear,' said the Captain regretfully, 'and my old friend was true to me, after all. It serves me right. What business had I to doubt him?'

Not a single word of reproach, nothing that tended to embarrass the now thoroughly penitent speaker. Her face was flushed to a deep crimson; there were heavy tears in her eyes and rolling down her cheeks.

'You are a good man,' she said brokenly. 'How can I thank you!'

'I want no thanks,' replied the Captain gravely. 'To find that my trust was not misplaced is sufficient happiness for me. Will you oblige me by saying no more? Let us be thankful it has been no worse.—Nay, do not ask it. Your secret is perfectly safe in my hands.'

It was with a heart singularly light that Mrs Debenham turned her face homewards, so light, indeed, that, rapt in her pleasant reverie, she drove past Hugh in the Widemarsh Street without the slightest recognition. She had stayed long enough to see Sylvia, and signify approval of her refined beauty and singular charm of manner. After all, she thought, there was money enough, and the Goldsworthys were as old a family as, nay, older than the Debenhams. It was the pleased expression engendered by this train of thought that Harold Abelwhite, walking towards the Hospital with Hugh, caught and interpreted as a happy omen. The latter had heard, not without astonishment, of his mother's determination to visit the obdurate Captain; but that her mission would be successful he had not for a moment anticipated.

'It is safe,' said the artist, half jestingly, half sadly. 'Come, sir; I shall have much pleasure in presenting you to the genuine Captain Goldsworthy, a gentleman without equal in all this broad county. Mr Debenham, the gods must love you passing well.'

'It will be an acceptable change,' said Hugh dryly. 'I suppose I must ask no questions. Only, I cannot stand a repetition of last week.'

But there was nothing frosty in Captain Goldsworthy's manner as he came to the door of his cottage to meet the new patron. That Hugh intended to pay the Hospital another visit in the course of the day, he had gathered from a parting observation of Mrs Debenham. In honour of the occasion he had donned his best uniform, a decided breach of the rules, but, under the circumstances, perfectly excusable.

'I hope you have forgiven me?' he said in his most courtly manner. 'There had been a grievous mistake, for which I am altogether to blame.'

In spite of himself, Abelwhite was forced to turn away to disguise a smile. Like Uncle Toby, the Captain's perversion of the truth must have been ignored by the recording angel.

'I have heard of some misunderstanding,' Hugh replied as easily. 'But I have been out of England so long, that really'——

'It is best forgotten. We old servants of Her Majesty are apt to be hasty in our judgments sometimes. Your father and I were old shipmates, and bosom friends many years ago. If you are half as good a man, you will fill his place worthily.'

There was nothing more for it but to shake hands, which they did with more than usual heartiness. Then Hugh looked round, as if he had missed something, an action by no means thrown away upon the observant painter.

'Your family circle is not complete, Captain Goldsworthy,' he observed. 'Mr Debenham is wondering what has become of Miss Sylvia.'

'I must plead guilty to the impeachment,' Hugh admitted unblushingly.—'Come, Captain, in common fairness to me, you must remove the very unfavourable impression created the other afternoon.'

'Nay; you must do that yourself, lad,' cried the Captain, in great good-humour. 'If you have as winning a tongue as your appearance is pleasing, there is no likelihood of failure on your part. If you care to walk round your new possessions, you will probably find her in the ruins.'

Hugh, eager as he was, hesitated a moment; but reading the unmistakable 'Yes' in Abelwhite's eyes, tarried no longer. The latter watched his retreating figure with a curious mixture of pain and pleasure at his heart. It is hard for a man to destroy the fabric of his happiness to form the material upon which to build up the felicity of a rival.

The shadows had already commenced to lengthen across the lawn; there was only the faintest of breezes stirring the green ivy round the ruined monastery. From the street beyond there came the muffled roar of traffic, here soft and subdued to something like drowsy music. A little rain had fallen in the morning, freshening the borders of mignonette and tenweek stock. There was not a 'seemly coat of red' to be seen, no figure save that of a girl standing before the preaching-cross, her eyes fixed upon the worn lettering round the base.

Hugh stepped across the strip of lawn, his feet deadened by the elastic turf, and stood by her side. As she turned, half-startled, and her eyes met his, there was something there more eloquent of welcome than any words could be. He took her hand in his and held it for a moment. 'I have been talking to your father,' he said.

'Yes? I am glad you came, for I should not like you to misjudge him. Your mother was here this morning, and explained the miserable misunderstanding. It was very good of her to come.'

'Why did you leave London?' asked Hugh. He had heard but vaguely the preceding remark. 'I have been looking for you everywhere.'

'Have you? I thought you knew that—that—who I was. I knew you were the son of my father's old friend. I thought I could be happier here than there. It is a beautiful place, and I have got to love it.'

They had moved towards the ruin, and with no fixed intent on either side, presently stood within the naked walls, alone and unperceived, shut out as it were from the outer world. Hugh waited patiently till she had ceased to speak, then drew a pace closer to her side.

'I have heard most of the story,' he said. 'Of course there is no one to blame; still, I feel that I and mine owe you and yours a great deal. And yet, selfish that I am, I want to go deeper into your debt. If I had spoken to you a week ago it would have been useless; now, I hope differently.'

'Say on,' said Sylvia gaily, though there was a slight break in her voice. 'I am so happy to-day that I could not refuse any favour. Anything that there is in my power to grant shall be yours.'

'Many thanks,' said Hugh, calmly appropriating the hands Sylvia had held out to him half jestingly. 'Then I want this.—Now, be silent. I am the governor of this place, and its inmates are subject to my supreme command.—Sylvia, I command you to say "Yes."'

'But really,' Sylvia ejaculated, laughing and crying in a breath, her blue eyes filled with tears; 'it is so sudden'——

'But not unexpected. Oh! you sweet hypocrite! you deceitful Sylvia! And this is how soon you have forgotten that morning in Kensington Gardens, but five months ago, that you promised to'——

'I didn't,' Sylvia cried indignantly—'I didn't promise to marry you.'

'No; but you promised, if you didn't marry me, you wouldn't marry any one else,' Hugh retorted coolly. 'See, I am waiting.'

'You are very patient,' Sylvia murmured; 'and I am a happy, happy girl. Oh! how much more do you want me to say than *that?*'

Mr Corporal Dawson, wandering towards his accustomed seat, heard the voices, and peeped in. There Ben Choppin discovered him ten minutes later, a rigid statue of astonishment at the unaccustomed spectacle of a beautiful girl with her lover's arm round her and her head upon his shoulder. Ben, taking in the situation at a glance, led his friend kindly, but none the less firmly, to the accustomed seat, where he eyed him for some moments in silent scorn and loathing.

'Jacob Dawson,' said he in a judicial whisper, 'ain't you ashamed of yourself?'

But the Corporal's energetic and far-seeing mind was busy discounting the future. 'If so be as that be the case,' he replied meditatively, 'it ought to mean summut hexter at Christmas'—a low practical remark, accepted by Ben Choppin with the contempt it unquestionably deserved.

In accordance with the Corporal's anticipations, there was a wedding a little later, of so romantic a description that the *élite* of Castleford and neighbourhood had conversational matter enough to last through at least a dozen dinner-parties and such-like festivities. The idea of being married from an almshouse was unconventional enough in all conscience; but then a Goldsworthy of Lugwardine, as every woman in the west of England knows, can trace descent from Llewellyn himself. Under the old ruin, roofed over for the occasion, Hugh and his bride cut the wedding cake; and the Corporal and Ben Choppin, the breach being healed, drank so many toasts that they became exceedingly vain-glorious and inflated with pride, thus engendering a sore feeling with the rest of the Hospitallers for some days afterwards.

There was but one notable absence from the marriage-feast—that of Harold Abelwhite. He sent the bride a present, the picture Hugh had so greatly admired; and the same day Mrs Debenham received a present likewise—three sheets of tissue-paper enclosed in an envelope. A week later an enclosure, containing bank-notes to the value of five hundred pounds, found its way to the artist's cottage; a little tribute of admiration, said the sender, of Mr Abelwhite's genius, and to enable him to complete a course of study he had long contemplated. Had he been able to regard the gift as a genuine tribute to his abilities, he might have retained it; but it looked too much like bribing him to silence, hence he returned it. His pictures are yearly increasing his reputation; but in his London studio he has as yet found no time or inclination to design another castle in the air.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THERE has for a long time been an expression of opinion among artists and others that our metropolitan National Gallery does not contain sufficient examples of the works of British artists, who are therefore left out in the cold, where it is only natural they should find a home. It is now pointed out that whatever may have actuated the authorities from time to time in making their selection of pictures, there is no question about the want of space, which would forbid a representative collection of the works of our native artists. This being so, it is proposed that a new collection should be gathered together under the name of 'A National Gallery of British Art.' Sir J. C. Robinson has suggested that the new Gallery might be built on to the old Kensington Palace, and that the rooms of the old building, which are stately in appearance, and which possess fine painted ceilings, elaborate chimney-pieces, and carvings in oak and marble in the best taste, should be fitted with suitable

furniture, and thrown open to the public as a highly attractive and interesting exhibition.

For centuries, salt has been obtained by the evaporation of brine in open pans, at first from sea-water, and of later years from the water which comes from the melting rock-salt underground, and which is pumped up in such abundance in Cheshire and elsewhere. It is somewhat remarkable that this crude way of making salt should have held its own for so long, for it has disadvantages. Among these are the slowness of the operation, the cost of the large quantity of fuel required, the noxious fumes given off by the escape of brine into the furnaces, and the rapid decay of the iron pans used, owing to the hard scale formed upon the metal by the action of lime and magnesia contained in the brine. An improved method of manufacture has at length been discovered by Dr Pick of Austria, who for many years has devoted his attention to the subject. The system is too elaborate to be fully described here, but it may be said that it is continuous and automatic in action, requires only two-fifths of the usual amount of fuel, and does not entail skilled labour. The operations are conducted by means of steam instead of fire, and the salt is produced in closed vessels in a vacuum, the spent heat from one vessel being utilised by its neighbour. Under favourable conditions, the salt produced by the new apparatus is of the finest quality, and its cost is not much above one quarter of that made by the old method. The apparatus has for some time been at work at a salt-work in Staffordshire, and it fully bears out the promises of its inventor.

A recent despatch from India dealing with the sugar-manufacture does not speak very hopefully of that industry. The authorities have, since the beginning of the century, done their best to effect improvements in methods of production, but their efforts have had but little success. The cultivation of the sugar-cane in India is limited by scarcity of both water and manure, and seems to be confined to small farms which are more or less widely separated. For this reason the attempts to establish central factories where the sugar could be refined have failed, the difficulties of collection over a wide area being insurmountable. Sugar-refining, indeed, cannot be made to pay unless it be supplemented by the sale of rum and other liquors; and even in this case the manufacturer is handicapped by Excise difficulties. Under present conditions, it would seem that it is more profitable to produce a coarse sugar for local consumption than to attempt the manufacture of a better kind for export; and any improvement that it is possible to look for must appertain to the native method of manufacture.

A form of Bell Buoy which presents many new features has been invented by Mr Jasper Gibson of London. The Buoy supports two bells, one above the other, which are used for distinct purposes—the lower one being a fog-bell, and the upper one a storm-bell. The fog-bell is actuated by a rod attached to a float which moves up and down with every ripple, and it is thus in no way dependent upon a rough sea for its warning note. But the storm-bell requires something more than this to force it into action. Three external hammers are suspended from a disc, which is so balanced that it remains horizontal however the buoy may be tossed about on the angry waves. This persistence of position continually brings its hammers into contact with the agitated bell, and a sustained tolling is the result. In both bells, provision is made for the hammers springing back after striking the bell, so that its sonorous qualities are not interfered with. It will thus be seen that the Gibson Bell Buoy presents many advantages over the somewhat clumsy contrivance which it aspires to supersede. It is thought very highly of by experts.

The delay which seems to have been incurred through a variety of circumstances in the establishment of the electric light as a common illuminant in this country has not been all lost time, for English electricians are now able to profit by the experience of other countries, and will be able to avoid many pitfalls into which they otherwise might have stepped. They are at least warned by the many fatal accidents which have occurred in New York against the danger of leaving wires in exposed situations unprotected. We are glad to see that the widow of a victim to carelessness in this respect has been awarded liberal damages at Brighton, and we hope that this early accident in England will have a good effect in making others more careful. Mr Edison pointed out while he was in Paris the danger of laying cables charged with high tension currents side by side with gas-pipes in street subways; and he was able to quote one instance at least in which a gas-pipe had been melted, and the escape of gas from it had led to an explosion.

Venturesome sportsmen, who are occasionally prone to complain that big game is being exterminated, and that now there is very little left to shoot, will find their aspirations gratified to the utmost if they care to undertake a journey to Indo-China. At Annam, for instance, tigers are so numerous that no one ever thinks of going outside his residence after dark; and as much as four hundred pounds sterling was paid last year by the authorities for their destruction. We do not know how many tigers this represents, but we learn that the evidence of a skin and fangs is necessary before the reward is paid. But it would seem that the Annamese believe more in superstitious observances as a talisman against wild animals than they do in powder and shot, for they have raised the tiger to the position of a deity, and propitiate him by the consecration of temples to his honour. He is also distinguished by various titles of nobility, and has followers, as if he were the head of a religious sect. But this does not prevent the natives from trapping the animal and destroying him by stratagem, and they would doubtless heartily welcome any noble sportsman who may visit their country to levy war against the creature.

A signalling system for use of the police in cities and towns has been recently exhibited in London by means of miniature apparatus. An ordinary lamp-post is furnished with a receptacle, in which is a clock dial and pointer, very much like the telegraph used in a steam-ship, only, instead of the commands to 'Go ahead' or 'Go astern,' the dial is furnished with notices of fire, robberies, riots, and the like. A corresponding dial at the nearest police station synchronises with this on the lamp-post, and also gives the

number of the lamp from which the message is sent. The plan is ingenious, and would no doubt be useful in many cases.

It is said that Iceland is gradually becoming depopulated, owing to the constant emigration of its people to the more inviting shores of Canada and the United States. These emigrants send such favourable accounts home to their friends of their change of domicile that others quickly follow in their wake, and so the drain goes on. It is estimated that this year the exodus of Icelanders will amount to twenty thousand, which is nearly one quarter of the population of the island. The emigrants are chiefly from the northern and eastern districts, where labour is only carried on under the greatest difficulties, and where bad harvests have lately caused much poverty. Among the fisher-folk, too, the competition of steam-trawlers has almost crippled the work which used to be carried on successfully with old-fashioned boats and gear.

A recent Report from Upper Burma gives some interesting particulars concerning the Silver and Lead Mines in that country. The ore is found within ten feet of the surface; but the shafts are commonly carried down to three hundred feet before the miners find any veins worth following up. They work out the ore by primitive methods, and sell it at the pit's mouth to others, who extract the silver from it. The lead is at present not allowed to be dealt with, in order that the dacoits may not have the wherewithal to manufacture bullets, and there is consequently an accumulation of the baser metal, which it is suggested that the Government should purchase. The ore is plentiful, and yields about ten shillings' worth of silver for every basket of three hundred and sixty-five pounds.

An improved method of making sheet-glass is said to have been perfected by an American manufacturer. At present, such glass is made by blowing a cylinder; and after cutting it down on one side, it is allowed to unroll itself by its own weight while resting in a hot state upon a flat surface. In this new method the glass in a semi-liquid molten condition is submitted to the action of hollow metal rollers, which are heated on the inside by steam or gas, and it is by them rolled out in a thin sheet much after the manner in which plate-glass is made. The new process is said to furnish sheet-glass of a high quality at a cheaper rate than was before practicable.

The practice of Cremation, in lieu of ordinary burial, is making steady progress in Paris, in spite of the opposition to it which exists in certain quarters. At the new Crematorium at the well-known cemetery Père-la-Chaise, a furnace has been erected which will reduce a body to ashes in less than an hour, and at a cost of about fifteen-pence for fuel. Since the establishment of this system in the French capital, twelve hundred unclaimed bodies of persons who have died in hospitals have been thus disposed of, besides the bodies of three hundred of the well-to-do classes, whose wishes have been thus complied with.

Lord Rayleigh, in a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, took for his text the word 'Foam,' and he proved by many interesting experiments that foaming, or frothing, is not possible with a liquid of pure constitution. Thus, pure water and pure alcohol will neither of them foam; but a mixture of water with five per cent. of alcohol will foam strongly. Beer is, of course, a mixture of this character. Water impregnated with camphor, or with a small quantity of any colloid substance, will froth freely; and we all know that a little soap added to water will cause the same effect. Alluding to sea-foam, the lecturer said that this was not due to the salt contained in the water, but rather to the seaweeds which suffer destruction in stormy weather. He also alluded to the effect of oil upon troubled waters, and pointed out that although in the first instance only the smaller ripples were affected by the oily coating, the larger waves were afterwards brought under control, for it seemed as if the power of the wind to create those large waves was due in great measure to the small ripples which formed at their back, and gave the wind a hold on the water which it would not otherwise have. It was in reality the curling tops of the waves and the broken water which was mischievous, and this was quieted by the action of the oil.

The Horse Accident Prevention Society has been established with the humane object of saving needless suffering to one of our most faithful and obedient servants. This Society, which well deserves support, recently issued a circular inviting the opinion of those well qualified to judge as to the best form of paving for our city streets. The circular was addressed to all the drivers attached to the London General Omnibus Company and other similar associations, to the drivers of well-known firms of carriers, and to others; and the principal questions to which it invited replies were: 'Which is the best—that is, the safest—and which is the worst or most dangerous pavement now used in the London streets?' The replies are as follows: 750 drivers think that wood is the best material; 219 prefer macadam; 197 think that granite cubes form the best roads; while 51 are in favour of asphalt. With regard to the worst pavement, more than 1000 condemn asphalt to this ignominious position, while 122 say that nothing is worse than wood. As a result, the Society is now urging upon local authorities to discard asphalt for the future, and to replace it as it becomes worn out by a safer material.

A favourite and apparently successful method of advertising is to publish testimonials from those who have benefited by the particular article which is thus brought under public notice. American adventurers are very clever at this kind of thing, and some of our own countrymen are not far behind them. But certainly one of the best advertisements of the kind comes from the pen of Theebaw, the deposed monarch of the Burmese, a translation of which recently was published in the *Rangoon Gazette*. It is designed for a particular brand of cigars, and appears upon every box of those luxuries. It runs as follows: 'My late father, the Royal Mindoon Min, the Golden-footed Lord of the White Elephant, Master of a thousand gold Umbrellas, owner of the Royal Peacocks, Lord of the Sea and of the World, whose face was like the Sun, always smoked the Esoof Cheroot while meditating on his treatment of the bull-faced, earth-swallowing English. Had I done the same, I should never have lost my throne; but I used the opium-drugged cheroots from

Manila and the trash which was sent me from San Francisco, and I fell.—(Signed) THEEBAW, formerly King.'

A Melbourne paper lately described the visit of the Conservator of Forests to the Mount Macedon State Nursery of trees, where the work of propagating young trees and cultivating plants of various kinds for distribution among local bodies is constantly going on. It is estimated that this year nearly half a million trees will be thus distributed. An examination of a number of American black walnut trees has revealed the existence of what seems to be a new disease, and energetic measures are at once to be taken in order to cope with it. This disease takes the form of a species of mildew, which clusters round and attacks the roots. The efforts to cultivate the Rhea Grass from India, which yields such a valuable fibre, has been attended with marked success.

Sir Morell Mackenzie has recently written upon the effect of tobacco-smoking on the voice, and his remarks should receive attention by those who practise public speaking or singing. He tells us that most of the leading actors in London suffer from a relaxed condition of the upper part of the throat, brought on, he believes, entirely by smoking; but actresses are rarely affected in that way. He has noticed the same thing in the case of military officers and clergymen. It is not necessary to be a smoker to encourage these symptoms, for a delicate throat exposed to an atmosphere laden with the fumes of tobacco such as is often met with in a railway carriage, is, we learn, even worse than the use of the cigar or pipe. The oriental hookah is in Dr Mackenzie's opinion the least harmful apparatus to use, for the smoke passes through water, and is robbed of its heat before it enters the system; and the cigarette, so fashionable nowadays, is the most dangerous.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF GEOGRAPHY.

FEW people perhaps study geography for mere amusement, yet half-an-hour with an atlas may be profitably and agreeably spent, and it will reveal some curious though little suspected facts. In these days of School Boards, of course everybody has a smattering of the science, and very few, indeed, are so ignorant as the statesman who, according to *Punch*, is represented, during a delicate negotiation respecting East Africa, as desperately exclaiming, 'Where, O *where* is Zanzibar?'

It would be unpatriotic, as well as untruthful, to say that the British Empire is not the greatest, so far as regards territory, on the face of the earth. It may be true, also, that the sun never sets on the Queen's dominions; but it is rather surprising to find that until within a few months ago she did not possess a square inch of territory anywhere on the line of the equator. This newly acquired and interesting part of the British Empire is the territory belonging to the Imperial East Africa Company, which stretches from the coast north of Zanzibar north-westwards to Lake Victoria Nyanza.

India is virtually a tropical country; yet Cape Comorin, the southernmost extremity, is about five hundred and sixty miles north of the equator; and the most northerly part of the Punjab is almost on the same latitude as Gibraltar, or one thousand miles farther south than London.

Although New York is in a general sense 'west,' it is in reality nearly nine hundred miles nearer the equator than Liverpool. Directly west from Liverpool is the cheerless coast of Labrador; and crossing the continent we pass the southern portion of Hudson Bay, Lake Winnipeg, and, on the other side of the continent, the southern extremity of Alaska. Farther west still is the centre of the Isthmus of Kamtchatka; and, if the circuit is completed, right through Siberia and Russia, and on to Hamburg. We have to thank our climate, maligned as it is, that we are not frozen fast half the year. Apropos of freezing, Montreal, of ice-palace notoriety, is on the same degree of latitude as Venice, or about four hundred and fifty miles nearer the equator than London. Again, St John's, Newfoundland—that land of fogs and drifting icebergs—lies one hundred miles farther south than Paris.

When we read of vessels rounding Cape Horn, it never occurs to us that they are sailing through a strait not much broader than the North Sea; yet that is all the distance between the Cape and the Antarctic continent.

A curious incident regarding a strait occurred during the Russian War. It would have been ludicrous, if anything can be ludicrous connected with war. Commodore Elliot was blockading a Russian squadron in the Gulf of Saghalin, on the east coast of Siberia. Thinking he had the Russians in a *cul de sac*, he complacently waited for them to come out, as the water was too shallow for him to attack them. As the enemy did not come out, he sent in to investigate, and found, to his astonishment, that Russians and ships had vanished! While he had been waiting for them in the south, they had quietly slipped out by the north; teaching both him and the British Government a rather severe lesson in geography, as it had been thought that Saghalin was an isthmus; and they were totally unaware of a narrow channel leading from the Gulf to the Sea of Okhotsk.

Buccaneering romances teem with references to the Spanish Main, yet how many people nowadays know what or where the Spanish Main was? Main is a contraction for Mainland, and was applied to the part of the north coast of South America washed by the Caribbean Sea. The name is a relic of the time when that part of the continent belonged to Spain, and was used in opposition to the West India Islands, which also then belonged to that country.

Where is El Dorado? This was a question which acutely exercised the conquerors of Mexico and Peru. Not content with the spoils of these unfortunate countries, the Spaniards argued that there must be another and a richer country in the interior, supposed to be somewhere to the north or west of Peru. They called it, in prospective, the Golden Land. Sir Walter Raleigh tried to find it in Guiana. It has not yet, however, been discovered. The Spaniards very likely found their El Dorado when they plundered Mexico and Peru; and the English buccaneers—of whom Sir Walter Raleigh was by no means an insignificant specimen—found *their* El Dorado in plundering the plunderers; a sort of rough-and-

ready retribution, highly pleasing, no doubt, to the well-known English sense of justice.

To come nearer home: comparatively few are aware of the exact 'lay of the land' round about our shores, or even in our own country. How many people, for instance, know that Edinburgh is on the same parallel of longitude as Cardiff, in South Wales, or one hundred and twenty miles west of London, or that it is actually seven or eight miles west of Liverpool? And that directly south of Edinburgh is the Solway Firth? In a vague kind of way Edinburgh is supposed to be north of London. It is really north-west. Flamborough Head is the last point of land directly north of London. Beyond that is an uninterrupted line passing to the west of Spitzbergen up into the depths of the Arctic regions, where no definite land has yet been discovered. This is, in fact, one of the least explored parts of the Arctic continent.

It is curious, too, that south of the Blasquets, the most westerly point of Ireland, there is no land for sixteen hundred miles, until we reach the north-west coast of Africa.

Land's End, although the most westerly point of England, is by no means the most westerly of the island; there are several parts of Scotland more westerly still; and Ardnamurchan Point, the farthest, is ten miles farther west than Land's End.

A good deal of haziness prevails as to the exact relative geographical positions of various parts and places of the Continent to this country. Denmark, for instance, lies east of the southern half of Scotland, and Copenhagen, the capital, is twenty miles farther south than Edinburgh. Moscow lies on the same latitude as the former city. What might have been the result of Napoleon's famous campaign if the climate, as well as the latitude, agreed with ours?

Sumburgh Head, the southern extremity of the Shetland Islands, is on the same latitude as Cape Farewell, in Greenland, on the one hand, and on the other, St Petersburg. To St Petersburg is generally given the credit—if credit it can be called—of being the most northerly capital in Europe; but it must divide the distinction with Christiania, capital of Norway, which is on exactly the same latitude. Stockholm, the sister capital, is forty miles farther south.

It is natural enough to suppose that the shortest distance between two places is along a straight line stretching from the one to the other. So it would be for all practical purposes between, say, Holyhead and Dublin, or Dover and Calais, but not between Liverpool and New York, or any other two places great distances apart. Marine charts are on Mercator's Projection, on which all the parallels of latitude and longitude cross each other at right angles. The utility of this arrangement cannot be explained here; but we shall simply confine ourselves to the reason why the shortest distance as on Mercator's Chart, say between Land's End and Newfoundland, is not along a straight line drawn from the one point to the other, but along a segment of a circle lying to the north of it and having one end at the place of departure and the other at the place of destination. As every one knows, degrees of latitude become shorter as they approach the Pole, therefore, in sailing from the one point to the other as above, although a vessel must pass through the same *number* of degrees, yet they are shorter than the degrees lying along the straight line, so that it has actually to sail a less distance along the curved line than the straight one. This is called in nautical language, 'Great Circle Sailing.' The example given is in the northern hemisphere; in the southern hemisphere the curve, of course, will incline towards the South Pole.

Although difficult to understand, the principle of Great Circle Sailing becomes quite clear with the aid of a terrestrial globe.

It may not be out of place to give, in conclusion, two instances of the curiosities of ancient geography, one might almost say mysteries, for they have not been satisfactorily cleared up to this day. About 400 B.C., Pytheas, a citizen of Massilia, after having discovered Albion, sailed still farther north, and came to a place he called Ultima Thule. Some suppose that this was Shetland, others Norway, and others Iceland. Shetland has popularly been regarded as the Ultima Thule, although there is really no definite ground for supposing so, as Pytheas gives us no information which would help to locate the mysterious region; or rather the information he does give is so mixed with the fabulous as to be utterly worthless. Another mysterious region was a great island lying outside the Pillars of Hercules, called Atlantis. Plato was the first to mention it, and he says that the sea suddenly engulfed it, and that the region had ever since been unnavigable by reason of the shoals created by the sunken continent. Some regard the Canary Islands as the remains of Atlantis; some suppose it to be America; and some suppose it existed in Plato's imagination only.

BETROTHED.

DEAR, as I listen to your voice, Love's light
Falls in full glory over all the land;
And I? I scarce can see. With trembling hand
I needs must shade my eyes, since all too bright
The dazzling radiance shines. Through shadowy night
Erst I looked up, and longed but for a strand
Of light from some dim star; at your command,
Lo, day breaks, with no dawning, on my sight!
Deem me not cold, beloved, but only slow
To realise how my poor life is blest.
Thus hold my hands in yours until they grow
Warm in your clasp; and thus, dear, let me rest—
All the sweet peace of Love at last to know—
Here with my glad face hidden on your breast!

KATE MELLERSH.

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INVALIDS.

By Mrs Lynn Linton.

With sickness, as with everything else in life, the same state has different manifestations, and the 'so many men so many minds' is an adage which proves itself true at every turn. There are invalids and invalids, as there are sinners and sinners—saints and saints; and some of them are beautiful and pathetic, and others are unlovely and rasping. There is the patient invalid who does not lose strength in fretfulness, in self-pity, or in disobedience to the nurse and doctor—the invalid who recognises that certain element of Necessity in his sickness, and who, now that he is laid by the heels by disease, waits tranquilly till he is rescued by science and restored once more to health. This is the ideal invalid, and the one, moreover, who not only gives his care-takers the least trouble but also gives himself the best chance. Never down-hearted; never recalcitrant; doing as he is told—believing that experts know better than himself; waiting patiently, as one who is in a storm at sea stands by in silence, letting the captain command, and obeying orders as they come to him—this invalid is he of whom his care-takers say fondly: 'He gives no trouble, poor lamb, and is as easy to wait on as a child.' And this is the invalid who gets well—save when the very citadel is attacked, and then he lowers his flag and opens the Great Gates when resistance is in vain, yielding with the same brave constancy as that which had heartened him to the fight, and sinking into the arms of death as placidly as he had done his best to escape for yet a little while longer.

How different from him is that furious, fighting, intractable invalid who will not allow himself to be controlled, and who despises his physician as heartily as he rates his nurse! He calls the medical profession generally 'humbug;' and medical practitioners are 'those fellows.' When he falls sick, however, he sends for one of those fellows and pays him grudgingly his fee; but the chances are he refuses to take the medicines prescribed or to follow the regimen ordained, and he winds up by saying testily: 'Those fellows know nothing about it!' Not necessarily an unkind man, he is a perfectly detestable invalid—tyrannical, testy, ungrateful, impracticable. His temper is so bad and his ways are so irritating that his very pain does not command the sympathy which else would be given to it. You are sorry, of course, that he suffers as he must, but why is he such a demon to that nice nurse of his?—why does he allow himself to be the prey of such degrading suspicions?—why is he such a fool as to disobey his doctor on the plea that he knows as much as that other, and that 'as much' means nothing? His illness has not touched his brain in other matters. Only in all that concerns himself and his malady does he 'carry on' like a maniac, and act with such want of common-sense and ordinary good-feeling as excuses the want of sympathy in his *entourage*. Such an invalid as this, man or woman, is the typical 'handful.' Do what you will you cannot do the thing that is right, and you are hourly accused of doing wilfully the thing that is wrong. Small wonder, then, if the trained nurses who come as they are sent go back to their headquarters at the double. It is a task beyond their powers to tend that roaring, furious, leonine invalid, who rails at them in between the spasms of pain as though they were the familiars of the Inquisition wilfully racking and pressing him—who accuses them of every crime from drunkenness to peculation, and who will do nothing he or she is told to do, nor allow them to do what they ought. No wonder, indeed! Human nature has its limits even in a professional nurse, and sympathy has its low-water mark when it flows no more. And an invalid of this kind suffers not only more than need have been, in actual pain and discomfort, but also in the loss of that soothing grace of human compassion and friendly sympathy which does something for the sick, if not all nor yet even much.

Then there are mopy invalids who frighten

themselves by their own fears, and who exaggerate their symptoms as much as a mountain mist exaggerates the things it covers. If they have a cold, they have bronchitis, pneumonia, laryngitis, and who knows what besides. If they are feverish, they are in for some awful turn of which typhus is the most general bugbear. If they have a rash produced by transient indigestion, it is eczema at the least and scarlet fever at the worst, and they are always going to die. They sit in the dark, or they lie in bed for ailments to which a robuster moral nature would give no heed whatever; and they send for the doctor to cure a malady which a day's abstinence from wine and meat, or a simple 'cooling draught' in the morning, would banish as surely as the wind sweeps away the fog. They are the most doleful creatures in existence, and the wonder is how they care to live wrapped up as they are in the wet-blanket of their own fearful imaginings. These are also among the difficult patients to nurse when they are really ill. They are so miserably certain that the Grim King has them in his clutches there is no heartening them up to make an effort. They might, but they will not. They are like people with their eyes shut, who cannot find the door because they will not open their closed lids and see. And, indeed, these people do really often die just for want of that effort. They let themselves sink into the Slough of Despond, and they are smothered because they will not struggle out of the morass when they might.

Opposite to them are the breezy, gallant, never-say-die fellows, who laugh and joke when at the last gasp, and do not recognise that they are in any danger even when they are *in extremis*. They, too, are in their own way difficult patients to deal with. They will not submit to necessary restrictions, not from the 'cussedness' of those furious lions and tigers and bedridden hyenas who snarl and growl and snap from between the sheets, but from the overflowing froth of their champagne-like spirits—the irrepressible buoyancy of their temperament. They cannot believe that anything serious ails them. It is a temporary inconvenience, and they will soon turn the corner, and be rattling along the broad and sunny highway as usual. Their jocund temper never seems to flag—their bubbling hopes never grow flat. They good-humouredly neglect precautions—laughingly disobey injunctions—miss their medicine with a jest—declare themselves fit as fiddles when they are nothing better than a set of broken panpipes—maintain that they are convalescent when they are practically moribund. They have been known to die with a jest on their lips—a jest more full of fun and less bitter at the edges than Rabelais' famous: 'Lower the curtain—the farce is played out.' But though the exuberance of their jollity is at times embarrassing to their care-takers, and often hurtful to themselves, it is better than the overflowing melancholy of the weak-spirited, who give themselves up to death and despair if their finger aches or their eyes smart.

The affected invalid who gives herself up to æstheticism and the muses—posturising as a kind of diaphanous priestess of delicacy to whom rude health is synonymous with vulgarity—she contrasts pretty forcibly with her careless sister, who makes the inevitable unpleasantnesses of invalidism more unpleasant still by her indifference to beauty and even to seemliness. We may go too far in the more refined way, and overload the sick-bed with artistic fal-lals as we may overload an apple-tart with sugar and spice; but it is almost easier to go too far in the contrary direction, and to smother the very shadow of the graces under the knitted woollen shawls and rough flannel jackets of a careless woman's hideous invalid attire. Between the extreme of one of these diaphanous priestesses, who bound her crimped and well-dressed hair with a diamond fillet and decked herself with roses as for a ball, the while she lay on her bed of suffering, draped with lace and satin—and the extreme of that other whose towzelled locks were all in disorder about her face, and whose gray woollen shawl was eloquent of linseed meal and mustard, there is surely a mean. And that golden mean will be found the best for all the working purposes of a sick-room, as indeed for every other place and purpose. Less pranked and more simple than the one, the invalid who has hit the golden mean is more careful and less ungraceful than the other. If her sick-bed is not as a garden of roses, and she herself not like a princess busked for a ball, she takes care that her invalidism shall be robbed of all repulsive features, and that it shall possess its own appropriate beauty. She has flowers in rational quantity, and books and pretty trifles to please the eye and soothe the senses. She is dressed with taste and care, and her chosen colours are suggestive of freshness. She is not overladen with perfume, but there is perfume through all the room. She wears no jewels; her hair is not filleted with diamonds, nor crimped and curled as for a ball; but neither is it lying in tumbled elf-locks over the pillow, and hanging in stray wisps about her face. Nor, again, does she give herself up to friends as a show they come to see; nor repel them when they do come by either her monstrous affectation on the one side, or her revolting carelessness on the other. She is Herself in her sick-room as she is Herself in her drawing-room; but the places and their appropriate furniture are different, and she does not seek to bring the one into the other.

Again, there are invalids who, when they have to give up active life for a time, give up everything connected with the family—things which yet are well within their power to direct if not to look after. They retire to their beds, perhaps on small provocation, and there lose the thread of active life, as if there were no world beyond their own four-poster. The house may manage itself for all the care they take that it shall go on as usual in the accustomed groove. The husband must take care of himself, and the children must manage in the best way they can. The invalid has washed her hands of all responsibility, at least for the time, and she is too ill to be worried. As she is often too ill to be worried, things in that house are not infrequently at a dead-lock, and comfort is one of the lost arts. By-and-by it begins to be whispered that the lady's illnesses are but cloaks to hide her indolence—euphemisms for her selfishness—and that she is no more ill than she is insane. Her sister, poor dear, is a real invalid—but then her sister directs her household

from her sick-bed just as she does when on her feet; and the pain of her illness falls only on herself—her husband, her children, and her household do not suffer. And here again, as everywhere in life, unselfish consideration for others and strict regard for duty override conditions and redeem what else would be failures, making even invalidism less a hindrance than a pathetic kind of beauty, and robbing it of all its practical disabilities.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. Clark Russell,

Author of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE 'LADY BLANCHE.'

So light was the breeze, that it was drawing on to ten o'clock in the morning before the approaching vessel lay plain on the sea. Long before this, I had made her out to be a square-rigged craft, and sometimes I would imagine that she was the corvette, and sometimes that she was the *Countess Ida*. It had been a time of breathless expectation, of crushing suspense. Again and again had I mounted the rigging to make sure that she had not shifted her course, and was edging away from us. Again and again had I run my eyes round the sea with a passionate prayer in my heart that the wind might hold; for if it shifted, we stood to lose the ship; and if it fell, the calm might last all day, with the prospect of another black night before us and a deserted ocean at daybreak.

But now, drawing on to this hour of ten, the hull of the vessel had risen to its bends, and though I might be certain of nothing else, it was absolutely sure that the stranger was neither the *Magicienne* nor the *Countess Ida*. She had puzzled me greatly for a considerable time; for even when her fore-course had fairly lifted she yet seemed to be rising more canvas. But by this hour I could distinguish. She was a small vessel, painted white—whether barque or ship I could not then tell. She had studdingsails out and skysails set, and showed as an airy delicate square of pearl; and indeed I might have believed that she was the Indiaman for that reason, until her snow-white body came stealing out to the stare I fixed upon her, and then I looked at Miss Temple.

Her sight for seafaring details was not mine. She was trembling as she said: 'Which ship is she, Mr Dugdale?'

'Neither,' I answered.

'Neither!' she cried.

'Do not you observe that yonder craft has a white hull, and that she is a small ship?—But what does it matter? She is bound to see us. She will rescue us; and let the future be what it may, our one consuming need now is to quit this hull.'

She had so reckoned upon the stranger proving either the corvette or the Indiaman, that, had the approaching craft been no more than a mirage, had the fabric melted upon the air as we watched it, she could not have looked more blank, more wildly and hopelessly disappointed.

'Neither!' she repeated, breathing with difficulty.—'Oh, Mr Dugdale, what are we to do?'

'Why, get on board of her, in the name of God,' I cried—'giving Him thanks when we are there.'

'But she may—she will be'—she paused, unable to articulate: then with an effort: 'She may be going to another part of the world.'

'It matters not,' I answered, observing with rapture that the vessel was heading more directly for us; 'she will put us aboard something homeward bound.—Will not that be better than stopping here, Miss Temple?'

'Oh yes, oh yes!' she cried; 'but if we waited a little, the Indiaman might find us.'

'Heaven forbid! we have waited long enough.'

So speaking, I rushed forward, picked up the handspike with which I had beaten upon the forecastle wall, secured a blanket to it, and dancing aft, fell to flourishing it with all my might. Very slowly the vessel came floating down upon us with a light swaying of her trucks from side to side, and a tender twinkling of the folds of her lower canvas, which there was not weight enough in the wind to hold distended. Her hull was exceedingly graceful, and of a milky whiteness; and as she leaned from us on some wide fold of the breathing waters, she exposed a hand's-breadth of burnished copper, which put a wonderful quality of beauty and delicacy into the whole fabric, as though she were a little model in frosted silver.

'Before she takes us on board, Mr Dugdale,' exclaimed Miss Temple, 'will not you mount the rigging to see if there is another ship in sight that may prove the Indiaman?'

'But even if the Indiaman were in sight,' said I, 'we should seize this the first of our opportunities to escape from this floating tomb. For heaven's sake, let us get aboard that fellow!'

As I spoke, I seized the handspike again and frantically flourished it. All this while there was a column of smoke ascending steadily from my fire of rugs and mats and darkening the sea over the starboard bow, heading as the wreck was. I was now able to make out that the coming craft was a barque. My eyes were glued to her; my heart thumped furiously; the wildest alternations of joy and dread seized me. Suppose she should prove some foreigner in charge of a man indifferent to human life, some cold-blooded miscreant who had shifted his helm merely to satisfy his curiosity, and who, on perceiving that the smoke was no more than a signal, and that the wreck floated high, should slide quietly on and leave us to our fate? Such things had been; such things were again and again happening. As she drew with a snail-like motion abreast without touching a brace, without any signs of movement about her deck, my eyes turned dim; I feared I was about to swoon.

'Will she not stop, Mr Dugdale?' exclaimed Miss Temple in a voice of terror.

Lifting the handspike with its fluttering blanket high above my head, I waved it furiously for some moments, then flinging it down upon the deck, applied my hands to the sides of my mouth, and in a voice of such energy that it came near to cracking every vein in my head, I yelled: 'Barque ahoy! For God's sake, send a boat and take us off.'

As the words left my throat, the vessel's helm was put down; the clew of the mainsail mounted, and her topsail yard slowly revolved, bringing every cloth upon the main aback, and in a few minutes the graceful little craft was lying without way within speaking distance of us.

In the violence of my transport, I grasped Miss Temple's hand, and again and again pressed my lips to it, congratulating her and myself so, for I had no words. The figures of the people were clearly visible: a row of heads forward, the fellow at the wheel on a short raised deck, and two men dressed in white clothes with large straw hats at the mizzen rigging. One of them leisurely clambered on to the rail and holding by one hand to a backstay sang out:

'Wreck ahoy! How many are there of you?'

'Two of us only,' I shouted back; 'this lady and myself.'

'Any contagious sickness?'

'No, no,' I bawled, amazed by the question. 'Pray, send a boat.'

He continued to stand, as though viewing us meditatively; then: 'Wreck ahoy!'

'Hallo!' I cried, scarcely able to send my voice owing to the consternation excited in me by the man's behaviour.

'Are you a sailor?' he roared.

'Oh, say yes, say yes!' cried Miss Temple; 'he may be in want of men.'

'Ay, ay,' I cried; 'I'm a sailor.'

'What sort of sailor?'

'I belonged to an Indiaman.'

'Afore the mast?'

'No, no! send a boat—I'll tell you all about it.'

He descended from the rail and apparently addressed the man that stood near, who walked to the companion-hatch and returned with a telescope; the other took it from him, then knelt down to rest the glass on the rail, and surveyed us through the lenses for at least a couple of minutes, after which he rose, returned the glass to his companion and flourished his hand at us. I watched, utterly unable to guess what was next to happen. My fears foreboded the departure of the barque, and the impatience in me worked like madness in my blood. But mercifully we were not to be kept long in this intolerable state of suspense. A few minutes after the man, whom I supposed to be the captain, had motioned to us with his arm, a number of sailors came to the davits at the foremost extremity of the raised afterdeck, where swung a small white boat of a whaling pattern. Four of them entered her, and she sank slowly to the water's edge, where she was promptly freed from the tackles, and three oars thrown over. The fellow in the stern sheets was the man who had handed the glass to the other. The oarsmen pulled swiftly, and in a very short time the little craft was alongside.

'Only two of ye, is it?' said the fellow who grasped the tiller, a short, square, sun-blackened, coarse-looking sailor.

'Only two,' I cried.

'Any luggage?'

'No,' I answered.

'Nothen portable aboard worth carrying off, is there?'

'Yes,' I answered, cursing him in my heart for the delay these questions involved; 'there are several hams, bottles of fine wine, cheeses, and the like below.'

'Odds niggers! we'll have 'em then,' he exclaimed; and in an instant he was in the wreck's chains, wriggling over the side and calling to one of his fellows to follow him. They hung in the wind a moment, staring their hardest at Miss Temple and myself; then said the short square man in white: 'Where be the goods, master?'

I pointed to the hatch in the deckhouse, and directed them to what I called the pantry. But nothing could have induced me to leave the deck. As they disappeared I stepped to the side where the bulwarks were gone.

'Bring the boat close under, my lads,' I exclaimed to the two fellows in her, 'and stand by to receive the lady.'

The hull was rolling very gently, with just enough of depression to render a jump into the little fabric as it rose very easy and safe. 'Now, Miss Temple,' I cried. She sprang without an instant's hesitation, was caught by one of the sailors, and in a jiffy the pair of us were snug in the stern sheets side by side.

The two men could not take their eyes off us. They surveyed us with countenances of profound astonishment, running their gaze over Miss Temple as though she were some creature of another world: as well they might, indeed, seeing the contrast between the groaning mutilated smoking hull and this girl leaping from her deck in the choice and elegant attire of the highest fashion, as the two poor fellows would imagine—for what eye would *they* have for the disorder of her apparel?—and her hands, breast, and ears sparkling with jewels of value and splendour.

'Are ye English, sir?' said one of them, a middle-aged man, of a very honest cast of countenance, with minute eyes deep sunk in his head, and a pair of grayish whiskers uniting at his throat.

'Why, yes, to be sure,' I answered.

'The lady too, sir?'

'Yes, man, yes.—What ship are you?'

'The *Lady Blanche*,' he answered.

'Where bound?'

'To Mauritius, from the river Thames.'

I glanced at Miss Temple; but either she had not heeded the fellow's answer or her mind failed to collect its meaning.

'Been long aboard here, sir?' said the man, indicating the hull by a sideways motion of his head.

'Two nights,' I answered. 'There should be a corvette and an Indiaman close at hand hereabouts. Have you met with either ship?'

'No, sir.'

'Sighted no sail at all?'

'Northen like un,' exclaimed the other sailor.

'Th' ocean's gone and growed into a Hafrican desert.'

The square man in white followed by his attendant seaman arrived at the side bearing between them a blanket loaded with the produce of the pantry, to judge by the clinking of bottle glass and the orbicular bulgings of cheeses and rounds of hams.

'Catch this here bundle now,' sung out the square man, who, later on, I ascertained was the barque's carpenter, acting also as the second mate. 'Handsomely over the bricks. It's wine, bullies.'

The blanket and its contents were received, and deposited in the bottom of the boat. The men entered her, and we shoved off.

'Did you make up that there fire, sir?' inquired the square man, bringing his eyes in a stare of astonishment from Miss Temple to myself.

'Yes: nobody else. This lady and I are alone.'

'Then you've set the bloomin' hull on fire,' said he.

I started, and sent a look at the column of smoke, at which I had never once glanced whilst lying alongside, so distracted was my attention by the multiplicity of emotions which surged in me. There was no need to gaze long to gather that more was going to the making of the coils of smoke which were now rising in soot than the nearly consumed remains of the mats and rugs which I had stacked and fed.

'The fire's burnt clean through the deck,' said the square man, 'and there are some casks in flames just forrads of the main hatch. What might they have contained, d'ye know?'

'I don't know,' I answered, trembling like a half-frozen kitten as I watched the smoke, and thought of what must have come to us if yonder barque's approach had been delayed!

'I suppose there'll be gunpowder aboard?' continued the square man.—'Pull, lads! If a bust-up happens, it'll find us too near at this.'

The men bent their backs, and the sharp-ended little boat went smoking through the quiet rippling waters. Nothing more was said. The square man, whose rugged, weather-blackened face preserved an inimitable air of amazement, eyed us askant, particularly running his gaze over Miss Temple's attire, and letting it rest upon her rings. The toil of the seamen kept them silent. For my part, I was too overcome to utter a word. The passion of delight excited by our deliverance—that is to say, as signified by our rescue by the barque—was paralysed by the horror with which I viewed the growing denseness of the smoke rising from the hull. She was on fire! What would have been our fate—without a boat—without the materials for the construction of a raft—with no more than a few staves of casks to hold by!—Such a sea-brigand as the wreck had been in her day was sure to have a liberal store of gunpowder stowed somewhere below: in all probability, in a magazine in the hold under her cabin. What, then, would there have been for us to do? We must either have sought death by leaping overboard, or awaited the horrible annihilation of an explosion!

Miss Temple's eyes were large and her lips pale and her face bloodless, as though she were in a swoon. She was seeing how it was, and how it must have been with us, and she seemed smitten to the motionlessness of a statue by the perception as she sat by my side staring at the receding hull.

We swept to the little gangway ladder that had been dropped over the rail, and with some difficulty I assisted the girl over the side, swinging by the man-rope with one hand and supporting her waist with the other. The man who had hailed us stood at the gangway. I instantly went up to him with my hand outstretched.

'Sir,' said I, 'you are the captain, no doubt. I thank you for this deliverance, for this preservation of our lives, for this rescue from what *now* must have proved a horrible doom of fire.'

He took my hand and held it without answering, whilst he continued to stare at me with an intentness that in a very few moments astonished and embarrassed me.

'What is your name, sir?' he presently said.

'Laurence Dugdale,' I answered.

'Mate of an Indiaman, I think you said, sir?'

'No,' I replied. 'I was for two years at sea in an Indiaman as midshipman.'

He let fall my hand, and his face changed whilst he recoiled a step, meanwhile running his eyes from top to toe of me.

'A midshipman?' he exclaimed, with an accent of contempt. 'Why, a midshipman ain't a *sailor!* How long ago is it since you was a midshipman?'

'Six years,' I answered, completely bewildered by questioning of this sort at such a moment.

'Six years!' he cried, whilst his face grew longer still. 'Why, then, I don't suppose you'll even *know* what a quadrant means?'

'Certainly I know all about it,' I answered, with a half-glance at Miss Temple, who stood beside me listening to these questions in a torment of surprise and suspense.

'Are ye acquainted with navigation, then?' inquired the captain.

'Sufficiently well, I believe, to enable me to carry a ship to any part of the world,' I rejoined, controlling my rising temper, though I was sensible that there was blood in my cheeks and that my eyes were expressing my mood.

'Why, then, that's all right!' he cried, brightening up. 'You tell me you could find your way about with a sextant?'

'Yes, sir, I have told you so.'

'Why, then,' he roared, 'I'm glad to see ye! Welcome aboard the *Lady Blanche*, sir.—And you, mem, I am sure.' Here he pulled off his immense straw hat and gave Miss Temple an unspeakably grotesque bow.—'What have you got there?' he bawled to the square man.

'A blanket full of wines and cheeses and 'ams,' answered the man, who was helping to manœuvre the bundle inboards over the side.

'All right, all right!' shouted the captain. 'Now put 'em down, do, and get your boat hooked on and hoisted, d'ye hear? and get your topsail yard swung.—Why, who's been and set that wreck on fire?'

'The flare's burnt through her deck,' cried the square man in a surly tone, 'and I allow she'll be ablowing up in a few minutes.'

But she was too far distant to suffer this conjecture to alarm the captain.

'Let her blow up,' said he; 'there's room enough for her,' and then giving Miss Temple another convulsive bow, he invited us to step into the cabin.

This was a little stateroom under the short after-deck, and, with its bulkheaded berths abaft, a miniature likeness in its way of the *Countess Ida's* saloon. It was a cosy little place, with a square table amidships, a bench on either hand of it screwed to the deck, a flat skylight overhead, a couple of old-fashioned lamps, a small stove near to the trunk of the mizzen-mast, a rack full of tumblers, and so forth.

'Sit ye down, mem,' said the captain, pointing to a bench.—'Sir, be seated.—I heard Mr Lush just now talk of wines, and cheeses, and hams; but what d' ye say to a cut of boiled beef and a bottle of London stout? Drifting about in a wreck ain't wholesome for the soul, I believe; but I never heard that it affected the appetite.'

'You are very good,' I exclaimed; 'our food for the last three days has been no more than ship's bread and marmalade—poor fare for the lady, fresh from the comforts and luxuries of an Indiaman's cuddy.'

He went to the cabin-door and bawled; and a young fellow, whom I afterwards found out was his servant, came running aft. He gave him certain directions, then returned to the table, where he sat for a long two minutes first staring at me and then at Miss Temple without a wink of his eyes. I could see that my companion shrunk from this extraordinary silent scrutiny. I had never witnessed in any other human head such eyes as that fellow had. They were a deformity by their size, being about twice too big for the width and length of his face, of a deep ink-black, resembling discs of ebony gummed upon china. There was no glow, no mind in them, that I could distinguish, scarcely anything of vitality outside their preternatural capacity of staring, that was yet immeasurably heightened by the steadiness of the lids, which I never once beheld blinking. His face was long and yellow, closely shorn, and of an indigo blue down the cheeks, upon the chin, and upon the upper lip. He had a very long aquiline nose with large nostrils, which constantly dilated, as though he snuffed up rather than breathed the air. His eyebrows were extraordinarily thick, and met in a peculiar tuft in the indent of the skull above the nose; whilst his hair, black as his eyes, and smooth and gleaming as the back of a raven, lay combed over his ears down upon his back to the depth of a foot at the very least. He was dressed in a suit of white drill, the flowing extremities of his trousers rounding to his feet in the shape of the mouth of a bell, from which protruded a pair of long square-toed shoes of yellow leather. I should instantly have put him down as a Yankee but for his accent, that was Cockney beyond the endurance of a polite ear.

I broke into his intolerable scrutiny by asking him from what port his ship hailed; but he continued to stare at me in silence for some considerable time after I had made this inquiry. He then started, flourished a great red cotton pocket-handkerchief to his brow, and exclaimed: 'Sir, you spoke?'

I repeated the question.

'The *Lady Blanche* is owned at Hull,' said he; 'but we're from the Thames for Mauritius.—And what's your story? How came you and this beautiful lady aboard that hull? You're gentlefolks, I allow.—I see breeding in your hands, mem,' fixing his unwinking eyes upon her rings. 'You talk of an Indeeman. Let's have it all afore the boiled beef comes along.'

So saying, he hooked his thumbs in his waistcoat, brought his back against the table, and forking his long shanks out, sat in a posture of attention, keeping his amazing eyes bent on my face whilst I spoke. It did not take me very long to give him the tale. He listened without so much as a syllable escaping from him, and when I had made an end, he continued to gaze at me in silence.

'By what name shall I address you?' said Miss Temple.

He started as before, and answered: 'John Braine; Captain John Braine, mem; or call it Captain Braine: John's only in the road. That's my name, mem.'

She forced a smile, and said: 'Captain Braine, the *Countess Ida* cannot be far distant, and I have most earnestly to entreat you to seek her. I am sure she is to be found after a very short hunt. I have a dear relative on board of her, who will fret her heart away if she believes I am lost. All my luggage, too, is in that ship. My mother, Lady Temple, will most cheerfully pay any sum that may be asked for such trouble and loss of time as your search for the Indiaman might occasion.'

I thought he meant to stare at her without answering; but after a short pause he exclaimed: 'The Indeeman's bound to Bombay, ain't she?—Well, we're a-navigating the same road she's taking. It is three days since you lost her; where'll she be now, then? That can only be known to the angels, which look down from a taller height than there's e'er a truck afloat that'll come nigh.—Now, mem, I might shift my hellum and dodge about for a whole fortnight and do no good. It would be the same as making up our minds to lose her. But by keeping all on as we are, there'll ne'er be an hour that won't hold inside of it a chance of our rising her on one bow or t' other.—See what I mean, mem? You're aboard of a barque with legs, as Jack says. Your Indeeman's had a three days' start; and if so be as she *is* to be picked up, I'll engage to have ye aboard of her within a week. But to dodge about in search of her—the Lord love 'ee, mem! The sea's too big for any sort of chiveying.'

'I am completely of Captain Braine's opinion,' said I, addressing Miss Temple, whose face was full of distress and dismay. 'It would be unreasonable to expect this gentleman to delay his voyage by a search that, in all human probability, must prove unprofitable. A hunt would involve the loss of our one chance of falling in with her this side the Cape.'

She clasped her hands and hung her head, but made no reply. The captain's servant entered at that moment with a tray of food, which he placed upon the table; and the skipper bidding us fall to and make ourselves at home in a voice as suggestive of the croak of a raven as was his hair of the plumage of that bird, stalked on to the deck,

where the sailors—who by this time had hoisted the boat and trimmed the barque's yards—were coiling down the gear and returning to the various jobs they had been upon before they had hove the ship to.

WHAT IS AN ORCHID?

One sometimes hears the question, What is an Orchid? The questioner has possibly been to see 'Mr So-and-so's beautiful collection,' and wishes to know something more about them.

The prevailing impression about orchids is, that they are very rare, cost a great deal of money, and have flowers more or less like butterflies or some other insect. This last is so, no doubt, in some few cases; but, as we believe orchids are 'caviare to the general,' we propose to explain briefly what orchids are and where they are found.

These plants are more common in this country now than they were some years ago; but still comparatively few people know them as such when they see them. When first introduced, they were commonly called 'air-plants,' from the fact that they send out aërial roots which do not require any soil to cover them. The descriptions sent by those who had the good fortune to see them in their native habitat were to the effect that these plants grow on the branches of trees or on rocks, and send out roots into the air; that they require no soil to speak of, merely using the branches as supports, and binding themselves firmly by means of their strong roots. The roots do not penetrate into the tree itself, nor does the plant derive any nourishment therefrom—thus orchids are not parasites. The trees are generally more or less moss-grown, from the decay of which, and also from dead leaves, &c., the plants derive a part of their nourishment; the rest they obtain from the atmosphere and the moisture contained in it. It is true that the larger proportion of orchids do grow in this manner in their native state; but some grow in the ground, as do all the ordinary plants with which we are acquainted at home, and these have no aërial roots.

The Orchid family may be divided into two great classes: (1) Epiphytal Orchids, from two Greek words *epi*, upon, and *phytos*, a tree: all those which have aërial roots belong to this class. (2) Terrestrial Orchids—these grow in the ground, and have no aërial roots. All orchids have a bulb or tuber in which are stored up supplies of nourishment against the dry season; in fact, the name orchid is derived from the Greek *orchis*, a tuber. In the case of Epiphytal Orchids these tubers are called pseudo-bulbs or false bulbs. They are large, soft, and green, from the base and apex of which proceed the leaves and flowers. On the other hand, in Terrestrial Orchids the tubers are small and underground; sometimes they are replaced by a sort of rhizome or 'crown.'

The points of chief interest, however, about orchids are the flowers; they are of remarkable form, and have a higher organisation than any other flowers. We do not propose to treat the orchid flower scientifically; suffice it to say the reproductive organs are different from those of any other flower, and the modes of fertilisation are intricate and wonderful. These have been studied by Darwin, who tells us that in certain species, only special insects have the power to convey the pollen masses to the stigmatic surface and fertilise the flower; so that if the insect by any means becomes extinct the orchid does not produce any seed, and in time becomes extinct also. This, be it remarked, is not the case with all species; but it is believed that no orchid can possibly fertilise itself.

Orchid flowers exhibit remarkable variation; in fact, it is difficult in some species to find two flowers exactly alike in size and colour. Some hybrid orchids have been raised by gardeners from plants under cultivation; but the process is extremely slow, as it takes years to get the seedlings to a flowering state. Some remarkable changes have been brought about in this country by means of cross-fertilisation; plants bearing flowers differing in some respects from either of the parents, and yet retaining a likeness to both, have been obtained.

The most prominent feature of an orchid flower is usually the labellum or lip. This is a modification of a petal, and is generally large and beautifully coloured, often having a colour quite different from the rest of the flower.

Some orchids produce flower-spikes bearing only one flower, some three or four, and a few even have hundreds of flowers on one branching spike: these last are indeed a magnificent sight when in bloom. Orchids last a much longer time in perfection than other flowers; some, indeed, remain months without any change. This is probably one reason why orchids are so much desired by amateurs for cultivation.

Orchids are found nearly all over the world, except in the highest latitudes. They are the most numerous in the tropics, and there the flowers are more gorgeous and highly coloured than those found in temperate countries, the latter being generally of a more sombre tint; as, indeed, is the case with other plants, and animals also. We have some orchids in England; there are a good many indigenous species, all of which belong to the Terrestrial group. The most common native species is the Purple Meadow Orchid, which we suppose every one knows.

Orchids are imported now in great numbers every year; but many die in transit, although not so many as formerly, because their nature is better understood. Most tropical orchids are subjected to a time of rest, when no growth takes place; this is during the dry season of the year, growth being made during the rains. This resting season is the proper time to collect them for shipment. Orchids which come from countries in which no definite dry season prevails are growing more or less all the year; these are more difficult to import in good condition.

We suppose few growers realise the difficulty, and sometimes the danger, attending orchid-hunting. The collectors are usually men of experience and botanical knowledge: they run considerable risk sometimes in order to reach new and unexplored ground, so that they may find and send home new kinds and rare varieties. Orchids, consequently, are expensive plants, and we think are likely to remain so, at anyrate for some time. Orchid-hunters sometimes die of

fever or from accidents met with in the wild countries they visit; they are therefore able to command high salaries, and the cost of plants is proportionately dear.

Some orchids are found at very high elevations: on the Peruvian Andes they are common at eight to ten thousand feet, and some even grow at fourteen thousand feet altitude. Native labour has to be employed to gather them, and then they are conveyed to the seaports on mule-back; the process is consequently slow and tedious, so that it is a long time before they are placed under conditions favourable to growth again. In South America, the lasso is sometimes used to get the plants from high trees: it is thrown over the branches with a weight attached to the end of the cord, and then drawn down, thus scraping off the plants in numbers. Sometimes a whole tree is felled; but this is a very destructive method, as many thousand seedlings are sacrificed for a few large plants fit for exportation.

The rage for orchids is increasing; and when one considers the infinite variety of colour and form exhibited by the flowers of these plants, and the length of time they remain in perfection, one cannot wonder at the desire to grow them felt by all true lovers of flowers.

We have avoided all reference to details of cultivation and names of desirable species; all such information can be obtained in abundance from the gardening periodicals: there are also several books written specially on orchid culture. We can assure any one who wishes to grow them that they will repay any time and trouble spent in finding out their requirements. We grant they are somewhat dear; but small imported pieces can now be obtained at a moderately cheap rate, and, in our opinion, one orchid is worth many of the ordinary plants found in greenhouses.

THE BOSS OF THE YELLOW DOG.

A WESTERN STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CHARLIE RANSOM.'

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

WHEN the present century was still in its teens, Richard Sanborn, younger son of an ancient but withal poor family in a Midland shire, entered the service of the Honourable East India Company. Dick Sanborn was but a beardless boy, and left home with nought beside his father's blessing, a scanty wardrobe, and a fifty-pound note. Yes; he possessed an unlimited stock of ambition and energy.

Forty years later, Richard Sanborn returned to England with snowy locks and feeble knees. He was old, but he was also rich—even as men are counted rich in Bombay and Calcutta. In addition to his rupees he brought with him two lads—the elder, John, aged twenty years, a son by his first wife; the younger, Frank, born of his second wife, a boy scarcely twelve years old. The mothers of both lads were buried in far-away Eastern graves.

Once again in his native land, Richard Sanborn's ambition re-asserted itself. He desired to establish himself as an English country gentleman; so an estate agent scoured the United Kingdoms in search of a suitable residence for the rich man. This was at last discovered in a fine old red-brick Queen Anne mansion, standing in a small park, with several hundred acres of fertile land adjacent. The place may be seen yet from a road which traverses a lovely ridge along the southern border of Hertfordshire. A fine old family mansion, with a hundred rooms, yet it was not spacious enough for the Sanborn family. There is too often more of truth than fiction in the sarcastic saw, 'Three is a crowd.'

The younger lad, Frank, was his father's favourite, and as the old man's affection for his 'baby' apparently increased, his interest in John diminished proportionately; and the elder lad grew jealous and dissatisfied. John Sanborn was naturally of a restless disposition, and in many ways resembled his father at his own age.

The Sanborns had been established at Linwood Park less than two years, when, one morning at breakfast, John, being then about twenty-two years of age, abruptly announced his intention of leaving home for a time. The information did not create much surprise or concern on the part of the old man, for he merely remarked: 'Yes; when do you start?'

'This morning.'

'Indeed!—May I ask where you are going?'

'To America. I should like to see some of the fighting over there—perhaps I shall take a hand in it.'

'Ah, well; I shall have to get along with Frank. I think we can manage pretty well.—Do you need any money, John?'

'No, sir.'

This reference made by the old man to the younger lad was quite sufficient to arouse John's temper and resentment—he arose from the table and left the room. His father never saw him again; for ten minutes later a groom drove John and his valise to the Watford Railway Station, whence he took the train for Liverpool.

That was in 1861. Within a year, old Richard Sanborn died, and—shrewd business man that he had been—to the surprise of all, left no will.

The name of Sanborn became familiar to newspaper readers the world over; and for many years after the old gentleman's death, people in the distant East and the Far West, as well as in remote Australia, read what came to be regarded as a stereotyped advertisement:

'JOHN SANBORN, elder son of the late Richard Sanborn, Esq. (formerly of Bombay), who died at Linwood Park, Hertfordshire, England, June 8th, 1862, is requested to communicate at once with Hughes & Hughes, solicitors, 785 Chancery Lane, London.'

For seven continuous years this notice appeared in the London dailies, in the *New York Herald*, in the *Melbourne Argus*, and the *Bombay Gazette*; but no communication reached Messrs Hughes & Hughes from the missing heir of Linwood Park and old Richard Sanborn's rupees.

Frank Sanborn was to some extent independent; that is to say, he inherited a small property of his mother's which was amply sufficient to meet the demands made upon it for his education. When his father died, he was under the care of a private tutor, who continued his instruction until Frank entered a college at Oxford. At

that venerable seat of learning Frank distinguished himself, and in his first year of manhood graduated with honours. Not only so; he was also a creditable member of all the Athletic Clubs, pulled a good oar, could hit a ball for six runs at cricket, while he would have delighted the heart of the most noble the Marquis of Queensberry himself with the way in which he handled the gloves. Withal he was a scholar and a gentleman and—an Englishman. One blemish there was to Frank Sanborn's otherwise unblemished record—lying dormant within him was a fearful temper. Only twice did it appear on the surface during his three years' residence at Oxford: once to terrorise a gang of river-side roughs, and once to astonish his friends—both times to appal Frank himself with the thought of possible consequences which might some time or other result from so terrible a fury. Fortunately, Frank knew his failing, and bravely tried to prevent his worst enemy from getting a start: mostly he was successful.

Frank Sanborn was twenty-two years old when he quitted Oxford a full-fledged B.A. He was a young man well able to take care of himself, if needs be: one of those very finest specimens of modern Britons—a colonial Englishman, possessing in a rare degree 'a sound mind in a healthy body.' Having done pretty well at the university, he proposed to himself to do still better at some profession or in business. To this end he proceeded to Chancery Lane, that he might consult with his late father's solicitors and the administrators of the estate, Messrs Hughes & Hughes.

'I am glad you have come, my dear young sir,' said the senior Hughes—Mr Owen. 'I had seriously thought of requesting an interview at an early date.'

Frank responded with proper politeness.

'You see, Mr Frank,' continued Mr Hughes, as he turned the key in the drawer of his private room, 'something has got to be done about your late father's affairs. Now we have complied with all the requirements of the law so far, yet no word has reached us from your brother John. Of course you understand that, if living, he is sole heir to the property. But it is only reasonable to suppose that he is dead, probably killed in the civil war which raged for several years after he went to the States. In that case, you are entitled to take possession of the property. Indeed, you can do that in any event, the law requiring us to wait no longer than seven years for absent heirs to return and take their own. Certainly, if Mr John should reappear at any time, you will have to surrender the property; but he can make no demand upon you for the income from the estate during his absence. Later, when proof of your brother's death can be obtained, you will be absolute owner of the entire property left by the late Mr Sanborn, to hold as you please.'

Frank was rather astonished at the information given him by the old lawyer. To tell the truth, he had never once during his entire life, up to that moment, given the matter so much as a passing thought. In fact, his brother had receded entirely from Frank's life. John had never been much of a factor in his younger brother's plans and calculations, yet he had scarcely thought of the absent man as dead. He knew that their father left no will, and was aware that, therefore, John was sole heir to the property. Farther than that he had given the matter no consideration. Yet there was reason in what the man of law now said, and Mr Owen Hughes, of all men, knew what he was talking about; otherwise, he would never have spoken to Frank on the subject.

'This proposition or suggestion of yours comes to me as a surprise, Mr Hughes, for, really, I came up here to consult you in regard to choosing a profession or some other means of earning a living. However, if I have a perfect right to live at Linwood'——

'Right! My dear Mr Frank, of course you have a right. Not only a right to live at Linwood and let the two Linwood farms, but also to draw a dividend on something like three hundred thousand pounds invested in Indian Government securities!' and the old lawyer proceeded to give a glowing description of the wealth left by his late friend and client.

After a long conversation, Frank rose to leave. 'I will go down and take a look at the old place, Mr Hughes, and will let you know in a week what I intend doing.'

Before a week passed, Frank Sanborn had decided that he would like to be an English country gentleman, as his father had doubtless intended he should be; so he proceeded to establish himself as the bachelor master of Linwood Park.

Frank dropped very naturally into his new and rather important position. He possessed enough of his father's active and ambitious spirit to enable him to discharge all the duties of a rich man with thoroughness and pride; while from his mother he inherited a full appreciation of ease and luxury, with all the other privileges and advantages of wealth. Within a very short space of time he developed into an ideal country gentleman, and became quite a favourite among his immediate neighbours. He regularly drew his princely income, and somehow managed to expend it, while never a word of John Sanborn, dead or alive, came to disturb the even tenor of his existence.

Frank Sanborn had been in possession of Linwood Park about a year, when, on a warm evening, he sat alone in the fine old library, smoking an after-dinner cigar. The library was his favourite room, and he was ensconced in a very easy chair before an open window, through which he looked out upon the velvety greensward and venerable trees of the Park. The shadows of the midsummer night were fast falling, and not a sound disturbed the peaceful stillness. Were it not for the thin wreath of blue smoke which arose from his Havana, the young master of Linwood might have been supposed to be himself sleeping. What his thoughts were are of little import, but his reverie was rudely disturbed by the figure of a man darkening the window at which he sat. That was not all. The man stepped boldly across the window-sill, entered the library, and took a seat opposite Frank. The latter knew not what to make of this intrusion. It was almost dark, but Frank was certain that the man was a total stranger.

'May I ask the reason of this very unceremonious entrance into my home?'

A rough laugh was the immediate response to this inquiry, followed by a counter-question: 'May I ask what you mean by taking such cool possession of my home?'

Frank now judged, from the harsh laugh and the excited manner of the intruder, that his visitor was tipsy. This opinion was confirmed by the man's actions; for, as he addressed Frank, he pulled a bell-rope and, when a servant appeared, called loudly for 'Scotch whisky and lights.'

Frank Sanborn hardly knew how to act. If the man was tipsy or crazy he would prefer to leave him to the servants. He thought lights would improve the situation, so lit the gas himself. Then he took a good look at the man, and saw, by the bloodshot eyes, that he had already consumed more liquor than was good for him. He perceived also that his visitor was a man of perhaps thirty or thirty-five years—tall, broad, and heavy—his face tanned by exposure to sun and wind. He also noticed that the stranger was clad in ill-fitting, cheap clothing, certainly not made at Poole's.

Yet the man's countenance seemed familiar, and when he announced, 'I am John Sanborn,' Frank could not for the life of him gainsay the assertion. Indeed, he felt constrained to offer some sort of welcome to the new-comer. So he extended his hand and said: 'I am glad to see you, John.'

But there was a lack of cordiality in his words, and his hand was not extended far enough to make the action natural. John, for John Sanborn it certainly was, perceived this, and being already in a bad humour, was only irritated the more.

'You lie! You are *not* glad to see me; and I repeat my question—what do you mean by being here at all?'

'You are scarcely polite, John, not to say brotherly,' remonstrated Frank.

'Politeness be hanged! I've not been hob-nobbing with polite folks for the last eight or nine years. Manners don't count for much in the corner of the world I have just left. Besides, it seems to me you should be the last man to speak of politeness, when I return to find you in possession of my house, and spending my money!'

'But, my dear fellow,' urged Frank, anxious to avoid unpleasantness, 'why did you not come before, or write to Mr Hughes? Even now you will find the property intact, and Mr Hughes will straighten everything out if you will go and see him.'

'Confound old Hughes and you too! I guess I can attend to my own affairs. I know you of old, young fellow. You took it for granted that I was dead, and was only too glad of the chance to step into my shoes. I can just imagine how much you and old Hughes tried to find me. I fully expected that my father would make a will, and leave you the lion's share, so didn't bother much to keep myself informed. I learned only a few weeks ago that he died without making a will. That leaves me in sole possession of Linwood—understand?—in sole possession!'

'Yes, I understand, John, and am willing to turn over everything to you. But you are hasty and unreasonable. Go and see the lawyers, and have matters arranged properly.'

'I will do that all in good time. Meanwhile, I stay here, and you go. I will give you just fifteen minutes to pack your personal effects and clear out!'

Frank's dormant temper was rapidly awakening. He felt it nearing the surface, and tried to crush it as he quietly said: 'Remember, John, I am your brother and our father's son. I have some rights which you are bound to respect.'

'Rights? I should like to know what they are! Yes, you are our father's son, but you are not my mother's son. What was your mother, anyhow?'

This was a most insolent and uncalled-for reference to Frank's mother, who was lady-like and refined as well as Richard Sanborn's honoured wife. That there had been blemishes in generations past on her family escutcheon was small excuse for John's insult, which would never have been uttered had he been cool and sober. It was the last straw. Frank Sanborn drew back his powerful right arm, clenched his fist, and dealt his half-brother a terrific blow on the left temple, which felled him to the ground. His head struck upon a corner of the table as he fell. When the old butler arrived on the scene, in response to Frank's ring, John Sanborn was beyond all aid. He was dead.

. . . . .

Of course Frank Sanborn felt badly enough at the fearful result of his passion, but much sympathy was accorded him. He was placed under arrest; but, owing to the exertions of Messrs Hughes & Hughes, who employed able counsel in his behalf, the grand-jury returned a true bill of manslaughter only. At his trial the most eminent legal talent in the land defended Frank, and with such good effect that a merely nominal sentence was passed upon him.

He served the short term of imprisonment, at the end of which his friends and neighbours were ready to welcome him back to his old place in their midst. But Frank Sanborn was a changed man. He magnified his own wrong-doing, and to him it seemed that he had committed murder of the grossest nature, even fratricide. He positively refused to again take possession of the Sanborn property, the more so as he fancied he had good reason to think, from some papers found on John Sanborn's person, that his brother had been married when abroad, and that a son had been born to him. The period when this probable marriage took place, if at all, and whether the boy was alive or dead, could not be even surmised. It was certain, however, that John had come to England direct from South Africa, and with this one clew Frank proposed to start out and learn, if possible, all that had happened to John during his long absence; so, leaving everything in the hands of the old lawyers, Frank started out. He took very little with him, and all that he did take was his own absolutely. He went to South Africa, and located in the Diamond Diggings, hoping sooner or later to run across some one who knew his brother. But while waiting he could not remain idle. He took up a claim, and worked with his own hands. Phenomenal luck overtook him, and in two years he had over twenty thousand pounds in a Cape Town bank. But he had heard nothing about John. In that

regard he was so far discouraged; but in Cape Town he learned from an old Australian that a man named John Sanborn had been a resident in Melbourne some three years before. The information was positive and reasonably reliable; so to Melbourne Frank journeyed, resolved upon remaining there until he could learn something of his brother.

Seven years he resided in the Victorian capital, all the time 'coining money' in the wool-trade. At the end of seven years he met a farmer who gave him considerable news of John Sanborn. John Sanborn came to Australia from California in 1866, with a young wife and three-year-old boy. A year later, he left them; and after waiting vainly two years for his return, the woman with her child returned to her own country. That was in 1868. When Frank received this news it was the year 1880, so that the folks he wished to find had twelve years' start of him. That made no difference, however. If such a thing were possible, he proposed to find them; so, hastily selling out his interest in the wool business, he left Australia a fabulously rich man.

THE HOME OF AN OLD MASTER PRINTER.

THERE is perhaps no city on the Continent which affords a more complete change of scene to English people than Antwerp, and this at a comparatively small expenditure of time and money. The narrow streets, with glimpses into curious inner courts with trees and porticoes, the quaint dresses, the little milk-carts with their bright brass vessels drawn by dogs, the old churches, the wonderful paintings, and above all, the glorious Cathedral, which has seen so many changes and survived so many stormy periods, and which towers over the whole city—form a *tout ensemble* so new, so different, and so delightful, that it is hardly possible to realise that one could have left Scotland enveloped in mist and rain only thirty-six hours before!

Some such thoughts as these passed through the mind of the writer one morning while wandering about in the Place Verte, where the flower-market is held, and where the most lovely roses and bunches of heliotrope can be bought for a few centimes. The air was filled with the sweet chiming of the Cathedral bells, and the spire rose sheer up into the air four hundred and four feet, showing against the clear blue of the morning sky like a bit of lacework in stone. It has been told of this spire that Charles V. said the sculpture was so delicate it ought to be covered with glass; and Napoleon the Great suggested that the design had been copied from a piece of Mechlin lace. The bells, too, have a story of their own. The famous carillon of bells which ring every few minutes were placed in the spire in 1483, and have thus seen all the vicissitudes through which Antwerp has passed. They were there at the time of her greatest magnificence, when it was the greatest commercial city in Europe, when the luxuries of all nations and of both hemispheres poured into it, and when two thousand vessels could lie at anchor in its harbours, and through the terrible years when the Dutch Republic struggled against the Spanish power with a bravery which has never been surpassed in the history of the world.

The largest of the bells is dignified by the name of Carolus, after the Emperor Charles V.; it is sixteen thousand pounds in weight, and requires sixteen men to ring it.

It seems as if the beauty of the Cathedral had protected it through all the wars and sieges to which Antwerp has been subjected, and even in the crowning horrors of the three terrible days called the 'Spanish Fury,' it escaped comparatively uninjured, and has remained to the present time with the marvellous pictures of Rubens and many other art treasures to be a delight to all who have the privilege of seeing it. Antwerp may be called the Rome of northern Europe, so profuse and varied are the beautiful pictures and many other art treasures which it possesses. When we think that it was the home of Rubens, and that churches and museums alike are filled with his works—he is said to have painted in the course of his long life fifteen hundred pictures—and that the most famous painters of the Dutch school were born, and in many instances lived here, such as Quintin Matsys the blacksmith—who was transformed into a painter by falling in love with an artist's daughter—Van Dyck, Van Oort, Teniers, Jordaens, and others, we cannot wonder that the whole city breathes an atmosphere of art; and it is said that there is hardly a family in Antwerp which does not possess some good paintings.

Antwerp, however, is not merely famous as a great art-loving city; it was also one of the early homes of printing, which has revolutionised the world. It possesses in the Museum Plantin Moretus one of the most wonderful and interesting records of printing in its earliest stages to be found, perhaps, in the world. In many museums there can be seen models of early types, lithographic plates, proof-sheets of very early impressions, and rare copies of early works; but by rare good fortune here we have the very home of Christopher Plantin, who may truly be called a 'Master Printer,' preserved to us. An old Dutch home, with its stately hall for receiving guests, its ordinary living-rooms, broad low staircase, open quadrangle, balconies, verandas, and all the many rooms and galleries where the printing-work was carried on. These are in no way apart from the house; they are not only under one roof, but are so much part of the household life that it is difficult for any casual visitor to tell where the house proper ends and the printing establishment begins.

It shows very plainly that in those old days people had no wish to dissociate their work from their home and home-life, but lived in the very midst of their work, with all their workpeople around them, in a truly patriarchal fashion.

Christopher Plantin was born at Tours about 1514; he was educated in Paris, and finally, after various chances and changes, settled in Antwerp, where he began life as a bookbinder; but an accident he met with caused him to turn his attention to his real vocation of printing. At this date, about 1550, printing, though not in its infancy, was sufficiently novel for congenial spirits to work at it with never-failing enthusiasm. No difficulties daunted them; no discouragements held them back; they had ideals

which upheld them, and which, with unconquerable perseverance and manifold labours, they generally contrived to carry out, leaving to those who came after them not merely the actual works they produced as legacies of untold value, but examples of patience and stout-hearted determination, which have perhaps never been rivalled in the world's story. Such an undertaking was the great Polyglot Bible published by Plantin; the adventures and the difficulties he underwent in the years when it was being published would have daunted many a stout heart; but through peace and war, under suspicion of heresy, through money difficulties of the most complicated nature, brought on by Philip of Spain refusing to advance the money due to him, he struggled on for five weary years; till at length, in August 1573, the magnificent work was completed. It consisted of twelve hundred and thirteen copies on paper of various qualities, and thirteen copies on vellum. Those who have read Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* can realise the horrors of the years during which the Polyglot Bible was in progress.

A great fair was held at Frankfort twice a year, at Lent and in autumn; and these fairs Plantin or his son-in-law, Jean Moretus, regularly attended for many years. At the Lenten fair in 1566, Plantin displayed specimen sheets of the Polyglot Bible; and soon after the Duke of Alva arrived in the Netherlands. Then followed a time of bloodshed and trial, hardly ever equalled in any country, when many brave and noble men laid down their lives for their country, including Counts Egmont and Horn, and when William the Silent gained deathless renown as the patriotic defender of his country.

During all these years, Plantin was working steadily on; and when the Polyglot Bible was completed, one of the thirteen copies on vellum was presented by Philip—who would not allow any one to have the vellum copies but himself—to the Duke of Alva with the famous inscription upon it: 'From the best of Monarchs to the best of Ministers.' This very copy, with this Latin inscription—most likely written by Arius Montanus, by whom it was presented to Alva—may now be seen in the British Museum, showing little if any trace of the three hundred years which have passed since Plantin sent it forth to the world. An interesting and detailed account of the printing of this Bible, with the many difficulties Plantin had to encounter, the greed of Philip, and the troublous times in particular, was given in the *Quarterly Review* some little time ago.

The 'Hôtel Plantin,' as it used to be called, or the 'Musée Plantin Moretus,' as it has been called since the city of Antwerp purchased it in 1876, stands in a small square, surrounded by commonplace houses and shops, with a sort of market in the centre of the square, where country produce, second-hand furniture, pots and pans, and similar items, made up a very prosaic *entourage*. It seemed strange to pass from the dusty bustling market and the shrill voices of the Anversoises contending over a centime more or less for a bunch of pot-herbs, or disputing the exact value of a rickety chair, into the calm cool retreat of the Musée Plantin—to go from the petty cares and peaceful prosperity of to-day right back for three hundred years into an atmosphere of learning and culture, pursued amid the distracting anxieties of war, bloodshed, and cruelty.

Passing from the entrance hall through one or two rooms of no special note, we come to the great banqueting hall or Reception Room, adorned with the portraits on the walls, and the monograms, both carved and in stained glass, of Plantin's daughters and their respective husbands. Plantin had five daughters, of whom he was both fond and proud; and we are told that in early childhood he taught them to read and write so well that they were able to help in correcting the proofs from the printing-house 'in whatever language or writing it was sent to be printed.' He adds also that he had taken pains to have them taught to work well with the needle, and to assist their mother in all her household duties. The eldest girl, who was called Marguerite, was specially famed for her fine writing. She married a very learned man called Raphelengien, whose services were of immense value to Plantin in revising and editing learned works. Among the Plantin papers there remains an account of the expenses incurred at Marguerite Plantin's wedding. A hat, rings, and other ornaments were purchased by the bridegroom; the bride's dress was of Lille 'gros grain' silk; and the wedding feast seems to have been composed of very solid fare indeed, in the shape of sucking-pigs, legs of mutton, game, &c., with fruit of all kinds and confectionery. *Massepain*, or *Marsipan*, as it is now called, seems to have been held in as high favour three hundred years ago as it is now.

The second daughter, Martine, married a young man called Jean Moretus, who was such a valuable coadjutor to Christopher Plantin that besides becoming his son-in-law, he took him into partnership; the firm thenceforward became known as Plantin-Moretus; and Plantin affectionately calls him 'a second self.'

Moretus and his wife most likely lived on in the 'Hôtel Plantin' after the death of Plantin, as we hear that Raphelengien and his wife lived in a house near the Cathedral, and Moretus is buried in one of the chapels of the Cathedral.

The floor of the hall is of the finest parquet, dark with age, and polished till it is as smooth as glass. There are a row of windows on one side of the hall, looking out, not on the dusty square, but on a large quadrangle, gay with shrubs and flowering plants in pots, and with a veranda on one side overgrown with a vine—evidently a very old one, from the thick gnarled stalks—covered with clusters of purple grapes. The wall of the quadrangle above this veranda was covered with a most luxuriant wisteria in full bloom, running far up the side of the house. A magnificent chimney-piece and wide open fireplace fill up one end of the hall; and the furniture consists of one or two beautiful inlaid tables and old oak cabinets and chairs. Leaving the hall by another door, we go up the low broad old-fashioned staircase, and in the rooms above we find many curious and quaint things. Great china jars and wondrous punch-bowls, jars, cups, and goblets, with lids of old blue Nankin china; rare bits of dragon china in pale yellow; wonderful tea-sets in curious shades of green; and dainty priceless bits of egg-shell china, all show the traffic

which was carried on between Antwerp and the East in these old days. There are old oak cupboards, where Dame Plantin, no doubt, had wonderful stores of the fine linen for which the Flemish were so justly famed; beds with embroidered coverlets in silk and satin; high-backed chairs and tabourets, all so wonderfully fresh and bright and *clean*, that it is hardly possible to realise their advanced age.

A cord drawn across the upper stair checked the advance of the curious, and we passed back through these 'living-rooms,' to use an old phrase, to what must ever be the great attraction of the place to all who love books—namely, the printing-house.

As has been said before, it is hardly possible to tell where the private rooms end and the printing establishment begins, so closely are they united. There is one little nook, a sort of projecting wooden balcony, from which it was evident Plantin could have overlooked several of the rooms and galleries of the printing establishment, and which was doubtless made for this purpose. Imagination pictures him sitting here with his little daughters around him, teaching them as he did, and keeping an eye likewise on all that was going on around him; and it may have been here that he compiled the Flemish Dictionary which made him famous as an author as well as a printer, and which definitely fixed the national language of the Netherlands.

Time fails to tell the curious and interesting contents of the printing-house; they require to be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. There are specimens of the various kinds and varieties of type used not only in the great Polyglot Bible, but in the famous Missals and Service Books printed by Plantin, as well as the printing presses themselves. The tables at which the proof-correctors sat are still to be seen; there are huge old presses filled with engravings, &c., and long show-cases filled with open specimens of the beautiful Missals and Service Books; and also the original copper plates with etchings. The library is full of rare and valuable books, and endless documents relating to the business of the firm. Rubens, who was an intimate friend of Plantin, engraved many frontispieces for books and other illustrations, and these form not the least interesting part of the collection.

Coming through some part of the printing-house into the quadrangle, we walked along the grape-clad veranda and re-entered the great hall for a last look. The windows were open; the warm summer air filled the room; but all was quiet and still. Imagination pictured Marguerite Plantin rustling across the polished floor in her bridal 'gros grain.' Rubens must have sat at that very fireplace talking with Christopher Plantin, and perhaps discussing new designs for the ornamentation of the Psalter or the Breviary. The spare form of Arius Montanus, Philip's confessor, and the editor of the Polyglot Bible, seems to glide in at one of the side-doors; Dame Plantin goes to and fro, busy with her household cares, or sits spinning at her little ebony wheel. Raphelengien sits in one of the deep window recesses buried in thoughts of his beloved books. Jean Moretus, bright and busy, hurries in from the printing-house. All pass before us as in a dream called up from the far-back past.

The old house has passed through many a changeful year and witnessed many a scene of joy and sorrow. It remains a monument, perhaps unique, in its perfect preservation, and in the picture it brings before us of the daily life of the old Master Printer and his family three hundred years ago.

MY SIAMESE 'KRU.'

EVERY one has heard of the Siamese Twins; but I venture to assert, without much fear of contradiction, that very few readers of this *Journal* have the slightest notion of what a Siamese 'kru' is.

Three months ago, on my arrival in Bangkok, which some over-imaginative traveller has dubbed the 'Venice of the East,' I was told I would be provided with a kru; and being saturated with the said traveller's glowing description of the watery character of the Siamese capital, I could scarcely help connecting the expression with a gondola and its complement of rowers. The two friends with whom I stayed took a wicked delight in refusing to enlighten me on the subject; and it was consequently with a considerable degree of curiosity that I went downstairs one morning, on receiving the welcome intelligence that my kru had come. I hurried into the room and looked eagerly around; but nothing unusual was to be seen except a diminutive native, who stood bowing and scraping, and at every bow he contorted his countenance into a frightful grin, displaying a double row of blackened molars. I then turned to my two friends, who were lolling listlessly in those long rattan chairs so indispensable in the East, and said: 'Well, I don't see any signs of my kru.'—'Your kru!' was the answer; 'don't you see him? There he is—a walking dictionary of the Siamese language; a barefooted philosopher, who will haunt you like a shadow for the next two or three years.'

A kru, then, was nothing more or less than the Siamese 'coach' by whom I was to be initiated into the mysteries of a language in the study of which I am destined to spend the best years of my life. I have had many different schoolmasters and coaches whose idiosyncrasies of disposition and manner presented an interesting study to the schoolboy mind; but the specimen before me apparently contained more peculiarities in his own little body than did all his predecessors put together.

Imagine a brown, pock-marked individual of about five feet one inch in height, clad in a thin white jacket buttoned up to the chin, and a piece of pink cloth arranged in the form of a divided skirt reaching to the knee. His hairy legs and feet are destitute of any covering; but as a set-off to this, he boasts the luxuries of a soft felt hat and a small white umbrella. His hair is coal-black, profusely oiled, and by some curious means is made to assume a perpendicular position, giving the top of his head a striking resemblance to a modern blacking-brush. His eyes are dark-brown, nose flat, with the nostrils spread out to a remarkable extent, and the lower part of his face is what scientists term prognathous or protruding. The few stumpy hairs which used to constitute his

beard have all been carefully plucked out by the roots, so as to render himself pleasing in the eyes of the Siamese women, who detest a bearded countenance.

While I thus stood taking mental notes of my future coach, he advanced to the veranda and disgorged an enormous quid of betel. Having thus cleared his mouth and then deftly placed behind his ear the half-used cigarette which he has hitherto held in his hand, he turned to me, bowed profoundly, and immediately opened fire with the most alarming volley of sounds that have ever been graced by the name of articulate language. I addressed him in English; but he was entirely ignorant of that noble speech, with the exception of the word 'yes,' which he pronounced with a kind of a grunt like 'yāā, yāā.' This was discouraging, and our studies promised to be rather dry; but I meant to make the best of it; and I resolutely settled down to weary out my eyes over the puzzling forms and sounds of the forty-four Siamese characters.

Unlike all my former tutors, the patience of my kru is inexhaustible. He never gets out of temper, and a more easy-going, good-natured, child-like disposition can scarcely be imagined. He is a genuine type of the ordinary Siamese, easily pleased, and easily affected to wonder. He inspected my wardrobe with the greatest curiosity, and seemed rather struck by the variety of brushes on my toilet table, and would have put some of them into action on his own perfumed body if he had been allowed. He was greatly delighted with a tablet of Pears's soap, and managed to make me understand that a piece of Pears's soap was 'the joy of his heart,' and that, if he had a similar piece, his gratitude would be unbounded. I accordingly gave him a tablet, which he wrapped in paper and deposited in his pocket, to keep company, as I found on careful inspection, with three cigarettes, a piece of betel, a pen-and-pencil combination, the various nondescript ingredients of a native medicine, and a small note-book.

He repeats every morning, when he comes at seven, the pantomime of our first day's acquaintance—bowing profoundly, depositing his felt hat and white umbrella in the corner, then advancing and spitting out his huge mouthful of betel over the veranda. I daresay he would feel highly gratified if he knew the deep interest I take in his slightest manœuvres. There he stands, the representative of a strange Oriental race, whose intellect and ideas are the production of centuries of semi-barbarism mingled with the highly moral precepts of Buddha. What a pleasure to lay bare and analyse the workings of such a mind, and to trace the growth of a soul struggling along through an Egyptian darkness. As I regard his powerful prognathous jaws, my mind conjures up the wild scenes of dark and distant ages, when primeval man quarrelled over his prey, and defended himself against his enemies by a savage use of his teeth. Those broad nostrils remind me that in his ancestors of many generations back the sense of smell was developed to an extent of which we are incapable now of forming a true estimate. His supple active toes can be easily imagined assisting their owner to climb up and down trees, as did his monkey-like progenitors of old; and as he unconsciously puts his foot under the table and neatly picks up a stray pencil, the picture of a human being in a state of evolution becomes most vivid.

At first I took my lessons extended on a long easy-chair, with a pillow under my head, and the kru seated gravely at my side like a doctor by his patient. Needless to say small progress was made in this manner, as the combined influence of a recumbent position, a temperature of ninety degrees in the shade, and the monotonous, solemn hawing and grunting of the teacher invariably sent me into a troubled and uneasy slumber, during which I suffered a kind of nightmare, haunted and menaced by the four-and-forty Siamese alphabetical characters, whose naturally fantastic shapes curled and twisted themselves into the most dreadful and terrifying spectres.

Now, with a book in hand I perambulate the long veranda, squeaking, groaning, and shouting out the strange tones that run up and down like a musical scale, followed at a respectful distance by my little barefooted master, who is amazed at the stupidity of a 'farang' preferring to walk energetically, when he has half-a-dozen chairs, two couches, and a bed to sit down on. It is easy to imagine that what one human voice says, another may reproduce with tolerable exactness; but it is not till the experiment has been actually tried in such a language as Siamese, that the supreme difficulties of vocal reproduction become evident. In modern languages it is possible to be perfectly understood in spite of a bad accent; but in Siamese, if the one correct tone out of the existing five is not properly enunciated, something very different from the thought of the speaker is expressed. Thus I may say to my 'boy,' 'Pie su sua' (Go and buy a coat); but if I don't exercise the greatest care with the tone of the last word, I may tell him to 'Go and buy a tiger,' or 'Go and buy a mat.' In the midst of all a beginner's grievous mistakes, it is one thing to be thankful for that the unfortunate 'boy' preserves a sphinx-like gravity, and never moves a muscle of his face or winks an eyelid, but invariably answers: 'I beg to receive your commands.' The tones of 'sua' resemble each other so closely that, after three months' study of the language, I can barely distinguish any difference on hearing them pronounced; and my own efforts to say them are quite ineffectual. When we consider that the same word has three or four up to a dozen meanings with slight variations in sound, a short process of arithmetical calculation will easily show how many phrases, meaningless or the reverse, may be manufactured out of three words.

But in spite of these difficulties, my kru and I are beginning to carry on a kind of conversation, lame and one-sided indeed, but which affords me sometimes glimpses of the wonderful depths of a Siamese intellect; and a veritable mine it appears to be of queer superstition and curious ideas of religion and natural laws. I should not be surprised if this barefooted philosopher had similar ideas of myself; and if he ever publishes 'Recollections of my Life as a Kru,' he would, basing his ideas on experience, probably write as follows: 'English pupils are endowed with a boundless curiosity, and a love of brushes is a salient feature of their character. They have a marked distaste for sitting down, and exhibit all the restless nature of a tiger hurrying up and

down before the bars of his cage. They earn enormous salaries, yet they are totally deficient in talent, as they stutter and blunder in learning our language, which is so easy that even the boys in the street speak it with perfect correctness. They are perpetually asking questions about what I eat and what I drink, what my clothes cost, the name of this and the name of that; and although I tell them the same thing hundreds of times, they always forget. They tell me that the earth is circular, and that it turns upside down; that the sun is larger than this world, and a great deal of other nonsense. I am also insulted by being told in confidence that my great-great-grandfather was a wretched monkey. In my opinion, they are all slightly crazy.'

ROYAL PLEASURE-SHIPS.

DRY-ROT has, it seems, attacked Her Britannic Majesty's yachts *Osborne* and *Alberta* to such an extent that to make them seaworthy £9000 will have to be spent on the latter and £5000 on the former.

The oldest surviving English royal yacht is the *Royal George*, which carried the Queen on her first trip to Scotland well-nigh half a century ago. Built in 1813, the glory of this ancient craft has long since departed; but she still serves in Portsmouth harbour the humble but useful purpose of a floating barracks for the crews of her modern successors. In 1833, another royal yacht—the *Royal Adelaide*—was launched at Sheerness. She was a tiny frigate, fifty feet long and fifteen feet broad. Like the *Royal George*, she has had her day so far as royalty is concerned. Her Majesty has at present four pleasure-ships at her command—the yachts *Victoria and Albert* and *Osborne*, and the tenders *Alberta* and *Elfin*. Though the average age of these vessels is only twenty-nine years, not far short of a million sterling has been spent on them up to the present. The *Elfin*—the oldest of the four—was built at Chatham in 1849, and has a displacement of only ninety-three tons. Her original cost was £6168, and the cost of her maintenance up to date has been about £40,000. The *Victoria and Albert*, the largest and handsomest of Her Majesty's private fleet, is the second of her name. When she was laid down at Pembroke in 1854 it was as the *Windsor Castle;* but at her launch in 1855 she was given her present name, the old *Victoria and Albert* being then renamed the *Osborne*, which was broken up in 1868.

The present *Victoria and Albert* is three hundred feet long and rather over forty feet broad, has a displacement of 2470 tons, and engines of 2980 indicated horse-power. Her spacious cabins and saloons are furnished and decorated in the most luxurious and artistic style, and she has the reputation of being not only a fast but a comfortable vessel. She carries a crew of one hundred and fifty-one officers and men. It cost £176,820 to build her; and keeping her afloat has entailed an additional expenditure of more than £387,000—so that altogether more than half a million has been spent on her. The *Alberta* and the *Osborne* were also built at Pembroke, in 1863 and 1870 respectively. About £70,000 was laid out on the former, a vessel of three hundred and seventy tons; while the latter, with a displacement of eighteen hundred and fifty tons, cost nearly £134,000. Like the *Victoria and Albert*, the *Osborne* is a paddle-steamer. She is two hundred and fifty feet long and thirty-six feet broad, her indicated horse-power is 3360, and her crew consists of one hundred and forty-five all told. As during her comparatively short life of nineteen years the *Osborne* has cost over £150,000 for maintenance, it is somewhat surprising to be told that she now stands in need of a large further outlay to render her serviceable. Her Majesty, as is well known, makes very little use of her little squadron of yachts. Once or twice a year one or other of them is requisitioned to convey her across the Solent; and on rare occasions she crosses the Channel in one of them; but nearly all the year round they are lying idle. Being all built of wood, they decay rapidly, and would soon fall to pieces if they were not constantly overhauled and patched and painted. Economists urge that these four old wooden ships, on which large sums have to be spent year by year, should at once be replaced by one or two new steel yachts of a modern type. Dry-rot cannot attack a steel ship, and though it may cost more to build, it would cost far less to keep in repair.

But it must not be supposed that Queen Victoria's yachts cost more than those of any other monarch. That is far from being the fact. Among crowned heads the Emperor of Russia ranks first as a yacht-owner. When, ten years ago, the late Czar ordered the notorious *Livadia* to be built, he was already the owner of half-a-dozen fine yachts. All things considered, it must be allowed that the *Livadia* is the strangest and most useless yacht that has yet been seen. To secure the Imperial family against sea-sickness, she was built with a breadth (one hundred and fifty-three feet) equal to about two-thirds of her length (two hundred and thirty-one feet); and in order to give her greater speed and make her handier than other ships, she was supplied with engines indicating 10,500 horse-power and with three screws. On her ample deck was reared a veritable palace; and had she fulfilled the expectations of her designers, she would no doubt have been the most magnificent yacht that ever floated, albeit the ugliest. So far, however, from 'walking the waters like a thing of life,' she behaved in a generally awkward manner, and, in short, turned out a grotesque and monstrous failure. To-day, with her name changed to the *Opyt*, she figures as a sort of barracks somewhere in the Black Sea. The *Livadia* was constructed at Govan, and launched in 1880. Altogether, there can be little doubt that over half a million was spent on her. When the White Czar goes for a sea-trip now, it is in the *Derjava*, a wooden paddle-ship, built in St Petersburg in 1871. She is three hundred and eleven feet long and forty-two feet wide, has a displacement of 3346 tons and engines of 2700 horse-power, and her internal arrangements are on the most magnificent scale. The Czar is, however, now having built, also at St Petersburg, a yacht which is to surpass in splendour—and in costliness too, one may safely predict—every other in the world. The *Polarnaia Sveizda* is to be a twin-screw vessel of 3346

tons and 6000 horse-power, and measuring three hundred and fifteen feet by forty-six feet. His Imperial Majesty's other steam-yachts are the iron single-screw schooner *Czarevna*, of 796 tons, built at Hull in 1874; the paddle-yachts *Alexandria* and *Strielna*, built on the Thames in 1851 and 1887; the screw *Slavianka*, launched at Hull in 1874; the *Marevo*, the *Zina*, and the *Sutka*. Besides these, he has several small sailing-yachts.

The young German Emperor is also a considerable yacht-owner. In addition to several little river-craft, he has a frigate-yacht, which was built at Woolwich in 1832, and sent by King William IV. as a present to the king of Prussia. She was modelled—like the old *Royal Adelaide* mentioned above—after the renowned English frigate *Pique*, and as a youth the Emperor William was very fond of sailing her. The Kaiser's chief yacht is the *Hohenzollern*, an iron paddle-ship built at Kiel in 1875. She is two hundred and sixty-eight feet by thirty-four feet, has a displacement of 1675 tons and a horse-power of 3000, and carries a crew of one hundred and thirty-three including officers. Though the *Hohenzollern* is beautifully fitted and can steam about sixteen knots an hour, the Kaiser must needs have another yacht. It is said that the *Hohenzollern* is not nearly large enough to accommodate the Emperor's staff and suite when he assumes the command of operations at sea, and the Budget Committee of the Reichstag have accordingly included in the naval estimates a grant of 4,500,000 marks (nearly £225,000) for a new Imperial yacht.

The Sultan owns no fewer than ten yachts, all of which are of British build. Of these the most important is the *Sultanieh*, which dates from 1861. She is three hundred and sixty-four feet long, and has a displacement of 2902 tons and a horse-power of 800. The *Assar-i-Nusret* and the *Medar-i-Zaffer* are of 1344 tons and 350 horse-power each; while the *Tevaid*, *Ismail*, *Oualir*, and *Izzedin* are rather smaller. The remaining three are the *Stamboul* (909 tons and 350 horse-power), the *Rethimo*, and the *Sureya*. All ten are paddle-yachts.

The Italian royal yacht, the *Savoia*, is remarkable for her size and power as well as for the completeness of her armament. In fact, she is more of a war-ship than a pleasure-ship. Built at Castellamare in 1883, she is a deck-protected cruiser of 2800 tons displacement and 4150 indicated horse-power. Her length is two hundred and seventy-five feet and her breadth forty-two feet. She is furnished with four two-and-a-quarter inch quick-firing guns and six machine-guns, in addition to which she carries two torpedo discharging tubes.

The *Miramar*, the principal yacht of the Austrian Emperor, was built in this country in 1872. She is a fast iron paddle-ship of 1830 tons and 2500 horse-power, and measures two hundred and sixty-nine feet by thirty-two feet. Another British-built royal yacht is the *Amphitrite*, belonging to the king of Greece. She was built eleven years ago, and is a steel paddle-ship, having a displacement of 1028 tons and an indicated horse-power of 1800.

The *Mahroussa*, owned by the Khedive of Egypt, is a yacht of imposing dimensions, but is now sadly out of repair. She measures three hundred and sixty feet by forty-two feet; her displacement being 3142 tons and her horse-power 6400. She was launched in 1865, and used to be capable of steaming eighteen knots an hour.

The king of Denmark's yacht is the *Dannebrog*, an iron paddle-ship of 760 tons and 800 horse-power, built at Copenhagen in 1880. The *Skoldmon*, the Swedish royal yacht, was built of iron in 1868, and has a displacement of 1028 tons. The Prince of Roumania's yacht, the *Stefan cel Marc*, was built in 1866. She is an iron paddle-ship of 350 tons and 570 horse-power.

Among Asiatic potentates the king of Siam, the Mikado, the Sultan of Johore, and the Rajah of Sarawak are yacht-owners. The yacht at present used by the Mikado is the *Suriu*, an iron screw-steamer of 300 tons and 270 horse-power. She was built in 1856, and will soon give place to a new and larger vessel.

THE FAIRIES' FLITTING.

THE Fairies are floating, flying away
From bushy rath and from grassy dell;
From the dark rings seen on the valleys green;
But whither they 're wandering none can tell.

In the dim blue haze, from the mountain spread
O'er river and landscape at close of day;
Through the amber furze; o'er the shining pools,
The fleet-footed fairy folk pass away.

In the vapour floating o'er marsh and moor,
The bright clouds trailed o'er the mountain height;
In the white mist-wraiths on the silent lakes,
They 've taken their noiseless, secret flight.

In the rosy dawn, in the cloudy dusk,
They vanish, and with them the good old times;
So we bid them farewell with regretful thoughts,
With tender mem'ries, and gentle rhymes.

But where have they vanished? the small bright folk,
That never at matin or vesper bell
Have knelt down to prayer, yet were blithe and gay—
Where have they vanished from hill and dell?

Too frail to traverse the rolling seas,
In the billow's swell, in the tempest's roar;
Too light to sink to the underworld,
Where the shadows of death lie brooding o'er.

Too feeble to reach heaven's gates of gold;
(Their wings are slight, though so light and fleet);
They 'd fail in the blue, so cold and pure,
And find no rest for their tiny feet.

Perhaps they are still near the moated hill,
The rank green grass, and the flower-sweet sod.
May their sleep be soft on the earth, poor souls!
Whose wings are too weak to ascend to God.

M. E. KENNEDY.

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BY HILL AND WOODLAND.

My country-house stands on the verge of wide uplands, where I have before me a vast panorama of woods and hills, a green pastoral solitary world, where few sounds are heard except the bleating of flocks from the grassy straths, or the shrill whistle of the curlew, or the shepherd's hoarse call to his dogs. Jaded with the jostling, struggling life of a great city, the solitude charms me, especially when it is new. There is no other house within sight. I feel a personal peculiar interest in the wide landscape. No one looks at it exactly from the same point of view; it is peculiarly my own, as much my own as the wide, rambling, old-fashioned garden which lies between my dining-room window and the green, pastoral, restful world without.

I know every nook and cranny of this garden. I planted most of the flowers and shrubs, and some of the trees. I struck as a slip that glorious Gloire de Dijon rose which now covers nearly half the house, and which my rustic gardener persists in calling 'The glory of Dudgeon.' I reared with more than paternal solicitude that fine Victoria plum, at present displaying its treasures so temptingly on the south wall. The wind rustling in the drooping boughs of these weeping-willows is to me as the voice of the friend of my youth; for I was little more than a boy when I stuck the slender twigs from which they sprang into the soft turf. In the same intimate, kindly, personal manner I know every nook of these sunny hills, at present smiling to us in the mellow gleam of the October sunshine. I have seen them black with storm, dark with driving mists, shrouded in winding-sheets of snow. And with the same personal interest which I take in my flowers, I explore these wide-spreading woods. I know the ferny coverts which the rabbits love; the thickets of privet, where the young pheasants disport themselves; the glades where the great beeches spread their massy arms and drop their nuts by thousands. I have watched the nimble squirrels spring from bough to bough, and the tiny dormice gathering their winter hoards from the Goshens of nuts below. I know the mossy paths which lead to fairy dells and hidden springs. I know the solemn far-reaching aisles of woodland shade, where the slant sunshine quivers down in bars of gold, and the great red boles of the pines gleam like pillars of porphyry.

How sweet the wood smells. How tender is the dim green light. What a charming surprise when the straggling sunshine bursts through the dense foliage overhead, and sends a shaft of gold twinkling through the innumerable leaves and branches. Gilding as it falls, it heightens into warm bronze the fading hues of the bracken, and lightens up the underwood of sloe and alder. How fresh the morning air is; the breeze that comes blowing across the hill-side is fragrant with the scent of the bog myrtle.

Far down below us a stream is winding; you can hear the musical plash of its waters as they gurgle down the stony bottom of the gorge. If you are a disciple of quaint old Izaak Walton, you may find rare sport in shine or shower in these silvan solitudes. For my own part, I never take rod in hand; I am at once too indolent and too restless for the gentle art; so, while you fill your basket, I will stretch myself here in the woodland shadows and dream of the past, and listen to the birds twittering in the boughs overhead, and watch the sheep feeding on those soft green hills, whose gently rounded swell makes such a charming foreground for the Titans behind, who cleave with sharp and frowning peak the smiling heavens.

The wind blows the clouds in fleecy masses across the sky, and there is a sudden change in the glowing picture; the great mountains beyond come into the foreground, as it were, with the change of light, and show themselves in a thousand changeful hues and gradations of colour. You see for a moment, distinctly, slopes and gullies of which you have ordinarily no conception. You begin to be aware of how subtle and infinite are the gradations of grays and blues

and purples in these far peaks and mountain masses. No mortal painter has ever mixed on earthly pallet the tender glow of these ethereal tints. No Claude Lorraine has caught, or ever will catch, the changeful brilliancy, the magical blending of faint and ever fainter hues in that picture of mountain beauty, as evanescent as it is lovely; for even as we gaze the clouds roll up and it is gone; and the light is shimmering with a faint golden sheen on the alders below, and the dark deep green of the grass which clothes the mounds and fills the trenches of that ancient Roman camp.

Far down among the scattered birches may be seen the figure of the patient angler; and around us on the hill-side, imagination, heaven's blest boon to man, re-creates the past. Against that hoary oak leans a sheaf of Roman spears. The soft turf quivers beneath the stately centurion's tread; the legionary's loud laugh startles once more the sleeping echoes. No rude hand of Goth or Hun has crippled as yet the flight of the Imperial eagles; but ruthless and fierce, they cleave these cold northern heavens with as fell a swoop, as strong a wing, as ever carried them under the sunny skies of the flower-spangled Campagna. Away over the green undulating upland you may trace the remains of one of their roads—solid masonry, enduring and strong, the footprints of the moral heroes of a vanished age; and on the bank beyond, a relic of the conquered, a Druid's stone—a huge boulder, so nicely poised that it rocks to and fro at the slightest touch. Beside it are one or two aged oaks, almost the only oaks in these woods. There is no mistletoe on them now. Ages ago, a Druid may have cut the last with his golden sickle. There is something pathetic in the aspect of these gnarled hoar old trees. Their leaves may have rustled in the ears of the captive maids and matrons of a vanquished and fading race; their acorns may have dropped on the mail of a Cæsar, their shade soothed the dying and sheltered the dead; yet there they stand amid the browsing sheep, mementoes of a past well-nigh forgotten, when Roman and Druid alike are gone, crowded out by the trooping memories and associations of the ages which have followed.

A little beyond the Roman road, a red 'scaur' stands out very distinctly from the soft swelling green of the opposite hill. It is called the Battle Brae; but except its name, there is no tradition to connect that scene of long-forgotten massacre with any known story. Men fought there and fell; but for once the harp of Fame was mute; they found neither minstrel nor historian to shadow forth the supreme tragedy of their lives to future ages. 'It is the Battle Brae,' the rustic tells you.—'What battle?' you ask.—'Eh, man, wha can tell?' he answers, and cheerily plods on, whistling as he goes; and I resume my pipe, and meditate as I smoke upon the fleeting nature of human glory.

At a bend of the stream below me, patient as the human angler under the sweeping birches, a heron stands, watching intently the reedy plashy margin of the water. Thus he has stood for hours in lonely dignity, a hermit among birds, waiting for his prey. As I watch him, a sympathetic freak of the imagination carries me back into the days when the solitary bird before me played a much more important part on the world's stage than he does now. The wide breezy uplands are alive, as in the days of old, with the stir and bustle of a gallant company. Through the clump of green hawthorn, a gay cavalcade winds into the sunshine, knight and squire, and fair lady with falcon on wrist. I hear once more the merry clang of the hawk's bells; the bridles ring as the impatient steeds toss their heads and curvet and paw the ground; the falconers utter their hoarse cries; the gallant stoops to utter in the ear of beauty his well-turned compliment. And beauty laughs carelessly; she has heard that phrase, or something like it—well, often. If he wanted appreciation, he should have sought an eye of dimmer lustre, a face less fair.

But now the heron rises in evident alarm, and with seeming awkwardness, as if he felt his legs uncomfortably long. A hawk is let loose, and away soar pursuer and pursued, lessening specks in the clear blue heaven. They bend their course to the hills, and the splendid pageant follows, picturesque in medieval breadth and warmth of colour, rich in waving plumes, in the gleam of mail, in the brave glitter of cloth of gold and velvet and miniver, which have long since been dust, like their wearers. But the steadfast hills still stand, brave sentinels of the perished centuries; and my heron stands also on his long blue legs beside the quiet stream, placidly fishing. The world has changed for the better for him; there is less of glory, perhaps, but there is decidedly more comfort. It is changing also now for me, but decidedly not in the direction of comfort; there is an ominous lull in the wind, and a rustle as if all the trees of the wood were taking counsel together, and then the sharp patter of drops on the leaves. A brisk shower; but it will not last long, for across the dark horizon streams a sudden gleam of sunshine, which lights up the cloudy sky, and trembles with wavering uncertain glimmer over the bluebells which cluster in the grass beside me. Some of them are pure white, and I gather them with a smile; for they are supposed, like white heather, to bring happiness to the fortunate finder.

I get up lazily. It seems as if it were going to rain in earnest. I look down at the two anglers; my human friend has moved a little, but my bird-friend still stands motionless in the same pose on the same spot. The rain is clearing off; the sun shines out again with a warm glow. A sweet resinous scent is on the wind; the shower has brought out all the latent fragrance of the woods. A gamekeeper strides past with his gun under his arm and his dogs at his heels, and flings me as he goes a cheerful good-day. As I watch his tall figure, lithe and handsome, the past returns to me under a different aspect. The little ruined Border 'peel' I can just see on the horizon stands square and erect once more, and frowns defiance to the world. A few cottages cluster under the bare lonely tower; an armed moss-trooper or two fording the shallow stream, drive before them a lowing herd of plundered cattle. An archer returns from the greenwood with the best half of a gallant buck on his shoulders. All is savage plenty where of late there was pinching want; loud sounds of rustic revelry fill the air; the shepherd tunes his pipe, and the milkmaid

smoothing her fair hair, lilts a merry roundelay as she bends under the weight of the foaming pails.

The dun deer are gone now, like the other picturesque medieval accessories of the scene. You see them no more dappling the woodland glades or couching in the thickets of fern; but in their place there are herds of fine West Highland cattle, which seem to me almost the more picturesque animals of the two. Look at that herd feeding on the rising ground to the west: something startles them; how grandly they toss each shaggy front, and uttering low bellows, spurn the turf with impatient foot; then, with tails in air and lowered heads, set off in full career like mad creatures. It is not always safe for a stranger to meet them in one of these stampedes, especially if he has a dog with him. —Yes, Gyp, I was speaking of dogs, but not of you; you need not point your ears and look so preternaturally wise.

The autumn day is waning to its close; a veil of mist is beginning to shroud the peaks of the distant hills; the sun is setting behind me in a splendour of imperial purple; and in the flood of refulgent light I can see a commonplace figure enough, my distracted housekeeper, at the garden gate. A wearifu' woman she looks; her very attitude tells me that the hour of dinner is long past. I can almost hear her querulous whimper, 'I'm in a terror for the fish, sir.' Reluctantly I rise; a chaffinch twitters above me in mid-air; a mellow golden sheen lies on the grass, athwart which the scattered birch-trees cast long shadows. The angler is trudging homewards under the welcome weight of a heavy basket. I hope the heron was equally successful; he has been gone for some time to his roost in these lofty scattered trees on the hill-side. Gyp is whining impatiently; the sheep, slowly wending their way to the highest point of their pasturage, bleat at intervals. Below me, the stream gurgles through the glen with plaintive cadence; the cushat's long-drawn note falls tremulously on my ear. The silent night is advancing. As I pass homeward, darkness is beginning to enshroud this green pastoral world of solitude. I hear my friend's cheery voice; he has arrived before me; and I am fain to confess with him that a cheerful fire and a good dinner are no unwelcome termination to an October day among the woods and hills.

M.Y SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CAPTAIN BRAINE.

After three days of sailors' biscuit and strong cheese and marmalade of the flavour of foot sugar, the lump of cold salt beef that the captain's man set before me ate to my palate with a relish that I had never before found in the choicest and most exquisitely cooked meat; and a real treat, too, to my shipwrecked sensibilities was the inspiration of home and civilisation in the tumbler of foaming London stout. Miss Temple seemed too harassed, too broken down in mind, to partake of food; but by dint of coaxing and entreating I got her to taste a mouthful, and then to put her lips to a glass of stout; and presently she appeared to find her appetite by eating, as the French say, and ended with such a repast as I could have wished to see her make.

When the man put the tray down, he went out, and the girl and I were alone during the meal. Now that I had recovered from the first heart-subduing shock of the discovery that the hull was on fire, and could realise that, even supposing she had not been set on fire, we had still been delivered from what in all probability must have proved a long, lingering, soul-killing time of expectation, dying out into hopelessness and into a period of famine, thirst, and death: I say now that I could realise our rescue from these horrors, my spirits mounted, my joy was an intoxication, I could have cried and laughed at the same time, like one in hysteria. I longed to jump from my chair and dance about the cabin that I might vent the oppression of my transports by movement. I was but a young man, and life was dear to me, and we had been in dire peril, and were safe! What a paradise was this cosy little cabin after that ghost-haunted, narrow crib of a deck-house! how soothing beyond all words to the nerves was the light floating rolling of the graceful little snow-white barque, under control of her helm, and vitalised in every plank by the impulse of her airy soaring canvas, compared with the jerky, feverish, staggering, tumblefication of the wreck, with its deadly deck leaning at desperate angles to the fang-like remnants of the crushed bulwarks, and its uncovered hatches yawning to the heavens, as though in a dumb mouthing of entreaty for extinction!

'Oh, Miss Temple,' I cried, 'I cannot bring my mind to believe in our good fortune! This time yesterday! how hopeless we were! And now we are safe. I thank God, I most humbly thank God, for His mercy. Your lot would soon have become a frightful one aboard that wreck.'

'Yet what would I give,' she exclaimed, 'if this ship were the *Countess Ida!* What is to become of us? For how long are we to wander about in a state of destitution, Mr Dugdale—mere beggars, without apparel, without conveniences, dependent for our very meals upon the bounty of strangers?' and she brought her eyes with the old flash in them from the table to my face, at which she gazed with an expression of temper and mortification.

'You would not be a woman,' said I, 'if you did not think of your dress. But, pray, consider this: that your baggage is now recoverable; whereas, but for this *Lady Blanche*'——

'Oh, but it would have been so happy a thing, that might so easily have happened too, had this vessel been the Indiaman.'

'Cannot you summon a little patience to your aid?' said I. 'Our strange-eyed captain spoke with judgment when he suggested the probability of your exchanging his ship for the *Countess Ida* within a week.'

'Well, I will be patient, if I can,' said she, looking down with an air of trouble and distress in the pout of her lip; 'but is it not about time that the adventure ended?'

'Suppose it may be only now beginning?'

She gave me a side-glance and exclaimed somewhat haughtily: 'I really believe, Mr Dugdale, you enjoy this sort of experiences; and if I were a man—— But it *must* end!' she added with an air as though she was about to weep. 'It is unendurable to think of being carried about the world in this fashion. I shall insist—well, I shall bribe Captain Braine to question every ship he passes as to her destination, and the first vessel we encounter that is going home I shall go on board of.'

'Alone?' said I.

'No,' she answered, half-closing her eyes and looking a little away from me; 'you would not suffer me to travel alone, Mr Dugdale? Besides, do not you want to get home too?'

'I would rather find my way to Bombay,' said I. 'My baggage as well as yours is aboard the *Countess Ida*, and I should like to get it, though not at the cost of too much trouble. I am bound to India on a visit, and am not expected home for a good many months.—Now, I don't see why both of us shouldn't keep our appointments by sticking in this barque, and sailing in her to the Mauritius, whence we ought to be able without difficulty to ship ourselves for Bombay. The *Lady Blanche* has the hull of a clipper, and it will be strange if the pair of us are not ashore at Bombay some weeks before the *Countess Ida* sails.'

She listened with impatience, and when I had ended, said: 'If the chance offers, I shall certainly go home. I shall take the first ship that passes, though it should cost a thousand pounds to bribe Captain Braine and the commander of the vessel that receives me.—How is it possible for me to continue thus?' and here she looked at her dress.—'And where is Mauritius? Is it not nearly as far off as Bombay? Whereas England is not so very remote from this part of the ocean.'

'Well, Miss Temple, I am your humble servant,' said I; 'head as you will, I shall most dutifully follow you.'

'I beg that you will not be satirical.'

'God forbid!' said I, averting my eyes, for I was sensible that they were expressing more than I had any desire she should observe. 'I wish to see you safe, and meanwhile happy. If we pick up a ship homeward bound, we can commission Captain Braine to request Keeling, if he encounters him, to transfer our baggage to the first craft he speaks going to England.—Your aunt's maid will know all about your luggage.'

She watched me, as though doubtful whether I was joking or not; but I was cut short by the entrance of Captain Braine.

'I hope you have done pretty well?' he exclaimed, after gazing at us for a short time without speaking; 'it is poor fare, mem, for the likes of you. But the ship'll afford nothing fresh till we kill a pig.—What did you say your name was, sir?'

'Dugdale,' said I.

'Ha!' he cried, whilst he viewed me steadfastly, 'to be sure. Dugdale. That was it. Well, Mr Dugdale, there might be an edifying sight for you and the lady to behold from the deck.'

'What?' swiftly exclaimed Miss Temple with a start.

'The hull, mem, we took you from,' he replied in his hollow somewhat deep voice, 'is rapidly growing into a big blaze.'

Her face changed as to a mood of disappointment. I believe she thought that the captain had come to announce the Indiaman in sight: I was about to speak.

'Captain Braine,' she said, approaching him by a dramatic stride, and exclaiming proudly, as though she would subdue him by her mere manner to acquiescence in her wishes, 'I am without wearing apparel, saving the attire in which you now view me, and it is absolutely necessary I should return home as speedily as possible. My mother will fear that I have perished, and I must be the bearer of my own news, or the report of my being lost may cause her death, so exceedingly delicate is her health. She is rich, and will reward you in any sum you may think proper to demand for enabling me to return to England quickly.'

An indescribable smile as she said these words crept over the man's face and vanished. I was strongly impressed by the expression of it, and observed him closely.

'Therefore, Captain Braine,' she proceeded, 'I have to entreat you to promise me that you will signal to the ships you may pass, and put me on board the first one, no matter what sort of vessel she be, that is sailing directly to England.'

He silently surveyed her, and then directed his eyes at me.

'You'll be wanting to get home too, sir, I suppose?' said he.

'Oh yes,' I replied. 'Miss Temple is under my care, and I must see her safe.'

He turned to her again, and stood staring; then said: 'That'll be all right, mem; we're bound to be falling in with something coming along presently; and if England's her destination and she'll receive ye, the boat that brought you from the hull shall take you to her, weather permitting.—That'll do, I think?'

She bowed, looking as pleased as agitation and anxiety would allow her.

'Come now and take a look at the hull,' continued Captain Braine; 'and then'——

'You quite understand, I hope,' she interrupted, 'that any sum'——

He broke in with an odd flourish of his hand. 'No need to mention that matter, mem,' he exclaimed; 'we are Christian men in that part of the country where I come from, and there's never no talk of pay amongst us for doing what the Lord directs—succouring distressed fellow-creatures.'

With which he spun upon his heels and walked out of the cabin, leaving us to follow him.

I had no eyes nor thoughts for anything else than the hull the moment I saw her. I remember recoiling as to a blow, and panting for a few breaths with my hand to my side. She had slipped to something more than two miles away down on the starboard quarter, and although only a portion of her was as yet on fire, she was showing as a body of flame brilliant and forked, soaring and drooping against the leaden-hued background of sky. Shudder after shudder went like ice through me as my sight swept the mighty girdle of the deep, coming back to the

little body of flame that most horribly to every trembling instinct in me accentuated the lonely immensity of the surface on which it glowed.

'Think—if we were on her now!' I muttered to Miss Temple. She hid her face.

'Was there any valleyables aboard her, Mr Dugdale, d'ye know?' said the captain.

'I cannot tell you,' I answered in a voice subdued by emotion; 'I did not search the sleeping-berths. There was little enough in her hold.'

'Ye should have crept away down in the run,' said he: 'that's where the chaps which peopled her would stow their booty if they had any. If I'd known she'd been a privateersman—— How came ye to set her on fire?'

'My signal burnt through her deck, so I was informed by that gentleman there,' I replied, indicating the square man, who stood a little way from us.

'Was that so, Mr Lush?' cried the captain.

'Was what so?' asked Mr Lush.—The captain explained.—'Well, I dunno,' answered the other; 'there was fire in the hold when I looked down, and it seemed to me as if flakes of it was falling through the deck.—But what does it signify? Wood ain't cast-iron, and if ye makes a flare upon a timber deck, why, then what I says is, stand by!'

'Oh look, Mr Dugdale!' shrieked Miss Temple at that moment, tossing her arms in horror, and standing with her hands upraised, as though in a posture of calling down a curse upon the distant thing.

My eye was on the wreck, as hers had been, and I saw it all. There was a huge crimson flash, as though some volcanic head had belched in fire; daylight as it was, the stretch of clouds above and beyond the wreck glared out in a dull rusty red to the amazing stream of flame; a volume of smoke white as steam, shaped like a balloon, and floating solid to the sight, slowly rose like some phenomenal emanation from the secret depths of the ocean. Then followed the sullen, deep-throated blast of the explosion. Captain Braine snatched a telescope from the skylight and levelled it, and after peering a little, thrust the glass into my hand.

'See if you can find out where she's gone to,' said he with a singular grin, in which his eyes did not participate.

I looked: the water delicately brushed by the light wind flowed in nakedness under the shadow of the slowly soaring and enlarging cloud of white smoke. Not the minutest point of black, not the merest atom of fragment of wreck, was visible. I put down the glass with a quivering hand, and going to the rail, looked into the sea to conceal my moist eyes, too overcome to speak.

'A good job you weren't in that hull, mem,' said the captain to Miss Temple; 'it would be sky high with any one that had been there by this time. But you're aboard a tidy little ship now. If so be that you are at all of a nautical judge, mem, cast your eyes aloft and tell me if there's e'er an Indeeman or a man-of-war, too, if ye will, with spars stayed as my masts is, with such a fit of canvas, with such a knowing cocked-ear like look as the run of them yard-arms has, with such mastheads tapering away like the holy spire of a meeting-house, and that beautiful little skysail atop to sarve as a cloud for any tired angel that may be flying along to rest upon! Ha!'

He drew so deep a breath as he concluded, that I turned to look at him. He stood gazing up at the canvas on the main as though in an ecstasy; his hands were crossed upon his breast after the manner of coy virgins in paintings; his right knee was crooked and projected; I could not have imagined so curious a figure off the stage. Indeed, I supposed he was acting now to divert Miss Temple. I glanced at the tough, sullen, storm-darkened face of old Lush, to gather his opinion on the behaviour of this captain; but his expression was of wood, and there was no other meaning in it that I could distinguish save what was put there by the action of his jaws as he gnawed upon a junk of tobacco, carrying his sight from seawards to aloft and back again as regularly as the swing of the spars.

Miss Temple drew to my side with a manner of uneasiness about her. She whispered, while she seemed to be speaking of the wreck, motioning with her hand in the direction of the smoke that was slowly drawing on to our beam in a great staring, still-compacted mass, white as fog against the leaden heaven: 'I believe he is not in his right mind.'

'No matter,' I swiftly replied; 'his ship is sound.—Captain,' I exclaimed, 'I hope you will have a spare cabin for this lady. For my part, you may sling me a hammock anywhere, or a rug and a plank will make me all the bed I want.'

'Oh, there's accommodation for ye both below,' he answered; 'there's the mate's berth unoccupied. The lady can have that. And next door to it there's a cabin with a bunk in it. I'll have it cleared out for you.—Come down and see for yourselves.'

He led the way into the little cuddy, as I may term it, and conducted us to a hatch close against the two sleeping berths right aft. He descended a short flight of steps, and we found ourselves in a 'tween-decks in which I should not have been able to stand erect with a tall hat on. It was gloomy down here. I could distinguish with difficulty a number of cases of light goods stowed from the deck to the beams, and completely blocking up all the forward portion of this part of the vessel. There were two cabins in the extremity corresponding with the cabins above, with such another small hatch as we had descended through lying close against them, but covered: the entrance as I took it to 'the run' or 'lazarette.' Captain Braine opened the cabin door on the port side, and we peered into a small but clean and airy berth lighted by a large scuttle. I noticed a couple of sea-chests, a suit of oilskins hanging under a little shelf full of books, a locker, a mattress and a bundle of blankets in the bunk, a large chart of the English Channel nailed against the side, and other matters of a like sort.

'You'll be able to make yourself pretty comfortable here, mem,' said Captain Braine.

'Are there any rats?' asked Miss Temple, rolling her eyes nervously over the deck.

'God bless us, no!' answered the captain. 'At

the very worst, a cockroach here and there, mem.'

'But this cabin is occupied,' said I.

'It was, young gentleman, it was,' he exclaimed, in a hollow raven voice, that wonderfully corresponded with his countenance, and particularly somehow or other with his hair—'it was my chief-mate's cabin. But he's dead, sir.' He gazed at me steadfastly, and added: 'Dead and gone, sir.'

Miss Temple slightly started, and with a hurried glance at the bunk, asked how long the man had been dead.

'Three weeks,' responded Captain Braine, preserving his sepulchral tone, as though he supposed it was the correct voice in which to deliver melancholy information.

'May I see the next cabin?' said Miss Temple.

'Certainly,' he answered; and going out, he opened the door.

This room was the same size as the berth which adjoined it; but it was crowded with an odd collection of sailmakers' and boatswains' stores, bolts of canvas, new buckets, scrubbing-brushes, and so on. There was a bunk under the scuttle full of odds and ends.

'I would rather occupy this berth than the other,' said Miss Temple.

'You're not afraid of ghosts, mem?' exclaimed the captain, fixing his immense dead black eyes upon her.

'I presume this room can be cleared out, and I prefer it to the other,' she answered haughtily.

I broke in, somewhat alarmed by these airs: 'Oh, by all means, Miss Temple. Choose the cabin you best like. Captain Braine is all kindness in furnishing us with such excellent accommodation.—This stuff can be put into my berth, if you please, captain. I shall merely need room enough to get into my bunk.'

'I'll make that all right,' he answered somewhat sulkily.—'How about bedding? The lady's a trifle particular, I fear. She wouldn't be satisfied to roll herself up in a dead man's blanket, I guess.'

'Leave me to manage,' said I, forcing a note of cheerfulness into my voice, though I was greatly vexed by Miss Temple's want of tact. 'There's more bedding than either of us will require in less than a bolt of your canvas. We are fresh from an experience that would make a paradise of your forepeak, captain.—And so,' said I, plunging from the subject, in the hope of carrying off the ill-humour that showed in his face, 'you are without a chief-mate?'

'I'll tell ye about that by-and-by,' said he. 'This here crib, then, is to be the lady's?—Now, what have I got that you'll be wanting, mem? There's a bit of a looking-glass next door. He use to shave himself in it. You won't mind that, perhaps? His image ain't impressed on the plate. It'll show ye true as you are, for all that he shaved himself in it.'

Miss Temple smiled, and said that she would be glad to have the glass.

'There'll be his hairbrush,' continued Captain Braine, 'though *that* might prove objectionable,' he added doubtfully, talking with his eyes fixed unwinkingly upon her. 'And yet I don't know; if it was put to soak in a bucket of salt-water, it ought to come out sweet enough. There's likewise a comb,' he proceeded, taking his chin betwixt his thumb and forefinger and stroking it; 'there's nothing to hurt in a comb, and it's at your sarvice, mem. If poor old Chicken were here, he'd be very willing, I'm sure; but he's gone—gone dead.'

He looked at Miss Temple again. I watched him with attention. He seemed to sink into a fit of musing; then waking up out of it in a sudden way, he cried: 'You've got no luggage at all, have ye, mem?'

'No,' responded Miss Temple with gravity.

'I'm sorry,' said he, 'that I didn't bring Mrs Braine along with me this voyage. She wanted to come, poor thing, observing me to be but very ordinary during most of the time I was ashore—very ordinary indeed,' he repeated, shaking his head. 'If she was here, we could manage.'

'Pray, give yourself no concern on that head, captain,' said I; 'we shall be falling in with the Indiaman presently; and supposing the worst to come to the worst—what time do you give yourself for the run from here to the Mauritius?'

'I'm not agoing to say—I'm not agoing to say!' he cried with an accent of excitement that astonished me; 'what's the good of talking when you don't know?—Wouldn't it be a sin to go and make promises to people in your condition and disappoint 'em? I can just tell ye this: that Baltimore itself never turned out a keel able to clip through it as this here *Lady Blanche* can when the chance is given her.—And now,' he exclaimed, changing his voice, 'suppose we clear out of this, and go up into the daylight and fresh air;' and without pausing for an answer, he trudged off.

I handed Miss Temple up the ladder, and we gained the little cabin, or living-room as it might be termed. The young fellow who acted as steward or servant was busy at the glass-rack. The captain called to him, and peremptorily and most intelligently gave him certain instructions with respect to the clearing out and preparing of the berths below for our reception. He told him where he would find a spare mattress—'Quite new, never yet slept on,' he said, contorting his figure into a bow to Miss Temple—he had a couple of shawls and a homely old rug which had made several voyages, and these were to be put into her bunk; the man was to see that the lady lacked no convenience which the barque could afford. 'The late Mr Chicken's mattress was to be given to me along with his bedding, if so be that I was willing to use the same.' Other instructions, all expressive of foresight and hospitable consideration, he gave to the fellow, who then went forward to obtain help to clear out the cabins.

'We are deeply indebted to you, captain,' said I, 'for this very generous behaviour'——

'Not a word, sir, if you please,' he interrupted. 'I have a soul as well as another, and I know my duty.—Lady, a hint: you have some fine jewelry upon you; take my advice, and put it in your pocket.'

She was alarmed by this, and looked at me.

I smiled, and said: 'The captain of a ship is Lord Paramount; his orders must be obeyed, Miss Temple.'

Without another word she began to pull off

her rings, the skipper steadfastly watching her.

'Will you take charge of them for me, Mr Dugdale?' said she.

I placed them in my pocket. She then took off a very beautiful diamond locket from her throat, and this I also carefully stowed away.

'I will remove my earrings presently,' she exclaimed with a slight flush in her cheek and a sparkle as of ire in her gaze, though her lips still indicated an emotion of dismay.

'My advice to you is—at once, mem,' said the captain.

'We must believe that Captain Braine is fully sensible of the meaning of his requests,' said I, answering the glance she shot at me.

She removed the earrings and gave them to me. The captain stood running his eyes over her figure, then, with a melodramatic gesture, pointed to her watch. This, too, with the handsome chain belonging to it, I pocketed. He now addressed himself to contemplating me.

'You don't need to show any watch-chain,' said he, speaking with his head drooping towards his left shoulder; 'there's no good in that signet ring either. As to the breastpin,' he half-closed one eye—'well, perhaps that's a thing that won't hurt where it is.'

He waited until I had taken off my ring and dropped my chain into my waistcoat pocket, and then, looking first of all aft and then forward, then up at the little skylight, whilst he seemed to hold his breath, as though intently listening, he approached us, as we stood together, by a stride, and said in a low deep voice, tremulous with intensity of utterance: 'My men are not to be trusted.—Hush! If they imagined I suspected them, they would cut my throat and heave me overboard.'

Miss Temple took my arm.

'Let me understand you?' said I, wrestling with my amazement. 'In what sense are they untrustworthy?'

He stared eagerly and nervously about him again, and then extending the fingers of his left hand, he touched one of them after another, as though counting, whilst he said: 'First, I have reason to believe that Lush, the carpenter, who acts as my second mate, committed a murder four years ago.'

'Good God!' I ejaculated.

'Hold!' he cried. 'Next, there ain't no shadow of a doubt that two at least of my able seamen are escaped convicts. Next, there is a man forward who was concerned in a mutiny that ended in the ringleaders being hung. Next'—he paused, and then exclaimed; 'but no need to go on alarming the lady.'

'But were you not acquainted with these men's characters at the time of their signing articles?' said I.

'No, young man—no,' he answered with a most melancholy shake of the head; 'it's all come out since, and a deal more atop of it.—But hush! Discretion is the better part of valour, as Jack says. There's no call to be afraid. They know the man I am, and what's better, they know I know *them*.—Ye're quite safe, mem—only, don't be a-tempting sailors of their sort by a sight of the valleyables you've been a-carrying about with you.—And now, perhaps you'll excuse me whilst I goes and looks after the ship.'

He gave us another extraordinary bow—I never met with any posture-maker who approached this man in the capacity of distorting his person—and walked out of the cabin.

THE HEART OF AFRICA.

THE attitude of suspicion and hostility immediately assumed by an African tribe or village on the arrival of a party of strangers in their vicinity is easily explicable by the condition of internecine warfare in which those savage communities pass their existence. The strong are continually preying on the weak, old feuds are constantly waging, insults are being avenged, and injuries resented.

Such is the general condition of a country in which no public law prevails except that of force. The approach of strangers is commonly too likely to be that of enemies. If, however, pacific assurances are given and supported by liberal presents, the travellers may succeed in disarming hostility, and may secure a passage for themselves, subject to more or less tribute to the cupidity of the chiefs. But whatever degree of satisfaction the chiefs and tribes may derive from the liberality of the strangers—this being usually in proportion to the amount of pressure put upon them—or how much soever the natives may be convinced that the objects of the white visitors are entirely pacific, the character of the men who undertake long and toilsome and costly expeditions for such objects—the discovery of a lake, of the source or course of a river, of a reported mountain, as the case may be—with the hardships, privations, and dangers incidental to such enterprises, must be a subject of considerable wonder and perhaps a certain mixture of pity. In 1863, when Sir Samuel Baker was in the Latooka country—which is situated in the eastern part of what were lately the Equatorial Provinces held by Emin Pasha—on his expedition for the discovery of the lake which he subsequently named Albert Nyanza, he attempted to make the chief, Commoro, understand his object so as to elicit some information that might be of assistance. But it was in vain. The chief said: 'Suppose you get to the great lake, what will you do with it? What will be the good of it? If you find that the large river [the White Nile] does flow from it, what then? What's the good of it?'

The impenetrability of the African chief was not very different in character, perhaps not even in degree, from the incapacity of large numbers of civilised persons at home to conceive an intelligent sympathy with the efforts of explorers. A good many of us feel a keener interest in the narratives of adventure themselves than in the scientific results to which they have been dedicated.

It was characteristic of British pluck and obstinacy not to let the problem of the Nile alone until it was solved. Sir Samuel Baker—accompanied every inch of the way by his wife—started up the river to pursue it to its source; at Gondokoro he met Speke and Grant coming down, after travelling all the way from Zanzibar with the same object. It was somewhat disconcerting to Baker, after the greatest part of his

journey had been done, to meet his plucky countrymen fresh from the discovery of the great Victoria Nyanza Lake; but there still remained the second lake westward, and this sufficed for Baker. He 'got there,' as the Americans say, and gratified the craving of his heart by finding the Albert Nyanza and the great river flowing northward out of it. This was the source of the Nile, and he was satisfied to turn homeward with the full sense of his task completed. Mr H. M. Stanley, however, as every one now knows, has just discovered that the White Nile has its source still farther south in yet another 'Nyanza'—the Albert Edward; and as the regions beyond this last-found lake to the south are unexplored, we may very soon expect to hear of some other British explorer making his resolute way thither in order to find out all about the back of the new lake, and whether or not the Nile is really run to earth.

The regions between the great lakes and the Bahr-el-Ghazal district were annexed to Egypt by Sir Samuel Baker in the years 1870-1873, in pursuance of the commission given to him by Ismail Pasha, with a view to the suppression of the slave-trade. This traffic had for years been carried on by the Khartoum traders, with the active connivance of the Egyptian authorities of the Soudan. Baker found all the country south of Khartoum leased by the Soudan Government to traders, who paid the Government a round sum per annum for the monopoly of the general and ivory trade of the regions assigned. These traders occupied districts and stations as far south as the neighbourhood of the lakes, and west of the White Nile as far as the Niam Niam and Monbuttu countries. In 1868, 1869, and 1870, Dr Schweinfurth, the distinguished German traveller, accompanied the 'Khartoumers' into the countries west of the Nile, and gives a full and interesting description of what he saw there. The traders soon found that there were more profitable ways of trading in this dark interior than by carrying goods up the Nile for barter. Their vessels left Khartoum with gunpowder instead of merchandise. They raided and laid waste the country in all directions, plundering the cattle of one tribe to exchange with another for ivory, and returning in due course to Khartoum with their vessels laden with ivory and slaves. Parties were left behind to carry on operations until the arrival of the boats at Gondokoro—the limit of navigation—the next season. At Fashoda, a station on the Nile where the river, after leaving the Equatorial Provinces, flows north to Khartoum, the governor levied a toll per head on all slaves carried down by the traders, and thus reaped his share of the atrocious trade. That Sir Samuel Baker was hindered in every way in their power by the government officials of the Soudan, as well as by the 'Khartoumers,' was a matter of course, and even his officers and soldiers mutinied against the duty. The work begun by Baker was afterwards carried on by Gordon and Emin Pasha, and the slave-trade in these regions almost entirely suppressed. Whatever the work was worth, it is now all lost, and to be done over again at some future day. The hordes of the Mahdi are in possession of the territories thus temporarily rescued from darkness and outrage.

All that a strong and regular government can ever do for the tribes of Equatorial Africa—and it must be strong and regular to be of any value at all—is to give them peace and security to follow the simple industries with which they are acquainted. Some arts they may be taught, and in those which they know their knowledge can be improved, so that the comforts of life may be made more abundant for them. But it will be difficult to raise the negro of the Nile regions up to a higher moral and intellectual level. In childhood he is often more intelligent than the European, and shows delusive promise of future development; but as he grows the prospect fades, and the fact becomes apparent that at a certain point, very low in the moral and intellectual scale, his growth naturally stops. Family affection is almost entirely unknown, except that of the mother for her offspring. He is quite incapable of understanding our detestation of slavery except as applied to his own individual case; and the first desire of a freed slave is, as is well known, to procure a slave for himself. Domestic slavery prevails everywhere, and in tribal wars the reward of victory consists of captives and cattle, the former chiefly women and children; but the lot of the captives thus reduced to slavery—or rather subjected to a compulsory change of owners—is, as a general rule, no worse than it was before, and in no way bears comparison with the fate of the unfortunate beings who fall into the ruthless hands of the slave-traders.

The *razzias* of the Khartoum traders have ploughed their mark deeply in the countries bordering on the Equatorial Nile, and many of the smaller tribes have been displaced and ruined. But the few great divisions into which the inhabitants on either side of the river are classifiable still exist in more or less entirety. Hunting, cultivation, and fishing are the staple industries, though the first and last, owing to the rude methods and appliances employed, are precarious in their results. Of course there is considerable wealth of cattle, sheep, and goats in certain districts. The Latookas possess immense herds of cattle. It is a singular fact that some tribes, owning plenty of cattle, will suffer the severest starvation rather than kill one of the animals.

The Kytch tribe, on the right bank of the White Nile, furnish a curious illustration of the incomprehensible inconsistencies of the character of the negroes. These belong to what Dr Schweinfurth terms the *alluvial* or black type of negro, conforming in his colour to the soil on which he lives, and even corresponding in his postures—as that of resting on one leg—to the birds of the marshes, as well as in his leisurely long stride over the rushes, and his lean and lanky limbs and long thin neck. The Kytch tribe, however, are not so fortunate in their condition as their alluvial kindred the Shillooks, Nueir, and Dinka. They have large herds of cattle, but they will not sell one, nor will they kill it for food, nor do they taste meat except when an animal dies from sickness. Their misery is said to be beyond description. They will not work, and consequently they frequently starve, subsisting only on rats, lizards, snakes, and field-mice, which they spend hours in digging out from their burrows. Sometimes they catch a fish by spearing; how often they succeed in harpooning one

may be judged from their method, which is to throw the spear haphazard into the reeds on the chance of a fish happening to come in the way of it. It is little wonder that they are a tribe of skeletons, emaciated to mere skin and bone.

The Latookas are a fine race of men, with great numbers of cattle. It may be observed here that, as a general rule, a negro's two sources of wealth are his cattle and his daughters. The custom of the country gives the latter a settled value in so many head of cattle. A suitor has to purchase his wife from her father, so that if a girl is worth ten cattle, a man with a family of six daughters may regard himself as practically worth sixty cattle in respect of them. The custom has its good points about it. If the girl has no value in a suitor's eyes for her beauty or amiability, she has another value, which he must recognise before he obtains her; and this requiring a young man to pay a substantial price for his wife is a guarantee—or rather was perhaps originally meant to be one—of his industry and competence, qualifying him for the possession of a wife.

On the west of the White Nile the rearing of cattle gradually disappears in the districts to the south and south-west, inhabited by the Niam Niam and Monbuttu. It is here that we touch upon the region addicted to cannibalism, which extends through the forest zone to the Congo, Aruwimi, and Manyuema countries. It may be noted that amongst the other tribes of negroes north and east—especially east of the river—cannibalism is abhorred. The horrible practice appears to have come from the south. The districts in which it is followed are prodigal in nature's gifts, so much so, that the people find existence without toil to be so easy that they hardly cultivate the bountiful soil at all. Cattle do not exist, hardly are even sheep or goats to be found, and as a consequence, flesh of any kind is a luxury. The products of the chase being few and precarious, the theory has been advanced that the unsupplied craving for meat-food is responsible for the prevalence of cannibalism. So strong is the appetite for such unnatural fare, that Emin Pasha mentions the case of a freed captive belonging to one of those tribes as eagerly returning to the fare of his native country, being 'sick of beef' in the north.

Schweinfurth notices the singular correspondence, already referred to, between the physical character of the people and that of the locality which they inhabit. The alluvial tribes—the Dinka, Nueir, and Shillooks—of the lower districts are black; while on passing into the country of ferruginous soil inhabited by the Bongos, the skin begins to take a coppery hue. There is, however, on the whole, little distinction in point of feature or colour observable amongst the various tribes. The distinguishing characteristics are mainly found in the shape of their huts, their personal ornaments—not clothing, which is a *quantité négligéable*—and the manner of dressing their hair. The circular form of hut is universally found among the tribes of Central Africa, subject, however, to a variety of form in respect of the roof. A Shillook village looks from a distance like an immense bed of mushrooms. The Dinka huts are drawn up to a point on the apex of the roof, and are generally large and spacious. The Dyook roof is a simple pyramid of straw; the Bongo is conical, and so on. As regards ornaments, these are chiefly rings of iron or copper worn on the arms, legs, necks; sometimes a woman wears half a hundredweight of metal going about her daily labour. The mutilations practised on their bodies by both sexes are very numerous. Tattooing is frequent; the abstraction of the low incisor teeth almost universal; and the ladies sedulously enhance their beauty by inserting pieces of stone or metal through their lips, noses, and ears, producing results most abhorrent to the civilised eye. In the matter of dress, abundance of cow-dung, ashes, earth, and grease, well rubbed into the skin, produces the most desirable results. Hair-dressing is a fine art among these savages, but it is a form of vanity generally confined to the male sex. Every tribe has a distinguishing fashion of doing up the hair. To perfect the coiffure of a man requires a period of from eight to ten years in some fastidious tribes, and the process is almost too elaborate for description.

The aborigines of Central Africa, if very low in the moral and intellectual scale, are not without a self-acquired proficiency in some of the arts that is very striking. The manner in which they smelt iron—ignorant of the use of charcoal—and work it into spear-heads, rings, &c., is calculated to strike a European smith with wonder. Their appliances are of course of the most primitive character, and they seem incapable of improving them. No European smith could, with a couple of stones for hammer and anvil, fashion such workmanship as these untutored savages turn out of their rude smithies. In the art of pottery, too, which is chiefly the work of the women, their skill is often extraordinary, and generally remarkable. If we go farther south, among the natives of Unyoro and Uganda—lying between the two great lakes Victoria and Albert—the proficiency of the people in the domestic arts is still more striking. Their pottery is various and admirable, their mats are beautifully woven, and the celebrated bark-cloth—made from the bark of the fig-tree of Uganda—is a manufacture unequalled in Africa. The Waganda, inhabiting the western shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza, are a very nautical people, and possess a large fleet of canoes; these vessels, however, from the prevailing ignorance of carpentry, are held together with thongs instead of nails or other fastenings used by civilised shipbuilders. The Waganda, it should be remarked, are a race very superior to that of the negro pure and simple; and in the arts of life, in agriculture, and in social organisation, are far ahead of any other race in the interior of Africa.

The darkest portion of Africa is probably that which lies to the west of the central lakes as far as the Congo. This region is given up to the slave and ivory hunters and all the horrors attending on the infamous trade. It will be a good day for Africa when the supply of ivory is exhausted, as it is the ivory trade which chiefly causes the slave-trade. The Arabs have no other carriers to convey their ivory from the interior to the coast except the slaves that they capture on their bloody raids. When the wretched cap-

tives have carried the ivory to the coast, they are sold or exported, thus realising an additional profit for their captors. No ivory can now be procured east of the chain of lakes, except in the comparatively virgin forests of the new British territory, where, fortunately, the slaver will not be permitted; and to the west the elephant is gradually and surely disappearing owing to the wanton destruction caused by the trade. When there is no more ivory to be got in the interior, the slave-traffic will soon wane, for the services of captives as carriers will no longer be in demand. The gradual advance of railroads and steamboats will do the rest, as far at least as the carrying system has been responsible for the slave-trade.

THE BOSS OF THE YELLOW DOG.

A WESTERN STORY.

PART II.

AWAY on the western slope of the great Rocky Mountains, in the wildest and, apparently, most unapproachable part of the State of Nevada, is a deep gorge or canyon. It is only a couple of hundred yards wide, and in the spring-time half of that narrow width is occupied by a rushing torrent, formed by the melting snow as it pours from the giant hills. The sides of the canyon rise perpendicularly to a height of nearly fifteen hundred feet; while abrupt bends to the north and south, a thousand yards apart, help to give the gorge the appearance of a mammoth grave. Standing by the little stream, across which one can easily step in summer-time, nothing can be seen but the solid walls of rock on all sides and the deep-blue sky above. Even from the highest elevation of those mountain precipices the eye rests upon nought but tier beyond tier of rugged hills, capped in the distance by lofty snow-clad peaks full a hundred miles away.

It is difficult to grasp the enormous extent of the territory occupied by the Rocky Mountain ranges—those great sierras which stretch the entire length of America, and spread across it, east and west, more than a thousand miles.

Mountains ten hundred miles to the south; mountains two thousand miles to the north; mountains to the east, and mountains to the west, hem in the little canyon, and ten years ago scarce a white man knew of its existence. At the present time it is linked to civilisation by a line of Concord coaches, which make weekly trips to the Central Pacific Railway, a hundred and fifty miles away. For to-day rich capitalists, busy stockholders, and rough miners are interested in the secluded canyon. Out of that rocky gorge many tons of rich silver ore have been taken; and on 'Change at San Francisco the Yellow Dog Silver Mine is now a name familiar as 'Erie Railway' or 'Panama Canal.'

In 1885 the Yellow Dog 'boom' was at fever heat. Every available 'foot' of space in the canyon—or Gulch, as the miners call it—was occupied by tents, shanties, huts, and all other conceivable forms of dwelling-places which could possibly be erected in from ten minutes to ten hours. Men of all nationalities arrived on foot and on horseback, as well as by every coach, armed with picks, shovels, hammers, drills, buckets, &c., not to mention the orthodox bowie-knife and pocket gun, which articles are considered as essential to a man's outfit as wearing-apparel in the Far West.

Of course, the Yellow Dog—the origin of which unpoetic and truly American name is lost in oblivion—was discovered and worked for some years in a desultory manner by a few hardy pioneer adventurers. Then a strong syndicate of rich mining men was formed in San Francisco, and the Yellow Dog was mined on scientific and business principles. But its assured success brought many more adventurers, eager to explore the adjacent territory. A few were successful to a greater or lesser degree: more failed, but all helped, with the employees of the Yellow Dog Mining Company, to swell the heterogeneous population of Blue Rocket Gulch, until, in the year above mentioned (1885), the rock-girt gorge contained nearly a thousand men and—three women.

A thousand men: Yankees, Canadians, and Mexicans; Saxons and Celts; Africans and Chinese; Jews and Gentiles—and only three women! Yet these three women embraced almost as much variety of moral character as did the larger and more cosmopolitan assemblage of men; that is to say, the women were good, bad, and indifferent. For the good, there was old Aunty Ruth, a whole-souled and very religious darkey, who nursed 'the boys' when they were sick, and did a hundred little things about the camp such as only a handy, experienced, and kind-hearted woman could perform. By contrast, there was Mother Bone, a Western woman of the very worst type, through whose French blood there coursed a strong strain of Hebrew. She presided over the one whisky-dive and gambling den which the camp boasted, and managed to reap a harvest of silver shekels from the boys whether they were, financially, on the up or the down grade. And then a young person, whose moral and social status it would have taken an entire court-room of Philadelphia lawyers to determine, was Seph—just *Seph*, no more and no less.

Who Seph was, whence she came, and whither she might eventually drift, were questions which never once agitated the minds of the miners in the Gulch, and even Seph rarely gave a thought to herself, past, present, or future. She was Seph: she was part and parcel of the Yellow Dog Mine. So far as Seph and the miners were concerned, these two undeniable facts were as satisfactory as a coat-of-arms and three pages in Burke's *Peerage* might be to some scion of an old British family.

For the benefit of such as never enjoyed the privilege of crushing quartz in the Blue Rocket Canyon, we may add that Seph, then a little girl seven or eight years old, came to the Gulch with her father, who was one of the first pioneers in search of silver. In the early history of the mine he was killed by a premature explosion of blasting-powder, leaving his little girl in that strange out-of-the-world corner to the tender mercies of his rough comrades. Seph's father left no word as to who he was or whence he

came, and the child was quite ignorant of both home and mother. So 'the camp' adopted Seph. And if it was a rough, wild, uncultured crowd—a crowd that included men who had been gamblers, cut-throats, and highway robbers—Seph was well cared for. The boys built a little cabin for her sole use; they furnished her with clothing and girlish trinkets—bought at unheard-of prices in Frisco—and waited on her every need. Refined society of her own sex Seph never missed, simply because she had never known it. Perhaps she instinctively appreciated her own peculiar position, which gave her an almost autocratic sway over so many men; for all those rough fellows admired Seph, and rude and uncouth as they were, never an insult by word or deed had been offered the girl in all the eight years in which she had resided in Blue Rocket Gulch.

Seph was now sixteen years old, and a most beautiful girl—a magnificent specimen of a Western maiden. She was bright as she was handsome, and, though a stranger to all that goes to make up an 'accomplished' young lady of the present day, she was no dunce. She could read and write; she was witty and keenly sensitive; in short, she was 'smart.' Only, at sixteen, it would have puzzled any one to decide whether Seph was more woman or child.

In the autumn of 1885 news reached the Gulch, by way of a letter from San Francisco to the manager of the mine, that the Yellow Dog Mining Company had sold out its entire interests to one man, who would immediately take possession.

. . . . . .

A solitary horseman was wending his way along the narrow mountain track which did duty for a coach-road between Blue Rocket Gulch and the railway. It was about two hours after noon on a late summer day, and the sun was beating its merciless rays upon the traveller's head and shoulders. So searching was the heat that his broad-brimmed straw hat formed little or no protection, while the rocky wall to the left of the horseman only served to intensify the scorching rays. He was a man of powerful physique, with a handsome face and pleasant eyes, the latter betraying just a tinge of sadness. Judged by his hair, which was iron gray, he might have been taken for a man fifty years old at least, though a closer inspection would have led one to the conclusion that the white hairs were premature. As a matter of fact, the traveller lacked two years of forty.

Strong and vigorous as he naturally was, the man was tired, for this was his second day in the saddle, and the temperature was somewhere up in the nineties. So, when he perceived a niche in the rocky mountain-side—the first he had noticed since morning—which made a shady spot about six feet by four, he dismounted and, after hobbling his horse, lay down to rest.

The setting sun was casting long shadows athwart the mountains when our traveller awoke from a refreshing sleep. The first object upon which his eyes rested was the nozzle of his own heavy revolver held within a yard of his face, while a musical voice exclaimed: 'Throw up your hands, Mr Tenderfoot! I've got the dead drop on you!'

'So I perceive,' quietly remarked the man, as he mechanically elevated his hands, conscious of the fact that there are stranger things than petticoated highway robbers in Nevada. Yet he could hardly persuade himself that the girl before him was bent on mischief. She appeared to him so pretty and so winsome, so girlish and so frank; besides which, he thought he could detect a merry twinkle in her dark eyes.

'Yes,' he said, 'you caught me napping.—What next?'

'Hand over! You may take down one hand at a time to clean out your pockets.'

A gold watch, a tolerable sum of money, some letters and papers, soon lay in a pile between the man and his fair captor. These the girl gathered in her lap, and then proceeded to remove the cartridges from the revolver, with which she had covered the traveller while he delivered up his effects. 'There,' she said, as she tossed the now harmless weapon to the man, 'I guess, considering that this is my first attempt of the kind, that I've done the trick in good shape. Let me see: six twenties, three tens, and three fifties—three hundred dollars, and a gold ticker. I'm no slouch if I do wear petticoats! Guess you won't go to sleep again on the coach-road, and that within three miles of the Yaller Dorg, in a hurry, Mr Greenhorn!'

But while the young lady was counting her ill-gotten wealth, the stranger had reloaded the revolver and quickly reversed the order of things. 'Throw up *your* hands, Miss Smarty! It's my turn now.'

Up went the girl's hands, while a queer look of chagrin overspread her pretty features. 'Ah,' she said in tones of genuine disappointment. 'Of course I was only fooling; but I wanted to play a good joke and do it up brown. Now the joke's on me! I'll take back everything I said about you being a tenderfoot, though'—and here she showed her woman's nature in qualifying an apology—'I still think you were very foolish to fall asleep near the road.'

'Yes; I know it was unwise, though I had no idea that I was so close to the camp. Well, you just bring back my belongings and place them in the pockets from which I took them, and we will put the pistol away and be good friends.'

With her own hands she replaced the various articles. In such close proximity the man was enabled to look well into the open countenance of the girl, the result being that he was more favourably impressed than ever. On her part, the girl, to use an expression of her own, was 'dead-mashed' on the stranger with his handsome sunburnt face, his broad shoulders, and erect carriage.

'Bet I know who you are!' merrily cried the girl, recovering from her temporary depression of spirits caused by the failure of her joke.

'Well?' queried the man, rather amused and glad enough to fall in with so novel and pleasant a companion.

'You're the new boss of the Yaller Dorg; and I'm Seph!'

It was a queer introduction in more ways than one. Be it remembered that, although she could read and write to some extent, Seph was an utter stranger to Lindley Murray or any other exponent of 'orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody.' The ungrammatical yet quaint lingo of the miners

was the only spoken language known to Seph, and she was an adept in the use of Western slang.

Long years afterwards, when she was well versed in the three *Rs* as well as many other accomplishments, Seph invariably spoke of the 'Yaller Dorg' from strong force of habit.

'Oh, that's it, is it? I'm the boss of the Yaller Dorg! And, pray, why do you think so?'

''Cause down to Reddy Gallagher's (Reddy runs the post-office, and I tend it for him sometimes when he is busy on his claim) I saw a letter yesterday for Frank Sanborn, Esquire, Yellow Dog Mine, Blue Rocket Gulch, Nevada. Reddy told me that was for the new boss, and I've just seen some letters of yours with the same name.'

'Very well. I'll confess to being Frank Sanborn.—So you are Seph. That's a new name to me, though I don't half dislike it or its owner. Still, Seph is very short, and I am rather eager for explanatory information. Suppose, Miss Seph, that I get my horse? We can then walk towards the camp and talk as we go.'

So Frank Sanborn mounted his horse, as Seph utterly refused to do so, and with the girl tripping at his side, pursued his journey. He plied the maiden with a number of questions, which elicited more or less direct replies.

No; she could not explain the origin of her odd name, except that Reddy Gallagher, the postmaster had suggested it might be an abbreviation of Josephine. She could not tell just how old she was, though she guessed about sixteen. No; she did not hanker after women and girls; she was happy enough with the boys. Yes; she liked all the boys first-rate; they were all good to her. Did not know just what a sweetheart was; but if it was anything like a 'best fellow,' she must admit that she liked Frisco Johnny somewhat better than the rest; at least, she thought she did, and she was quite sure Johnny was a little bit 'gone' on herself. Well, Johnny 'just was' a nice fellow—almost too good for the rough mine-work—and only a boy of twenty.

So she chatted away; and when, in less than an hour, Frank Sanborn and his pretty companion entered the camp, this man, who had travelled heart-whole the world over, who had known fair women of four continents with unconcern, now found himself, for the first time in his life, interested in feminine beauty in the person of a little Western waif.

NATURAL BAROMETERS.

From the earliest times, observations have been made on the signs exhibited by members of the animal world indicative of changes in the weather. Rain and storms have been predicted by asses frequently shaking and agitating their ears; by dogs rolling on the ground and scratching up the earth with their forefeet; by oxen lying on their right side; by animals crowding together; by moles throwing up more earth than usual; by bats sending forth their cries and flying into houses; by seafowl and other aquatic birds retiring to the shore; by ducks and geese flying backwards and forwards and frequently plunging into the water; by swallows flying low, &c. While fine weather has been foretold by the croaking of crows in the morning; by bats remaining longer than usual abroad and flying about in considerable numbers; by the screech of the owl; and by cranes flying very high, in silence, and ranged in order. (In our issue of October 31, 1885, we gave an account of some observations by a German philosopher on the warning given through bees, by their becoming excited and irritable, of the approach of a thunderstorm, when the meteorological instruments have afforded no indication of it.) Mr White, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, when detailing the general manners of the land tortoise in a state of domestication in this country, says: 'No part of its behaviour ever struck me more than the extreme timidity it always expresses with regard to rain: for though it has a shell that would secure it against the wheel of a loaded cart, yet does it discover as much solicitude about rain as a lady dressed in all her best attire, shuffling away on the first sprinklings, and running its head up in a corner. If attended to, it becomes an excellent weather-glass, for as sure as it walks elate, and as it were on tiptoe, feeding with great earnestness, in a morning, so sure will it rain before night.'

A small fish about ten inches long, called the great loche or loach, a native of Germany and other midland parts of Europe, where it inhabits large lakes and marshes, is observed on the approach of stormy weather to be unusually restless, quitting the muddy bottom in which it generally resides, and swimming about near the surface of the water. It has therefore been sometimes kept by way of a living barometer, since, when placed in a vessel of water with some earth at the bottom, it never fails to predict the approach of a storm by rising from the bottom of the vessel and swimming about in an unquiet manner near the surface. When kept for this purpose, it should be provided with fresh water and earth two or three times a week in summer; and once a week, or once in ten days in winter. It must also be kept during frosty weather in a warm room. Another species, the Spiny Loche, Dr Bloch informs us, on being placed in a glass of river-water with a quantity of mud, showed an exactly opposite disposition, since it moved about briskly during calm weather instead of remaining still.

The Tree-Frog (*Rana arborea*), also a native of many European countries, but not of England, during its residence among the trees is observed to be particularly noisy on the approach of rain, more especially the males, which, if kept in glasses and supplied with proper food, will afford an infallible presage of the changes of weather. In the German *Ephemerides Naturæ Curiosorum* is an account of one which was kept in this manner for the space of seven years.

If a leech be kept in a glass phial about three-fourths filled with water it will serve a similar purpose. Thus, so long as the weather continues serene, the leech lies motionless at the bottom of the phial, rolled in a spiral form; should it rain,

it is found at the top of its lodging, where it will remain until the weather improve. If we are to have wind, the leech gallops about its limpid habitation with amazing swiftness, and seldom rests until it begins to blow hard. If a remarkable storm of thunder or rain is to succeed, for some days before it lodges almost continually without the water and exhibits great uneasiness, in violent throes and convulsive-like motions. In frost, as in clear summer weather, it lies constantly at the bottom; and in snow, as in rainy weather, it dwells at the very mouth of the vessel, which should be covered at the mouth with a piece of linen rag, and the water should be changed once a week in summer, and once a fortnight in winter.

Those who keep an aquarium can also know when to expect fair or foul weather by noticing if their sea-anemones are open or shut. An ingenious author, commenting on these signs exhibited by animals, once observed, that 'by means of barometers we may regain the knowledge which still resides in brutes, and which we have forfeited by not continuing in the open air as they generally do, and by our intemperance corrupting the crasis of our organs of sense.'

Certain plants undoubtedly display a certain degree of sensitiveness to atmospheric conditions, such as the Marigold and Bindweed, which shut up on the approach of rain; and the Pimpernel, known, consequently, as 'the poor man's weather-glass;' not to mention those which by closing at a certain hour of the day enable us to construct those pretty floral clocks, by planting them in a circle according to the well-ascertained times of their waking and going to sleep. At the Jubilee Flower Show, opened at Vienna in May last, was exhibited one of the Mimosa family, reported to be so extremely meteorometric as to fold its leaves forty-eight hours in advance of a change in the weather.

The forecasting of the weather by the bubbles in a cup of coffee, which was ventilated some thirty years ago in the columns of a Paris newspaper, and some fifteen years later in a German novel entitled *Solange*, has again been brought to the front. To explain their action we cannot do better than repeat verbatim the observations of the writer who has revived the subject recently in the *Standard*:

SIR—Your article on the animal characteristics possessed by the vegetable kingdom reminds me of an extraordinary phenomenon that I have witnessed every morning for the last four or five years—a natural barometer, locally far more reliable than any 'weather forecasts,' or the most expensive artificial barometer, and yet so simple that it is within the reach of every family. With my breakfast I drink coffee mixed with milk. When poured into the cup I gently drop in the lumps of loaf sugar, and shortly after the fixed air in the sugar rises to the top in small detached bubbles. Now watch these: I call them my little people, who will tell me if it is going to rain or not; and although the coffee is perfectly still, these little bubbles will be on the move, almost like life. It will be noticed that if it is going to rain very hard they will almost rush over to the side of the cup—as much as to say, I shall get under shelter as quickly as possible. If the rain is only to be a gentle downfall, then the bubbles all meet together, evidently to deliberate on the matter, and then quietly move over to the side; but if it is not going to rain, every bubble that comes up remains stationary in the middle of the cup. Now, for all these years these little people have not deceived me a dozen times altogether, but have acted somewhat marvellously. On one occasion, a most lovely morning, with every sign of a fine day, I remarked, what can be the matter with the coffee this morning, as it showed signs of wet. Before twelve o'clock came, down poured the rain, to the astonishment of every one; and I could relate many other such instances. I cannot anyhow explain why this should be so, but I have found it not only a source of amusement and wonder but a most valuable guide for the day.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, H. D. C.

WINCHESTER, *April* 5, 1889.

Among subsequent letters endorsing the foregoing, was one signed 'Doulos,' who has never known the test fail for fifty years. The main condition is, that the observations be made in the morning, when atmospheric influences will have every chance of fair-play, and if the window be open so much the better. If they be made in the evening, in an artificially heated atmosphere, true prophecies cannot be expected.

MY WEAK POINT.

IT'S a very curious thing. I don't know how to account for the tendency; but nothing ever happens that I don't at once begin drawing inferences from it; and in the same way, when anything that ought to happen does not, I soar immediately into the infinite regions of the Possible, and revel in deductions, always logically arrived at, but invariably wrong. I am not conceited about it; but I never met any one so hopelessly given to the practice as I am. It is just as well. I prepare for myself a vast amount of unnecessary disappointment, and this world provides quite enough of that for most of us without self-accorded aid.

I sometimes think my proneness thus to draw inferences must be hereditary; my parents were great at it, so it is possible I got it from them. It was quite wonderful how much they could deduce from a little thing. For instance, when I was a small boy, I developed a mania for consuming bread and butter at odd hours, and reading books beyond my comprehension. I used to combine these occupations, and preferred to indulge in them when I ought to have been at play. For a long time my parents regarded these pursuits with a lack of sympathy; my mother docked my pocket-money as often as I was reported to have 'cut a new loaf;' and my father pointed sternly to the compressed dabs of butter with which I embellished the pages of his best books. I was driven perforce to eat and read in secret.

But one fine day a change came over the spirit of my parents. The change lay in their sudden adoption of a totally different course of treatment. My taste was discovered to be not only harmless but eminently praiseworthy, and I was not only

permitted to read and eat, but warmly encouraged to do both. I puzzled over it a good deal before—in the course of my reading—I traced this happy change to its source. My father had been hearing anecdotes of Lord Macaulay, and had discovered, or been told, that the story of his childhood furnished an exact parallel to mine. The infant Thomas loved to sit in corners eating bread and butter and devouring books whose contents he could by no possibility understand. *He* avoided his playfellows, and sat all by himself reading under shady trees, precisely as I was wont to do. To my parents, the deduction to be drawn from these striking coincidences was obvious: another Macaulay had been born in me. As soon as they realised this, the doors of the pantry and library were thrown open, and the housemaid received orders to supply me with bread and butter *ad libitum* on demand. I took full advantage of my opportunities, and only wished that my great predecessor had expressed a preference for bread and jam. I ascertained when too late that the youthful Macaulay had a rooted antipathy to going to school, and that compulsory attendance was eventually found to do him no good. It was a lasting regret to me that my father had not made this really valuable discovery when he made the other. I have called Lord Macaulay my predecessor; he was regarded in this light at that time; but, long since, it has been generally acknowledged that his reputation is in no danger of eclipse by mine. It is not my fault that the authors of my being have been disappointed. They drew an inference, and it was wrong.

As it was with my forebears so is it with me now, and has been for as long as I can remember. One particular case stands out like a landmark; it owes its prominence solely to the fact that it was the first of its own especial kind, and that is why I select it from the ten thousand instances of reasoning from insufficient data, to which I am adding every day. It was when I proposed to the first of the only girls I ever loved. I wrote in a strain of devoted humility (which was right and proper, since she was twelve years my senior), laying my hand and fortune—salary of sixty pounds a year—at her feet. How I watched the postman for the next few days! One day passed, but there came no reply; two days dragged by, and three and four, but she answered not.

'She is considering it,' I said to myself. 'Courage! She can't make up her mind, and wants time! Think what a flutter she must be in, and possess your soul in patience. She is wavering; and when a woman wavers she is lost—that is, gained, won, conquered!'

But she wasn't. I saw her on the evening of the sixth day, and she said she had quite forgotten my letter; she *was* so sorry. And then she laughed!

And I—I, unhappy one, sneaked away out of the house, feeling in my pockets for twopence to take the 'bus to Westminster Bridge. Life was not worth living, of course. I groaned as I passed out of the Terrace, for I had decided upon taking the corner house, that *she* might be near her mother. It seemed as though the staring 'To Let' over the door had been left there on purpose to remind me of it. I know better than to draw any inference from a girl's omission to answer a letter now; but for the life of me I can't help doing it sometimes.

Another time I built a whole town in the air on the strength of a letter from the publisher who has helped and guided me on my literary career, and has paid for my maiden efforts with the generosity of a rich uncle. 'Can you spare time to run up and see me to-morrow?' he wrote; 'I should like to speak to you.' I replied by return of post that I would be with him at noon next day, and went to bed speculating. Was he going to commission me to do a three-volume novel? Hardly probable; even to my capacity of belief, that didn't seem likely. Then, as I pondered over the riddle, I suddenly solved it to my own complete satisfaction. Jones, that publisher's sub-editor, had been looking seedy lately: he'd got a nasty cough, and had complained of his eyes. It was as plain as a pike-staff: Jones had been pensioned, and I was to succeed him. Now, what salary should I ask? Jones got six hundred pounds, I knew. I couldn't expect so much as that, but I would ask four hundred, and take three if I were offered it. I could manage very nicely on three hundred pounds a year. Lodgings in Charlotte Square, and—and—then perhaps I might venture to speak to the then 'her.' To acceptance and marriage was a brief step, and having settled it all I fell asleep. Next morning I went up to my publisher's office, and as I wiped my boots on the door-mat, I resolved to take the sub-editorship at two-fifty.

When I got in, the publisher said: 'I thought I'd ask you to come and see me about that last little thing of yours. There are some excellent points in it, some excellent points; but I'm afraid—I'm afraid'——

I forget how I got outside again.

The habit is chronic, and incurable as consumption. Twenty years ago, an aunt of mine said something to me about her will—something very commonplace and casual; any sensible fellow would have forgotten it ten minutes afterwards. I didn't; I weighed the remark, and turned it about; and having, as I supposed, accurately outlined the train of thought that gave it words, drew the inference that I was to be her heir. I put that inference away in a corner of my mind, and whenever I was hard up or in the blues, I pulled it out and furbished it up, and got consolation and comfort from it. That aunt died the other day; but my name wasn't even mentioned in her will. And yet, a week ago, because another aunt said something of the same kind, I am at it again! drawing inferences and deductions which range from a fifty-pound legacy to the dear old lady's entire fortune. I know I oughtn't to do it. But I was born with this hopeful nature, and I suppose shall die with it. I trust, however, that I may outgrow the habit, for it has done me little good until now.

And yet I don't know. When the Present treats you hardly, and the Past has not been kind, is it not well to cozen the Future into promising better things, if it gives you courage to press forward? I have been wrong all my life, and that is poor reason for thinking I shall be right at last. But leave me Hope as long as

she will stay. Let me bury 'the might-have-beens' out of Memory's sight and borrow what I can from 'may be.' This habit of inferring is one of Hope's children; a thriftless child at best; but its mother will die one day, so let me nurse the child. It will bring forth only disappointments; but they, when they are many, are shortlived, with little power to pain.

DATE-PACKING AT MUSCAT.

MUSCAT is situated on the south-east coast of Arabia, about ninety miles to the northward of Cape Ras-el-Had. It is the chief town of South-eastern Arabia, and the capital of the province of Oman, which is ruled by the Sultan of Muscat. It is most easily reached by the steamers of the British India Steam Navigation Company, which run there fortnightly from Karachi. In former days Muscat was an important trade-centre, being a mercantile depôt for the whole of the Persian Gulf; but circumstances have altered with the times, and Muscat is no longer the flourishing port that it was. One industry, however, has certainly not been adversely affected by outside influences, and that is the cultivation of the date. The trade in dates is now by far the most important item of commerce at this out-of-the-way spot. Large quantities of this fruit are exported every year; and a description of the date-packing as carried on at Muscat may, I hope, prove not uninteresting.

There are ways and ways of packing, of course, and the primitive method of stamping the fruit into baskets with the feet is employed for the local trade, which is mostly with India. The bulk of the foreign trade is with America, and the bulk of the American trade is with a certain large Boston firm, for whom the dates are prepared in a far more scientific and satisfactory manner than that alluded to above.

Before the commencement of packing operations, which take place in August, September, and October, large quantities of wooden boxes are shipped to Muscat, together with hoop-iron and wax-paper to match, the use of which will be seen presently. The boxes are made in England, and stamped with the name of the firm and the name of the variety of date which they will afterwards contain. The lids also bear an ideal picture of date-trees. They are made of plain deal, and measure when made up about fifteen inches in length by ten inches in width and a foot in depth, and they hold about twenty-eight pounds of dates. In order to save space on board ship, they are not made up in England, but are sent out in bundles of sides, tops, and bottoms. On arrival at Muscat, numbers of carpenters are engaged to nail up the boxes, the nails being the only articles purchased locally. The hoop-iron is kept till the box is filled and ready for fastening. The scene of operations is at Muttrah, a suburb about three miles from Muscat, and reached most easily by sea. The packing takes place in a huge irregular-shaped shed or 'godown,' divided in the centre lengthways by a thick wall, on which rest the ends of heavy iron girders which have come all the way from England. The roof is flat, and covered by a light structure of date branches, to give shelter from the fierce rays of the autumn sun.

On entering the ground-floor the first thing one notices is a huge mass of black stuff lying in a vast heap from one end of the building to the other. This black-looking stuff proves on examination to be dates: it is like a sea of dates! This portion of the godown is devoted to the produce as it comes from the interior where it is grown. In one corner are seen a number of date-bags not yet opened. They are placed here for inspection, and subsequent weighment and purchase if found good. If the quality appear doubtful, the consignment is rejected. After approval and purchase, the baskets are emptied and returned to their owners, the dates being spread out over the floor in a mass two or three feet thick.

The date exported to America is known as the 'Fard.' Of those varieties that will stand export it is by far the best. It is not so delicate or delicious an article by any means as the lovely yellow dates called locally 'Khilas' or 'Hillal;' but these kinds will not stand packing and export, and have to be eaten fresh, as they will not keep many days, and even a journey to India is too much for them.

The large number of varieties of dates is astonishing. No doubt, it is a provision of Nature that there should be many different kinds, for when one kind suffers from a bad season, another will do well. As a general rule, the smaller dates are the better flavoured, and those that have comparatively small stones are generally of higher quality than those with large ones.

Dotted about upon the sea of dates which I have mentioned one gradually discerns in the dim light of the godown a number of craft, mostly at anchor, but some few passing along the channels which have been carefully marked up and down and across the expanse. These craft are, as they should be, of the feminine gender, and though seemingly at anchor, yet each of them is busily engaged in picking out the best dates and putting them into hand-baskets. When her basket is full, she weighs anchor and makes sail, or, if you prefer, gets up steam, and is off to the roof of the building, where we may as well follow. Here she again comes to anchor in front of one of the beautifully clean white boxes which she is going to fill, and she is generally accompanied in her work by one or two female friends or relatives. One woman selects the dates she has brought up from the basket, and pressing two, three, or four very carefully together with her fingers, places them as carefully into the bottom of the box, which has in the meanwhile been furnished by one of her companions with a lining of wax-paper. Her companions also engage themselves in selecting the dates from the basket, putting all bad or broken ones on one side. Each woman tries to pack into her box only good dates, as, at the subsequent inspection, if bad dates are found, the box is rejected and the results of her labour are lost. The dates are packed in very exactly, so many lengthways and so many cross-ways. It is quite apparent that some of the women are much neater and quicker than others. I suppose I must have seen two hundred at work together, and I was told that there was ample employment for as many again.

The women engaged are mostly Beloochees, some are pure Arab, and some Seedees or Africans. Many of them are young and fairly

good-looking, and wear a quantity of jewelry. But they vary considerably, and of course age or appearance is no consideration to the employer of their labour.

Each box is packed with two layers of the fruit projecting above the top, and is then ready for pressing. It is placed under a small hand screw-press, and pressure is put on till the projecting portion is level with the top.

The next operation is rather interesting: the box is taken before a young American, who is sitting on an old packing-case, looking extremely hot: it is turned upside down, and the whole of the contents slide neatly out in a solid mass like a huge brick. The young American examines the brick on every side, and satisfies himself that only good dates have been put in. The lady who packed the box is standing by, an interested spectator. If the box is approved, she receives a numbered ticket, which at the end of the day she can exchange for money. One of these tickets is worth about thirteen annas, which are equal to as many pence at the present day. A clever woman can pack more than one box in the course of the day.

The brick of dates having been re-inserted, the box goes down-stairs to the other half of the building, where the lid is nailed on and the hoop-iron fastened. It is then ready for export.

The dates rejected by the women up-stairs are brought below and placed in a heap, where they are again overhauled, good ones again being thrown into the 'sea' in the other half of the building. The final rejections after this third examination go into bags, and are stamped in by dirty men with their feet. These are locally sold as refuse for what they will fetch, and are mostly exported to India in native vessels.

A pleasing feature of the work is its voluntary nature. Payment is made entirely by results. No one need do more work than she likes; each woman can come or go as she pleases. The women, as also the visitors, have to brave the armies of wasps which, attracted by the luscious fruit, swarm on every side.

A SUBMERGED RAILWAY.

A REMARKABLE railway has been designed and constructed by Señor D. M. Alberto de Palacio, a Spanish engineer, at Onton, near Bilbao, Spain, which is certainly a novel and bold undertaking, and reflects great credit upon its constructor. It has been built with a view to facilitate the shipment of iron ore on that part of the Spanish coast, which is high and rocky, and exposed to the full force of the sea, no harbour being in the immediate vicinity. At the foot of the rocks there is an evenly sloping shore, which extends out to a considerable distance. It is upon this incline that a submerged track has been laid. The roadbed of the railway has a length of about six hundred and fifty feet and a width of twenty feet, upon which two sets of tracks, each three feet three inches wide, are placed, constituting a four-rail railway. The slope is five feet in one hundred feet. The car—if it may be so called—which runs upon this railway, and upon which the ore is conveyed from the cliffs to the ships, consists of a high iron tower made in the form of a pyramid, having a wide triangular base, and mounted on wheels, which run upon the quadruple railway track. The platform of the tower, upon which the load of mineral is placed, rises about seventy feet from the track, a height which is sufficient to raise it above the decks of ordinary vessels when the tower is run alongside. This great rolling tower is operated automatically. It is connected to the shore by means of a strong wire cable, which passes over pulleys secured to the rocks. At the landward end of the cable there are attached some weighted cars, which move up and down an incline. These form a counterbalancing weight for pulling the tower, when empty, in towards the shore.

The iron ore to be loaded upon the vessels is brought from the mines, not far distant, by a rope railway. From the mineral dumps upon the heights the mineral is conveyed part of the way down the cliff through a shoot, the end of which projects beyond the cliff; and when the empty tower is drawn to shore by the weighted cars, it automatically opens an end gate in the shoot, when the mineral drops upon the platform in a continuous stream until a weight of ore (about one hundred tons) sufficient to overcome that of the counterbalancing weighted cars has fallen upon the platform. When this takes place, the tower, by its own gravity, begins to move down the inclined railway, and the gate of the shoot automatically closes. The tower continues to glide down the inclined railway through the water until it reaches the side of the ship, which is anchored fore and aft; and then, by the throw of a lever, the platform of the tower being inclined, the whole load on the platform is almost instantaneously deposited upon the ship, passing down through slides into her hold. As soon as the load is discharged, the counterbalancing cars begin to draw the tower inward again towards the shore, and thus the operation of moving the tower backwards and forwards automatically, and automatically loading and discharging itself, is carried on with the greatest regularity. It is stated that the railway will load five thousand tons of ore per day. The cost of constructing it, including everything, was less than four thousand pounds.

LOST FRIENDSHIP.

If I could know you feel just one regret
For all the joy and love of long ago,
That some dear mem'ry makes the tear-drops wet
Dim your sweet eyes that I have worshipped so—
If I could feel your hand in mine again,
See your most perfect face with crown of sheen,
Then deathless night, which on my life has lain,
Would change to golden morning's smiling mien.

Could I but heal your great heart-pain at last,
Fire your pure soul with some deep love new-born,
Then wipe away the darkness of the past
With shattered hopes and broken vows you mourn,
Sweet! I would give my life to bear the blow,
All my great love to have instead your pain,
And rest content if I could only know
My gift to you had not been made in vain.

FLORENCE TURNER.

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RAILWAY GUARDS.

The Railway Guard is a survival of the past; he occupies under changed circumstances the same post as did the stagecoach guard of years gone by. Then he had charge of the passengers in the royal mail, or the more wearisome stagecoach; now he has the charge of the passengers who travel in hundreds by the express and slow trains. He was a popular servant in the past, and is far more so now. In those days of the easy-going coach, he could hold conversations by the hour with his passengers, could lunch or dine with them at different places, if they were so generous as to ask him—and this was not unusual—and was looked upon with a great amount of respect by the inhabitants of all the towns and villages through which he passed. He was generally the first to bring important news of all great events; and those people considered themselves favoured who were the first to hear from him such items of news as the birth of a Royal Prince, the death of some celebrity, a declaration of war, or the result of some battle. His budget of news was ofttimes sold in advance, and his questioners then had to go away with their curiosity unsatisfied.

Now, the railway guard has little or no time for conversation. He is respected still, but the respect is shorn of the glamour that surrounded his predecessor of the old coach-days. He is seldom the first now to bring important news, as the telegraph outruns him. Yet, with all these drawbacks, he is more popular to-day, in the general meaning of the word, than ever the stagecoach guard was, and is without doubt the most popular of all railway servants with the travelling public. Besides his human freight, he will have mails, luggage, valuable parcels, horses and dogs under his care. There may be children given into his special charge with a lot of instructions as to their disposal. He has to be always on the lookout for special signals, and is supposed to walk the length of his train at every stopping station, so that he has plenty to do in his journey of a hundred or, it may be, four hundred miles a day.

The stagecoach was looked upon as lucky if it got from London to York without accident; but when there was a turn-over or collision, the guard generally escaped from injury. But though such a journey by rail may be performed thousands of times now without any accident, yet, should a collision occur, the guard is almost sure to suffer. When one guard only is attached to a train, he rides in the rear van; but when there are two, one rides in the front, the other in the rear; and it is these parts of a train where the sacrifice of human life is always greatest. Passenger guards are men of experience, and many of them have had to work as brakesmen and goods-guards many years before they are appointed to a passenger train. For express trains they are always picked men. The highest post in the rank of guards is Conductor; but as these officials are only appointed to such trains as the through Scotch expresses and Continental trains, there are very few of them, and the post consequently only exists on a few of the lines.

As a body, railway guards are a fine lot of men, and can be seen to best advantage on the platforms of the London termini of the London and North Western, Midland, Great Western, and Great Northern Railways, when their important trains are due out. As many as a dozen have been seen on the King's Cross platform at ten o'clock in the morning attending to the three or four express trains that are due out in about three-quarters of an hour. Their uniform varies on different lines; but perhaps that worn by the men of the London and North Western Railway is most typical of a guard; at all events in nearly all pictures in which this servant is portrayed, he is in the London and North Western dress. It is quite distinct from any other class, which cannot be said of the uniform of this class of men on all our railways.

Constant travelling has been blamed for many of the ills which the present generation have to bear; yet guards are not a sickly class; and

providing that they have fair constitutions and strong nerves when they start in this capacity, they seem to live a fair average number of years; and there are to-day many men travelling up and down who are over sixty. The complaints they suffer from are not mostly of the nervous order, as one would suppose, but such general complaints as rheumatics, bronchitis, and quinsies; and perhaps consumption might also be added; and this is not to be wondered at, considering the nature of their employment, which compels them to be out all weathers and at all times of the day and night. Although guards of express trains may be paid better than those running slow trains or working on branch lines, the latter are often more lucrative posts. This may be accounted for by the fact that people travelling on these trains live in the district, and are therefore oftener on the road, and become friendly with the guard by constantly seeing him. Christmas is, of course, a good season with most guards, but is specially so to the men running good local trains. Though the guards on some local trains and branches may only rank as second-class men, they are very loth to accept a higher grade where they may have to travel in fields and pastures new, often very barren to them from a financial point of view.

They are as a class a most civil body of men, and are invariably specially attentive to the ladies. It goes without saying that the pretty ones get more than their share of attention; for guards are only mortal, and have the same admiration for a pretty face as the rest of mankind. They do, however, lose their patience sometimes, when a bevy of forty or fifty school-girls bent on mischief ask them the most ridiculous questions, and will get out of the train at every stopping station to see that their luggage is all right, and consequently delaying the train; or when, as a guard told us the other day of an elderly lady who was travelling from London about fifty miles down in a slow train, who would have all her luggage in the carriage with her—some seven or eight packages. She got into the compartment, and the guard placed everything where she wanted it. He then had to buy her some newspapers and a bun, for which she paid the exact sum. She gave him distinct instructions where she was going to, and told him she should want his assistance there. He promised to do all he could for her. At every station down, this lady had something to say to him, generally in the shape of a question, regarding her luggage or destination. He was about tired of it, said nothing, but thought a lot. Arrived at the station where she was going to alight, her head was out of the window, and she called lustily to him. He came, assisted her out, and then brought out her belongings and put them all together by her side. He expected a trifle for all his trouble; yet if she had simply thanked him he would have thought nothing more of it; but the good lady smiled on him and said: 'You are such a civil guard, that I am sorry the rules of the company will not let you accept a gratuity, and I do not think for one minute you would like to break the rule.' He blew his whistle before he could hear the end of her speech, and was thankful to see the last of her. He now wavers in his attention to elderly ladies. Newly-married and courting couples are his best friends. It is customary for the porters to tell the guard if a newly-married couple are joining his train, and there is not a guard throughout the country who will not do his level best for them. He has gone beyond rules and regulations for this purpose, and has often been fined; but this is one of the unwritten rules of the brotherhood; so, newly-married couples, don't forget your friend 'the guard' when journeying on your honeymoon. Courting-couples are soon detected by his experienced eye; and he will do a good turn for them occasionally; but of course he recognises the difference in the two cases.

If an accident should take place between stations, the whole responsibility of protecting his train and preventing further injury to passengers and railway stock rests with him, and in such cases as this the guard soon shows of what metal he is made. The strong-nerved and cool man will go about his work with some method; but the nervous and excitable man will most probably fly about in such a manner that the passengers will think something more terrible has yet to come; and consequently, he only adds to the confusion. But the man is as he is made, and too much should not be expected of him in such trying times. He is not a general, nor even a captain; yet his duties under these circumstances require as much skill and tact as is expected from those officers when they are transporting troops. When, however, a train enters a station, it is under the control of the station-master or inspector in charge, and the responsibility is then taken from the guard. Serious railway accidents are unpleasant reading, but unfortunately they form a very important item in the life of a railway guard, and one wonders that after they have had practical experience of one, they should ever have the nerve to continue in that calling; but, like all great terrors, they are no sooner over than they are almost forgotten. It is the same with the peasants of Guatemala and the inhabitants around Vesuvius; the earthquakes may shatter their dwellings and destroy their villages, or the molten lava may bury their houses, but as soon as all danger appears to be over, these catastrophes are forgotten, and the people build again; yet it is only a matter of time before they are again razed to the ground by the same awful forces.

The custom of offering drink to guards while they are in charge of trains is one to be very much condemned; but many guards, now, who are not total abstainers, refuse this dangerous kindness. It is not the one glass that will hurt them; but they are offered many, and perhaps they do not like to refuse; and it may happen that just when they have had enough, some gentleman of standing and a good sort to the guards offers them another. They might offend him to refuse, so they accept, and they are fortunate if no harm comes of it. No; if passengers want to be generous to the guard, give him the value of the drink in hard cash. It will do him more good, and he will at all times much prefer it. He cannot choose in what manner a douceur shall be given him; but try him, and he will be found to have sense enough to know

what is best for him. If all guards refused these offers of drink on the road, the custom of offering such a doubtful kindness would soon die out.

Guards often rise well in the service, as much through the influence of gentlemen of position as through their own merit. This is not said in a carping or unkind spirit; they may merit the promotion, but the chances are that they would never have obtained it but for such influence; and the moral is, for each guard to so ingratiate himself in the good opinion of his influential passengers that they will assist him all they can when a word from them will insure his promotion. But on no account is he to neglect the ordinary passenger for this purpose. A guard may never know whom he has travelling with him; and in these days of general third-class travelling, large shareholders do not always patronise the luxurious cushions of a first. The guard has chances to improve his position which no other class of railway servant has, and he should make good use of them.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE CREW OF THE BARQUE.

Miss Temple released my arm and sank upon a bench.

'Can you doubt now that he is mad?' she exclaimed.

'Somewhat eccentric, certainly, but perhaps not mad, though. He is treating us very kindly. How intelligently he instructed his man in regard to our cabins!'

'He may be kind; but I believe we should have been safer on the hull than here.'

'Oh no, no, no!'

'But I say yes,' she exclaimed in her most imperious air, and gazing at me with hot and glowing eyes. 'It is quite true the wreck was burnt; but if this vessel had not come into sight, you would not have signalled, and then the hull would not have been set on fire. It is maddening to think that perhaps within the next three or four hours the Indiaman or the corvette may sail over the very spot where the wreck blew up.'

'I heartily hope that one or the other will do so,' said I; 'for if she be so close to us as all that, we're bound to fall in with her.'

She looked at her hands, turning her fingers back and front, as though they were some novel and unexpected sight to her.

'I wonder, Mr Dugdale,' said she, 'you can doubt that the man is insane. Remember the extraordinary questions he put to you when we first arrived. I believe, had you told him you were ignorant of navigation, he would have sent us back to the wreck. And then how he stares! There is something shocking in the fixed regard of his dreadfully inanimate black eyes. What a very extraordinary face, too! I cannot believe that he is a sailor. He has the appearance of a monk just released from some term of fearful penance and mortification.'

'On the other hand, Miss Temple, he has received us very kindly. He would not suffer you to speak of paying him. He promptly sat us down to such entertainment as his vessel furnishes. He may be mad half-way round the compass, but all the rest of the points are sound.'

'I am astonished,' she cried with a manner of petulant vivacity, 'to hear you say that we are safer in this ship than had we remained in the hull. There we were alone; but who are the people with whom we must be locked up in this vessel until we sight the Indiaman or some sail that will receive us? A murderer—convicts—mutineers—a crew of men in whose sight a jewel must not be exhibited lest they should be tempted. Tempted to what?' She violently shuddered. 'How can you speak of this ship as safer than the wreck?'

'Because I happen to feel quite certain that she is; but I will not say so, for it vexes you to hear me.'

'Oh this ridiculous, this horribly ridiculous degrading situation fills me with anger. To think of being reduced to a perfect state of squalor—having to conceal one's jewelry for fear of—of—something awful, I am sure; and you dare not, though you *could* name it, Mr Dugdale.' I smiled, and her warmth increased. 'That I should have been ever tempted,' she proceeded, 'to undertake the odious voyage to Bombay, for *this!* To be without a change of dress, to be obliged to sleep in a little dark horrid cabin, and meanwhile not to have the least notion when it is all to end!'

Well, thought I, as I looked at her eyes shining with spirit and temper, and marked the faint hectic of her ill-humour in her cheeks, the expression of mingled pride and fretfulness in her lips, the wrathful rising and falling of her breast, here, to be sure, is a new version of the play of Katharine and Petruchio; only, though she be Kate to the life, it is not I, but old daddy Neptune who is to break her spirit, and unshrew her into somebody's very humble servant.—But is there any magic, I thought, even in ocean's rough, brutal, unconscionable usage to render docile such a woman as this? Nay, would any man wish it otherwise with her than as it is when he gazes at her eyes and figure, beholds the dignity and haughtiness of her carriage, the assumption of maiden sovereignty visible in every move of her arm, in every curl of her lip, in every motion of her form!

'What are you thinking of?' she asked: 'you are plunged in thought. I hope you are struggling to do justice to my perception of the truth.'

I started, and then laughed out. 'I will not tell you what I was thinking of,' said I; 'but I will express what was in my mind whilst you were speaking just now. You dwell with horror upon the captain's account of his crew. Well, I heartily wish for both our sakes that they were an honest straight-headed body of men. But then every ship's forecastle is a menagerie. There is ruffianism, and there is respectability. Quite likely that the carpenter Lush may have killed a man; but one must hear the story before deciding to call him a murderer. So of the convicts—so of the mutineers. In many ships at sea there is unspeakable provocation, and crimes are committed of which the blood rests upon the head of any one sooner than those who are held guilty and punished by the law. I am not to be greatly frightened by Captain Braine's

talk of his crew, particularly since in a few days we may either be on board the Indiaman or homeward-bound in another ship.—Let us now go on deck. I wish to take a view of the sailors, and see what sort of a craft this is, for as yet I have seen but little of her.'

I could not help remarking that she kept very close to me as we made our way out of the cuddy, and that the glances she directed forwards where some seamen were at work were full of apprehension. The short poop of the *Lady Blanche* was gained by a central ladder falling fair in the face of the little doorway of the cuddy front with its two small windows and row of buckets. A low, handsomely-carved wooden rail was fixed athwart the break of this raised deck, and I stood with Miss Temple at a point of it that provided me with a clear view fore and aft. The captain sat on a grating abaft the wheel reading. Mr Lush was near the mizzen rigging, gazing seawards with a stubborn wooden expression of face. After the spacious decks and wide topgallant-forecastle of the Indiaman, this little *Lady Blanche* looked a mere toy. But though a ship shows least admirably from her own deck, I found a deal to please and even delight me in the first comprehensive look I threw around. She was as clean as a yacht; the insides of her bulwarks were painted a delicate green, and they were as spotless as though the brush were just off them; on either side were two little brass guns, mounted on carriages, and they shone as freshly as though the sunlight were upon them; the running gear was everywhere neatly coiled away. The small caboose, with its smoking chimney, abaft the foremast; the length of windlass close in under the overlap of the short space of forecastle; the white longboat; the white scuttle-butt abreast of it; the little winch abaft the mainmast; the brass-lined circle of the wheel in the grasp of the sober, good-tempered-looking old fellow who had made one of the boat's crew; the two shapely clinker-built quarter-boats hanging at the davits abreast of the mizzen mast—these and much more seemed details of a miniature delicacy and finish, that entered with surprising effect into the fabric's general character of toy-like grace and elegance. On high, the white canvas soared in symmetrical spaces; but after the towering spires of the Indiaman, the main-yard of this little barque seemed within reach of the hand, and the tiny skysail that crowned the summit of the airy, snow-white, faintly-swelling cloths no bigger than a lady's pocket-handkerchief.

'This is really a beautiful little ship, Miss Temple,' said I.

'I might be able to admire her from the deck of the *Countess Ida*,' she answered; 'but there must be happiness to enable me to find beauty, and I am not happy here.'

I searched the sea-line, but it was as bare and flawless as the rim of a brand-new guinea. The dull shadow of the morning still overspread the heavens; it was the same leaden sky, with here and there a little break of faintness, revealing some edge of apparently motionless cloud, and the ocean lay sallow beneath it, darker than it was for the pencilling of the ripples which wrinkled the wide expanse as they rode the long, light heave of the swell. There were some sailors at work in the waist on jobs, of which I forget the nature; I examined them attentively—they were within easy eyeshot; but though there was no lack of prejudice in my observation, I protest I could find nothing rascally in their appearance. They were all of them of the then familiar type of merchant seaman, as like to members of the crew of the Indiaman as one pea is to another; faces burnt by the sun and decorated with the usual assemblage of warts and moles, all of them of an unmistakably English cut—I am speaking of the five of them then visible—dressed in the rough apparel of the ocean, rude shirts revealing the bare hairy breast, duck breeches with stains of oil and tar in them which there was no virtue in the scrubbing-brush and the lee-scuppers to remedy. Miss Temple, standing at my side, gazed at them.

'They have quite the look of cut-throats, I think,' said she.

'Well, now, to my fancy,' said I, 'they seem as honest a set of lively hearties as one could wish to sail with.'

'You merely say that to encourage me,' she exclaimed with a pout of vexation. 'Observe that man with the black beard—the one that is nearest to us. Could you figure a completer likeness of a pirate? I do not like his way of glancing at us out of the corner of his eyes. An honest sailor would stare boldly.'

I laughed, and then put on a face of apology.

'You will be smiling at these fears in a few days, I hope,' I exclaimed.

'Yes; but it is the meanwhile we have to think of,' she answered. 'Look at that man there'—meaning Mr Lush; 'pray, tell me, Mr Dugdale, that he has a very handsome, manly, good-tempered face.'

'No; I confess I don't like his appearance,' I answered, stealing a peep at the sulky-looking old dog, who continued to stare at the horizon with the immovability of a figure-head; 'yet inside of that hide there may be stowed away a very worthy member of society. A crab-apple is not a fruit to delight the eye; but I believe it is wholesome eating, though a trifle austere.'

At that moment the captain looked up from his book, and after taking a prolonged view of us, came in a slow walk to where we were standing, holding the volume in his hand.

'You have a charming little ship here, captain,' said I; 'I am exceedingly pleased with her.'

'Yes, sir; she's a handy craft. She will do her work,' he answered, sending his unwinking eyes with their sort of slow dead look along the deck.

'Which of those men down there are the convicts and mutineers?'—— began Miss Temple.

He whipped round upon her with a vehemence of manner that seemed a veritable fury of temper to the first seeing and hearing of it.

'Upon your life, not a word! D'ye want to see me a murdered man?' He twisted round on to me: 'Sir, you are to know nothing, if you please. This lady is to know nothing. I asked ye both in the cabin to be secret. If that man yonder had overheard her!'—— He stopped short, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder at Lush.

Miss Temple was deadly pale. She had the same cowed air I had observed in her during our first few hours aboard the wreck.

'I am very sorry,' she muttered.

'It's for the sake of our lives, mem!' he exclaimed in a whisper, putting his finger to his lips.

It was time to change the subject. I asked him how long he had occupied in his passage from the Thames to this point, spoke of the light trade-wind and baffling airs we had encountered, told him once again of the privateering brig, asked him what he thought would be the chance of the corvette's cutter in such weather as she went adrift in, and in this way coaxed him out of his temper until I had got him to some posture of affability once more. I do not recollect the number of days he named as contained in his passage from London, but I can remember that it was a very swift run, proving daily totals which must have come very near to steam at times.

'Such a nimble keel as this should make you very easy, Miss Temple,' said I; 'why, here is a craft to sail round and round the *Countess Ida*. Even though we shouldn't pick her up, it is fifty to one that of all her passengers we two shall be the first to arrive in India.'

She fastened her eyes upon the deck with a countenance of incredulity and despair.

'I suppose your port will be St Louis, sir?' said I.

He stared at me for some moments without speaking, and then slowly inclined his head in a single nod.

'I was never in that island,' I continued; 'but I presume we shall not be at a loss for a vessel to carry us to some part of India whence we may easily make our way to Bombay.'

His lack-lustre gaze seemed to grow deader as, after a pause, he exclaimed: 'There'll be some French skipper to make terms with, I don't doubt, for a passage north.'

'You talk, Mr Dugdale,' said Miss Temple, 'as though you were well assured that we should not fall in with the Indiaman.'

'I am desirous of creating plenty of chances for ourselves,' said I; then gathering that this might not be a topic profitable to pursue in the presence of so singular a listener as Captain Braine, I again branched off. 'How many,' said I carelessly, 'go to a crew with you, captain?'

He answered leisurely: 'Thirteen as we now are, all told. There was fourteen afore Mr Chicken died.'

'Well, even at that,' said I, 'a single watch should be able to reef down for you. I suppose'—here I sunk my voice—'that Mr Lush yonder is now your chief-mate?'

'No,' he replied, speaking stealthily; 'I'm my own chief-mate. He's the ship's carpenter, and stands watch as second officer.—But what are ye to do,' he proceeded, preserving his stealthy delivery, 'with a man whose education don't let him go no further than making a mark for his name?'

'Then, I take it, there is nobody aboard capable of navigating the vessel but yourself?'

'We'll talk about that presently,' said he with a singular look, and pointing with his finger to the deck.

I observed that Miss Temple narrowly watched him.

'Was Mr Chicken a pretty good navigator?' said I.

He appeared to forget himself in thought, then, with a slow emerging air, so to speak, and a steadfast, quite embarrassing stare, he responded: 'Chicken was acquainted with the use of the sextant. He likewise understood the meaning of Greenwich time. He couldn't take a star; but his reckonings was always close when he got them out of the sun. He'd been bred a collierman, and it took him some time to recover the loss of coasts and lee shores and lights. But he was a good sailor, and a religious man; and his death was a blow, sir.'

'Almost a pity that it wasn't Mr Lush who was beckoned overboard,' said I. (The carpenter had now trudged aft, and was looking into the compass out of hearing.)

'Ah!' exclaimed Captain Braine, heaving a deep sigh and shaking his head: 'Lush's loss would have been my gain. One Chicken was worth all the Lushes that were ever afloat.—But hush, mem, if *you* please.'

'I shall certainly say nothing more about your crew,' exclaimed Miss Temple quickly and a little haughtily, while she slightly recoiled from the face he turned upon her.

'Have you any books aboard, Captain Braine?' said I, glancing at the volume he held in his hand. 'Any sort of amusement in the shape of chess or cards to help Miss Temple and myself to kill an hour or two from time to time?'

'There are some vollums in Chicken's cabin that belonged to him,' answered Captain Braine. 'I've read two or three of them. His cargo that way was usually edifying. There's *Baxter's Shove:* a good yarn; there's the *Pilgrim's Progress;* and there's the *Whole Dooty o' Man*—a bit leewardly; I couldn't fetch to windward in it myself. For my part, one book's enough for me; and excepting some vollums on navigation, it is the only work I goes to sea with.'

'The Bible!' I exclaimed, taking it from him. I was astonished and pleased. There seemed little for one to apprehend in the character of a man who could dedicate his leisure to the study of that Book, and I was sensible of an emotion of respect for the strange-looking, staring figure as I returned the little volume to him.

He dropped it into a side-pocket, and then most abruptly walked to the rail, took a long look at the weather and a long look aloft, trudged over to Mr Lush, with whom he exchanged a sentence or two, and immediately afterwards disappeared down the companion.

For some time after this Miss Temple and I paced the deck together. There was much to talk about, and my companion found a deal to say about Captain Braine, whilst, as we walked, I would catch her taking furtive peeps at Mr Lush, who, it was easy to see, had inspired her with aversion and fear, though the man had not offered to address a word to us, nor had he once looked our way, thirstily inquisitive as his stare had been whilst in the boat. I could not help contrasting her behaviour now with what I recollected of it aboard the *Countess Ida*. She

had put her hand into my arm, and the intimacy of our association in this way might well have suggested an affianced pair. She talked eagerly and with all the passion of the many emotions which rose in her with her references to our situation, to her aunt, to the chance of our sighting the Indiaman, and the like; and I don't doubt that the men who watched us from the fore-part of the vessel put us down either as husband and wife or a betrothed couple.

And all this in three days! Three days ago she could hardly bring herself to speak or even to look at me; and now fortune had contrived that she should have no other companion, that she should be locked up with me alone in a dismasted hull, and then be brought, always with me at her side, into a vessel where, as she believed, there was much more to fill us with alarm than in the worst of the conditions which entered into our existence aboard the wreck! Again and again she would ask, with her dark and glowing eyes bent with an expression of despair upon my face, when it was to end and how it was to end; and these questions my heart would echo as I gazed at the cold and alarmed beauty of her face, but with a very different meaning from what she attached to the inquiries.

At last she grew weary of walking, and I took her below and sat with her awhile on a cushioned locker. It was now drawing on to four o'clock in the afternoon; the breeze quiet, the sky in shadow, the sea very smooth save for the soft undulation of the swell, which pleasantly and soothingly cradled the little fabric as she slipped through it of a milky white from water-line to truck to the impulse of her wide overhanging pinions. After a bit, I observed a heaviness in the lids of my companion, and urged her to lie down and take some rest. She consented; and I lingered at her side until sleep overcame her, and then I stood for a while surveying with deep admiration the calm sweetness of her face, into which had stolen the tenderness of the unconscious woman, softening down the haughty arching of eyebrow, unbending the imperious set of the mouth. It was as though her spirit clad in her own beauty was revealed to me disrobed of all the trappings of the waking humours. I could have knelt by her side, and in that posture have watched her for an hour. Can it be, thought I, as I crept softly to the cuddy door, that I am in love with her?

I leisurely filled my pipe from the hunk of tobacco I had met with in the wreck, taking, whilst I did so, as I stood on the quarter-deck, a good steady look at such of the sailors as were about, though I contrived an idly curious manner, and directed my eyes as often at the barque's furniture as at the seamen. After I had been on the poop a few minutes, Mr Lush left it to go forward; and with my pipe betwixt my teeth, I lounged over to the binnacle to see how the ship headed. The man who grasped the spokes was the honest-faced fellow I had before noticed at the wheel; he, I mean, of the minute eyes and whiskers joining at his throat, who had addressed me in the boat whilst we lay alongside the hull. I noticed that he seemed to stir a little uneasily as I approached, as though nervously meditating a speech, and I had scarcely glanced into the compass bowl when he exclaimed: 'I beg your pardon, sir.'

I looked at him.

'The noose,' said he, 'came forrads afore I lay aft for this here trick that the ship you came out of and lost sight of was the *Countess Ida*.'

'That is so,' I exclaimed.

'Might I make so bold,' he continued, slightly moving the wheel, and bringing his specks of eyes into a squint over my head as he sent a glance at the tiny skysail pulling under the main-truck, 'as to inquire if so be that the bo'sun of that ship was a man named Smallridge?'

'Yes, Smallridge; that was the boatswain's name,' I replied, warming up to the mere reference to that hearty sailor.

'Well,' said he, 'I heerd that he was agoing bo'sun in that ship, and I was pretty nigh signing for her myself, only that her date of sailing didn't give me quite long enough ashore.—And how is Mr Smallridge, sir?'

'Very well, indeed,' said I.

'I've got a perticler respect for Mr Smallridge,' he continued; 'he kep' company with my sister for some time, and would ha' married her, but she tailed on to a sojer whilst he was away, prefarring the lobster to the shellback, sir. Well, I'm glad to larn that he's hearty, I'm sure. If so be as we should fall in with the *Countess Ida*, and put you aboard without my seeing of Mr Smallridge, I'd take it werry kind, sir, if you'd give him Joe Wetherly's respects.'

'I certainly will,' said I with alacrity; 'but I fear there is little chance of our meeting with the Indiaman.'

'Well, there's no telling,' he exclaimed; 'but she'll have to be right in this here barque's road, supposing her to be ahead; and if we should pass her in the dark, why, then, good-night! for she's like grease in the water is this here *Lady Blanche*.'

'Smallridge and I were very good friends. He'd been a sailor in the ship I was afterwards midshipman in.'

'Oh, indeed,' cried he. 'And so *you* was at sea, sir?'

I was about to reply, designing to lead him on into answering certain questions I had in my mind concerning the captain and crew of the barque, when Mr Lush came up the poop ladder; so, knowing the etiquette, I hauled off, but with the full intention of sounding Mr Joe Wetherly at large when an opportunity should offer.

A CANADIAN LUMBER-MILL.

THE effect produced upon the minds of the first explorers of Canada, as they gazed from the summit of the hill upon which the citadel of Quebec now stands, at the vast expanse of woodland and forest which stretched far and wide to the distant horizon, is thus graphically described by a modern historian: 'When the white man first stood on the summit of this bold headland, most of the country was fresh from the hand of the Creator. Far as the eye could reach, the dark forest spread; over hill and valley, mountain and plain; up to the craggy peaks, down to the blue water's edge, and even from projecting rocks, and

in fissures of the lofty precipice, the deep green mantle of the summer foliage hung its graceful folds. In the dim distance, north, south, east, and west, where mountain rose above mountain in tumultuous variety of outline, it was still the same; one vast leafy veil concealed the virgin face of Nature from the stranger's sight.'

More than three centuries of French and British enterprise have done much to thin these vast forests, and in their place are to be found waving corn-fields and fruitful orchards. The province of Quebec has now to a great extent been denuded of its foliage; but in the neighbouring province of Ontario enough still remains to make the lumber industry of Eastern Canada a staple of Canadian export for many a year to come; while in the Far West, on the Pacific coast, the virgin forest is still almost untouched by the hand of man; and a railway journey through the comparatively settled parts of Quebec and Ontario will speedily convince a visitor of the former extent of these ancient forests. Field after field is passed with almost endless monotony, still exhibiting the charred and naked trunks of the trees which once formed part of the primeval forest. A belt of woodland forms the almost invariable background of the scene, while occasionally the railway runs for a considerable distance through the still uncut bush.

Arrived in the towns, the visitor is still reminded of the same fact. The houses are for the most part built of wood; the pavements are constructed of wood; the very roads are in some instances paved with the same material. Fires are consequently of very frequent occurrence, and it is by no means uncommon for an entire town to be destroyed.

The great centre of the lumber-trade in Eastern Canada is at Ottawa, a rising town of thirty-seven thousand inhabitants, situated on the banks of the river from which it has obtained its name. Till recently nothing more than a small village, it has lately risen to considerable importance, owing to the fact of its having been selected as the political capital of the Dominion of Canada. Here on an eminence overlooking the river, and commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country, are situated the commodious and elegant Parliament Buildings, one of the finest specimens of modern architecture in the whole of North America. But it is along the course of the river Ottawa and its tributaries that the seat of the lumber-industry is to be found. The principal mills are clustered around the picturesque Chaudière Falls, and work is carried on in them day and night without ceasing; for as soon as the daylight fades away, its place is supplied by a brilliant electric light. At midnight on Saturday all work is suspended, and is not again resumed till the following Monday. The lumbermen are mainly of French-Canadian extraction, partly because the work is difficult, requiring several years' experience before it can be properly mastered, and partly because of the extreme jealousy with which the men engaged regard interlopers of any other nationality.

In its various departments, the lumber-trade is carried on all the year round. In the winter the trees are felled in the forests which lie around the sources of the Ottawa and its tributaries, stripped of their branches, cut into lengths, and marked with the owner's name or other means of identification. Then, when the ice has broken up in the early spring, the logs are floated down the river by the current until they reach the mills situated around the neighbourhood of Ottawa. At various points along the banks of the river, men are stationed to prevent the logs from stranding and accumulating, and so forming an obstruction. On their arrival at the mills the logs are again identified, the property of each owner being recognised by its special mark, and the remainder being sent on to its destination lower down the stream. To prevent fraud, each mill-owner has one or more agents stationed at the mills which lie above his own in the higher reaches of the river. It is the business of these men to stand at some fixed point in mid-stream immediately above the mill, armed with long poles, by means of which they turn over and investigate the private mark of each log as it is carried along by the current. The busy time at the lumber-mills is during the spring and summer, throughout which period of the year the lumber is sawn into planks and stacked in the yards until it is fully seasoned. Then in the autumn the last year's lumber, which has by that time become sufficiently seasoned, is bound together into immense rafts, floated down the lower reaches of the Ottawa and the St Lawrence, and thence conveyed by sea to its destination in Europe or elsewhere.

It was the good fortune of the writer and of the friend with whom he was travelling to be personally conducted over one of the largest of these mills by the manager himself. The works of Mr Eddy are situated on the opposite bank of the river, immediately below the Chaudière Falls, in the small town of Hull, which bears the same relation to Ottawa that London south of the Thames does to the north. Here are situated many of the principal mills and factories rising among the dwellings of the poorer inhabitants. An idea of the extent of the lumber-trade may be gathered from the fact that Messrs Eddy's mills alone extend for more than a mile along the river, and that the entire works are traversed by a small railway, which is used to convey men and material from one end to the other.

Inside the mills the eye is bewildered by the intricate network of machinery, and the ear is deafened by a roar so intense that it is impossible to hear the voice of your nearest neighbour. Picture to yourself the rasping noise made by the action of a single handsaw, and then in its place substitute some half-dozen immense machines, each worked with eight large circular saws. Wherever you look, everything appears to be in motion; the very air vibrates with the roar of the machinery. The floating pine-logs are first drawn out of the water by an ingenious system of grappling-irons; they are then stripped of their bark, squared and planed, and finally sawn into planks. The eight saws of the machine are driven straight through the fibre of the wood with a sharp splitting noise resembling the tearing of calico; and so fine are their teeth that the severance effected by their biting edge can barely be detected by the naked eye. The whole process is completed from beginning to end in less than two minutes. The severed planks are then carried away and stacked in the usual manner.

But the night effect, when the work is carried on under the glare of the electric light, is even

more weird and striking. The seething waters of the Fall are brilliantly illuminated by the light proceeding from the various mills in the locality, and indeed form one of the principal sights of the town; while, within, the unnatural glare thrown upon the faces of the workmen, added to the incessant din of the machinery, form a picture not easily to be forgotten. The waste material and defective planks are collected together and sold for firewood. The great problem, however, which is now exercising the minds both of the mill-owners and of the townspeople is how to dispose of the sawdust, tons of which are flung bodily into the river during the year. So much is this the case, that it is said that the bed of the river is being rapidly filled up. The course of the stream is discoloured for miles below Ottawa by floating sawdust, and occasionally explosions are caused in the water by the gas generated in the sunken particles. At the present time the municipality are threatening to compel the mill-owners to consume their own sawdust; and it is to be hoped that this obvious precaution will be adopted before the level of the river is seriously affected.

In connection with his lumber-mills Mr Eddy also has a factory for making matches. He has recently patented an ingenious process by which it is possible to make the boxes entirely by machinery. Long strips of cardboard are placed in the machine, which cuts them into the requisite length, glues them firmly together, and stamps them with the name of the maker by an almost simultaneous process. There are two of these machines at work throughout the day, and each machine is capable of turning out one hundred and sixty-five boxes in a minute, which, allowing for a working-day of ten hours, gives the immense sum-total of ninety-nine thousand boxes for each machine, or close upon two hundred thousand a day! The process by which the matches are made is almost equally interesting, but differs little from that which is pursued in our own country.

In another department, wooden buckets are cut, clamped, fitted with bottoms, grained and varnished, almost entirely by machinery, not a single nail being used in the whole construction. But most interesting of all is the process by which fireproof buckets are made out of sawdust. In the first stage of construction the sawdust is reduced to a pulp, in which condition it somewhat resembles the rags at a paper-mill. Then the pulp is forced into shape under strong hydraulic pressure, from which it emerges with the appearance and consistency of potter's clay. The half-completed bucket is next baked at a temperature ranging from one hundred and fifty to two hundred degrees; after which it is soaked for a considerable time in a chemical ingredient, which renders it utterly impervious to the taste of any fluid or even acid. At the end of these different processes the completed bucket has acquired the firmness and durability of concrete or of stone. The sawdust employed has to be imported from a distance, as the pine-logs of which the lumber at Ottawa mainly consists leave behind them a resinous deposit. At the present moment, however, Mr Eddy is elaborating a process by which he eventually hopes to extract the resin from the pine sawdust. When this is accomplished, it will serve the double purpose of benefiting himself, by putting an end to the importation of foreign sawdust, and of pleasing the townspeople by saving the river from pollution.

A general survey of the extensive yards in which the lumber is stacked and seasoned completed our very interesting visit to Messrs Eddy's works, and left us filled with admiration of Canadian enterprise and ingenuity, which bids fair to give that important province of the British empire a prominent position and commanding influence among the nations of the future.

THE BOSS OF THE YELLOW DOG.

A WESTERN STORY.

PART III.—CONCLUSION.

It must not be supposed that Frank Sanborn had abandoned his original project of attempting to discover his brother's wife and child. On the other hand, it was more than ever the main factor in all his plans, and in purchasing the Yellow Dog property he placed himself in a position to pursue the strongest clew which had so far crossed his path. It was fortunate for Frank that he possessed the means whereby he could thus so easily gratify his desire to follow up every chance, to make amends in some sort for the fatal result of his hot temper years ago.

When he arrived in California from Australia he was already as wealthy as his father had been when the old gentleman retired from active life in India; and he was glad when the opportunity presented itself for investing his money in the precise spot where the investigation into his brother's affairs just then seemed to call him.

'The boss' soon settled down in his new sphere of action, and was not long in acquiring the respect, good-will, and even admiration of the strange mass of humanity in Blue Rocket Gulch. The boys could see that Frank Sanborn was a man with a mind of his own, and a stiff backbone. Mentally and physically he seemed to them like a man born to command—a man who never spoke a word which he did not mean, and which he did not also mean should be understood and respected. Such men invariably rise to the surface the world over, but especially so in the Far West, where an absence of police and other representatives of organised law and order gives greater opportunity for men possessing a combination of moral and physical strength to come to the front as leaders of their fellows. So Frank Sanborn was boss of the Yellow Dog, not merely by reason of his legal ownership of the mine, but also by virtue of his acknowledged superiority in the community as a man. He won the hearts of many by his practical kindness. He did not try to revolutionise Blue Rocket, and attempt to make an impossible Utopia out of a Nevada mining camp; but taking things as he found them, he did try to improve the place and its denizens. He did not build a church and distribute tracts, nor even insist on the miners signing the pledge; but he

did his best at persuading the boys to build better dwellings, and to apply a few of the simple laws of hygiene to their daily life. And as he was not backward in giving assistance both in United States currency and good advice, he was far from unsuccessful in his efforts.

Frank Sanborn's own residence was a palace when compared with the other habitations in the Gulch. It was only a frame shanty built of pine-boards, but it boasted three rooms—a kitchen, a sitting-room, and a sleeping apartment. The sitting-room also did duty as office and library; for in it were the boss's desk and iron safe, while several tiers of shelves were loaded down with books of all kinds. Two or three of them were old school and college favourites, which had accompanied their owner in all his travels; but most of them were more recent purchases made in San Francisco; while not a few of them had been ordered all the way from New York and Boston.

The owner of these treasures was not the only one who derived benefit from them. All through the winter which followed Frank Sanborn's advent to Blue Rocket he had two constant visitors, who became his pupils—Seph and her 'best fellow.' They were both bright and apt to learn; but they had neither of them ever had the benefit of schooling, so Frank took pleasure in going over some of his boyhood's studies for their benefit. Seph progressed amazingly, for she was able to devote the greater part of each day to her books; while Johnny, of course, could only give his evenings.

Like Seph, 'Frisco Johnny' could tell very little of his early history. He was left, while he was but a 'tad of a boy,' without father or mother, to get a living as best he could on the streets of San Francisco. As he grew older, he came eastward to the mining districts, and finally drifted to Blue Rocket. He did not even know his full name, and as the part of it which he did recollect was rather common, the miners prefixed 'Frisco' in honour of the town from which he hailed—to distinguish him from the hundred-and-one other Johns, Jacks, and Johnnies in the camp.

The boss of the Yellow Dog came to be very fond of both his young friends. He liked them better than he remembered to have cared for any one, except his father—and one of them he loved. Yes, when the snows melted from the mountain tops and the wild spring weather made its appearance to disturb the regularity of studies, Frank Sanborn had to acknowledge to himself that he was in love with Seph.

And Seph? Well, with all his experience and his knowledge of human nature, Frank could not satisfy himself as to Seph's own feelings—he was not by any means sure that the girl knew the real meaning of love. One thing he could see: Frisco Johnny loved Seph with all the intensity of ardent, youthful affection and admiration. The lad worshipped her; and it would be no exaggeration to state that he would doubtless have laid down his life, if Seph had so wished, or if Seph could have been benefited thereby. And still Frank could not determine how much Seph cared for this boyish lover of hers.

One fact seemed evident to the rich man: if he had not come to Blue Rocket, it would have been fairly straight sailing for Frisco Johnny, so far as Seph was concerned. And now? Well, Frank Sanborn was sufficiently man of the world to know that with his years, his manly appearance, his experience, his educational advantages, and his conversational powers—to say nothing of his vast wealth—it would be a comparatively easy matter for him to go into the race for Seph and win. If she were deeply in love with the boy, or had she so much as passed her word to marry him, matters might have worn a different appearance, and success might not have seemed so attainable. But Sanborn felt convinced that neither of these possibilities was so. 'Then,' he asked himself many times, 'why should I not make the girl love me?'

And there he stopped. For, to himself there seemed many reasons why he should *not* seek to come between Seph and her 'best fellow,' as she still called Frisco Johnny. As time wore away, and a successful ending to Frank Sanborn's life-long search seemed to be rapidly approaching, his reasons for not wishing to lessen the lad's chances with Seph only increased and strengthened. Yet he knew more than ever that his own love for the girl was daily growing in intensity, and, without undue conceit, he thought he could still win Seph's affections with very slight effort on his part.

But he waited. He would at least give the lad a fair chance, and soon—Frank thought—those chances might be more nearly even with his own. And so honourable was Sanborn in his patience and forbearance, that never for a moment did Frisco Johnny dream of his friend and employer's secret.

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As, under Frank Sanborn's tuition and training, Frisco Johnny had become more intelligent, and versed somewhat in a technical knowledge of mining, he had been placed in charge of a section of the mine. In that same part, some distance from the main shaft, was an old disused entrance, which the boss had long contemplated embodying in a grand scheme of ventilation.

It was late one afternoon, just about a year after Frank took possession of the Yellow Dog, that he sat alone in his sitting-room busily engaged in writing. All day long, notwithstanding the heat, he had been at his desk. In the morning he had received a package of papers from San Francisco, as well as a lengthy letter from London. These were spread before him all day, and to them he frequently referred as he continued to write incessantly. Towards five o'clock his work was apparently completed, for he leaned back in his chair with the air of a man who felt relieved of an arduous task.

While sitting thus, the door of the sitting-room was darkened by a young fellow in the working garb of a miner. 'If you are not too busy, Mr Sanborn, I wish you would come down to the old shaft. I think I have struck something rich. Guess we had better work out all the silver before we rig up the old shaft for a ventilator.'

'Ah! is that so, Johnny? So there is more wealth hidden away up there? Does any one else know of it?'

'No, sir. I was poking around there alone,

beginning on the ventilator business. Thought I'd come right up to you.'

'Good. Well, I'm glad you didn't come before I finished my job.—By the way, Johnny, accidents often happen. If anything should befall me, I want you, personally, to take charge of all papers in drawer No. 3 in that safe. The key of the safe I generally carry in my watch-pocket, and the lock combination is on a slip of paper inside my watchcase.—And, Johnny, in case I do not see you again this week, I want you to come up here Sunday morning at ten o'clock, without fail. Don't forget.'

The boss of the mine transferred all his papers from his desk to 'drawer No. 3,' and locked the safe. Then he and his young friend (and rival) walked away toward the old shaft.

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The shaft was about a hundred and fifty feet in depth, but the hoisting apparatus had long since been removed. Frisco Johnny had that day erected a temporary derrick to let himself down, and near the discovered vein of silver had rigged up a couple of light platforms, each consisting of a short board set across two pieces of scantling.

Frisco Johnny was not considered by the miners the best of climbers; while Sanborn, strong and athletic as he was, fell far behind his companion in gymnastic accomplishments. Still they managed to get down to the first platform, fifty feet from the surface, which was as far as the derrick rope reached, and then 'dropped' to the next board, eight feet lower. They had hammers and chisels in their pockets, and for half an hour or more they pursued their investigations. Sanborn was himself trying to secure a fair sample of the ore, when he missed striking the chisel, and badly smashed the fingers of his left hand by the violent blow from his hammer. He then decided to postpone his efforts until the morrow, and the two prepared to ascend.

Now, the younger man was slightly built, weighing little more than half as much as Sanborn, and as one of them must climb on the other to reach the top platform, they agreed that it would be better for Johnny to go first. It was going to be hard work for Frank, anyhow, on account of his lame hand; but they calculated that Johnny's assistance would be more valuable from above than from below. So Frank bent his broad back while the lad stepped upon it and grasped the scantling of the platform above him with his hands. At that moment, one of the cross-pieces under the board on which Frank stood gave way, and went crashing to the bottom of the mine. Sanborn instinctively and instantaneously with his unhurt hand grabbed one of his companion's legs, as the rest of the lower platform went thundering down the shaft.

It was a terrible situation; the heavier man relying upon one hand which grasped the none too reliable material of a pair of miner's overalls, while both depended upon a slight piece of wood far from securely fastened. Had Sanborn not met with the accident to his hand, or had their relative positions been reversed, they might have stood a fair chance of escape. As it was, their hopes were very fragile. They shouted, but no one heard them. The miners had ceased work nearly an hour before; besides which, few now came near that deserted quarter of the mine.

One, two—five minutes passed away. The strain of both men was fearful, and neither of them could make any headway. The younger man had to bear on his slender wrists, in addition to his own weight, Sanborn's two hundred pounds; while Sanborn had only his one hand to support himself. Frisco Johnny began to grow faint, and his companion felt that he could not retain his grip on the overalls much longer. In that supreme moment one thought, one impulse, was uppermost in Frank Sanborn's mind and heart. He could yet fulfil the mission of his life; but he must be quick if he would do so.

'Johnny, you could get out all right if you were alone?'

'Don't talk so, boss. You've got a right to live as long as I have. Guess it's all up with us; but we'll drop together.'

'Well, can you hold on a minute or two? I want to tell you something.'

'I'll try, Mr Sanborn.'

'Johnny, *your* name is Sanborn. You are my brother's boy—my nephew. You understand?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Next Sunday, two lawyers will be here, one from Frisco, and one from London to straighten everything out. You remember all I told you this afternoon about the safe and the papers?'

'Yes, sir.'

'John Sanborn, you love Seph—so do I—you will marry her—take good care of her.—Good-bye, Johnny—good-bye, Seph—my darling!'

For as the brave man relinquished his grasp of his companion, and went crushing down the old shaft, his closing eyes rested once upon the winsome face and shapely form of Seph trying to peer into the darkness.

Two minutes later, young John Sanborn was safe above ground.

The boss of the Yellow Dog had made amends. 'A life for a life'—he could do no more.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE UMBRELLA.

THERE are very many things in daily use the origins of which are extremely curious and interesting when we come to examine them, but which in the present rapid nineteenth-century mode of living are rarely given a thought to. We refer now more especially to umbrellas, the user of which is no longer an object of derision, such as the first Englishman who carried one became. Common as the article now is, it is only since the early part of the present century that we have enjoyed such a defence from the rain. The traveller Jonas Hanway, who died in 1786, was the first Englishman to carry an umbrella; but its use did not become general until the early part of the present century. The introduction of it into Scotland was even later than in England. In Creech's *Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces* there is a note to the following effect: 'In 1763 no such thing known or used as an umbrella; but an eminent surgeon in Edinburgh, who had occasion to walk a good deal, used one about the year 1780.' This surgeon was no other than Mr John Jamieson, who, having been to Paris and seen

them in use there, brought one home with him, and this was the first seen in Edinburgh. He was a humorous man, and related with much gusto how he was stared at by the people as he and his umbrella went along.

We may wonder how, in the pre-umbrella days, people managed when they were caught in the rain. They seem to have hurried as best they could to where some roof projected over the footpath, or to where some door offered refuge. It will be remarked how much time this must have wasted; but minutes were not guarded so carefully in those days as they are now. The literature of bygone days is full of amusing scenes and otherwise enacted under these rain-shields.

We do not mean to infer from the foregoing that the umbrella was not known of at all until the eighteenth century; on the contrary, it is of very ancient origin, and was used by the Orientals and Greeks and Romans to a large extent, though very differently and under peculiar restrictions. Umbrella now means a portable protector from rain; while the name parasol is given to a smaller, more fanciful, and lighter article carried by ladies as a sun-shade. Originally, the umbrella, from the Italian diminutive *ombrello*, which strictly means 'a little shade,' was used only as a sun-shade, and its first home was in the hot, brilliant countries of the far East. In those sunny climes such an article was very agreeable; but it was not used for both rain and sun, as the Orientals do not think of leaving their homes in the rainy seasons. Its application as a defence from rain was quite an after-thought. The German word *regenschirm* and the French *parapluie* describe it as a rain-shield, just as the parasol signifies a sun-shield. Our vocabulary, however, has no appropriate word equivalent to rain-shield, so we content ourselves with umbrella.

On an ancient sculpture at Persepolis, in Persia, said to have been executed in the reign of Alexander the Great, a sovereign is depicted, attended by two bearers, one of whom holds an umbrella over the head of the royal personage. From the earliest times in the Eastern countries, the umbrella was one of the emblems of royalty and power. On the sculptured remains of ancient Nineveh and Egypt there are also representations of kings and lesser potentates going in procession with an umbrella over their heads. The term 'satrap,' the old Persian title for a prince or governor of a province, is said to be derived from the Persian word for umbrella; and in India, as well as in Persia, the title 'lord of the umbrella' has been in vogue for ages. Among the titles of the sovereign of Ava is that of 'lord of the twenty-four umbrellas,' which refers, it seems, to the twenty-four states or provinces combined under his sway. The Mahrattan princes of India had among their titles, 'lord of the umbrella.' The king of Burma, addressing the Governor-general of India in 1855, spoke of himself as 'the monarch who reigns over the great umbrella-wearing chiefs of the Eastern countries.' The umbrella is a distinguishing sign of the king of Morocco, and no one is allowed to use it except the sovereign, his sons, and brothers. It is related, in reference to this, that when one of the rulers of Morocco was leaving his palace, his umbrella was broken by the violence of the wind; and ever ready with superstitions, it was at once interpreted as an omen that his reign would soon terminate.

Among the Greeks and Romans, the umbrella was used by ladies, whilst for men to carry them it was looked upon as very effeminate. The baldachins placed over ecclesiastical chairs, canopies of thrones, pulpits, altars, and portals, are closely related in their origin to umbrellas, and have, too, the same symbolic significance. There still hang large umbrellas in each of the basilican churches of Rome. It is probable that the custom of using umbrellas in Greece and Italy never became obsolete. Montaigne alludes to its use in Italy as quite common in his day, but only as a sun-shade. Parasols played a very important part among the Greek sacred and funeral ceremonies and in the great holidays of Nature. The Romans used sun-shades not only at theatres but at battles also.

When the Prince of Wales went to India, a golden sun-shade had to be placed over his head, as a symbol of his sovereignty. Many of the natives presented him with umbrellas as parting souvenirs. One, hailing from Indore, is in the form of a mushroom; whilst that given by the queen of Lucknow is in blue satin, stitched with gold, and covered with fine pearls; others are made of gilt paper, others entirely covered with ravishing feathers of rare birds, all having long handles in gold or silver, damascened in carved ivory or in painted wood of wonderful richness and execution.

The amusing story related by Dr Kitto serves as an excellent illustration of the use of the umbrella in Turkey. The great traveller was staying for a time at the village of Orta-Khoi, on the Bosporus, some six miles from Constantinople. He was accustomed to visit Constantinople pretty often; and one day, when he was going, thinking it might rain, he took an umbrella. When he reached the spot where the boats started from, he found they had all gone; and not wishing to give up his visit, he determined to walk, and started off on the road at the back of the buildings lining the Bosporus. Shortly after he started, it commenced to rain, and he very naturally put up his umbrella. As he approached the palace of Dolma Baktche, he observed the sentinel was making some extraordinary signs to him; but he failed to comprehend their significance. The soldier finally hastened towards him with his bayonet directed straight for the innocent traveller. An old Turk who happened to have seen all the proceedings, assailed Dr Kitto, as he thought very rudely, by pulling down the umbrella and turning and speaking to the sentinel. He was then allowed to pass on; but the old Turk did not let him put up his umbrella until they were beyond the precincts of the imperial residence, as the umbrella is emblematic of royalty in Turkey. It is, however, used in Constantinople, although the Sultan is supposed not to know it, and for this reason it is not allowed to be displayed in his presence or in passing any of the palaces.

Umbrellas when first used in this country were heavy, ungainly articles, which did not hold well together. Considerable ingenuity has been exercised to bring them to their present compact,

serviceable, and elegant forms. In their early days they usually had long handles, with ribs of whalebone or cane, very rarely of metal, and stretchers of cane; the jointing of the ribs and stretchers to each other and to the handles was very rough. Oiled silk or cotton, both of which are heavy in substance, and liable to stick together in folds, was used as the covering material. Gingham was soon substituted for the oiled cloth; and in 1848 Mr Sangster patented the use of alpaca as a covering material for umbrellas. Mr Samuel Fox in 1852 was the next to improve the umbrella by inventing the 'Paragon' rib, which is formed of a thin strip of steel rolled into a U or trough section. This gives great strength for the weight of metal.

In the seventeenth century in France, the parasol was not in regular use except at court among the great ladies. The silk sun-shade was used for promenades, and in the beautiful alleys of the Versailles Park about the middle of Louis XIV.'s reign. In Fournier's *Old and New* it is stated that the invention of parasols was drawn from the felt hat of Tabarin. Another likely proof of the use of parasols and umbrellas not being very wide in the seventeenth century, may be inferred from the fact that the celebrated Précieuses, who were accustomed to say 'The third element falls' for 'It rains,' seemed to have had no word peculiar to themselves for this much-prized article. Madame de Pompadour had a very curious sun-shade in her possession; it was of blue silk, superbly decorated with wonderful Chinese miniatures in mica, and ornaments in paper very finely cut and affixed to the background.

In conclusion, we cannot do better than recall the amusing episode which took place at Blairgowrie when an umbrella was first sported there. It seems the minister and the laird were the only people who used them, and the people at large looked upon them as some strange phenomena. One day one of the tenants went to pay his rent to the laird, and it began to rain as he was about to leave. He was very kindly offered the loan of an umbrella, which he accepted, and started off gaily with the 'peculiar phenomenon' in his hand. A little time after, the laird was surprised to see his tenant hastening back and to hear him exclaiming: 'This 'll never do; there's nae door in a' my house that 'll let it in; my very barn-door winna let it in!' The good man had not thought of closing it.

GAMMIDGE'S GHOST.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

I WAS twenty-two, and Alicia was nineteen then, and we were devoted to each other; but marriage seemed a long, long way off. My salary was a remarkably small one, and food and clothes and various other indispensable things absorbed every penny of it. I had no money of my own, and Alicia would only have forty pounds a year when she came of age. Though there was not much prospect of our marriage, yet we struggled bravely with fortune, and vowed to each other that love in a cottage would be preferable to single blessedness. I daresay that folks do talk like that at twenty-two and nineteen; but as ten years have gone by since Alicia and I indulged in such conversation, I have lived to see the folly of it.

At twenty-two I was only a clerk at Leader and Process's, and my 'screw' was a beggarly thirty shillings a week. At thirty-two—this present time of writing—I am senior partner in the firm of Gammidge & Walker, and doing very well indeed. Leader and Process are both dead, and Walker and myself took up the business. Walker's maiden aunt found him the money; I had mine already. That is seven years ago, and I was then twenty-five. We paid two thousand pounds apiece for the good-will of the concern, and it was worth it, for few firms in Chancery Lane had half as much to do as Leader & Process had.

How came I, who had thirty shillings a week at twenty-two, to have two thousand pounds at twenty-five? Somebody died and left it to me? No; I hadn't a relation who was worth a penny, unless it was Uncle Thomas Gammidge, and he never forgave me for choosing the law as a profession. I had expected him to find all the expenses, for one naturally looks to one's friends in matters of that sort; but he wouldn't stump up a penny; and in the end old Process, who was a decent fellow altogether, did it for me. No; nobody ever left me any money except Leader, who bequeathed nineteen guineas to buy a ring with. How, then, did I come by that two thousand pounds? Did I make it on the turf, or the Stock Exchange, or by speculating well and wisely? None of these. As to the turf, I don't know one horse from another; I hate the Stock Exchange; and I don't even care for speculation at cards. No; I got my two thousand, which purchased me a half-share in a great business, enabled me to marry Alicia, and thus to be happy for ever after, from a Ghost!

It was this way. One summer morning I was driving my quill over a horrible piece of draft paper in the dingy room at Leader & Process's, when the bell rang in old Process's office. I had just come in from the court, and I looked at Jones, who was the only other fellow in the room. Jones kept his head down and pretended not to hear.

'There's Process ringing,' I said. 'Go in, Jones.'

'Go in yourself; he always wants you.'

So I went in, knocking slightly at the door, as was my wont. I believe I started when I got inside, and then blushed like a girl. You see, I did not know who was with old Process, and it rather took me by surprise to see a tall, slim, exceedingly pretty young lady seated in the armchair which stood by Process's desk. We didn't often see such pleasant-looking people at Leader & Process's as this young lady. She was not so pretty as Alicia, of course; but I think Alicia was the only other girl in the world who was any prettier. She had a pair of as blue eyes as I ever saw—Alicia's eyes are brown—and her hair was really golden, not pale and fluffy, like a wig in a barber's window, but

just the tint of leaves in autumn, you know. A young man was sitting near her, and he was a good-looking fellow too, tall, broad-shouldered, something like a military man, as indeed he was. Those two made a very nice pair, nearly as nice as Alicia and myself.

'Did you ring, sir?' I said to Process, becoming painfully conscious that the young lady was looking at me, and that I had my office coat—a particularly disreputable one—on.

'Yes,' said Process, 'yes.—Sit down, Gammidge. We—Captain Penrose and Miss Stanley,' he went on, nodding in the direction of the two young people, 'and myself want to have a little talk with you.'

'Yes, sir,' I said, bowing as politely as possible to Captain Penrose and Miss Stanley, and seating myself and wondering what was coming.

'You remember Miss Penrose, Gammidge?' said old Process.

Now Miss Penrose was an old party with whom we had a good deal of business in one way or another. I remembered her very well, because she was always so confoundedly snappish when she came to the office.

'Yes, sir.'

'She is dead,' said old Process.

'Oh, indeed, sir.'

'Yes,' he continued, 'and nobody can find her will.'

'Did we draw it up, sir?' I asked.

'No, the old—— Miss Penrose made it herself.'

I knew he was going to say 'the old fool,' and so did the other two, for they both smiled.

'She made it herself,' said Process; 'and she's hidden it somewhere where nobody can find it.'

'Had she much to leave, sir?'

'Much? About half a million, I should think! And the worst of it is this: Miss Penrose always promised to leave her money in equal shares to her two nephews, John and Reginald Penrose. Reginald, however, offended her'——

'I am Reginald,' said the young fellow by the window with a smile.

'And so,' continued Mr Process, 'Miss Penrose made another will, and left all she had to John. Now she's dead, and *that* will is in existence, and John Penrose's lawyers have it. But Miss Stanley here, who resided with Miss Penrose during the last two years of her life, says that the old lady made a new will a week before her death, leaving the money in equal shares, as in the old will. The new will, however, can't be found.'

'Who made the new will?' I asked, looking at Miss Stanley.

'Miss Penrose wrote it out herself,' she said; 'and I was one witness, and Mrs Johnson, the housekeeper, the other.'

'You were not interested in it, Miss Stanley?' said old Process.

'No.—Miss Penrose said she would leave me nothing because I was engaged to be married to Reginald, and so we should share what she left him.'

'And now you can't get married unless the will's found?' said old Process, who was always very blunt. 'Um—the old lady's repentance seems to have been somewhat peculiar.—Well, to business. Gammidge—Miss Stanley is certain that the new will is in existence, hidden away in Penrose Abbey somewhere. Captain Penrose heirs the Abbey under the old will'——

'With nothing to keep it up on!' groaned the Captain.

'And so he has free entry there. He wants me to send down somebody who will find the will. Will you go, Gammidge?'

'Certainly, sir. I'll do my best to find it.—But would not your brother,' addressing Captain Penrose, 'consent to give up one half share on hearing Miss Stanley's testimony about the new will?'

'My brother,' said the Captain, 'is not my friend. He is acquainted with the fact that a new will was made; but he laughs at the idea.'

'Then I'll go; and if that will is in Penrose Abbey, I'll find it.'

'I'll be bound you will,' said old Process. 'Yes, if it is there, you may trust Gammidge to discover it, Captain Penrose.'

'I shall be awfully obliged if you will,' said the Captain, looking at me; 'and, by Jove! I trust you'll allow me to—to 'er, offer you some 'er'——

'Oh yes,' said Process; 'you shall pay him handsomely enough when he's found it, and we've got it proved and made right.'

So, then, Captain Penrose and Miss Stanley shook hands with old Process and went away, while I returned to Jones and Walker and consulted with them as to trains and times. I went away early that day, after old Process had given me some advice and a few five-pound notes; and when I had had my dinner and put on my best coat, I rode down to Clapham Common and called on Alicia, whose mamma conducted a small establishment for young ladies, throwing in deportment and the use of the globes for half a guinea a quarter.

'What *is* the matter?' said Alicia, running into their best parlour with her face full of surprise and her mouth full of pudding, for it was their dinner-time. 'Have you been made a partner, or has the firm failed, or what is it?'

'Alicia, I am going out of town on important business. I may be away a week; or,' I continued gloomily, 'it may be for ever.—No; I mean a month.'

Then I told her all about it; and presently we went to Mrs Lovejoy—Alicia's surname was Lovejoy—and told *her* all about it. And we all three agreed that Miss Penrose was an old ass, and the Captain and his sweetheart—over whom Alicia was just a little bit jealous—a very ill-used couple.

'And who knows,' said Mrs Lovejoy, when I went away that evening, having previously conducted Alicia through the classic groves of Wandsworth and Lavender Hill, by way of a constitutional—'who knows what may not turn out from it? Samuel may find the will; and the Captain will be so pleased that he may offer to share it with him, or he may get him a baronetcy or a commission in the line or something. But at anyrate it will be a good thing if the will is found, and the poor young people

are put in possession of their very own.' With which fervent wish, and a good many farewell kisses and injunctions to write often from Alicia, I went home to my lodgings in Pentonville Road, resolving to get up early in the morning so as not to miss my train.

When I got to King's Cross Station at nine o'clock the next morning, whom should I see strolling up and down the platform but Captain Penrose. He was evidently on the lookout for me, for the instant he recognised me he came across to where I was standing and shook hands. 'Good-morning, Mr Gammidge,' he said pleasantly. 'I called at Mr Process's office yesterday afternoon to give you this, but you had gone away. They told me what time you proposed leaving this morning, so I came to meet you.' He held out a note as he spoke, and I took it and put it in my pocket, thanking him at the same time for his trouble.

'No trouble at all,' he said. 'It is just a note to the housekeeper, Mrs Johnson, telling her to make you comfortable and to give you access to all parts of the Abbey.'

'Is the Abbey an old place?' I asked, more for the sake of saying something than from curiosity regarding a place which I should be able to examine for myself in an hour or two.

'Very old. Some parts of it must be—let me see, oh, quite eight hundred years of age.'

'Indeed! I suppose they are in ruins?'

'Yes,' he answered; 'for the most part they are in ruins. But the ruins are well kept. My aunt was very fond of them. She used to roam about in them, talking of the old monks, for hours at a time.—And, by-the-bye, Gammidge,' he continued, 'you mustn't pay any attention to any old wives' tales you may hear down there.'

I looked at him in surprise. He turned his face away from me, and I thought there was an uneasy look about him.

'How do you mean, sir?'

'You know what old women are. Old Johnson is sixty, if a day, and all the women-servants are old. I thought they might perhaps fill your head full of ghost-tales and that sort of thing, don't you know?'

'Oh, is that all! I'm not afraid of ghosts, Captain Penrose.—Is the Abbey said to be haunted, then?'

'Well,' he began, 'yes, it is, Gammidge. Can't deny myself that there are some funny things happen there now and then, though I don't believe in ghosts at all. My aunt, now, believed in the Penrose Abbey ghost very firmly.'

'Oh, is there a special ghost?'

'Yes; it's a Black Friar who haunts the place—at least so they say. Of course it's all nonsense; but those old women will talk, and I thought I had better warn you, in case you should feel nervous.'

'I'm very much obliged, sir; but I'm not nervous at all; and if I see a ghost of a black friar or a white one, I'll serve him with a notice to quit.'

And then it was time for my train to start; so I shook hands again with Captain Penrose, and having promised to write if I discovered the will or any trace of it, I took my seat, and was whirled away from London and from Alicia.

Penrose Abbey is five miles from Doncaster in a north-westerly direction. It was half-past twelve o'clock when I reached Doncaster; and I stood holding my bag for a while, undecided as to whether I should hire a cab and go to my destination at once, or have a look round the famous Yorkshire racing-town. My indecision was cut short by a middle-aged man in livery approaching me and inquiring if I was for Penrose Abbey. On my replying in the affirmative, he conducted me to a solemn-looking brougham outside the station, in which I bestowed myself and my traps, and was carried away. In passing along the country roads, which about there are very good and well kept, I noticed that the neighbourhood was somewhat flat and monotonous, and I wondered what I was to do with myself during my hours of recreation; for I knew quite well that if I was to overhaul the Abbey thoroughly, I should have to remain there some time. I was received at the great door of the Abbey by Mrs Johnson, a fat, motherly old person of sixty or so, robed in rustling black silk, and displaying a grand gold chain and eye-glasses on her capacious front. She led me with a good deal of ceremony to a small room in the interior of the building, where a capital cold luncheon was set out. I did justice to this, after I had washed the dust of my journey away, and then I went out into the grounds and lighted my pipe.

It seemed almost sacrilege to smoke amongst such grand old ruins. The Abbey was certainly a very fine and romantic place. Half the house was in good repair, and almost modern, but the rest was in complete dismemberment. Great masses of masonry were piled here and there about the grounds; and these, covered with ivy and other creeping plants, looked exceedingly picturesque. The chancel of the Abbey church was in very good preservation, and you could see easily where the altar and the seats for the choir had been. Altogether, it was about as romantic a place as I had ever seen.

I thoroughly examined the exterior of the place that afternoon, and got into conversation with the bailiff, a sturdy old Yorkshireman, who looked pityingly at me when I told him that I came from London. I drew him on towards the ghost business; but as soon as I put a leading question, he assumed a very solemn expression of countenance and cantered away on his pony. I began to see there were other people than the late Miss Penrose who believed in the Abbey ghost.

I dined that evening in solitude, and wondered what Alicia was doing, and how long it would be before I should see her. Then I contrasted the splendour of my meal with the frugality of my usual tea in Pentonville Road. I sat thinking and sipping my wine for an hour or two, and then I went out for another stroll and a final pipe in the grounds.

It was moonlight that evening. How grand the ruins did look! I wished over and over again that Alicia and her—no, not her mother, though the old lady was a good old soul—that Alicia and her pretty face were there. It would have been very pleasant to stroll round the massive buttresses and through the silent cloisters with Alicia. I went back dolefully to the house.

Standing at the steps was Mrs Johnson. She seemed to be looking out for me, so I advanced to her and observed that it was a very fine evening.

'Yes, sir; a beautiful evening.'

'The ruins look very fine in the moonlight.'

'They do indeed,' she answered with emphasis. 'My late mistress, poor Miss Penrose, was very fond of them, sir. She would walk amongst them for hours in the moonlight.'

'Oh, then, she was not afraid of the ghost?'

The housekeeper gave a little start and looked curiously at me. We were standing in the full glare of the moonlight, and I noticed that a frightened expression came into her face.

'Afraid of the ghost?' she repeated. 'What ghost?'

'Any ghost,' I said, smiling.

'Oh,' she said, looking, I fancied, a good deal relieved, 'I thought you meant—— No, sir; she was not afraid of any ghost; oh no!'

I saw well enough that what the Captain had said was true, and that there was a popular superstition down there in favour of a ghost, so I put a leading question: 'Then it isn't true about the Black Friar?'

The woman did start then, and I saw that she was distressed. 'Oh dear me! Whoever has been putting that into your head, sir? The servants have no business to talk about such things.'

'Don't alarm yourself. I'm not frightened at the biggest and best ghost that ever walked. It was Captain Penrose who told me about it.'

'Well, it's a good thing you're not easily afraid.'

'Then you believe in the Black Friar?'

'Why,' she said, 'one must believe when there's good grounds. My poor dear mistress believed firmly in the Black Friar, as you call him; though whether he be black or green I don't know, for I never saw him.'

'Did Miss Penrose think she saw him?'

'Many and many a time, sir. I was once with her when she saw him, and it was rather strange, too. I did see something like a monk's black dress, but that was all. My mistress, however, used to persist that she saw him often; and I never contradicted her, poor lady.'

'And is there any legend connected with the ghost, Mrs Johnson?'

'There is a story about it. It is said to be the ghost of Bertrand Penrose, who was Prior or Abbot of the monastery here six hundred years ago. He was a bad man once, and killed some one. And they say that his penance is to haunt the place and make what atonement he can.'

'How does he atone?'

'Well, if there's anything important to the family about to take place, he appears.'

'And gives warning?'

'Something of that sort. My mistress said she saw him the morning of her death; and she said she knew she should die that day. And although Miss Stanley and myself tried to persuade her out of it, she did die, just as she said.'

'Miss Stanley's a nice young lady,' I said, suddenly forgetting the Abbey ghost. 'I suppose she and Captain Penrose will be married some day?'

'They would be married now, if the will could be found. But Master Reginald is very poor, and Miss Eva has very little money.'

'Eva, Eva! That's Miss Stanley's name, is it? It's very pretty; but I like Alicia better.'

'I beg your pardon,' said Mrs Johnson.

'Nothing,' I answered in confusion. I said I'd go to bed, and get up early to begin my search.

'Yes; I'll show you your rooms, sir.'

THINKING ALOUD.

One of Addison's happiest phrases is that used by him as synonymous with candid and unfettered expression—'thinking aloud.' It evidently attracted attention at the time when the reappearance of Sir Roger de Coverley was awaited with so much interest; and since then, it has been used by some of our great masters of English prose. Macaulay says of the graceful essayist himself, that to enjoy his conversation in the highest perfection it was necessary to be alone with him and to hear him think aloud. 'There is no such thing,' Addison used to say, 'as real conversation but between two persons.' Coleridge used the phrase in a slightly different sense. Speaking of the House of Commons, the philosopher declared that a certain member 'thought aloud; everything in his mind—good, bad, or indifferent—out it came. He was like the Newgate gutter, flowing with garbage, dead dogs, and mud. He was pre-eminently a man of many thoughts, with no ideas; hence he was always so lengthy, because he must go through everything to see anything.'

It is certain that, using the phrase in one or other of the ways in which it is here employed, everybody may be said to think aloud. When in congenial company we all give utterance to our thoughts pretty much as they arise; and when 'thinking on their legs,' most people have to go through a great deal—in a twofold sense—to bring forth very little. Mrs Poyser, too, might be regarded as a personified example of another kind of thinking aloud, to which very many people are addicted. With them, as with Landor, speech is a safety-valve that works automatically when a certain amount of pressure is developed; and although they often cause pain, this at least must be said in their favour, that nobody ever yet had cause to complain of being deceived in them. Such people think aloud in an unmistakable manner.

But—to waive the obvious reflections on this aspect of the question—the term 'thinking aloud' seems more applicable to the conversation of such men as Rousseau and Goldsmith. When his friend Anet died at Chambery, 'poor Jean Jacques,' as he so often calls himself, spoke of him to Madame de Warrens 'with the most sincere and lively affection;' when suddenly, he says, 'in the midst of our conversation the vile, ungrateful thought occurred, that I should inherit his wardrobe, and particularly a handsome black coat, which I thought very becoming. As I thought this, I consequently uttered it; for when with her, to think and to speak was the

same thing.' Elsewhere, he refers to his 'praiseworthy custom' of speaking without thought. That 'praiseworthy custom,' however, placed him in some rather awkward predicaments, as every reader of his *Confessions* will remember.

Yet, after all, they were the veriest trifles in comparison with poor Goldsmith's. 'Noll,' says Davies, could not conceal what was uppermost in his mind; he blurted it out to see what became of it, says Johnson. And this man, according to Forster, was the true author of the saying about speech being given to man to conceal his thoughts! He gave the lie every day to his own epigram. So accustomed was he to give utterance to every idea as it arose in his mind, that anybody familiar with him might with confidence have accused him of having said anything that he had really thought. Burke once saw him standing near a crowd of people who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of one of the hotels in Leicester Square. Afterwards, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, Burke charged him with saying: 'What stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those painted Jezebels, while a man of my talents passes by unnoticed.' Goldsmith protested, but at length answered with great humility: 'I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it.'

Of quite another class of thinkers-aloud are the mutterers. The father of the present Duke of Cambridge during prayers in church always ejaculated a few remarks of a decidedly secular character *sotto voce*, apparently quite unconscious that anybody could hear him. This example, though well authenticated, is perhaps more apocryphal than that given in the recently published *Life of Reynell Taylor*. Towards the end of 1845, Taylor was wounded, one of the wounds proceeding from a blow that 'split his nose like a pea.' The doctor who attended him said, as if to himself: 'Dear me! this is too handsome a face to be scarred in this way. I must use fine needles instead of plaster.' Some twenty years later, a gentleman got into a railway carriage in England with Taylor, and began muttering: 'Well, I did make a capital job of that, certainly. Yes, I am sure it is the same nose.' It was the same doctor, still given to thinking aloud.

'Thinking with a pen' is very closely allied to thinking aloud. Lamartine was wont to scribble all over the margins of his proof-sheets; and De Quincey, to the great astonishment of the printers, covered some of his with diatribes against his liver, blue pill, and other mundane matters. The thoughts of both these authors—and of many others—seem, in short, to have trickled out of their pens just as they came uppermost. Whether this habit, so far as De Quincey is concerned, was due to his style of writing, or whether the style of writing was due to the habit, is a moot-point. But be this as it may, the great charm of the Opium-eater's writings is their rambling character—their unpremeditatedness. Take any one of his essays, and there will be found in it almost everything but what is suggested to the mind of the ordinary reader by its title. The essay on Shakespeare is a striking case in point. De Quincey seems to have taken a fact, strung on it a row of pearls, and only returned for another fact when his fancies were exhausted.

Lord Dudley and Ward—to return to the mutterers—was greatly addicted to the habit of favouring all near him with his thoughts. We are told by Theodore Hook's biographer that his lordship considered it a bore to have anybody in the same railway carriage with him. On one occasion, when somebody jumped in alongside him, he muttered quite distinctly: 'What a bore! I ought to say something, I suppose. I had better ask him to dinner. I'll think about it.' Two other stories are told of this eccentric nobleman in Lord Albemarle's amusing work, *Fifty Years of my Life*. Lord Dudley was a frequent guest at the Pavilion. His knowledge of good living led him easily to detect a great falling-off in the royal cuisine since the decease of George IV. Sitting next King William one day, he exclaimed: 'What a change, to be sure—cold pâtés and hot champagne!'—The king and queen, when Duke and Duchess of Clarence, once dined with Lord Dudley, who handed Her Royal Highness in to dinner. Scarcely seated, he began to soliloquise aloud: 'What bores these royalties are! Ought I to drink wine with her, as I would with any other woman?' And in the same tone he continued: 'May I have the honour of a glass of wine with your Royal Highness?' Towards the end of dinner he asked her again. 'With great pleasure, my lord,' she replied, smiling; 'but I have had one glass with you already.'—'And so she has!' was the muttered rejoinder.

THE STARS.

WHAT are their years? The night's unfathomed deep
Rings back no answer, gives no glimmering key;
And still unknown, and beautiful, they keep
The silent courses of Eternity.

What are their memories of Creation's days,
When startled Chaos, from its kingdom hurled,
First knew its Master, and with glad amaze
They sang the birth-song of our trembling world?

What have they looked on since, with patient eyes,
While million years uncounted rolled away?
Who claims antiquity for man that dies,
Before such records of the Past as they?

Can they to man his mystery explain,
The why, the whence, of his uncertain state?
Unlock the riddle that he reads in vain,
And clear the tangled problem of his fate?

Can they a fashion to the future give,
And tell the whither of man's anxious quest?
Make life a less than weariness to live,
Or stay the hazard of his wild unrest?

Oh Stars! what midnight message do ye bear
To minds grown weary with the years' increase?
The wistful eyes that watch you shining there,
Look out of troubled hearts that know not peace.

LOUIS H. BRINDLEY.

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VALESCURE, THE NEW RIVIERA HEALTH-RESORT.

'Go and see Valescure before you leave the Riviera. My brother was there lately, and raves about the place.' Such was a message conveyed to us by letter when we were basking under the sunny skies and wandering amidst the fragrant lemon groves of that most charming of southern health-resorts, San Remo. The letter went on to say that Valescure was a newly-discovered pine-clad district, a little over two miles from the sea-coast town of St Raphael, in Provence, and that the air was as the very elixir of life to those suffering from diseases of the nervous or digestive systems.

'The very place for me,' I cried triumphantly to my companion. 'Let's start off at once, and bathe ourselves in the invigorating air of the Provençal pines.'

But my friend was not so headstrong, and suggested that my San Remo medical man should first be consulted.

'I think Valescure might suit you very well indeed,' said Dr F——, with his pleasant smile, when I mentioned the subject to him. 'The French doctors think highly of it; and I should be glad of your impressions of the place should you resolve to pay it a visit.'

A day or two later we started by a very early train to the westward—so early, indeed, that when we arrived at the frontier station of Ventimiglia we discovered that we were the sole travellers possessed of baggage who were passing into France; but in spite of this coincidence our portmanteaus were treated with much consideration; and after the usual delay, we were soon again creeping along the glorious coast between Mentone and Nice, inhaling delicious draughts of the cool fragrant morning air, which came stealing over the gently-heaving bosom of the azure and classic Mediterranean Sea.

Four hours after having quitted San Remo, we reached St Raphael Station, and ensconced ourselves in the omnibus of the *Grand Hotel de Valescure*, at which hostelry we had previously engaged rooms. Quitting the sea, we drove inland in the direction of the Estrelle Mountains, and after leaving the town, began to ascend by a gentle gradient amidst dwarf pine, and gnarled fantastic cork-trees, the undergrowth being principally composed of a wealth of giant heaths covered with bloom, which scented the air with a delicate perfume, mingled with which were innumerable cistus plants, their fairy-like white blossoms gleaming in the brilliant sunlight like pale dog-roses.

We arrived at the hotel—the garden of which is planted with eucalyptus trees, yellow flowering mimosas, and aloes—in time for *déjeuner;* and immediately after that important meal was despatched, we sallied out, bent on enthusiastic exploration, and plunged into the pine and cork forest close at hand, through which winding foot-paths lead in every possible direction amongst wild dales and picturesque valleys, around wooded hills, and up romantic gorges filled with the musical sound of brawling mountain streams rushing over timeworn boulders of limestone and porphyry.

To the imaginative and romantic traveller, a lover of poetry and nature, one who can at any-rate for a time enjoy solitude and its quiet influences, Valescure is a veritable Paradise. The tourist of a gregarious disposition and without any soul in his composition, and who goes abroad for gaiety, bustle, and dissipation, had better take my advice, and give Valescure a wide berth. The great charm of the place is its invigorating yet balmy air, its romantic situation, and its facilities for the study of natural history, botany, and geology. To the man tired out in body and mind from the strain of overwork in some crowded city, with pale and anxious face, harassed eyes and weakened nerves, a fortnight's stay in the quiet of Valescure, living as much as possible in the clear balmy air, and taking regular exercise, ought to act as the most beneficent of tonics, and send him back to his work with redoubled vigour, thankful to beneficent Dame

Nature for what she has taught him and what she has done for him. It must be understood, however, that Valescure is not a *summer* resort. By the middle or end of May, the hotels and the villas are closed, not to be reopened till October comes round again.

The mountain-ranges visible from Valescure are not strikingly grand, but are interesting from an artistic point of view on account of the curious formation of some of the peaks which bound the view to the eastward, and whose fantastic porphyry rocks are thrown out in distinct serrated outlines against the deep blue of the Provençal sky. These heights form the western spurs of the well-known Estrelle Mountains; but Mont Vinaigre —so called from the acid wine made in the vicinity—the highest peak, only attains an elevation of something over two thousand feet. Then to the westward of Valescure the long range of the Maure Mountains stretches like a natural rampart from the snow-clad Alps right away down to where the creamy surf breaks in a line of white upon the tawny sands of the Mediterranean shore. This range is not jagged or broken in outline, and is consequently tame in comparison with the Estrelles; but it has the great advantage of piercing into the western sky; and at the witching hour of sunset, when the heavens are all aglow with warm tints of rosy and orange light, they assume the most lovely shades of purple like the bloom on a ripe plum; and all the ravines and pine-clad ridges which intersect each other are merged into one glorious whole under the aërial inwoven veil which Nature throws over the scene when the twilight shades begin to fall, when the forest trees stand out in clearly-cut darkened masses, and when the nightingales commence to pour out their rich deep-throated music, to which the Philistine frogs join their quaint and rousing chorus of unmelodious croaks.

Amongst the wild-flowers which are to be found in the Valescure woods may be named the wild thyme and lavender—the former growing to the size of heather—several varieties of cistus, giant heaths, delicately-scented yellow tulips and purple iris, the rare and exquisitely-tinted serapis, the bee-orchis, the lupine, two or three varieties of the everlasting pea, and the Star of Bethlehem. Ferns are rarely to be found. Near the streams we found the oleander, bay, myrtle, and purple lilac flourishing; and we believe the arbutus is not uncommon.

One of the most interesting excursions from Valescure is to the quaint old city of Frejus, two miles distant, which, though a seaport in the time of the Romans, is now situated about a mile from the sea, a fertile alluvial plain lying between, which is carefully tilled by an industrious peasantry. That Frejus was a place of considerable importance in the days when Rome held imperial power is abundantly evidenced by the ruined aqueducts, walls, and theatres, which constitute the lions of the modern city, and are well worth a visit of some duration, the remains of the principal aqueduct being especially worthy of notice, rising conspicuously on the plain in the direction of the Estrelle Mountains, the massive arches being in some cases quite perfect, and defiant of the levelling and destructive hand of Time.

The quaint old irregular cathedral of Frejus, with its low parti-coloured spire, is also worth inspecting; but there is a charnel-house chilliness in the atmosphere of the interior which soon drives one shivering into the glorious sunshine of the piazza outside. The visitor should beware of the custodian who offers to show him the massively-carved doors at the principal entrance to the cathedral. These are kept religiously shrouded from view by outer doors of plain panelling, the fee for removing which is a franc for each door; but this little fact is not mentioned till one is quitting the edifice, which is merely a lapse of memory, no doubt!

The guardian of the Roman theatre was a retired Zouave of uncertain habits; and the peroration he endeavoured to impose upon us whilst standing in the deserted arena must have been quite unintelligible even to his quaint wizened little mongrel dog Mirabeau, that followed his master like a shadow, and must have listened to the same rambling speech many a time and oft.

'Il est ivre!' exclaimed our driver, eyeing the custodian angrily, as the latter accompanied us with lurching gestures back to our carriage.

'C'est possible,' we answered dryly, as we unwillingly dropped a coin into the old wretch's shaking palm, and desired the driver to take us to see the remains of the old city walls.

There is capital sea-bathing at the unpretentious little town of St Raphael, where the sands are firm and good. Here also good fish is caught, which is not by any means invariably the case at other seaside resorts on the Riviera coast. There are English services held on week-days and Sundays at St Raphael; but there is no English church of course as yet at Valescure. The carriage-road connecting the two places is a good one, but very winding, so as to avoid steep gradients, the distance being about two miles by this route. The pedestrian, however, will find himself much more favoured, and there are several pleasant short-cuts by no means difficult to find.

And while on the subject of pedestrianism, it would be as well to mention that stout boots are a *sine quâ non* for those who meditate taking walking expeditions, for the soil is naturally stony, and many of the paths through the forests are of the rudest description and destructive to shoe-leather. It is only those who walk, however, who can thoroughly appreciate Valescure and all its wonderful natural beauties. The lover of mountain-climbing can with great ease scale Mont Vinaigre, from which a widespread panoramic view of the snow-clad Alps, the beautiful country in the neighbourhood of Cannes, the range of the Maure Mountains, and the great blue stretch of the Mediterranean can be obtained.

Valescure suffers somewhat from wind at times; but, as a rule, the climate is extremely pleasant, and mildly restorative and invigorating, the air being, as we have mentioned before, fragrant with the breath of aromatic pines, eucalypti, and wild-flowers and herbs. At the same time no one suffering in health should pay the place a visit without medical advice.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXVI.—I KEEP A LOOKOUT.

I SLIPPED half-way down the little companion ladder to take a peep at Miss Temple, and on observing her to be resting quietly, I returned, and after lighting my pipe anew, stepped over to Mr Lush, who was employed in cutting off a piece of tobacco from a black cake to serve him as a quid.

'It is not often hereabouts,' said I, by way of starting a conversation, 'that one has a sky like that all day long overhanging one's mast-heads.'

'No,' said he; 'but it's better than the roasting sun;' and he opened his large mouth to receive the cube of tobacco into the hollow of his cheek, whilst he eyed the sky askant, as though in recognition of it as a subject of talk.

'Did you fall in with the smother that ended in the lady and I being stranded aboard the wreck?' I inquired.

'No; there's been ne'er a smother with us.'

'The death of Mr Chicken,' said I, 'must have been a blow, seeing that the barque carried but a couple of mates.'

'How many mates do a ship of this size want?' said he, without looking at me and slowly masticating.

'Well, she has only one now, anyway,' said I.

'No; she ain't got even one,' he exclaimed, with the manner of an ill-tempered man who only listens for the sake of contradiction and argument.

'Are not *you* second mate?' I asked.

'Not I,' he replied with a gruff laugh. 'They calls me second mate, and I keeps watch and watch with the capt'n as if I *was* second mate; but what I'm signed for is carpenter, and carpenter I be, and there 's nothen more to be made out of me than that, and I don't care who hears me say it.'

He drew to the rail by a step and expectorated violently over it. I was too anxious for information about this little ship and her crew to suffer my curiosity to be hindered by the man's rough, coarse, ill-natured speech and demeanour.

'I was wondering where you took your meals?' said I. 'I now understand. You live forward?' He gave me a surly nod. 'But not in the forecastle?'

'Where else? Ain't the fok'sle good enough for me?'

'But does not association of that sort weaken your control over the men?'

'*I've* got no control, and don't want none. The men 'll run if I sing out. And what more 's to be expected of sailors?'

'It seems queer, though,' said I, 'since you undertake the work of a second mate, that you shouldn't live aft. It must have been lonely eating for the skipper after Mr Chicken died?'

'I did live aft afore Mr Chicken died,' he exclaimed, biting his tobacco with temper, whilst his weather-stained face gathered a new shade of duskiness to the mounting of the blood into his head; 'and then when the capt'n and me comes to be alone, he tarns to and finds out that I ain't choice enough to sit down with—says I ain't got the art of perlite eatin', calls me a hog to my face, and tells me that my snout 's for the mess kid and not for knives and forks and crockery. Him!' He turned his face to the rail and spat again, and looked at me with an expression of anger, but checked himself with violence, and plunged his hands into his breeches' pockets with an irritable motion of his whole frame.

I considered that enough had been said; and though I had gained but little information, it was at least made clear to me that there was no love lost between Captain Braine and Mr Lush. But further conversation would have been rendered impossible in any case, for just then a man struck eight bells on the main-deck, and a minute or two later the wheel was relieved, the captain arrived, and the carpenter went forward in a round-backed sulky walk, his legs bowed, his muscular arms hanging up and down without a swing, each bunch of his fingers curled like fish-hooks.

I had talked enough, and was weary of standing and walking; so, when I spied the skipper, I slipped off the poop and seated myself on a bench abreast of my sleeping companion, where I remained for half an hour, often gazing at her, my mind very busy with a hundred thoughts, foremost amongst which was the shuddering recollection of our late experiences and narrow escape, and deep thankfulness to God for His merciful preservation of us. The entrance of the captain's servant—a young fellow named Wilkins, to be hereafter so called: a memorable figure in this startlingly eventful passage of my life which I am endeavouring to relate: a veal-faced, red-headed, shambling fellow of some two-and-twenty years, with white eyebrows and lashes and a dim blue eye—the entrance, I say, of this man with a tray of tea-things aroused Miss Temple, who, after a brief bewildered stare at me, smiled, and sat upright.

'There is always something new now,' she exclaimed, 'to look at when I open my eyes after sleeping. Yesterday, it was the wreck; to-day, it is this ship. What will it be to-morrow? Is there anything in sight, Mr Dugdale?'

'There was nothing when I left the deck half an hour ago,' said I.

She had awakened with a slight flush of sleep in her face that greatly enriched her eyes; but the delicate glow quickly faded; she was speedily colourless as alabaster. She smoothed her hair and put on her hat, that she had removed when she lay down.

'It is strange,' she exclaimed in a low voice, 'I should not seem able to endure feeling that I am not in a condition to instantly leave this vessel. It was so with me in the wreck. Even without my hat, I feel unready; and then, again, there is the sense of not being exactly as I was when I left the *Countess Ida*.'

The captain called through the skylight: 'Wilkins, bring me some tea and a biscuit up here.'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'Pray,' said I, 'when and where does the captain dine?'

'I took his dinner to his cabin,' responded the young fellow; 'he mostly eats there. But now you're here, I allow he'll be a-jining of you.'

'This is no meal for you, Miss Temple,' said I, with a glance at the old teapot and the small plate of biscuits which furnished out the repast. 'No milk—brown sugar—no butter, of course!'—Wilkins grinned whilst he poured out some tea into a cup.—'You've had nothing to eat since we first came aboard.'

'I want nothing,' she answered.

'Well, then, *I* do,' said I. 'Captain Braine is quite right. Shipwreck doesn't impair the appetite.'

'There'll be supper at seven, sir,' said Wilkins.

'And what do you call supper?' I inquired.

'Why,' answered the fellow, 'there'll be the beef ye had this morning, piccalillis, bottled stout, biscuit after this here pattern, and cold currant dumplings.'

He then went up the companion steps with some biscuit and tea for the captain. I laughed out.

'Not so good as the Indiaman's dinner-table, Miss Temple, but better than the hull's entertainment by a long chalk. We must wait till supper's served. Meanwhile, I'll blunt my appetite on a biscuit. Will you give me a cup of tea?'

It was genuine forecastle liquor, such as might have been boiled in a copper, of the hue of ink, and full of fragments of stalk. However, the mere looking at it was something to do, and we sat toying with our cups, making-pretend, as it were, to be drinking tea and talking.

'I wonder,' I exclaimed in the course of our conversation, 'whether the cutter was picked up by one of the ships? If she lost both of them, will she have lived in the weather that followed? Anyway, the corvette is certain to make a long hunt for her, with the hope also of falling in with the Indiaman, for Sir Edward will think it possible that Keeling has his men aboard, and will want to make sure. I fear this business of the cutter may have led to such manœuvring on the part of the two ships as must render our falling-in with one or the other of them very unlikely.'

'Oh, why do you say that?' she cried.

'It is but a surmise,' said I; 'anyhow, I heartily hope the cutter *has* been picked up, if only for Colledge's sake. The sudden loss of the lieutenant will have dreadfully scared him.'

'I earnestly wish that Mr Colledge may have been saved,' said she with a faint glitter of temper in her gaze; 'but I could wish ten times more earnestly that he had never been born, or that he had sailed in any other ship than the *Countess Ida*; for then I should not be here.'

'Your aunt endeavoured to dissuade you.'

'She did; and I am rightly served for not obeying her.'

'You are very high-spirited, Miss Temple; it is your nature, and you cannot help yourself. You are a young lady to insist upon having your own way, and you always get it.'

'Mr Dugdale, you are too young to lecture me.'

'How old do you think I am?' said I.

'Oh, about six-and-twenty,' she answered with a slight incurious run of her eyes over me that recalled her manner in the Indiaman.

'Well, if I am,' said I, 'it is a good solid age to achieve. There is room for enough experiences in six-and-twenty years to enable a young man to utter several very truthful observations to high-spirited young ladies who insist upon having their way, and then quarrel with everybody because their way is not exactly the road they wish to tread.'

She slightly knitted her fair brows and looked at me fixedly.

'Mr Dugdale,' said she, 'you would not have dared to talk to me like this on board the *Countess Ida*.'

'I was afraid of you there.'

'You *respected* me there, you mean, and now—because'—— She came to a stop, with a little quivering at the extremities of her mouth.

'I am no longer afraid of you, or, rather, I no longer respect you because you happen to be in this particular situation, which needs no explanation whatever: that is, I believe, what you wish to say. But you misjudge me indeed. I was afraid of you on board the Indiaman, but I did not respect you; nay, my aversion was as cordial as could be possibly imagined in a man who thought you then, as he thinks you still, the handsomest woman he has ever seen in his life, or could ever have dreamt of. But that aversion is passing,' I continued, watching with delight her marvellous gaze of astonishment and the warm flush that had overspread her face. 'I am discovering that much of what excited my dislike and regret aboard the Indiaman is artificial, an insincerity in your own behaviour. This afternoon, whilst you slept, I sat near you for half an hour, gazing at you. All expression of haughtiness had faded from your mouth: your countenance wore an air of exquisite placidity, of gentle kindness, of tender good nature. In short, Miss Temple, I saw you as you are, as your good angel knows you to be, as you have it in your power to appear.' I sprang to my feet.—'How shall we kill the blessed hours that lie before us? Only think, it is barely five o'clock.'

She gazed at me with an amazement that seemed to render her speechless; her face was on fire, and her throat blushed to where the collar of her dress circled it. 'It will not do,' I continued, 'to attempt to murder time by talking, or it will come to your killing me instead of the hours. I'll go and overhaul the late Mr Chicken's bedroom, or rather his effects. There *may* be something to interest. Even the mouldiest backgammon board would be worth a million;' and I made for the little hatch that conducted to our sleeping berths, leaving her motionless at the table.

Come, thought I, as I dropped into the 'tween-decks, a short spell of loneliness will do you good, my haughty beauty, by making you realise how it would be with you were you actually alone. This is the first of the homely thrusts I have been preparing for you, and I will not spare you less as I grow to love you more, taking my chance of your abhorring me, though it may not come to *that* either.

I peeped into the berth that had been prepared for her, and found all the odds and ends which had encumbered it gone; there was a clean mattress on the bunk, and on top of it an old but comely rug and a couple of shawls; a small looking-glass dangled near the port-hole. But what an interior for this delicately nurtured, high and mighty young lady of quality to lie in! No carpet, no chest of drawers, nothing beyond the looking-glass and a tin dish for washing in; in short, a mere marine cell, as like as might be to any little whitewashed room with grated window ashore in which a policeman would lock up a pickpocket!

I entered my own berth. The boatswain's and sailmaker's stores were not here, and I found a 'clean hold,' as a sailor might say. In fact, all Chicken's traps being about, caused the berth to present a much more hospitable aspect than the adjacent one offered. I examined the books, but found most of them to consist of religious literature, as the captain had said, and the rest of them works on the nautical life. Though it was hard to reconcile a fancy of cards with the late Mr Chicken's character as portrayed by the skipper, I yet looked into a couple of chests in the hope of meeting with a pack; but neither cards nor any species of object calculated to divert did I come across; and growing weary of hunting, I returned to the cuddy.

I perceived or imagined an air of reproach in Miss Temple; but she had mastered her temper and astonishment.

'There is nothing belonging to the late Mr Chicken to entertain us,' said I.

'It surely does not signify, Mr Dugdale. Do you suppose that I have the heart to play at cards or chess?—Is not there more wind than there was? I will ask you to take me on deck. Something may be in sight, and it will not be dark for some time yet.'

I gave her my hand, and helped her up the little ladder. There was more wind, as she had said; the skysails had been furled and a studding-sail or two hauled down, and the little barque, with her yards almost square, was sweeping swiftly over the smooth waters, slightly heeling from side to side as she went. The foam in yeasty bubbles and soft cream-hued clouds went spinning and writhing from her bows into her wake, that ran like a path of coral sand over the darkling waters, now complexioned into lividness by the gloomy plain of vaporous sky. The crew were on the forecastle—it was well into the first dog-watch—lounging, sitting, yarning, and smoking. Amidst them I noticed Mr Lush, leaning against the rail with a short sooty pipe in his mouth, the bowl of which was inverted. He was in his shirt sleeves, and he reclined with his arms folded upon his breast, apparently listening, in that dogged posture, to one of the sailors, who was reciting something with outstretched arm and a long forefinger, with which he seemed to be figuring diagrams upon the air. Upon the slope of the starboard cathead, coming into the deck, sat my friend Joe Wetherly, with a pair of thick-rimmed spectacles on his nose; he pored on a book with moving lips, from which he would expel at intervals great clouds of smoke through a pipe betwixt his teeth. So small was the barque, so seemingly close at hand the forecastle to the break of the poop, that even such minute details as these were perfectly visible to me.

Captain Braine stood near the wheel. He continuously stared at us, but did not shift his attitude nor offer to address us. I swept the sea-line, but to no purpose.

'How sickeningly wearisome has that bare horizon grown to me!' exclaimed Miss Temple, with a shuddering sigh; 'it has just the sort of monotony that would speedily drive me crazy, I am sure; not the wearisomeness of four walls, nor the tiresomeness of a single eternal glimpse of unchanging country to be had through a window; no! there is a mockery in it which you do not find in the most insipid, colourless scene on land. It is not, and still it always *is*, the same. It recedes to your pursuit, yet it is unalterable, and how cruelly barren is it of suggestions!'

'Yet a sight of the Indiaman,' said I, 'should develop whatever of the picturesque may be hidden in that tiresome girdle.'

'Ah, yes!' she answered; 'but we are now running away from our chances. How swiftly this boat sails! If the Indiaman is behind us, we shall see no more of her.'

'Do not let us depress each other with talk of this kind,' said I; 'let me give you my arm, and we will stroll a little.'

We had been on deck about twenty minutes, when the captain, who had continued to steadfastly gaze at us in a most extraordinary ruminating way, crossed the deck.

'Pray, sir,' said he, 'could I trust you to keep a lookout for me if I went below for a short spell?'

'I will do so with pleasure.'

'D'ye know what orders to give, if anything requiring orders should happen?'

'Why,' said I, smiling, 'there are a good many orders going at sea, you know, captain. Figure a situation, and I will see if I can recollect the routine.'

He stared at me musingly with his dead black eyes, and then said: 'Well, suppose the breeze freshens with a dark look to wind'ard, and I 'm below and asleep, and have left ye no instructions; what would you do?'

'Call you,' said I.

'And quite right too,' he cried, with a vehement nod of approval, and a glance at Miss Temple, as if he would have her participate in his satisfaction. 'But put me out of the question, and allow that you 've got to act for yourself.'

'Why, Captain Braine,' I exclaimed, 'though my time at sea was brief, I am no longshoreman. Such a question as yours means merely the first letter in the marine alphabet.'

'I ain't so sure of that,' said he, with his fixed regard.

'I admit,' continued I, 'that I have never been shipmate with a fore-and-aft rigged mizzenmast; but if it 's merely a question of shortening sail, why, what else under the moon is to be done than to take in your studdingsails and clew up your royals and haul down your flying jib, and then let go your foretopgallant halliards, and haul down your light staysails?'—and so I rambled on, winding up with, 'I am leaving your after-canvas untouched, because it is already

in, you see; whilst as to your jibs and staysails, I assume of course that they are set.'

He lifted his hand. 'Thank'ee,' said he; 'I shan't be long;' and down he went.

'You will surely believe *now* that he is mad!' said Miss Temple with anxiety, but softly, for the fellow at the wheel stood near, and I had seen a grin crumple up his features to the skipper's question.

'He may want me to serve him as a mate,' said I, laughing.

'You will do nothing of the kind, I hope,' she exclaimed as we fell to pacing the deck afresh.

'I will do anything that may help me to see you safe,' said I.

'But cannot you perceive, Mr Dugdale, that if he believes you fit to serve him as a mate, as you call it, he may prevent you from leaving his ship by declining to communicate with passing vessels?'

'That is true,' said I.

'I am certain,' she cried, squeezing my arm in the energy of her emotion, 'that he has some design in his mind to *make* you serve him. Why should he have teased you when we came, poor miserable creatures! fresh from the wreck, with inquiries about your knowledge of navigation? Oh, beware of him! He may not be quite mad, but he may be as wicked as the worst of his men.'

'We must wait,' said I, for her conjectures were quite reasonable enough to prove disturbing. 'But after all,' I cried, brightening up to the new idea that possessed me, 'if we are to sail to the Mauritius with him'——

'No!' she exclaimed; 'that is not to be dreamt of.'

'Yet listen, I entreat you. If it is our uncomfortable doom to remain in this barque until she reaches her port, I do not know but that the captain would be very honestly in the right in expecting me to work my passage—that is to say, to help him by keeping a lookout, and by serving him in other ways which may be possible to me.'

'Do not dream of sailing to the Mauritius!' she cried impetuously; 'we must either soon meet with the Indiaman or return home.'

I could not forbear a smile at her imperious *we*, as though whatever she did I must do.

'Ay, that is what we want,' I exclaimed; 'but then if we don't fall in with the Indiaman nor with a vessel homeward bound'——

'Absurd! Dozens of ships are to be met with every day sailing home to England from some part or other of the world. The idea of remaining in this vessel is not to be entertained for an instant. It would be intolerable enough for me even to make the comparatively short passage home, destitute as I am of everything; but to leisurely proceed *all* the way to the Mauritius—— Oh, be very careful, Mr Dugdale! I beg you not to know anything at all about navigation and the duties of a sailor.'

'I can't do that,' I answered; 'I have loaded my gun and must stick to it; but I promise you I will put no more shot in it.'

She eyed me with great impatience and warmth, as though provoked by my answer; but she held her peace, and presently our conversation went to other matters.

Shortly before six o'clock the sky cleared somewhat to windward. The wide pall of leaden cloud lifted there, as though it were some huge carpet a corner of which was being rolled up, and there looked to flow a very lagoon of pure blue ether, moist and rich with the evening shadow, into the space betwixt the rim of the sea and the edge of the cloud. A clearer, more penetrating light broadened out; and going to the companion-hatch, I took the telescope that lay in brackets there and carefully searched the horizon. But the sea washed bare to the sky on all sides.

I did not observe that the men gathered together on the forecastle seemed to notice the captain's absence, though I expected they would come to stare a bit when the fellow who stood at the wheel should go forward and tell them that I had been acting as mate of the watch. For my part this queer duty coming upon me made the whole experience more wild and improbable to my imagination than had been any other feature of it since we quitted the Indiaman. Never was there such a forcing of adventures, as it were, upon a man. It was like dreaming to reflect that a little time ago I was a passenger, an easy-going, smoking, drinking, chess-playing, young fellow, without a care, with plenty of clothes and money enough in my cabin, and that now I was a half-starved, shipwrecked wretch, without the value of a straw in the shape of possessions, outside of what I stood up in and had in my pockets, keeping a lookout as though, faith, I was some poor, struggling, hungry second mate, newly enlarged from an odious term of apprenticeship! like dreaming, I say, to think that a little time ago the young lady by my side was a reserved, disdainful creature, with scarcely a word betwixt her lips to throw at me, and that now she could not speak of her future without making me a sharer in it, that she could not see enough of me, nor have my arm too close for her hand; whilst in point of destitution she, the most richly clad of the Indiaman's lady passengers, she, who had seemed to me to appear in a new dress nearly every day, was out and away more beggared than I; for so far as *I* was concerned there was always the barque's slop-chest to come upon; or, failing that, there would be jackets and breeches and 'housewives' enough forward to serve my turn if the push grew severe; whereas Miss Temple was as badly off as if she had been cast away upon a desert island!

(To be continued.)

SLAVE-CRUISING IN THE RED SEA.

In May 18— there was only one gun-vessel stationed at Aden, and on account of the disturbed condition of our positions on the Somali coast, the Political Resident could not allow her to be absent from Aden for more than a day or two at a time. The captain therefore determined to detach the ship's steam-cutter and a small gig for the purpose of watching for slave dhows. This cutter is twenty-five feet in length, and steams about eight knots an hour in smooth water. Her crew consisted of nine persons besides myself—namely, the coxswain, leading-stoker, stoker, and interpreter, armed with cutlasses and pistols; and five seamen armed with rifles. As may be imagined from the size of the boat, the

accommodation for this number is not very good, the engine and boiler taking up one-third of the space, and the coal and provisions occupying quite another third.

As the ship could not be spared, the boats had to do their best, and officers and men to put up with the inevitable discomforts of boat-cruising. We had heard that several caravans of slaves had arrived at the coast in the Gulf of Tajurah, and that dhows were being sent there for the purpose of embarking them; the captain, therefore, determined to watch the entrance of the gulf, and to establish a depôt of coal, water, and provisions at Efat, which is a small uninhabited island about twelve miles north of Zeilah, and about thirty miles south of Ras al Bir, the northern point of the gulf.

The dhows are said to keep close in to the northern shore of the gulf, and generally to time their departure so as to round Ras al Bir about daylight. I was therefore ordered to leave my depôt at night and get past Ras al Bir before daylight, when I was to lie close under the land, ready to steam out and cut off any dhows that should attempt to come out of the gulf. The great difficulty that we anticipated was caused by the proximity of the French settlement of Obokh, which is about four miles to the westward of Ras al Bir. The Arabs know well that we are not allowed to search a vessel flying the French flag when in sight of a French settlement, and that they have nothing to fear in Obokh but a nominal fine if they fly it without legal right to do so. Accordingly, on the 29th of May I was sent away in charge of the two boats above mentioned.

As soon as the necessary stores of coal, water, and provisions were landed, the ship left for Aden, and I proceeded in the steam-cutter in chase of two dhows that were in sight to the southward. They proved to be only harmless traders, and we returned to the island to get the provisions, &c., under cover before commencing work. Our first task was to bury our water, the supply of which is one of the most difficult problems to be solved by an officer in charge of boats on detached service, as only thirty-six gallons can be carried in the boat's *barricoes*. Ship-biscuit is now supplied by the victualling yards in large square tins, which hold ten gallons of water each, and our ship's steward had been saving all of these tins for some weeks. They were carefully opened; and when emptied of their legitimate contents, the lids were soldered on again and a small bunghole cut in one corner; twenty of these buried in the sand made us safe against scarcity of water so long as we could depend upon keeping near our depôt. The provisions were placed on the top of this tank, and a tent was improvised from a spare lower studding-sail.

The weather looked very threatening when we started, with heavy clouds and much vivid lightning, and soon after we left, a considerable sea got up with a light northerly wind. The boat steamed very badly, owing partly to the heavy spray and occasional green seas keeping the fire low, and partly to the water washing about in the boat and cooling the bottom of the boiler. Consequently, we were unable to reach Ras al Bir before daylight, and as no dhows were in sight, we returned to the depôt. No suspicious vessels were sighted until the 3d of June, when the ship, having replenished our store of coal and water at the depôt, picked us up off Ras al Bir shortly after noon. The boats were hoisted, and the ship steamed away in the direction of Aden. When well out of sight of land, they were again lowered; the ship went on her way, and we steamed back to Ras al Bir and anchored close inshore till daylight the next morning. We then observed two dhows coming out of the gulf, and at once gave chase. The nearest one promptly altered course and stood in for Obokh before a light fair breeze; and at eight o'clock we had the mortification of seeing her hoist French colours about two miles from the town and full in sight of the flagstaff on shore. Though convinced that she was full of slaves, we were compelled to leave her and go after the other dhow, which of course proved to be an innocent trader. After boarding her, we returned to the depôt.

At four P.M. I was wakened by the interpreter shouting that a dhow was coming round the point; and, jumping into the gig, I boarded her, and found six small boys stowed away below, none of whom could speak any language known to our interpreter, who speaks all the coast languages in vogue between Suez and Socotra. So I decided to take the dhow to Zeilah, and see if the Resident there would take charge of the dhow while I went up to Perim and telegraphed to the ship.

Never having been to Zeilah before, I made the captain of the dhow navigate her through the reefs; and, either by accident or design, he managed to put her on top of the weather-side of one of these. It was blowing rather stiff by that time, and he either was or pretended to be very much frightened, and he and his crew at once went on their knees and began to pray. I had some difficulty in persuading them of the desirability of postponing their devotions until the dhow was again afloat; but the muzzle of a pistol touching the captain's forehead had the desired effect; and the gig having laid out the dhow's anchor in deeper water, we got her safely afloat after three hours' hard kedging, and anchored for the night about a mile and a half from the town.

At daylight next morning I landed and called on the Resident, who at once sent off for the slaves and the captain and crew of the dhow, and examined them in his court. The captain stated that he was a pearl-fisher, and that these boys had been handed over to him by their parents—who lived at a place called Fursân, on the Arabian coast—to learn the trade. He said that they were all Arabs, and had been born at Fursân. When the boys themselves were examined, I found that I ought to have kept them apart from the crew on the passage down. They were asked several questions, and answered them all in Arabic, though the night before they had not been able to speak a word of it. The answers were of course in most cases merely yes or no, and the questions were put in Arabic, the boys evidently taking their cue from a little fellow who proved to be the son of the captain.

I got this boy removed after asking each of them where they came from, to which they had all answered 'Fursân.' I then made the interpreter ask one of them—a child of about eight—how

long he had been married, how old his youngest child was, and several other absurd questions, to each and all of which he answered 'Fursân.' It happened that the Resident had a servant who was one of the slaves released by a man-of-war in the preceding year; and when their examination was finished, this boy was told to take them away and to give them something to eat. They soon found that he spoke their own language, and came back with him into court saying that what they had said before was only what they had been told to say; that they had really only been in the dhow for a few days, having been taken on board after a long march in company with many other children of their country, who had been taken from their villages by a lot of men who killed every one who tried to resist them.

The Resident had no power to try the case; but after satisfying himself that there was reasonable cause for detaining the dhow, he agreed to keep her, her crew, and the slaves until I could communicate with the ship at Aden. The dhow was afterwards taken to Aden and condemned in the Prize Court, the slaves all finding situations as domestic servants without any difficulty. Two of them were engaged as servants by the officers of the man-of-war, and very soon became most useful members of society.

On the 3d July we left Perim for Roheita, having news that there was a caravan of slaves there, and that they intended to embark that night. There was a fresh west-north-westerly wind with a heavy confused sea, but I hoped it would go down before morning. The boat steamed very badly, the steam frequently dropping as low as ten pounds. About one A.M. the wind began to freshen, and shortly afterwards a green sea came over us, filling the boat and washing the fire out; so we made sail to return to Perim.

Nothing worthy of record occurred until the 13th, when we again left Perim, and steamed up the Arabian coast, anchoring from ten at night till four next morning off a place called Dubab. At daylight we sighted three dhows at anchor off Kadhar, twelve miles to the northward of Dubab, and at nine o'clock boarded the nearest one, which proved to be empty, though it was evident that she had lately been carrying slaves. They had probably been landed while we were steaming up the coast. As we got near the next dhow, we saw two canoes pulling from her to the shore, full of boys. We fired across their bows, to stop them. There were two vessels anchored together about three hundred yards from the beach, and inside the line of coral reefs which fringes the coast. Our shot across the bows of the canoe was replied to by several shots from the shore, where a large number of people were collecting, and a few seconds after they had fired, we grounded on the reef and swung broadside on to the shore. The Arabs on the beach at once launched four large canoes which commenced pulling toward us under cover of a fire from the shore; the men in the canoes also kept up an irregular fire from muskets as they advanced; but two or three volleys from our five rifles were enough for them, and they returned to the beach.

Meanwhile, we had made lines fast to our coal-bags and thrown them overboard, to lighten the boat; and by dint of going astern with the engines, and poling with the oars and mast, we got the boat afloat; and having hoisted our coal-bags in again, we proceeded to board the two dhows; our riflemen continuing to return the fire from the shore, which was kept up as long as we were within range. The dhows proved to be empty, and had nothing that would have been considered proof in the Prize Court that they had been engaged in the slave-trade; so we returned to Perim empty-handed. The firing of the natives was very wild, and nothing but our awning was hit by their shots; we heard afterwards that six of them had fallen to our return fire.

On the 31st of August we left at one P.M., hoping to reach Kadhar again before daylight on the following morning. After boarding two dhows in the narrow strait, we proceeded in chase of a third which was beating up the coast to the northward. At four o'clock one of the coupling-bolts of the feed-pump broke, and the boiler began to prime badly, emptying itself in a few minutes, so that we had to draw the fire and make sail to return to Perim. The sea was not very heavy; but the wind was cutting off the heads of the waves and sending them over us in sheets, and it was all that all hands could do with constant baling to keep the water down. It seemed as if there was nothing for it but to run for Aden; and as the distance was one hundred and twenty miles, and there were some very dangerous shoals right in our course, the prospect was not a pleasant one. We happened to have some steel wire in the boat, and with it the leading stoker most skilfully managed to lash together the parts of the feed-pump, and at eight P.M. we were again able to commence steaming. The nearest point of land was just two miles distant, and we shaped course for it. The wire-lashing held on in a wonderful way; but part after part of it sheered, and it seemed impossible that we could reach anchorage before we again broke down; happily, the leading stoker bethought him of his small hand-vice, and with it he actually held the parts of the pump together for at least half an hour, till we were able to drop our anchor in six fathoms of water, and ride out the rest of the gale.

By daylight the wind had gone down, and by dint of more wire, the engines were made good enough to take us back to Perim, from which we were only six miles distant.

Since our headquarters have been at Perim, we have frequently noticed a line of small canoes between Roheita and Perim. They seem to be always there when the weather is at all fine, and stretch right across, with intervals of about a mile between each. As soon as the steam-cutter goes outside, the nearest one invariably moves to the westward, and I have no doubt that they have a system of signalling by which it is known in Roheita an hour after the cutter is under way. As we know that there has been a large caravan of slaves in Roheita for some weeks, we have been trying all we know to get out and up the coast without being seen by these canoes, but so far without success.

On the 2d of August the screw-steamer *Pembrokeshire* came in for coal, and I asked Captain Williams (the commander) if he would tow the boat a few miles up the coast. He offered to

hoist the boat at his davits, an offer which of course I eagerly accepted; and he dropped us off Mocha, having kept the boat covered meanwhile, so that if we passed any canoes they should not be able to see what she was. After boarding two dhows, one from Aden for Asab with chunam (a kind of quicklime), and another loading with hay for Perim, we came across an old friend at eight A.M. She was a dhow that some days before we had met to the southward when she was in distress, and out of food and water. We had given her some biscuit and a few gallons of water, and they now repaid us by pointing out two dhows standing for the shore, which they said were full of slaves. Their captain told me that he had himself been engaged in carrying slaves the year before, and that his dhow had been captured by a man-of-war and broken up and his slaves liberated. He had tried hard to escape, and had not lowered his sail till his son and several of his crew were shot, and was quite cured of all wish to run similar cargoes in future, and willing to give any information which might lead to the capture of other slave dhows. All this he had told me on the first occasion we had met; and after quickly satisfying myself that there were no slaves in his own dhow on this occasion, we proceeded to cut off the other two.

There was a light north-westerly wind blowing, and they were closing the shore pretty rapidly, so there was no time to be lost. As soon as we got within range of the nearest dhow, we began firing rifles across her bows, but with no effect; and we were compelled to fire at the dhow herself, keeping the fire high, however, for fear of injuring any of the slaves. By nine o'clock we were near enough to hail her and to show that we had them well covered with our rifles. They lowered their sail, and the crew at once jumped overboard with some of the slaves. As they were too far from the shore for the latter to get there, we had to pick them up, and so lost time, which enabled the other dhow to get well inshore. As soon, however, as they were all in safety, I left a petty officer and three men to look after the captured dhow, and gave chase to the other, now some three miles ahead and close to the shore. She was run on the beach, and I had the mortification of seeing the slaves landed and taken up inland before I could reach the dhow. The slaves—apparently about forty in number—were left in charge of two or three of the dhow's crew, and the remainder of the crew came back and took shelter behind some bushes about three hundred yards from the beach, whence they commenced firing at us as soon as we came within range, our two remaining seamen returning their fire as best they could. We found her nearly high and dry, with her anchors laid out well up the beach; but our little cutter soon had her afloat again, the stokers and interpreter securing the tow-rope, while the two seamen returned the fire of the natives.

Half an hour's towing brought us alongside our first prize, which was found to contain thirty slaves, all children, and eleven of them girls. I divided her crew between the two dhows, and putting four of our men on board each of them, we proceeded in company for Perim. On the way down, a small boy was discovered on board the second dhow. He had stowed himself away when the rest had been taken on shore by the crew, and had been afraid to show himself before to us. From him we learnt—what was subsequently confirmed by the crew of the first dhow—that the two vessels had left Roheita the night before in company, hearing that the 'steam-devil'—as they called the cutter—had broken down, and was not able to go out. There were forty-five children in the dhow with him, and thirty in the other one. They had been put on board dhows at Roheita several times before, but had each time heard that the 'steam-devil' was out, and had put back. The captain of the dhow he was in had told the other dhow to make the slaves jump overboard, so as to delay us and give him time to run on shore.

All the children were in a shocking condition; but we made them as comfortable as we could for the night, and separated them from the crew of the dhow, and the next day the ship arrived and took them on board, when all their troubles were over, except in the case of one poor little girl, who was reduced to such a condition that she died shortly after arriving at the hospital. Good fare and kind treatment soon made the rest fat and happy as children ought to be, and they were easily provided with situations as *punkah wallahs* to some of the European residents in Aden. The dhows were towed to Aden and condemned to be broken up as usual; but the captain prevailed upon the Court to allow one of them to be lent to the ship for a time, to be used for the further prosecution of our crusade against the trade she had been engaged in.

Armed with a Gatling gun and manned by a crew of English blue-jackets, while her rig and appearance remained unchanged, we had great hopes that she would add considerably to our list of prizes. But whether it was that the Arabs recognised her, or that our men were inexpert at handling a vessel with a rig they were unaccustomed to, or that she was betrayed by the fact that she was always hanging about in places where she could not have been engaged in fishing, she never succeeded in taking a single slaver; and at the end of the pilgrim season she was recalled to Aden and handed over to the Prize Court to be broken up.

GAMMIDGE'S GHOST.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

THE housekeeper led the way up a long flight of stairs, down two or three great corridors, all sounding empty and hollow, to a door which, being opened, disclosed a bright fire in a pretty room. A bedroom opened off through another door.

'Does any one sleep near this room?' I asked as Mrs Johnson turned to go. I was somehow struck with a sudden sense of loneliness.

'Well, not very near,' she began.

'Oh, it doesn't matter at all. It looks very comfortable, and I'm not nervous, so I shall be all right.'

'These are Captain Penrose's rooms. I put you in them, thinking you would be comfortable.'

'Very good of you, Mrs Johnson. Oh, I shall be all right.'

'I don't know whether you smoke, sir,' she said; 'but if you do, there are some cigars of the Captain's in that little cupboard by the fire which I am sure will be good. And so I'll say good-night; and if you should happen to want anything, you'll please to ring.'

'Yes; thank you. I shall not want anything. Good-night, Mrs Johnson.'

As soon as I heard her last heavy footstep die away at the end of the long corridor, I locked the door; then I took one of the candles and went into the bedroom, which, as I have said, opened into the sitting-room. I now found that it also had a door opening into the corridor, so I locked that, and then had a look round. The bedroom, like the sitting-room, was old-fashioned as regards furniture and appearance. The walls were hung with some sort of tapestry stuff of peculiar pattern. I swung this aside here and there, and found the walls to be panelled in very black oak, the panelling reaching up to the ceiling. The bed, a huge four-poster affair, was also tapestried, and looked solemn enough to lay a king out in. I went back to the sitting-room and examined that. It was hardly so funereal as the bedroom: there was no tapestry; but it, too, was panelled in dark oak. There were no pictures, two or three books of somewhat heavy material, no newspapers; nothing to while an hour away before retiring.

'The Captain doesn't have very lively quarters down here,' I said to myself. 'However, I'll see if I can't find his cigars.'

I looked for the cupboard which Mrs Johnson had spoken of, and found it at last in the oak panelling by the side of the fireplace. Inside reposed two or three boxes of cigars, which smelt particularly fine; and above the boxes lay a couple of novels, which I seized on eagerly. I looked at all three boxes before choosing a cigar. You see, I didn't often smoke cigars in those days, and one gains a lot of pleasure in dallying with rare delights. I looked at them all, and smelt them with the air of a judge, and finally I lighted one, and made myself comfortable in an easy-chair with one of the novels in my hand. You may guess I felt quite luxurious, and blessed the chance which had brought me to such grand quarters. If only Alicia had been nearer, I should have been perfectly happy.

So an hour passed away. The cigar was splendid, the novel was but so so. I have not read many novels in my life, and when I do read, then I like them strong, that is to say, sensational. This novel was not very sensational, and at the end of an hour it ceased to chain my attention; so I lighted another cigar and began to think of Alicia. What was she doing? Asleep, probably. Then, was she dreaming of me? Was she dreaming of that little house which we were to take at Clapham when I had saved some money and she was twenty-one, and where we were to be as happy as the day is long? Dear Alicia! What an angel she was, and how—— When I had got as far as that, a great clock somewhere about the Abbey began to strike the hour of twelve.

Now, I have said already that I am not nervous. I was not nervous then, but that clock made me jump. It had a deep sepulchral sound which reminded you of hobgoblins and ghosts and all manner of unpleasant things. I confess that at its first stroke I dropped my cigar and started up from my chair in—well, in something like a fright. When it died away, the silence was really awful.

'I'll go to bed,' I said. 'There is something decidedly queer about the place.'

I went into the bedroom and locked the door. In five minutes I was between the sheets, with the candles out and the moonbeams struggling in at the diamond-paned windows. I suppose I must have been tired, for I was soon sound asleep and oblivious of anything in the material world. How long I slept I don't know; but what I do know is that in the course of the night I found myself sitting up in bed, looking at something which stood at the bed-foot looking at me! I felt a cold perspiration steal over me, and perhaps my hair grew erect. The moon was hid behind a cloud when I woke, and I could only see the outline of the thing that was in my room. Suddenly the moonlight flashed in again with redoubled radiance, and I saw standing at the foot of my bed a tall figure clad in sable robes, whose eyes shone brightly from under a heavy cowl. It was the Black Friar!

What happened next I don't quite remember; but I know that I got out of bed and went after the Friar, who receded towards the tapestried wall, beckoning me to follow. There was no doubt about his being there. I rubbed my eyes, and saw him more clearly. He had on long sable robes and sandals; a large cowl hid his face; but I could catch glimpses now and then of his bright eyes. He went with a strange gliding motion towards the wall and brushed the hangings aside; then he placed his hand on the panelling, and, to my astonishment and surprise, I saw a door open and disclose a flight of stairs which led down into darkness. The Friar turned, beckoned, and began slowly to descend the staircase. Somehow, though I struggled against giving way, I had to follow him. I was in scanty attire, and the nights were chilly, and I remember how I shivered as my bare foot touched the first of the worn stone steps. They were so worn that they dipped in the middle. The Friar went down, down, and I followed. Very soon the moonlight from the window above ceased to give any light, and we were in darkness. Yet even then I could see the dark figure before me in a sort of luminous haze. Every now and then he turned and beckoned with a white hand that looked just as transparent as a ghost's hand should be.

Well, we reached the bottom of the staircase. It was a very long one; there must have been nearly a hundred steps in it. We went along a paved passage, the walls and roof of which I touched with my hands as we traversed it, the Friar still going before, and I, attracted by some strange magnetism, following dutifully behind. Suddenly a door opened in front, and a half light, half mist, broke upon us. The Friar

passed through, and I followed and looked about me. We were in a vast church, lighted by I know not what strange means, but with neither windows nor sunlights that I could see. The great pillars supporting the roof were lost in the mighty blackness overhead, great aisles stretched away into darkness on every side. But in the chancel there glimmered in the misty light a few tapers, and right in the middle a blood-red lamp swung to and fro, as though with eddying gusts of wind. I leaned against a pillar and gazed. As I became accustomed to the strange light, I saw that here and there were placed enormous tombs—tombs of crusaders in their armour, knights kneeling in prayer, fine ladies with enormous ruffs, and children in curious formal-looking dresses. While I gazed, I saw another Friar, habited like the one who had conducted me, enter from the door we had opened. As he came in he threw back his hood from his face and head and bowed profoundly towards the chancel. Others followed in rapid succession, till at length the chancel was full of dark-robed Friars. Presently they began to sing. One of them had a magnificent tenor voice, and as it went vibrating into the vaulted roof above, with the voices of the others answering it, the effect was really delightful. The singing was a somewhat lengthy performance. One psalm succeeded another, till, despite the charm of the voices, I got tired. I looked round me for a seat. A stone bench was placed a little distance away, and towards this I moved. I sat down, and——

Well, I was conscious of falling down, down, down through apparently limitless space. I yelled out something in my horror, and suddenly awoke. The Friar, after all, was only a dream—or rather a nightmare! But the strange thing was that I felt cold, as if I had been out of bed.

I got up, lighted my candle, and looked round. I confess that the dream had left such an impression on my mind that I examined the wainscoting rather narrowly for traces of the staircase. I found none; so I turned in once more, and was soon again asleep.

When I woke it was morning, and the sun was shining brightly through the window. I sprang out of bed and began to dress, at the same time thinking about my nightmare or vision of the previous midnight. 'Hillo,' I said to myself, 'where's my slipper?' For of the slippers that I had left standing by my bedside the night before, there was only one left. I hunted round the room for the other with no result; and then I suddenly remembered that I had slipped them on, with admirable foresight, when I had followed the Friar. I laughed to think of it; but, laugh or not, that slipper was nowhere in the room!

'Mrs Johnson,' I said, three-quarters of an hour later, 'that ghost of yours is no imaginary personage.'

Mrs Johnson stared at me, and a faint flush rose to her already rosy cheek.

'Indeed!' she answered. 'You don't mean that—that'——

'That I've seen him?—Yes; I do. I saw him last night.'

'The Black Friar?'

'Not only one, but two, three, ten, perhaps twenty Black Friars—a whole monastery of them. Fine voices they had, too, all of them.'

Mrs Johnson looked at me suspiciously. 'Now, you're joking,' she began with something of a reproach in her voice. 'You say you saw him?'

'Yes, I can't come to any other conclusion.'

I didn't believe in ghosts; but Alicia's mamma did, and I had heard so many spirit-stories from her in intervals when Alicia was making herself tidy or putting on her hat and shawl, that I had come to look upon them as being something familiar.

'You see,' I continued, 'the Friar not only appeared to me, but he proved himself a burglar into the bargain; he prigged one of my slippers.'

'Now,' said the housekeeper indignantly, 'you *are* making fun! Who ever heard of a ghost stealing slippers!'

'Stop, stop!' I cried. 'Let me tell you all about it, Mrs Johnson. You mustn't condemn me unheard.'

So I told her all I could remember—and there was precious little that I couldn't—of my nocturnal visitor. I never saw a woman so completely flabbergasted in my life as when I came to the slipper business.

'Now, ma'am,' I said in conclusion, 'I'm a plain sensible young man; I'm engaged to as nice a girl as ever you saw, and if I can find that will, it will probably be a long step towards our marriage. I don't believe in ghosts, whatever you do. But I'll tell you what; I do believe I got sleep-walking last night, and left my slipper behind in some cold passage. The question is: do you know of any secret passage leading from that room where I slept?'

Mrs Johnson considered. 'Well,' she said at length, 'I can't deny that there are secret passages in the place. There are in all these old houses. At Lord Plantagenet's place in Devonshire there were several. I had my first situation there, you know, sir, and'——

'Yes, yes,' I said; 'I know. But this one?'

'My late mistress knew them all,' she replied, 'and I know that she used to wander about them now and then.'

'Ten to one, she's hidden that confounded will in some of them!' I said. 'We may hunt for a month or a year and never find it.'

'Miss Penrose used to spend a deal of time in the Captain's rooms when he was absent,' remarked the housekeeper, after a pause.

'Did she? Then perhaps she hid the will somewhere there.'

'You see,' said Mrs Johnson confidentially, 'when my poor mistress was dying, she tried hard to tell us where she had put the will that you speak of. At least so we thought—Miss Stanley and myself. It was mentioned afterwards, and we were laughed at—by the other side.'

'The long and short of it is, ma'am,' I said, rising from the breakfast table, 'I'm going to look for my slipper and Miss Penrose's will.'

'I hope you may find them,' said the housekeeper.

I hoped so myself; and it was because I was so very much in earnest that I determined to make the search a thorough one. I put my line of attack on a good basis. To begin with,

I had gone to sleep on the previous night in a bedchamber supposed, in common with the rest of the house, to be haunted. I was not in a very particularly nervous state of mind, nor had I drunk too much wine or smoked too many of the Captain's cigars. I had dreamed dreams, or seen visions, or had a nightmare. I had wandered in my dreams through underground passages; and when I dressed in the morning, one of my slippers was gone. Ergo, somewhere in my dream the bounds of the unseen world had been broken in upon by the rude foot of reality, cased in a scarlet slipper.

'There is a secret passage in this room,' I said to Mrs Johnson, as we stood in my bedchamber, 'and we must find it.'

I began to walk round the room, tapping the wainscoting as I went along. It sounded firm enough all round. I began again, tapping the wood in various places, now high, now low. Suddenly the wall, just in a line with the door communicating with the Captain's sitting-room, gave forth a hollow sound in response to the demands of my knuckles.

'Hurray!' I said; 'there's something here, ma'am. Come and see.'

Mrs Johnson came to my side and tapped the panelling. 'It certainly does sound hollow,' she said. 'But you see there's no knob, or any indication of a latch or anything, so I don't see how we can get in.'

'There's no indication of a door at all, for the matter of that. But as long as this is hollow, I'm going to see what lies behind, even if I have to fetch a carpenter.'

'It would be a pity to spoil the panelling,' she said. 'If there is a passage, there is sure to be a door and a spring to open it.'

'Then we must find it,' I said, beginning to feel amongst the curious knobs and projections of the carving for anything which would prove an open sesame.

We worked on for quite an hour, examining every little angel's wing, every little demon's body, screwing, or trying to screw them about to see if they concealed springs or door handles; but all with no success. At last, tired with the unwonted labour, I leaned against the panelling and fairly groaned. 'It's no good, I'm afraid. We'll have to try somewhere else, ma'am. This—— Hillo!' There was a faint click behind me, and the wall seemed yielding to the weight of my back. I uttered a cry of joy as I saw a goodly portion of the wainscot turn slowly inwards, revealing a dark cavernous recess. Mrs Johnson uttered a little scream.

'Here's something, at anyrate,' I said triumphantly. 'Quick, ma'am—those candles! Hold a light.'

She held the light up, and I went boldly in. I soon found that the place was a sort of closet, a few yards square, and evidently intended as a hiding-place in the old times. My feet slipped over something; I stooped, and picked the object up. It was my red slipper!

Well, to cut a long story short, I may as well say that in that little box of a place we found a small chest, in which the ancient Miss Penrose had deposited papers of immense value, not to speak of the missing will. The Captain got his rights, and he and Miss Stanley were soon afterwards married. I think it was on the morning of their wedding-day that I received an envelope containing a cheque for two thousand pounds. There was another wedding soon after, at which Alicia and I assisted, doing the principal parts. And Alicia's mamma insists to this day that the Black Friar influenced my search for Miss Penrose's will.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ALTHOUGH Edison's Phonograph has now emerged from the region of toyland and is likely to become an almost indispensable adjunct to many businesses, its principle is employed by its inventor in the manufacture of a toy, which is having a marvellous sale in the United States. This is Edison's Talking Doll, which, on being wound up, will deliver itself of such well-known poetic effusions as 'Mary had a Little Lamb,' 'Jack and Jill,' &c. The doll's body is made of tin, and the phonographic cylinder is contained within it, the sound coming from a perforated opening in the breast, which is hidden by the clothing. These dolls are now being made at a large factory near Edison's laboratory at the rate of five hundred daily, and a wonderful amount of ingenuity has been exercised in their structure. The wax records for dolly's interior are prepared at the factory by being placed on an instrument very like an ordinary phonograph. These instruments are talked into by girls, so that the wax cylinder may be speech-impressed. A correspondent of *The Scientific American*, who describes a visit to this factory, says that the jangle produced by a number of these girls simultaneously repeating into the machines before them different nursery rhymes is beyond description. 'These sounds united with the sounds of the phonographs themselves when reproducing the stories make a veritable pandemonium.'

The Stepped Platform Railway is the title of a system for city transit, which, originally devised some years ago by an American inventor, has just been brought forward as a new thing by a German firm. The original inventor failed in inducing any one to take up the idea, and the patent in due time lapsed. The idea of this novel form of railway is to provide a platform above the level of the street supported upon pillars. Upon this platform move at different speeds three super platforms, the lowest one moving at a speed of three miles an hour, the next six miles an hour, and the last, which is furnished with seats, nine miles an hour. These platforms would all be driven by belting from a powerful steam-engine at a fixed station. It would be easy for a person wishing to travel by the railway—which, like tide and time, will stop for no man—to step from terra firma on to the slowest of the moving series; after which he would step in turn from the six-mile to the nine-mile platform. The idea is certainly ingenious, but we cannot believe that it would be free from danger. We already have plenty of experience of terrible accidents caused by persons stepping on and off railway carriages in slow motion; and to make this conduct one of the conditions of

travelling seems at once to justify the action of those who refused to lend support to the original inventor's scheme.

A *war balloon*, so called because it was made doubly strong, of a specially-manufactured mixture of silk and cotton, recently rose from the grounds of the Military Exhibition at Chelsea. The balloon was of unusual size, being one of the largest made for many years past, and it was furnished with a plough grapnel, consisting of a stern with three pairs of spikes by which an anchorage can be assured. This grapnel is of great importance, for it is well known that the dangers of ballooning are mostly incurred in effecting the descent, through failure of the grapnel to catch the ground. The value of balloons under certain circumstances was found out during the memorable siege of Paris, when they formed the only possible means of communication between the invested city and the rest of France.

The practice of throwing stones is one which seems so deeply ingrained in human nature, that it is impossible to eradicate it. Even the most law-abiding individuals will, when at the seaside, give way to the charm of sitting on the beach and will idly throw stones into the water. But in the case of those who have little respect for laws or regulations, the stone-throwing habit becomes both mischievous and dangerous. If there be no unlucky cat, dog, or bird to aim at, a window or some other thing which can be broken, especially if it be the property of somebody else, is the next article in request by the delinquent; and it is a common thing in the byways of our large towns to see premises to let which bear evidence of his industry. In Belgium it is found that the white porcelain insulators on the telegraph poles offer an irresistible attraction to the peasants as a satisfactory mark for them to throw at; and such a large number of them have been broken in this way, that the annual expense of replacement has become serious. Curiously enough, it is found that when the porcelain is coloured a grayish brown, and does not therefore appear so aggressive an object, the destruction is reduced by one-half, and the broken white insulators are now invariably replaced by those of darker hue.

At the Stanley Exhibition in London there are shown many objects which are of great interest, now that 'the Dark Continent' is so much in men's thoughts. At first sight the rooms appear to be stocked with the familiar native weapons and trappings which are common to all ethnographical collections, and which are wearisome by reason of their sameness. But careful examination soon reveals much that is new and curious. Here, for instance, is a hollow tin cone the exact size and shape of a sugar-loaf, which is a specimen of many hundreds smuggled into the country by the slave-traders as sugar, but in reality being cases filled with gunpowder. We noticed also a modern metal cartridge the bullet of which was furnished with a small spike at its apex. This was an arrangement contrived by Emin Pasha's soldiers, who believed that the bodies of the Mahdists, to whom they were opposed, were so far invulnerable that the bullets would flatten against them unless this provision were made to puncture the skin. The costume of one tribe is pictured as presumably having given rise to the oft-repeated legend that there were people living in the heart of Africa who were adorned by nature with caudal appendages. This dress, if it can be dignified by the name of a garment, consists of a waistband, with a long horse-tail attached to it behind.

The great interest which has been taken by the general public in matters astronomical, more especially since the aid of photography has been invoked to picture the heavenly bodies, has led to the establishment of new observatories which have been equipped by the generosity of private donors. The late Mr Newall presented his twenty-six inch refracting telescope to the University of Cambridge; but unfortunately the gift carried with it a difficulty—there were no available funds for the initial expenses of mounting this splendid instrument and to maintain it in going order. But the son of the donor, Mr H. F. Newall, of Trinity College, has solved the problem by offering his own services gratuitously as observer; and by providing a handsome sum for initial expenses, besides an annual donation for maintenance expenses for five years to come. Cambridge is a rich university, and there should be no difficulty in making permanent provision for the care and working of an instrument which has been presented to it under conditions so generous.

It has been recently stated that one hundred and seventy thousand wolves are roaming at large in Russia, although they are slaughtered in large numbers by the inhabitants of many districts. In the Canadian north-west, wolves are also abundant; but they are of a less bloodthirsty and dangerous type than the Russian wolf. The coyotes can, however, make themselves very troublesome to the sheep-farmers, and steps have long ago been taken to reduce their numbers. Wolfhounds and deerhounds have been imported to hunt down the animals; but it has recently been found that these dogs are not sufficiently swift of foot to cope with the enemy. To remedy this defect, a couple of prize greyhounds have just been imported from England, and it is hoped by the infusion of this new blood that a race of fleet hounds may be reared which will be able to give a good account of the Canadian wolves.

Mr A. F. Chapple, whose son last year lost his life through using a bath-heating apparatus in a room without ventilation, recently read a paper on the Dangers of Gas and Geyser Baths before the Balloon Society of Great Britain. The reader referred in his remarks to apparatus employing Bunsen burners for heating purposes, and detailed experiments which he had made, showing that in using such burners without adequate ventilation irrespirable fumes were given off. Besides his own sad loss, he made allusion to several others of a similar character, and urged that the legislature should compel makers of such apparatus to send out with them a printed caution as to the danger of using it in a closely shut room. The experiments referred to were as follows: The gas was lighted, and a lighted candle was placed at the same level at which the head of an adult would be when sitting in the bath. The door of the bathroom was shut, and reopened in twenty minutes, when the candle was out, and had apparently been out for several minutes. The same experiment repeated with the window

opened one inch wide showed the candle at the expiration of the same time to be brightly burning. Mr Chapple's paper is valuable in calling attention to a danger which is not generally known.

A mixed fuel consisting of coal and petroleum mingled together has been tried for firing the boilers of an Italian man-of-war, with the result that her normal speed of fifteen knots was increased to seventeen knots. It will thus be seen that this new method of firing may prove very useful in war-time, when a ship may have to run away from a superior force. The increased heat is said to affect the boiler-plates injuriously, but this mishap could of course be foreseen and guarded against.

The prophecy is put forward by an American paper, *The Electrical Review*, that owing to the increased use of electricity on tramways, in a very few years not a single horse-car will be found in any of the cities of the United States, and that about fifty thousand horses now in use will be thrown upon the market. We trust that this anticipation will prove to be correct not only in the United States but in other countries as well, for tram-car work is for horses terribly severe labour, and soon wears out the willing beasts.

There has always been some uncertainty as to whether the delicious little fish called whitebait is the young or fry of other fish, or whether it represents a distinct species. The older naturalists were inclined to place it in the latter category, and assigned it to the genus *Clupea;* and Yarrell called it *Clupea alba*, a name which has since been very generally adopted. But doubts long ago arose as to the correctness of this view, and many authorities held that the whitebait was the young of such well-known fish as the shad, the bleak, or the herring. It is now believed that whitebait consists of the fry of both herring and sprats, the proportion of the latter being greater in winter, while the herrings predominate in summer. A writer in *Notes and Queries* has lately called attention to the matter, and gives references to recent publications bearing upon the subject.

The comparative dangers of lighting by electricity and by gas has recently formed the subject of many an article in various journals, and the conclusion come to for or against one or the other system of illumination varies according to the particular views of the writers, who are too often interested parties. A chemist attached to the New York Board of Health has given some startling figures with regard to waste from leakage of gas-mains, and he considers that this waste, which amounts to ten per cent. of the entire quantity made in New York, constitutes a far graver danger than any that can be credited to electricity. One thousand million cubic feet of gas is the amount which is allowed annually to poison the atmosphere or to find its way by means of the sewers into the basements of houses and subways. From this source there arises the constant danger of explosion; and if the figures be correct, it seems strange that explosions are not of frequent occurrence. We may point out that leakage of gas-mains is common enough, and the gas-saturated soil in our roads whenever an opening is made furnishes distinct evidence of the fact. But when the pipes are buried in a non-porous earth, such as clay, it is reduced to a minimum.

We have already alluded to the proposal to build a Tower in the neighbourhood of London which is to rival that of Eiffel in Paris. The proposal is now taking practical shape, and in answer to the advertisement of the company concerned in the undertaking, about seventy drawings have been sent in by competitors, and have recently been exhibited to the public. We have had an opportunity of inspecting these drawings, and were much interested in the various designs for the New Tower of London, as the structure is called. The majority of the designs are certainly founded upon that of the Eiffel Tower, and consist of a main shaft of open ironwork, with a base formed by four spreading legs. But beyond these we have curious erections consisting of girders tortured and twisted into every conceivable shape, and recalling images of the homely toasting-fork and gridiron. There are also towers exhibited which are very like a common wood screw standing up on its head. The Tower-of-Babel model which has by common consent been adopted in children's Scripture histories, is also here reproduced as a suggested design for the New Tower.

A curious instance of an unlooked-for effect springing from a little cause is exemplified by an action which has been brought against the Edison Electric Company of New York by the Ganz Electric Company of Buda-Pesth, damages being laid at an enormous sum. The cause of the dispute is this: The Ganz Company is working an electric-lighting system which depends upon a machine having what is known as an alternating current, which means that the current, instead of being in one constant direction, as in a voltaic battery, changes its direction perhaps a hundred times a second. Now, Edison has shown that such a current is the most suitable one to employ for the execution of criminals, it being immediately fatal to animal life when used under certain conditions, and the legislature of New York have adopted it for the purpose indicated. Now, the Ganz Company point out that this recommendation of Mr Edison has attached a bad name to the alternating system of electric lighting, and that people will fancy that its introduction into their homes will lead to many private executions not authorised by the law; hence they claim damages for the prejudice and alarm which has been excited against their property.

We were recently shown the photograph of the interior of a church which possessed a remarkable peculiarity. The church had at its further end a lancet window, leaded in diamond-shaped panes in the usual manner. This window was correctly reproduced in the picture; but in another dark part of the photograph, a ghostly image of the window was repeated. We were assured that the ghost was on the negative, and it was a puzzle to all who saw the picture by what accident the spectral window had appeared where it did. Mr Dalmeyer has recently shown in a paper read before the Photographic Society of Great Britain how such images are produced. The brilliant image of the window focused upon the white surface of the photographic plate while

the camera is in action, is reflected therefrom upon the convex surface of the lens, and is then reflected back from the lens to another portion of the plate. There are so many amateur photographers among our readers that we think this explanation of a phenomenon which may occur under certain conditions to any one of them may prove to be acceptable.

A German naval officer has, it is said, invented an electrical steering apparatus which will allow the captain of a ship to control the rudder from various parts of the vessel—an obvious advantage in cases of storm, or when an impending collision calls for unusually prompt action. The invention has been tried on one of the German war-vessels with satisfactory results. No details of the construction of the apparatus are given; but we presume that the ordinary steam steering-gear is controlled by electro-magnets which are put in or out of action by the pressure of a button. It seems curious, considering to what a great extent electricity is now used on board our ships, that some such system as this has not long ago been devised.

One of the leading physicians of Philadelphia has been talking to one of the irrepressible race of interviewers about recent progress of medical science, and has referred more particularly to the daily increasing use of explosives in medicine. Gun-cotton, for instance, in its dissolved form, collodion, is used as an artificial skin for all kinds of injuries, including scalds and burns. Mixed with tannin, it stops the flow of blood from wounds; and mingled with cantharides, it forms the best blistering medium. Nitroglycerine is another still more powerful explosive which is much used in modern medicine. It is diluted with one hundred parts of alcohol, and one drop of the diluted mixture is a dose. It is found valuable as a remedy for neuralgia of the heart, in nervous asthma, and in many other diseases, including that distressing malady known as sea-sickness. We have here an exemplification of the saying so often quoted in connection with homeopathy, 'Like cures like.' The gun-cotton or nitroglycerine (dynamite is a preparation of the latter) which by its explosion causes the most frightful wounds, may in its diluted state prove to be the best remedy to assuage the agony of the sufferer.

CROWN LANDS.

THE income derived from Crown Lands is so small an item in the revenue of the United Kingdom that it is apt to be overlooked amid the imposing array of figures showing how the public purse is recruited. The returns from such lucrative sources as the Post-office, Customs, and Inland Revenue attract the eye, and it is their fluctuations alone which receive a measure of attention. A sum of £430,000, representing the payment into Exchequer on account of Crown Lands for the year ending March 31, 1889, is a comparatively insignificant factor in the estimates of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, scarcely calling for mention in a Budget speech; and the taxpayer in whose interest the Crown Lands are administered has little or no opportunity of learning the varied nature of the Crown's hereditary estates and the singular manner in which they have accumulated.

It is not within the limits of this article to trace in detail the history of the Crown Lands to their origin in the Folc or public lands of the Saxon period, which, as the influence of the sovereign extended under the Norman dynasty, became known as the Terra Regis. The growth of the feudal system tended further to increase the power of the monarch to deal with these lands—originally public, and granted away only with the consent of the Witenagemót—as his private property and at his sole discretion. Accordingly, we find that, although from time to time augmented by escheats, forfeitures, and confiscations, the Crown patrimony was steadily diminished in extent and value by lavish grants to royal favourites, and by sales and mortgages to meet either the wants or extravagances of the sovereign, until parliament, after an experience of the grants by William III., passed an Act on the accession of Queen Anne restricting the monarch's power to alienate Crown Lands. These restrictions, coupled with the forfeitures to the Crown by noblemen and others implicated in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, served to recruit to some extent the exhausted Crown estates, the revenues of which were in the reign of George III. surrendered by that monarch for a fixed sum per annum, and were for the first time collected on the public account. This arrangement, with certain modifications, has since subsisted; and in 1837 the annual allowance or Civil List of Her Majesty, in exchange for the Crown Land revenue, was fixed at £385,000.

The management of the Crown's hereditary estates is vested in two Commissioners, entitled Commissioners of Her Majesty's Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues, their powers being defined by numerous Acts of Parliament, in accordance with which their policy has to be regulated. The annual Blue-books recording their proceedings, and the voluminous evidence given in the session of 1889 before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the administration of the Crown Land revenues, supply a vast amount of information as to the miscellaneous property under the control of these Commissioners, the varied interests they have to study, and the difficulties with which the Crown, as a landlord, has to contend. On the one hand it is the Commissioners' duty to preserve the patrimony of the Crown; and on the other, in the interests of the public, to administer it with economy and to increase its productiveness. But the question of profit cannot of necessity be the primary object in dealing with many of the properties under their control. Take, for instance, the New Forest, the guiding principle in the management of which is the 'preservation of its ornamental beauty, and conserving it as a public park,' with an additional task in the conciliation of commoners possessing rights and privileges over practically the whole Forest. Then, again, with the Great Park at Windsor, the first consideration is the protection of the

amenities of Windsor Castle as a royal residence. In Dean Forest there exist, beside commoners, the free miners, whose claims, based on tradition, it has been found impossible to compromise in a manner profitable to the Crown. For these reasons, coupled with the cost of planting timber and the unprofitable nature of the soil, the Royal Forests are by far the most costly of the Crown's estates, the expenditure being greatly in excess of the income.

The agricultural property of the Crown in England extends to about 69,000 acres, situated in as many as twenty-three counties. The scattered nature of this class of property is in the main responsible for a somewhat high cost of supervision; but it speaks well for the management that of this immense estate only eleven hundred acres were unlet last year, these being kept in cultivation at the Crown's expense. Like private landowners, the Crown has suffered severely from the agricultural depression, the rent-roll having fallen £36,000 in the last ten years, with no appreciable difference in the extent of the property.

Upwards of £250,000 per annum is derived from house property and ground rents situated chiefly in London, where the Crown is an important landlord. In addition to the London estates forming part of the ancient land revenue, property has been acquired as the result of street improvements carried out by the Crown, and by purchase and exchange. From Regent Street to Regent's Park the Crown has an almost unbroken stretch of property; while from Kensington in the west to Victoria Park in the east are found estates belonging to the Crown, among which may be enumerated those in Piccadilly and the Haymarket, in Whitehall, the Strand, New Oxford Street, and the City, the latter including practically the whole of the Holborn Viaduct from Hatton Garden to St Sepulchre's Church.

Another source of revenue is the mineral property, a large portion of which is in Wales, where the recent discoveries of gold resulted in some five hundred different projected mines. Besides other minerals, there are in the Principality valuable slate and stone quarries, and under-sea collieries belonging to the Crown, who also owns lead mines and stone quarries in the Isle of Man, iron and coal in the Forest of Dean, stone quarries at Portland, salt and ironstone in Yorkshire, and important collieries in the north of England and in Scotland.

The revenue in Scotland consists mainly of rents derived from about eight thousand acres of agricultural and moor land, from feu duties, teinds, and salmon-fishings. The feu duties are ancient charges imposed upon lands granted by the Crown, and correspond to what in England are called fee-farm rents, with the difference that in Scotland they are frequently fixed otherwise than in money—that is, in grain, poultry, or similar articles. The Crown acquired the teinds or tithes at the time of the Reformation, when the property of the religious bodies generally was forfeited to the Crown. The salmon-fishing rights are now in course of investigation by a Commission specially appointed for that purpose, the general feeling in Scotland being, it is understood, averse to the Crown divesting itself of these rights by sales to the proprietors of adjacent lands.

We have specified the leading sources from which the Crown Land revenue is obtained; but the catalogue is by no means exhausted. In addition to the rents of Crown property, a large sum is derived annually in the shape of fee-farm and quit rents from the property of private individuals in England, Wales, Ireland, and the Isle of Man and Alderney. The latter also contributes harbour dues. Foreshore of the United Kingdom yields a considerable rental; whilst the produce of Crown estates and receipts from farms in hand help to swell an income which has risen from £280,000 in 1859 to £430,000 in 1889.

The annual payment into Exchequer is net profit after payment of the charges for collection and the outlay on improvements. Taking the figures of the last ten years, a decade marked by disastrous depreciation in the value of agricultural property, we find the Crown Land revenue for the period has exceeded the payments to Her Majesty by £20,000. This comparatively trifling balance in favour of the public must not, however, be taken as a guide to the future, for there is every reason to believe, on the authority of the Chief Commissioner of Woods, that the annual net income will be not less than £430,000 for some years to come, the Crown Lands thus relieving the tax-paying community to the extent of £45,000 per annum.

SECRETS.

July roses wet with rain
Tap against the window-pane;
There is something they would seek,
Had they voices and could speak.
Silence seals their crimson lips,
And the dull rain drops and drips.

T' other side the streaming glass
Stands a little sad-eyed lass;
There is something she would seek,
But a maiden may not speak—
Silence seals her longing lips,
And the dull rain drops and drips.

And a shower of salt tears stain
Her side of the window-pane;
And the crimson roses grow
Pale as dreams dreamt long ago
(Hearts may break behind sealed lips),
And the dull rain drops and drips.

M. Hedderwick Browne.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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